

THE

HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

“ All things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared, and await the light.”

VOL. I.

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Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

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*. The names of the writers in the Harbinger are indicated by their initials. We give the names which these initials represent.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1845.

NUMBER 1.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

I.

"Yes, yes, young ladies, toss your heads as you please, the wisest and best among you is — But I will not say who; for she is the only one of my class who has any modesty, and I fear lest by naming, I might make her immediately lose that rare virtue which I wish you all —"

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritu Sancto,*" chanted Costanza, with an air of effrontery.

"Amen," sang in chorus all the other little girls.

"Naughty man," said Clorinda, peeping out her pretty lips, and tapping lightly with the handle of her fan, the bony and wrinkled fingers of the singing master, which rested, stretched out upon the mute keys of the organ.

"It's of no use;" said the old Professor, with the sang froid of a man who, during forty years, had been for six hours a day the brunt of all the cajoleries and perversenesses of many generations of girls. "It is not less true," added he, putting his spectacles into the case, and his snuff-box into his pocket, without raising his eyes upon the bantering and scoffing swarm, "that this wise, this docile, this studious, this attentive, this good child is — not you, Miss Clorinda; nor you, Miss Costanza; neither is 't you, Miss Zulietta; and Rosina has no claim to those titles, and Michela still less —"

"Then you mean me," "No, it is I," "Not at all, he means me," — "me," — "me," — cry out, with their flute-like and ear-piercing voices, a crowd of fifty blondes or brunettes, precipitating themselves, like a flock of screaming sea-gulls upon a poor shell-fish, left dry on the strand by the ebbing of the tide.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

The shell-fish, that is, the maestro, (and I maintain that no metaphor could apply better to his angular movements, to his fishy eyes, and his cheeks, speckled with red, and above all, to the thousand little white, stiff and pointed curls of the professorial wig); the maestro, I say, forced to fall back upon the bench three times after having risen to depart, calm and impassable as a shell-fish, rocked and hardened by numberless tempests, made them beg a long while before he would say which of his scholars deserved the praises of which he was generally so miserly, but had just now shown himself so prodigal. At last, yielding as if with regret, to intreaties which his own malice had provoked, he took the professor's baton, with which he usually beat time, and used it to separate and range in two lines, his undisciplined troop. Then advancing with a solemn pace between this double row of frivolous heads, he placed himself at the bottom of the organ gallery, in front of a little girl seated upon one of the steps. She, with her elbows on her knees, her fingers in her ears, that her attention might not be distracted by the noise, studied her lesson in a low voice in order to disturb no one, bent and folded upon herself like a little monkey; he, solemn and triumphant, with leg advanced, and arm outstretched, seemed like the shepherd Paris awarding the apple, not to the most beautiful, but to the most wise.

"Consuelo? The Spaniard!" cried out with one voice the young choristers, at first struck with surprise. Then a shout of universal Homeric laughter, raised a flush of indignation and anger upon the majestic brow of the professor.

The little Consuelo, whose stopped up ears had heard nothing of all this dialogue, and whose eyes wandered vacantly without seeing, so much was she absorbed by her work, was, for some instants insensible to all this clamor. At last, perceiving the attention of which she was the object, she let her hands fall from her ears upon her knees, and her sheet of music from her

lap upon the floor. Thus she remained, petrified with astonishment, not confused but a little frightened, and ended by getting up to see if some curious object or some ridiculous person behind her, were not instead of herself, the cause of such noisy gaiety.

"Consuelo," said the maestro, taking her by the hand, without further explanation. "Come, my good girl, and sing for me the *Salve Regina* of Pergolesi, which you have been studying a fortnight and Clorinda for a year."

Consuelo, without answering, without testifying either fear, or pride, or embarrassment, followed the singing-master to the organ, where reseating himself with an air of triumph, he played the accompaniment for his young scholar. Then Consuelo, with simplicity and ease, raised purely, under the high vaulted arches of the Cathedral, the tones of the most beautiful voice which had ever made them resound. She sang the *Salve Regina* without a single fault of memory, without hazarding a sound which was not completely just, full, sustained or intentionally broken; and following with an entirely passive exactness the instructions which the learned master had given her, rendering with her powerful capabilities the intelligent and just intentions of the good man, she, with the inexperience and carelessness of a child, did what science, practice, and enthusiasm would not have enabled an accomplished singer to have done: she sang with perfection. "It is well, my daughter," said the old master, always sparing of his praises, "you have studied with attention, and you have sung with conscience. The next time, you will repeat to me that cantata of Scarlati which I have taught you."

"Si, Signor professore," answered Consuelo, "may I go now?"

"Yes, my child. Young ladies, the lesson is finished."

Consuelo placed in a little basket, her sheets of music, her crayons, and her little fan of black paper, as inseparable a

plaything of the Spanish as of the Venetian woman, and which she almost never used, though she had it always with her. Then she disappeared behind the pipes of the organ, deacended with the lightness of a mouse, the mysterious staircase which leads to the church, knelt an instant in passing through the centre nave, and as she was going out, found near the basin of holy water a handsome young nobleman, who, smiling, held out the sprinkler to her. She took some of the water, and while looking straight in his face with the freedom of a little girl, who neither believes, nor feels herself as yet to be a woman, she mingled her sign of the cross and her thanks in so pleasant a manner, that the young lord laughed outright. Consuelo laughed likewise, and suddenly, as if remembering that some one was waiting for her, she hurried off and cleared the floor of the church, the steps and the portico in a twinkling.

In the mean while the Professor returned his spectacles to the great pocket of his vest a second time, and addressing his silent scholars: "Shame to you! my fine young ladies," said he. "That little girl, the youngest among you, the latest comer in my class, is the only one who can sing a solo properly; and in the choruses, whatever follies you may be committing about her, I find her always as firm and true as a note of the harpsichord. — The reason is, that she has zeal, she has patience, and moreover, what uno of you have and never will have, as many as you are, she has *conscience*."

"Ah! there's his great word discharged!" cried Costanza, as soon as he had gone! He had said it only thirty-nine times in the course of the lesson, and would have fallen ill, had he not reached the fortieth.

"Great wonder that this Consuelo does make progress!" said Zulettia. "She is so poor! She thinks only of learning something by which she can earn her bread."

"They say her mother was a Bohemian," added Michelina, "and that the little one has sung in the streets and on the roads before coming here. It is not to be denied that she has a beautiful voice; but she has not a shadow of intelligence, poor child! She learns by heart, she follows with servility the teachings of the professor, and then her good lungs do all the rest."

"If she had the best lungs in the world and the grandest intelligence to boot," said the beautiful Clorinda, "I would 'nt dispute those advantages with her, if I had to change my face for hers. —"

"You would 'nt lose much by the exchange, nevertheless," retorted Costanza, who did not take much pains to recognise the beauty of Clorinda.

"She is not handsome either," said another. "She is as yellow as a pascal taper, and her great eyes have no expression, besides, she is always so badly dressed. Decidedly she is ugly."

"Poor girl; that is all very unfortunate for her, no money and no beauty!"

Thus ended the panegyric of Consuelo, and thus did they by pitying her, console themselves for having admired her while she sang.

II.

This happened at Venice about one hundred years ago, in the Church of the Mendicanti, where the celebrated Maestro Porpora had just held a rehearsal of his grand vespers in music, the performance of which he was to direct on the following Sunday, the day of the Assumption. The young choristers whom he had so roundly scolded were the children of those *scuole** where they were instructed at the expense of the state and afterwards received a dowry, either for marriage or for the cloister, as said Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who admired their magnificent voices about that same time, in the same church. Reader, you no doubt remember only too well his details and a charming episode in reference thereto, related by him in the eighth book of his Confessions. I should be unwilling to transcribe here those admirable pages, after reading which, you certainly would not resolve upon taking up *mine agata*; † certainly should do the same in your place, friend reader. I hope therefore, that you have not the Confessions by you at this moment, and so go on with my tale.

All these young persons were not equally poor, and it is certain that notwithstanding the great integrity of the administration, some would enter, whom speculation, rather than necessity induced to receive at the expense of the state, an artist's education, and the means of an establishment. This is the reason why some allowed themselves to forget these holy laws of equality, by means of which they had been permitted to sit stealthily upon the same bench with their poor sisters. It likewise happened that all did not fulfil the austere views entertained by the Republic respecting their future lot. From time to time some one who had profited by this gratuitous education, renounced the dowry to seek elsewhere a more brilliant fortune. The administration perceiving this to be inevitable, had sometimes admitted to the course of musical lessons, the children of poor artists, whose wandering life did not permit a long residence at Venice. Of this class was the little Consuelo, born in Spain, and arriving thence in Italy, by the way of St.

Petersburg, Constantinople, Mexico, or Archangel, or by some other route even more direct, travelled by the Bohemians alone.

Bohemian, however she was not except by profession and figure of speech; for by race, she was neither Gipsy nor Indian, nor Israelitish even in any manner. She was of good Spanish blood, no doubt Moorish in its origin, for she was tolerably brown, and her whole person had a tranquillity which announced nothing of the wandering races. Not that I wish to speak ill of those races. If I had created the character of Consuelo, I do not assert that I should not have made her descend from Israel, or even from a more ancient race; but she was formed from the rib of Ishmael, everything in her organization declared it. I never saw her, for I am not yet a hundred years old, but I have been told this, and cannot contradict it. She had not the feverish petulance interrupted by fits of a pathetic languor which distinguishes the *Zingarelle*.* She had not the insinuating curiosity, and the obstinate mendicity of an indigent *Ebbrea*.† She was as calm as the waters of the lagunes, and at the same time as active as the light gondolas which incessantly furrow its surface.

As she grew very fast and her mother was very poor, her clothes were always too short by a year, which gave to her long legs of fourteen, accustomed to show themselves in public, a sort of savage grace and springing gait, the sight of which caused both pleasure and pity. If her foot was small, she was so badly shod that you could not be sure of it. On the other hand, her figure, confined in a waist which had become too small, and was bursting at every seam, — was light and flexible as a palm tree, but without form, without roundness, and without any attractiveness. The poor girl thought nothing of this, accustomed as she was to be called ape, monkey, and gipsy, by the blonde, white, and plump girls of the Adriatic. Her face, round, pallid, and insignificant, would have struck no one, if her hair, short, thick and pushed behind her ears, and at the same time her manner, so serious and indifferent to outward objects, had not given her a singularity which was by no means agreeable. Faces which do not please, lose more and more the power of pleasing. Their owners, uninteresting to others, become so to themselves and acquire a negligence of physiognomy which repels more and more. Beauty observes, contemplates, and arranges herself as it were in an imaginary mirror, which is continually before her eyes. Ugliness forgets herself and gives up all care. Still there are two kinds of ugliness; one which suffers and protests, without ceas-

* Schools.

* Gipsy Girls.

† Hebrew woman.

ing, against the general condemnation by habitual rage and envy; the other, ingenious, careless, which goes on its way, neither avoiding nor provoking remark, and gains the heart, even while it offends the eyes; this was the ugliness of Consuelo. Those generous persons who interested themselves for her, regretted at first that she was not pretty; then changing their minds, they said, taking hold of her head with that familiarity which they would not have felt with a beauty: "Well, my dear, you do have the look of a good creature;" and Consuelo was satisfied, although she was not ignorant that this meant; "You have nothing more."

In the mean while the young and handsome nobleman who had offered her the holy water, remained near the vase, until he had seen pass one after the other, even to the very last of the *scolari*. He looked at them all with attention, and when the most beautiful, Clorinda, passed near him, he gave her the holy water with his fingers, that he might have the pleasure of touching hers. The young girl blushed with vanity and passed on, giving him one of those looks, which being a mixture of shame and audacity, express neither dignity, nor modesty.

As soon as they had all returned to the interior of the Convent, the gallant patrician, crossing the nave and approaching the Professor, who was descending from the gallery more slowly:—"By the body of Bacchus! you will please to tell me, my dear master," cried he, "which of your pupils has just sung the *Salve Regina*?"

"Why do you wish to know, Count Zustiniani?" answered the Professor, leaving the Church with him.

"In order to compliment you," replied the patrician. "For a long time I have attended, not only your vespers, but even your lessons; for you know how much I am *dilettante* of sacred music. Well, this is the first time that I have heard Pergolesi's music sung in so perfect a manner; as regards the voice, it is certainly the most beautiful I have ever met with in my life."

"By the Christ! I believe you!" returned the Professor, relishing a huge pinch of snuff with complaisance and dignity.

"Then tell me the name of the celestial creature who has thrown me into such ecstasies. Notwithstanding your severities and your continual complaints, it may be said that you have made your school one of the best of all Italy; your choruses are excellent, and your solos very commendable; but the music which you oblige them to execute is so grand, so austere, that young girls can rarely cause all its beauties to be felt—"

"They do not cause them to be felt," said the Professor with sadness, "because they themselves never feel them! For fine, fresh and powerful voices and of great compass, we do not want, thank God! but for truly musical organizations, alas! how rare and incompleta they are."

"At least you have one that is admirably endowed; the instrument is magnificent, the sentiment perfect, the knowledge remarkable. Tell me her name."

"It is true then," said the Professor, eluding the question, "that she gave you pleasure?"

"She seized me by the heart, she drew tears from my eyes, and by means so simple, by effects so little labored, that at first I could not understand how it was done. Then I called to mind what you had so often told me, in teaching me your divine art, my dear master; and for the first time I felt how right you were."

"And what did I tell you?" asked the master again with an air of triumph.

"You used to tell me," answered the Count, "that the grand, the true, the beautiful in art, was the simple."

"I also told you that there was the brilliant, the difficult, the skilful, and that there was often reason for remarking and praising these qualities. Did I not?"

"Without doubt; but between these secondary qualities and the true manifestation of genius, there is an abyss, said you. Well, my dear master! your songstress is alone on one side and all the rest are on the other."

"It is true and it is well said," observed the Professor, rubbing his hands.

"Her name?" insisted the Count.

"What name?" asked the roguish Professor.

"Oh! *per Dio Santo!* that of the siren or rather of the archangel whom I have just heard—"

"And what do you wish do with her name, my lord Count?" replied Porpora, in a severe tone

"Sir professor, why do you wish to keep it a secret from me?"

"I will tell you why, if you will begin by telling me why you ask it with so much earnestness."

"Is not the desire to know, to name and to see the objects of our admiration a natural and truly irresistible sentiment?"

"Yes! But that is not your only motive! allow me, my dear Count, to contradict you. You are a great amateur and good connoisseur in music, I know; but you are above all, proprietor of the Saint Samuel Theatre. You make it your glory even more than your interest, to draw thither the finest talents and the most beautiful voices of all Italy. You know that we give good lessons; that in our school alone are severe studies pro-

outed and great musicians formed. You have already carried Corilla away from us; and as she will probably be taken from you, at the first opportunity, by an engagement with some other theatre, you come prowling about our school to see if we have not formed some other Corilla whom you are ready to seize upon.—That is the truth, Count, acknowledge that I have said the truth."

"And if it were so, dear master," replied the Count smiling, "what do you care, and where is the harm?"

"A very great harm, my lord Count, you corrupt, you destroy these poor creatures."

"Indeed! what do you understand by that, austere professor? since when have you become the guardian father of these fragile virtues?"

"I understand as I should, Sir Count, and am anxious neither for their virtue nor for their fragility; but I am anxious for their talent, which you pervert and debase in your theatres, by obliging them to sing music which is vulgar and in bad taste. Is it not heart-rending, is it not shameful to see Corilla, who began to understand grandly the serious art, descend from sacred to profane, from prayer to wantonness, from the altar to the footlights, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from Allegri and Palestrina to Albinoni and the barber Apollini!"

"So you refuse in your puritanism, to give me the name of this girl, respecting whom I can have no ulterior views, since I am entirely ignorant if she possesses any other qualities required for the stage?"

"I do refuse absolutely."

"And you think I shall not discover it?"

"Alas! you will discover it if such is your determination: but I shall do all in my power to prevent you from carrying her off."

"Well, master, you are already half vanquished; for I have seen, I have divined, I have recognized your mysterious divinity."

"Yes, forsooth?" said the master with a distrustful and reserved air, "are you very sure?"

"My eyes and my heart have revealed her to me; I will give you a picture of her to convince you. She is tall. She is, I believe, the tallest of all your scholars; she is white as the snow of Frioul, and rosy as the horizon at dawn of a beautiful day; she has golden hair, eyes of azure, a lovely embonpoint and wears upon her finger a little ruby, which in grazing my hand, burnt me like the spark of a magic fire."

"Bravo!" cried Porpora with a jeering air. "In that case I have nothing to

conceal from you; the name of that beauty is Clorinda. Make to her your seductive offers, give her gold, diamonds and trinkets. You will easily engage her for your company, and perhaps she will replace Corilla; since the public of your theatres now-a-days prefer beautiful shoulders to beautiful sounds, and bold glances to high intelligence."

"Can I have deceived myself, my dear master?" said the Count, somewhat confused; "is it possible that Clorinda is only a vulgar beauty?"

"And if my siren, my divinity, my archangel, as you are pleased to call her, were any thing but beautiful?" retorted the master with malice.

"If she were deformed, I should beseech you not to show her to me, for my illusion would be too cruelly destroyed. If she were simply ugly, I might still adore her, but I would not engage her for the theatre; because talent without beauty is sometimes only a misfortune, a struggle, a torment for a woman. What are you looking at, master, and why do you stop thus?"

"Here we are at the landing place of the gondolas, and I do not see a single one. But you, Count, what are you gazing at so earnestly?"

"I am looking to see if that lad, seated on the steps of the landing place, beside that sorry little girl is not my protégé Anzoleto, the most intelligent and the handsomest of all our little plebeians. Look at him, dear master, this interests you as well as me. That boy has the finest tenor voice in all Venice; he has a passionate taste for music and an incredible facility. I have long wished to speak to you about him and to ask you to give him lessons. This one I really do depend upon to maintain the success of my theatre, and in some years I hope to be well rewarded for my pains. Hallo Zoto! come here my boy, that I may present you to the illustrious master Porpora."

Anzoleto withdrew his naked legs from the water, in which they had hung carelessly, while he was occupied in boring with a large needle some of those pretty little shells which in Venice are poetically named *flori di mare*.* For all clothing, he had on a pair of breeches very much worn, and a shirt, quite fine but sadly torn, through which you could see his shoulders, white and modelled like those of a little antique Bacchus. In fact he had the Greek beauty of a young faun, and his physiognomy presented the mixture, singular indeed, but quite frequent in those creations of pagan statuary, of a dreamy melancholy and a mocking carelessness. His hair, crisped though very

fine, of a bright brown, somewhat coppered by the sun, rolled in a thousand thick and short curls around his neck of alabaster. All his features were of an incomparable perfection; but there was in his eyes black as ink a somewhat overbold, which did not please the professor. The boy rose quickly at the call of Zustiniani, threw all his shells into the lap of the little girl seated beside him, and while she, without being disconcerted, continued stringing them and interspersing little gold beads, he approached and kissed the Count's hand according to the custom of the country.

"He is truly a handsome boy," said the professor, giving him a little tap on the cheek. "But he seems to be occupied with amusements a little too puerile for his age; for he is quite eighteen years old is he not?"

"Almost nineteen, *Sior professor*," replied Anzoleto in the Venetian dialect; "but if I play with shells it is to help little Consuelo, who is making necklaces."

"Consuelo," said the master, approaching his pupil with the count and Anzoleto, "I did not know that you had a taste for finery."

"Oh! they are not for me, signor professor," answered Consuelo, half rising with precaution, that she might not drop into the water, the shells which were heaped up in her apron; "they are to sell, to buy rice and corn with."

"She is poor and supports her mother," said Porpora. "Listen Consuelo: whenever you and your mother are in trouble, you must come and tell me; but I forbid your begging, do you understand?"

"Oh! you need not forbid her, *Sior professor*," answered Anzoleto pertly; "she would not do it; and besides I would not let her."

"You! but you have nothing," said the Count.

"Nothing but your kindness, most illustrious signor; but we go shares, the little one and I."

"Then she is your relation?"

"No, she is a stranger, she is Consuelo."

"Consuelo! what a queer name," said the Count.

"A beautiful name, most illustrious," returned Anzoleto, "it means consolation."

"Well and good. She is your friend then, as it appears."

"She is my betrothed, Signor."

"Already! So these children even now think of marriage!"

"We shall be married the day that you sign my engagement with the Theatre of Saint Samuel, most illustrious."

"In that case, you will have to wait a long while yet, my children."

"Oh! we can wait," said Consuelo, with the cheerful calm of innocence.

The Count and the maestro diverted themselves for some minutes with the candor and repartees of this young couple; then, having given rendezvous to Anzoleto, that he might let the professor hear his voice the next day, they departed, leaving him to his grave occupations.

"What think you of that little girl?" asked the professor of Zustiniani.

"I had seen her once before for an instant and think her ugly enough to justify the axiom which says, 'to eyes of eighteen, every woman is a beauty.'"

"That is good," replied the professor, "now then I can tell you, that your divine songstress, your siren, your mysterious beauty, was Consuelo."

"She, that dirty child! that lean black grass-hopper! impossible, maestro!"

"She herself, my lord Count, would not she make a most attractive prima donna?"

The Count stopped, returbed, examined Consuelo again from a little distance, then clasping his hands with a despair that was sufficiently comic;

"Just Heavens!" cried he, "how can you make such mistakes, and pour the fire of genius into heads so roughly wrought!"

"Then you renounce your wicked project?" said the professor.

"Certainly."

"Do you promise me!" added Porpora.

"Oh! I swear it to you," answered the Count.

To be Continued.

OF SYNTHESIS, OR THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES.

INTRODUCTION.

At the outset of a new publication, it is a duty we owe to the public and to ourselves, frankly and fully to unfold the principles we profess, and the end we propose to attain; such is the object of this introduction.

So much has been written during late years on the subject of SYNTHESIS, that many people have now some difficulty in comprehending precisely what is meant by the term. This is what happens invariably when we write volumes where a word was sufficient.

It is enough to refer to the grammatical sense of the term, to that which is ascribed to it in various special sciences, chemistry, for example; for in order to designate a more extensive problem there is no need that the acceptation of the word be changed. When we employ it as a perfect Method, in relation to the actual tendencies and approaching destinies of Science, it indicates simply that we must proceed in regard to the whole of the sciences as we do grammatically with a phrase, or in chemistry with a body,

* *Flowers of the sea.*

when, having decomposed the phrase or the body, we endeavor to reconstruct it, that is to say, to make its Synthesis.

A phrase is given to a scholar in grammar as a subject of study; he examines it, he analyzes it, that is, he decomposes it into its constituent elements, so that instead of the one phrase he obtains a verb, a noun and an attribute, &c.; he studies these different parts in detail, and gets to have an exact knowledge of each of them taken separately. Having done this, he has evidently only accomplished part of his work; in studying the elements of which a phrase or proposition is composed he can have no other object than to learn how to construct a phrase or announce a proposition. Such is actually the object with which he is occupied. He has analyzed, he must now make use of the elements furnished by the analysis, place them in their true relations and proportions, and thus make a grammatical Synthesis.

This is what is done by children: but an example drawn from science will not be less easily understood.

A body is given to a chemist, as the phrase was just now given to the child. Let it be *water*, for instance: the study now is *water*. The chemist proceeds in the study in exactly the same way as the scholar did with his phrase. The phrase was not a simple thing; it was composed of many elements,—of a verb, a noun, and an attribute or adjective, &c. In examining *water* we immediately perceive that it is not a simple thing, but that it is composed of different elements. The chemist does in respect to the elements of the *water* what the scholar does in respect to the elements of the phrase; the scholar isolates them and studies them separately, and the chemist isolates his materials and studies them separately, that is, he makes a chemical analysis as the child makes a grammatical analysis. Thus, it happens that by the use of a certain process, he finds out that *water* is composed of two gases, one of which is named *hydrogen*, and the other *oxygen*. Then, like the scholar, who, having studied in a general way, the properties of the verb and adjective obtained by his analysis, seeks what the particular relations of these parts of a discourse effect in the phrase submitted to his examination, the chemist, having studied the general properties of *hydrogen* and *oxygen* obtained by his analysis of *water*, seeks to discover the particular relations of these elements in the *water* submitted to his examination, he determines how much of *oxygen* and how much of *hydrogen* is necessary to constitute *water*: then, these proportions being determined, under what circumstances these known proportions of *oxygen* and

hydrogen must be placed in order to convert them into *water*. There the analysis is finished. There is nothing more to divide, nothing to isolate, nothing to be studied separately. But the chemist ought not to stop here any more than the scholar should stop at the analysis of a phrase.—After having learned what phrases are made of, the scholar seeks to make them, and his anterior studies have no other end; so the chemist having found what *water* is made of, he endeavors to produce it, that is, he makes a Synthesis of *water*.

All this is simple to the last degree: we might multiply examples to infinity, borrowed from all sciences and all arts; and all would have the same degree of clearness and simplicity. Let us limit ourselves, however, to those which precede, and conclude that Synthesis is an operation which consists in placing in their true relations the elements isolated by Analysis, in order to arrive at some collective and unitary expression of these elements.

Knowing this, we understand already what is meant by the SYNTHESIS OF THE SCIENCES.

We must do, in respect to the whole of science, what the child does in respect to the elements of a phrase or a chemist in respect to the elements of *water*, viz., we must cause all the sciences to become ONE SCIENCE, in the same way that the verb, noun and adjective become one proposition, or *hydrogen* and *oxygen* become a single body, *water*.

Science is ONE, but in order to acquire a positive knowledge of it, we must divide it into many. As the proposition divided gives us the verb, noun, &c., or as *water* divided gives us *hydrogen* and *oxygen*, so Science divided will furnish us *Physics*, *Physiology* and *Nology*. These elements, these special sciences, coëxist in Science as *hydrogen* and *oxygen* coëxist in *water*. As we have studied *hydrogen* and *oxygen* separately, so we must study separately *physics*, *physiology*, and *nology*. This done, we know the relations of these sciences, and their relations known, we make use of them, that is, we deduce the general expression in which all the different terms revealed by analysis coëxist. In a word, we form a Synthesis.

Such, in all its simplicity, is the vast problem towards the solution of which our age is advanced.

Science, divided into the three great sections we have just named, each of its branches has been subdivided in its turn, and these subdivisions have properly received the name of the Sciences. They were *astronomy*, *physics*, *chemistry*, *zoology*, *botany*, and the *anatomy* and *physiology* of the two organized kingdoms, &c. Then we have *psychology*, properly

speaking, *history* and all its subdivisions, &c. Next, proceeding in respect to these sciences, as had been done in respect to the branches of which they are dependencies, they are subdivided in their turn into many sections: thus, *physics* furnish *Heat*, *Light*, *Electricity*, *Magnetism*, so, *botany* has been divided into natural families, and the same with *zoology*, &c. We proceed in a similar manner in respect to the historical sciences, and so, from divisions into subdivisions, we arrive at the minutest elements—at facts—at individuals.—

This has been a gigantic labor of analysis. But this labor done, an inverse process, the complement of the preceding, must intervene. Having studied the elements in themselves, we must study them in their relations, and this study must end in establishing the most intimate ties between the most distant sections of the vast network of the sciences. We have proceeded gradually; isolated facts have been connected; the different peculiarities of each science tended towards each other; the same thing has taken place between the branches of each science; and finally, in our day, these branches themselves are beginning to be linked together in one.

This labor is recent, it is now going on around us: a greater part of it still remains to be done; it has been undertaken only in particular departments, by particular men, and no voice has yet been raised to proclaim that what has been done by a few must be done by each and all of the men of science: that along the route just opened all sciences and all men must pass. No one seems to have comprehended that the divers sciences have existence in the sections of which each of them is composed; that they have divisions analogous to those, although of a superior degree, and that consequently their destiny is to become connected with each other, as the sections of which we speak have already been. The end having been defined by no one, the means to be employed in attaining it, have been passed over in silence: yet it suffices to have an exact conception of this end, to learn the method which will conduct us to it. The Synthesis of the sciences being the end, the method must be Synthetic,—that is, the men who connect and co-ordinate different departments of inquiry, ought in the first place, to be connected and co-ordinated among themselves, or, in other words, associated. Each of them, though attached especially to one science, ought to be well skilled in the others, keep an account current of their progress, and while laboring for his specialty, have constantly in view the object common to all specialties. Until the present time, in defect of these aims, no one has understood the character of that science to the constitution of

which all have involuntarily contributed. This Science, which is *SYNTHESIS*, will not be a pastime in society, the occupation of men of leisure, but a social doctrine, a scientific dogma, a rational and experimental formula of the relations of men to their fellows, to Nature and to God: at the same time a politics, a religion, and a social order; a doctrine determined by man himself, by modern man emancipated through Christianity, initiated into the Church, and who, three centuries now, arising from the Church, delivered from all tutelage, has run, without relaxation and in every sense, the sorrowful but fruitful and glorious — course of experience.

No one has yet marked out the real end of science, and the result has been that this end has fallen into contempt. — Even by philanthropists themselves this end is despised. If you ask them the true object of science, each one will assign the special end of the science which he cultivates. With the exception of a few men of genius, who have caused their specialties to ascend from the mere description of facts to researches into laws and relations, almost all our *savans* pursue he old errors. Even the greater part of those whose inquiries are turned in the new way have been forced to enter it by the compulsion of Facts, unwillingly, fatally: and few among them think of extending to other sciences the observations which they have had occasion to make in their own departments. The zoologist studies the relations of Zoology and the chemist those of Chemistry without making a single deduction from the progress of his specialty to that of other specialties. At times we see them quit the narrow limits of their science in order to interrogate some neighboring science, but they do this merely in particular cases, without thinking of erecting this process of investigation into a principle: in a word, they absolutely want general ideas.

Aside from the positive wrong done to science by this method of proceeding, it produces great indirect injury by leaving the public mind ignorant of its true value and destiny.

Thus we see men who are ardently engaged in preparing the religious Future of society, cast the sciences, strictly speaking, into a profound forgetfulness. Authorized by the sayings and doings of *Savans*, to consider the actual relation of the Sciences as one of their necessary conditions, nothing more is expected from them than a few useful and fragmentary improvements. And when disposed to acknowledge their competency to effect certain material amelioration in the details of life, they look to some unknown intellectual power, to a philosophy distinct from

the special sciences, although at the mercy of their progress, to some vague enthusiasm for the Doctrine which is to govern the Future Development of Society. Elevated spirits in our day have attempted to establish the identity of Philosophy and Religion, which some regard as the two unreducible forms of the human mind; yet no one has thought of making Sciences enter the lists, to demand of it what place it occupied, whence it came and what is its mission. This has taken place, because virtually there is no SCIENCE, and we are wrong in using the term; there are only *Sciences*, by which we mean, the few and scattered elements out of which Science is to be constituted. When philosophers themselves take this isolation as a definitive fact, is it surprising that the unlearned hardly dreams that Unity is yet to arise out of this multiplicity?

But it is not with impunity that we have despised the true value and destiny of the Sciences, since all the world knows that the very Philosophy which some are accustomed to invoke as a prophet and mediator, has as yet arrived at no positive convictions in regard to the Future. It remains in all the vagueness of mere desire and aspiration. Like Religion, it has faith in a better state, it affirms that a better state will come, and has a dim presentiment of its nature; yet it has nothing more than presentiment. In order to arrive at a true notion of the Future it must leap over the space that separates Sentiment from Knowledge.

We shall not place ourselves at the point of view either of the men of mere desire or the men of a dry reality, the special *savans* and philosophers. The Truth is neither here nor there; neither with those who strive to obliterate all spontaneity from their natures, making their minds *tabula rasa*; nor with those who excite themselves beyond measure, giving the reins to their imaginations and pretending to be sufficient unto themselves; the first have dreamed of the Future, and the latter expect to *discover* it some day! The business is, however, not to invent the future but to deduce it from the experience of the Past and Present.

Behold then in few words, the spiritual inheritance of Modern Times, — *yes*, — THE CHURCH, an open asylum to men withdrawn by Christianity from the yoke of ancient fatality, where human brotherhood is taught, and where the moral perfection of man is the chief concern, — PROTESTANTISM, not as a definitive doctrine, but as a revolt against the Church whenever it chooses to exercise tyranny over those whose moral development it has undertaken. — PHILOSOPHY, telling those who have at last arrived at some degree of self-command, and can take

care of themselves, what subjects are to be studied by them, and in what manner they are to be studied. — The SPECIAL SCIENCES, which are still the objects of study; and SYNTHESIS, which is the grand aim of all study; the Constitution of Science, of the rational and experimental doctrine created by man, whom the Church has elevated, whom protestantism has emancipated, whom philosophy has taught; — the doctrine which will be that of the Society to come.

Society we now know is like a man. In its outset it is under the tutelage of the Church; the moral education of ignorant and rude men must be accomplished; but this is manifestly not the end; for their moral education can only teach them to conduct themselves honestly and humanely in the business of life. The history of the development of an individual, permits us to appreciate these things with precision. A child is reared in the Christian faith, but the knowledge and love of Christian principles are not the whole object of his life. If indoctrinated as a Christian, he must perform the social duties of a Christian, and take his proper rank and position. It is the same with Society. The modern nations, once instructed as Christians, must discharge the functions of Christians, but at the same time assume their true position, — their scientific position among the rest. Society, we have said, is a collective man. Its infancy, the phase of sensation, was comprised in the barbarous period, the Middle Age was the epoch of its adolescence, its youth continued from the time of Descartes to the French Revolution. By the Revolution it was proclaimed that the development of this collective man was in a sense completed, that he was developed as a body, mind and soul, that he had thereafter a right to the free disposition of his faculties, which was summed up in the words Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood. He has been, during the Past, in subservience to the Church for his religion, and to Monarchy for his politics. When he afterwards broke with the Church and Monarch he had to develop himself at his own risks and perils; his whole life became an observation; and he has experimented, not only in the matters of science, but in every sphere of existence. Science has advanced with the same steps by which his whole life has advanced. At this day he is an adult, by which term we mean to express, that he is initiated in political and religious affairs, indued with political and religious knowledge, at once a *savan*, a reformer, a legislator, a king and a priest, and arrived at an age when men form their *establishment*; it is time that he should set about preparing his own. But for a collective man, for a

uation to form an establishment is to found an entire social order; and the moment he engages in scientific Synthesis, is the same with that in which a Synthesis of all the ways of life becomes a question, so that the realization of a scientific Synthesis will coincide with that of Social Unity, of which it is only an intellectual expression.

These few words indicate sufficiently the meaning we shall give in these pages to Science, and hereafter we shall at once place ourselves face to face with our readers. It will be seen that we are of the number of those who have faith in a Social Future. We believe, in fact, that in consequence of certain transformations, which it is not here our object to describe, rational and experimental societies reposing on scientific bases, will be substituted for the empirical and arbitrary societies that comprise the Past; we believe likewise, that the principle of these societies is now elaborating; but attached as we are to this Faith, while some minds still ask by whom, when and how this principle is to be promulgated, we have no place for such a question, since we see the great work going forward in the industrial, scientific and religious labors of this epoch.

REVIEW.

Plato contra Atheos. Plato against the Atheists; or the tenth Book of the Dialogue on Laws, accompanied with Critical Notes and followed by Extended Dissertations on some of the Main Points of the Platonic Philosophy and Theology, especially as Compared with the Holy Scriptures, by TAYLOR LEWIS, LL. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University in the city of New York, &c. New York, 1845: 1 Volume 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 378.

A few years ago a young friend of ours, on graduating from one of our New England colleges, asked of his Greek Professor what was the best edition of Plato, that he might undertake to study a little a so famous an author. "Read Plato!" said the astonished Professor; "read Plato! You! Why, bless you! there are not ten men in the United States that can read Plato! I never saw a copy of Plato; there is not such a thing in the college library!" Such Professors are getting rarer than such students. We know several Professors that have seen Plato, and two or three clergyman, besides, that have read him, and hope they will also read the volume before us. It is a perfect *Hive of Philosophy*, as Socrates said somewhere about something.—There are in it Bees—Attic, Hebrew and American bees; though more of the latter than is seemly in this age; and honey also is there, for such as dare suck the

comb. Certainly there is *war*—some may think a rather liberal proportion of American wax; more than was needed for the honey of Hymettus,—also treasured in the hive. But the bees are there; we hear them hum; sometimes it is the Attic bee, humming and stinging alternately, gathering honey from weed and flower, and stinging the cattle, the goats and the swine, that invade the academic grove.— Sometimes it is the Yankee Bee, buzzing and stinging right and left, looking for honey where none is, and in disappointment or in spite, striving to tear the flowers to pieces; a petulant and ill-natured Bee is this Yankee, unlike any that Virgil has described. We find no description of him in any of the books. We think him a little more remarkable for his sting than his honey.

The tenth book of the apocryphal work on Laws is here reprinted, neatly and accurately. It occupies about one half of each of the first eighty-three pages. Beneath it are notes, exegetical, critical or philosophical, and after it come the "extended notes and dissertations," that fill up the rest of the volume. A great variety of subjects is discussed; a considerable acquaintance with Plato is made apparent; the Athenian sage appears a little more orthodox than he is commonly thought to have been, and is made out to have been quite a Christian in his way,—at all events a school-master to help us to Christ. Many passages of the Old Testament and New Testament are explained, or at least quoted, and pithy paragraphs are extracted from various works of Plato, Aristotle and others. Some hard blows are dealt at opinions current in our time, and a great many excellent things are said which we rejoice at exceedingly.—Dr. Lewis loves and honors Ralph Cudworth,—who is worthy of more honor, it seems to us, than the public bestow on his high desert. Our author says now and then a savage thing of an ancient; for example of Heraclitus, and of Aristotle himself, whom he accuses of misrepresenting his illustrious contemporary. Aristophanes is a "malignant buffoon." But for modern absurdities he has no toleration. The Science of this age is reckoned wicked, and certainly it will scarcely agree with the theology set forth or hinted at in this book.

We heartily recommend this work to the lovers of scholarship and philosophy, in spite of the unphilosophical spirit and the ill-nature so often shown by the author. We hope it will find a large class of readers, whom it will induce to study Plato for themselves,—not taking him as a Master, but as a servant and Helper.—To such this book will prove valuable.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, Second Edition, from the third London Edition, greatly amended by the Author, and an introduction by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., New York, Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, 1845. pp. xxviii. and 280.

Our business in noticing this brilliant and popular book is not with the speculations of its author, but with the introduction of Dr. Cheever, to the second edition. Dr. Cheever is a Presbyterian clergyman of New York of some pretensions to learning, but especially to rhetoric: he has also acquired an unenviable notoriety by his zealous defence of that most absurd of barbarous institutions, capital punishment. In the present case, twenty eight close pages are devoted to proving that the theories of the *Vestiges of Creation* are unchristian, immoral and even atheistic. One would imagine that instead of editing so dangerous a work, and sending its poison forth with his name upon the title page, Dr. Cheever would have used his utmost influence to prevent its publication at all, and would even have perished sooner than be so intimately implicated therein. The truth doubtless is, that the publishers were willing to pay handsomely for the use of his name, the sight of which would recommend the book to a class of purchasers who could not otherwise be attracted;—the "*auri sacra fames*," had more weight with the reverend Dr. than any impulse which has a right to appear in canonicals. Not ignorant however of the meanness of such a transaction, he endeavors to mend his conscience by abusing the book. It is this latter part of the affair to which we object. Dr. Cheever has a right to furnish his name to Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, or any other bookseller, at the market price; but beyond this his prerogatives do not and must not extend. A real introduction explaining in a fair and impartial manner the doctrines of the author, though not quite necessary might be tolerated, but a deliberate misinterpretation, bad enough even in an open Review, is absolutely nefarious when put forth in such a surreptitious manner. It is a kind of literary lynching, against which we protest in the name of the whole Republic of letters. The offender ought to be critically drawn and quartered, or branded and put in the pillory at the very least.

We do not thus strongly insist upon justice to this book because we agree with its hypotheses, or have any partiality for them. Among many valuable truths, it contains most abundant error. Its author affords a remarkable example of the necessity of fixed principles as guides in the study of Nature. In the absence of such principles, modern as well as ancient speculation is, in spite of its Unita-

ry tendencies, full of uncertain, chaotic groping and guessing. Men set up their own petty opinions and prejudices as standards, and thus increase the old confusion of thought. Against one thing we seriously and kindly warn the author of the "Introduction," that is, against laying his sacrilegious hand upon the Scriptures. In this sphere of study the general anarchy is far greater even than in the Natural Sciences. For want of fixed principles of interpretation, even pious men fall into most perilous errors, which do more injury to the cause of religion, than all the assaults of all the infidels from the beginning of the world till now.

Essays on Art; translated from the German of Goethe, by SAMUEL GRAY WARD. Boston: Munroe & Co.

This is a beautiful little volume full of the rich thoughts of a great mind. It contains the following Essays: Introduction to the Propylæum; Upon the *Laocoön*; the Collector and his Friends; Upon Truth and Probability in works of Art; *Rossalia's Sanctuary*; Simple Imitations of Nature, Manner, Style; Pictures of Philostratus; Ancient and Modern; Landscape Painting; Aphorisms, &c.; Hints to Young Artists; upon Dilettantism.

The latter essay is rather a sketch, or a skeleton of an essay on the subject, than a finished work. Yet it is full of instruction. These Essays will not find a very wide public, perhaps. We wish them "fit audience though few."

Hahnemann's Works.

Dr. Charles J. Hempel has undertaken to translate all the works of Hahnemann, which are to be published by Wm. Radde, 322 Broadway. The first volume, containing the great Theory of Chronic Diseases, is already issued, and it sufficiently establishes the entire capacity of Dr. Hempel for the arduous task he has undertaken. Few, even of Germans, can bear the toil and study necessary to read Hahnemann in the original, on account of the extreme involution of his style. Never of nominatives or objectives thought he, words to him were but the cloud to bear the keen electricity of his idea, searching through bone and marrow to the heart of his subject. Hempel has cleared up all this obscurity,—has transmuted Hahnemann's ideas into perspicuous and musical English. For this he deserves much, but more is he to be thanked for his deep appreciation of the author, his entire and manifest devotion to the great ideas he is unfolding. Hitherto Hahnemann himself has been almost unknown, even to the disciples of his startling creed, the very religion of medicine, and Homœ-

opathy has been obliged to make its way unsustained by the word of its apostle. Yet it has accomplished wonders, and will now work faster and stronger. We hope every one who knows and feels the importance of the movement, whose premonitory symptoms begin to thrill and shudder through the heart of society, will see that this enthusiastic young man, Hempel, and his weary but much needed labor, are not left by the way-side.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Vanished forever is that starry hope
Which lit with such deep joy our youthful
thought;
In that blest dream why were we not up-
caught

Out of the world, or ere our eyes could ope
On this sad hour? Oh, why should we be
taught

That underneath the loving Heaven's cope,
Love, deeper far than life, availeth naught?

But so farewell, farewell for this poor life,
These few, short, childish days for us so
dear,

At every step missing the hand most dear:—
Ah bitter pain! Nay, still my love, my wife!
Fitter for us with purpose high and clear,
Calmly to meet the inevitable strife,
And, not a doubt within our unaided hearts,
Confront the powerless fate that us twain
parts.

For purer ever burns the eternal flame
Within our souls, making them ever one;
Lonely and longing, yet not all alone,
Not ours to swerve from that immortal aim
Which up these mountain paths has urged us
on;
Though private hopes so withered seem and
gone,
Those shining buds shall bloom, celestial
flowers;—
God loses nothing of these lives of ours.

THE DUTY—THE REWARD.

BY MRS. M. L. BAILEY.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care,
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden,
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To Humanity.

Labor! wait! thy Master perish'd
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost, thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labor! and the seed thou sowest,
Water with thy tears,
God is faithful, he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope! Though yet no verdure,
Glad thy longing eyes,
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Garner'd in the skies.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows,
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering,
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope! the morning dawneth,
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee,
When thy work is done.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

In meeting our friends, for the first time, in the columns of the Harbinger, we wish to take them by the hand with cheerful greetings, to express the earnest hope that our intercourse may be as fruitful of good, as it will be frank and sincere, and that we to-day may commence a communion of spirit, which shall mutually aid us in our progress towards the truth and beauty, the possession of which is the ultimate destiny of man. We address ourselves to the aspiring and free minded youth of our country; to those whom long experience has taught the emptiness of past attainments and inspired with a better hope; to those who cherish a living faith in the advancement of humanity, whose inner life consists not in doubting, questioning, and denying, but in believing; who, resolute to cast off conventional errors and prejudices, are hungering and thirsting for positive truth; and who, with reliance on the fulfilment of the prophetic voice in the heart of man, and on the Universal Providence of God, look forward to an order of society founded on the divine principles of justice and love, to a future age of happiness, harmony, and of great glory to be realized on earth.

We have attained, in our own minds, to firm and clear convictions, in regard to the problem of human destiny; we believe that principles are now in operation, which will produce as great a change on the face of society, as that which caused beauty and order to arise from the chaos of the primitive creation by the movings of the divine Spirit; and to impart these convic-

tions and principles to the hearts of our readers, will be our leading purpose in the columns of this paper.

It will be, then, in the light of positive ideas, not of fanciful conceptions, that we shall criticise the current literature, the political movements, the social phenomena of the day; and without inquiring how far we may be in accordance with the prevailing standards of fashion or popular opinion, speak our minds on the subjects we shall discuss, with entire independence of outward authority.

Our faith in the high destiny of man is too profound to allow us to cherish the spirit of antagonism; we would not destroy but reconstruct; and if our readers expect to find in these pages, the fierce ebullitions of Jacobinical wrath, to be entertained with the virulence of invective against the evils which we condemn, or to be stimulated with the sallies of personal abuse, they will certainly be disappointed. Those who wish to indulge a taste for such condiments, must look elsewhere for its gratification. We trust that ruffian and reformer are not convertible terms;—if they be, we lay no claim to the title of the latter.

We mean to discuss all questions of public interest, with the utmost freedom, and with a single eye to the finding of the whole Truth, being well assured that the whole Truth and the highest Good, are connected in indissoluble union. But we have no desire wantonly to violate any cherished convictions, nor to maintain what is new simply because it is new.—It is our belief that there is much good, mingled with much error, in all the parties and sects both of the Church and of the State, and it is the duty of all persons who sincerely desire to aid in the progress of the human race, not to abandon themselves blindly to one particular doctrine, but to try all and to hold fast that which is good. The time has come for politicians and philanthropists to break the restraints of a barren, one-sided sectarianism, to assume some higher and broader ground, which will enable them to select the good of all partial creeds, to combine it in a consistent and glorious whole. Nor can this process degenerate into a meagre and barren Eclecticism, whenever we take our stand on the broad and universal principles, which the true science of human nature unfolds.

With a deep reverence for the Past, we shall strive so to use its transmitted treasures, as to lay in the Present, the foundation of a better Future. Our motto is, the elevation of the whole human race, in mind, morals, and manners, and the means, which in our view are alone adapted to the accomplishment of this end, are not violent outbreaks and revolu-

tionary agitations, but orderly and progressive reform.

In Politics, it will be our object to present fair discussions of the measures of political parties, taking the principles of Justice to all men as our standard of judgment. By sympathy and conviction we are entirely democratic; our faith in democracy is hardly inferior to our faith in humanity; but by democracy we do not understand a slavish adherence to "regular nominations," nor that malignant mobocracy which would reduce to its own meanness all who aspire to nobler ends than itself, but that benevolent, exalting, and refining creed, which holds that the great object of government, should be to secure the blessings of Liberty, Intelligence, and Good Order, to the whole people. We believe in the Rights of Man,—best summed up in the right to a perfect development of his whole nature, physical, intellectual, and moral,—and shall oppose partial or class legislation, as inconsistent with the fundamental principles of Republican Institutions. Yet we shall take sides with no party, but proceed from time to time to remark upon all parties, with the frankness and independence which our position fully enables us to exercise. If our politicians take offence at what we shall say, the fault will be their own, and our only apology will be a little more severity.—Foreign politics, which are too much neglected by the journals of the country, will be regularly treated by us, in the form of well-digested reviews of the English, French, and German press.

In Literature, besides elaborate notices of new publications, with the aim to inform and improve the taste of the public, and not to gratify the cupidity of booksellers, it is our wish to keep a faithful record of literary intelligence, noticing the most important works that are issued in Europe and this country, and giving brief sketches of the matter of those more generally interesting to the American reader.

The Fine Arts too shall have due honor done them. Music, the Art most appreciable to the many, most associated with the hopes of Humanity, and most flourishing always where Humanity is most alive, we shall watch with almost jealous love; striving not only by criticism of all important musical performances, schools and publications, but also by historical and philosophical essays on the principles of the Art itself, and the creations of its master minds, to keep it true to the standard of pure taste, true to the holy end for which the passion of hearing harmonies was given to man. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, the Drama, and all arts which seek the Good, by way of the Beautiful, will, we hope,

be criticised in practice, and interpreted in theory from the same humanitarian and universal point of view. For this end, we shall have correspondents in our principal cities, on whose taste and power of communication we can rely. Summaries of intelligence under this head from Europe too, from countries where Art has a home, will occasionally be offered to our readers. Musical criticism is a thing which has not hitherto existed in our country. Instead of the unmeaning praise, and petty partial censure with which all concerts are alike served up in our newspapers, we would humbly hope to contribute something, if only by our sincerity and impartiality, toward a sound and profitable criticism.

In Science, as far as the limits of a weekly newspaper permit, we shall preserve a record of the most important improvements and discoveries, considered with especial reference to their bearing on the great object of all our labors, the progressive well-being of man.

The interests of Social Reform, will be considered as paramount to all others, in whatever is admitted into the pages of the Harbinger. We shall suffer no attachment to literature, no taste for abstract discussion, no love of purely intellectual theories, to seduce us from our devotion to the cause of the oppressed, the down-trodden, the insulted and injured masses of our fellow men. Every pulsation of our being vibrates in sympathy with the wrongs of the toiling millions, and every wise effort for their speedy enfranchisement will find in us resolute and indomitable advocates. If any imagine from the literary tone of the preceding remarks, that we are indifferent to the radical movement for the benefit of the masses, which is the crowning glory of the nineteenth century, they will soon discover their egregious mistake. To that movement, consecrated by religious principle, sustained by an awful sense of justice, and cheered by the brightest hopes of future good, all our powers, talents, and attainments are devoted. We look for an audience among the refined and educated circles, to which the character of our paper will win its way; but we shall also be read by the swart and sweaty artizan; the laborer will find in us another champion; and many hearts, struggling with the secret hope which no weight of care and toil can entirely suppress, will pour on us their benedictions as we labor for the equal rights of All.

We engage in our enterprise, then, with faith in our cause, with friendship for our readers, with an exulting hope for Humanity, and with a deep conviction which long years of experience have confirmed, that every sincere endeavor for a

universal end will not fail to receive a blessing from all that is greatest and holiest in the universe. In the words of the illustrious Swedenborg, which we have selected for the motto of the Harbinger, "all things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared, and await the light. The ship is in the harbor; the sails are swelling; the east wind blows; let us weigh anchor, and put forth to sea."

THE OREGON QUESTION.

There never was a more ridiculous piece of mummery performed than that in which Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell recently took distinguished parts in the British House of Commons. It is a common thing for the English to accuse the Americans,—we are sorry to say, not without some reason often,—of bravado and boasting; but on the occasion to which we allude, the bluster was all on the other side. Like a great deal else in diplomacy, it was the sheerest piece of theatrical effect.

Mr. Polk when he came into office, said that the right of the United States to the territory of Oregon was "clear and indisputable." The words cross the Atlantic, and scarcely reach the ears of the St. James legislators before they excite a tremendous commotion in British patriotism. Lord John Russell solemnly rises and demands whether the rights of England are to be tamely sacrificed, and then proceeds to play upon the war feeling which exists among certain classes in every nation. Thereupon Sir Robert Peel rises just as solemnly, and determined not to be outdone in patriotic enthusiasm by his old enemies the Whigs, pronounces the claims of Mr. Polk an unheard of insolence, and says that he is determined to fight rather than yield a jot. The steamer is delayed three days to carry this little scene to the good people of the United States, and to heighten its influence upon our nerves.

Now we say that this was acting throughout, got up for effect and not with any serious purpose of war. That it may lead to war is possible, because Ministers of State do not always see the distant issue of their stately farces, but it did not primarily mean war. We say so for this reason, that the British legislators have known for years back, that the Americans consider their claim to Oregon "clear and undisputed," and there was nothing in the re-assertion of this claim by Mr. Polk, in the simple and modest way in which it was done, to arouse the sudden jealousy and rage of the English Commons. From the days of Jefferson down to our own day, each President in succession has asserted our right; yet it was never before thought necessary to threaten war. Only the other day Mr.

Tyler said the same thing, yet it attracted no notice. The House of Representatives asserted it a few years ago; but nothing was said. Mr. Rush, when minister to England asserted it; and it was met by negotiation. Why then this sudden outburst when Mr. Polk asserts it? We will tell the reader.

Lord John Russell and the whigs would like to get into power exceedingly, and therefore take every occasion to pick a flaw in the policy of Sir Robert Peel. This Oregon Question was a good peg to hang a patriotic demonstration on, and the whigs availed themselves of the opportunity. Sir Robert, not to be outdone in devotion for his country,—some say this means for place,—outroared Sir John,—and that 's the whole of the matter!

Still this Oregon question is an unsettled one, and may introduce difficulties into our international relations. It is well therefore to keep an outline of the true state of the case in our minds.

First, the Americans claim the title to the whole of the territory known as Oregon, extending from the forty-second to the fifty-fourth degree of North Latitude, and covering both sides of the Columbia River.

Second, The English claim, not the title to the territory, which they say is unsettled, but a right to the joint occupancy of it until the title is properly determined.

The Americans rest their claim upon three distinct grounds; first, the cession by Spain in the Florida treaty, by which we acquire all the rights of Spain upon the Northwestern coast, of which the early Spanish navigators claim to have been the first discoverers; second, on the purchase of Louisiana from France, and the settlement of the boundaries of that territory by the Treaty of Utrecht, which extended on the North along the line of the forty-ninth degree of latitude to the Pacific Ocean; and third, the discovery of the Columbia River by Capt. Gray of Boston, which, it is contended, confers a right of domain over all the land watered by that river and its tributaries.

To this argument the English authorities oppose, that the professed discoveries of the Spanish navigators are involved in great doubt; that Cook and Drake on the part of England, gave authentic accounts of the coast quite as early as any other voyagers; that Capt. Gray went to the Columbia as the agent of a private company, and never took possession in the name of his government; that the subjects of Great Britain were the first to occupy the ground actually, and maintain themselves in a position to defend it.

Here we have the substance of what is said on both sides. It will be seen at a glance that the dispute is of a nature, not to be settled by war, but by negotiation.

The Americans have clearly the best of the argument, yet it is a case to be determined by logic and reading, rather than by gunpowder and bomb-shells. We cannot believe, therefore, that a resort to force will be made by either nation. There is nothing in the position of things to demand so desperate a remedy. A judicious umpire might easily decide the whole contest. A little forbearance, a little calmness, the "wise and masterly inactivity" of which Mr. Calhoun has spoken, would speedily remove every difficulty and infringe upon no important right.

Before we close this article, however, let us say that we have been shocked by the indifference with which the prospect of a war with England is regarded by many of the public press and the community. We should have supposed that the bare thought of the event would have been met by a universal burst of indignation and horror. War is a state so full of evil, so anti-democratic in its tendency, so fraught with injustice, rage, cruelty, and rapine, and so fruitful in wide-spread and lasting distress, that it can only be looked upon as the greatest of curses. It is a curse to the commercial prosperity, to the public honor, to the domestic peace, to the moral feelings of the parties to it. It is a brutal and barbarous resort, greatly below the dignity of human nature, and a disgrace even to civilization.

This nation, of all nations upon the earth, should be the last to think of going to war. It professes a superior degree of intelligence and refinement. It boasts greater advances in policy and the science of government than the rest of the world. It is proud of institutions founded in justice and designed to extend the benefits of civil and religious liberty to every human being. The chief glory of such a nation should be the establishment of friendly feelings, mutual sympathies, concord and good will. Its brightest distinction is not the triumph of its arms, but of its arts; not the enthronement of force, but of moral power and right; not the destruction of life and happiness, but the security and elevation of the mass of men. But war is opposed to all this. Its first act is an invasion of human right, its discipline is that of despotism, its inevitable effects are crime and wo. There is no democracy nor republicanism in war; it is a condition of unrelieved violence; an alternation of force and fraud, which crushes free action and withers high, just, and generous sentiments. How hard would it be for a people, accustomed to the discipline of soldiers, to resolve itself into a nation of freemen!

And of all wars, a war with England is the most to be deprecated. The offences of that power, we admit, have

been great. Her rapacity, her injustice, her insolence are hard to be borne, but the wickedness and misery of a conflict with her would be no less hard. She is a power that can do us immense harm. She can sweep our commerce from the seas, arrest our industry, excite internal commotions, desolate our coasts, stop our career of improvement, and load us for long generations with taxes and debt. It is true, we might return the injury; we might destroy her ships, seize her colonies, and reduce the mass of her population, already on the brink of starvation, to unutterable wretchedness and death. But can vengeance repay us for the loss of so much treasure, and happiness and moral feeling, as would spring from its infliction? Would the murder of millions of Englishmen recompense the wrong our own acts would bring down upon millions of Americans? Or would the enormity of the crime swell with the amount of suffering inflicted, until the combined mass of iniquity would provoke upon both nations the severest and most protracted retributions of Providence.

Nor would the evil stop with the people directly concerned. A contest between two powers, each holding such extended relations, would bring along with it, mightier and more terrible convulsions. It would drag into the strife, the powerful dynasties of Europe, which only need the occasion to fall upon each other with destructive fury. What would be the result of this, no mind can conceive. What battles, what carnage, what a severing of domestic ties, what a waste of life, what ferocity of manners, what degradation of feeling, what a disruption of order, what indescribable panic, what agony not to be assuaged! How it would put back the peace of the world, arrest the spread of liberal principles, and palsify the democratic movement of the nations! Let those whose fancies delight in horrors, complete the picture.

We do not believe, that war in the present condition of mankind, is at all times to be avoided. Yet we believe it becomes a moral and intelligent people to strive to put it off as long as it may. It is at the best a wicked and desperate resort. The United States and England have reached a point of elevation where they should throw aside the savage spirit and practices of their ancestors. There are nobler conquests than those of the sword, and higher and holier aims than national aggrandizement. The world is awakening to loftier notions of honor and glory. A better era is beginning to dawn upon the hearts of the people and upon the councils of their rulers. New influences are making themselves felt in the workings of government and society.

Brute force is retiring before the energy of enlightened intellect. Over all classes of men a spiritual illumination is spreading; they begin to recognize the superior worth of mind and virtue; and are adjusting their relations and habits to a better order of civil existence. Shall their hopes go out as dreams of the morning? Shall the swelling stream which is bearing the nations on to a future of glorious developments, be turned from its course or put back for many dreary years?

Considerations of this kind, though they cannot avert war, may teach us the spirit in which it is to be contemplated. It would be a sad sight indeed, to see two great nations, equally illustrious as pioneers in the cause of enterprise, art, science and religion, fall to the plunder and butchery of each other, for differences which a moment's forbearance may reconcile or remove.

CONSUELO,

BY GEORGE SAND.

In our paper to-day commences the first English translation of this admirable work. For a long time it has been felt by those who have read the original, to be the master-piece of its author; indeed, with many the conviction is strong, that it is even the highest triumph of modern novel-writing. That it has not found fit translation before was, doubtless, owing to prevailing impressions of something erratic and *bizarre* in the author's way of living, and to a certain undeniable tone of wild, defying freedom in her earlier writings; an attitude of more than modest resistance to the conventions of ultra-civilized society, the soul-killing, and enslaving bonds, under which woman especially has pined. Her nobler aspirations struggled too proudly with false circumstances, to burn always with that pure and gentle flame, which everywhere wins love and confidence. And her best admirers are ready to own, that, so far as these charges have held good against her character or writings, it was but necessary retribution, that this nobler and redeeming work should undergo its term of suspicious quarantine, before it could be accepted upon these shores, and in an English dress, proceed to make itself known as widely as it must and will be known. But let us not be slow to render justice. If the struggle has been painful, so too is the triumph glorious. And who will be so ungenerous as to turn away from a pure and lofty creation of genius; one as religious in its tone as it is artistic in its form; one which warms the heart, while it expands the intellect and lifts imagination to those clear calm heights where we can feel a holy Providence in all things; one which on every page

reveals the divine power of character to shield itself from wrong, as well as to rekindle in all hearts the faded prophecy of future harmony; — who, we say, will be so ungenerous as to turn away from such a book, out of any weak disgust for the experiences through which the author may have had to work her way up to this serene and heavenly elevation! Whoever does so is himself the loser. It is the way of Providence, that loftiest character is reared not in the timid paths of outward innocence alone; and that purest wisdom sometimes comes from knowledge of both good and evil, that so it may speak the more wisely, convincingly, inspiringly, to them that are fallen.

We shall take occasion hereafter to speak more at length of the book and its author. At present we can only sum up its merits. "Consuelo" is its name, and the name of the heroine, — a Spanish word, which means *Consolation*. No word could better describe the peculiar influence of the book. It is consoling to the depths of every tried and weary soul. As surely as you read, you are in a clearer and more loving mood. Every sentence seems to have proceeded from a very rare union of Wisdom and Love; such serenity and such mild warmth are from no other source. It throws around you the sphere of an ideal person, a character so truly conceived, and so thoroughly sustained, that almost you are persuaded it has bodily existence, and that a "Consuelo" lives for you too.

Consuelo is a poor Spanish Gipsy girl; at first a gifted pupil in one of the musical conservatories of Venice under old Porpora, the master of Haydn; then the wonder of all Italy, of the Courts of Maria Theresa, and of Frederic the Great, by her inspired singing in theatre and church; then a princess; and always, from first to last, sublime as an artist, a woman, and a child of God. In no work of fiction do we find so high a character. It is gentleness grown strong by purity; it is beauty perpetually renewed from the inward living springs of beauty; it is genius sanctified by piety and justified by use; it is the very height of liberty and frankness, yet its freest motions rounded with the grace of reverence; it is innocence great through all experiences, too great for vanity or fear, and humble in its greatness; it is high, heavenly womanhood, a female incarnation of the Godlike. Notable personages of history, monarchs, statesmen, artists, philosophers, poets, spiritual mystics, coarser fanatics, and charlatans shine in their truest colors in this book, as they only could do by the side of her.

Consuelo is an artist, a wondrous child of song; as loyal to nature, as she is conscientious in art. In her inspirations, in her studies, in her public performances,

she is the ideal of that character. To her, Music is the medium through which the soul may with all delicacy, publish to the world its deepest, inmost life. To glorify music, to proclaim its heavenly origin and power, its mystic sense, is her religious mission. In it all thought of self is lost. Music is the meaning of her life; music is the outpouring of all her soul to humanity, her highest duty, her confession of faith, her acknowledgement of God, her dedication of herself to holiest ends.— Here again, amid so many vain displays of fearless skill, the forms of art without the soul, in operas, and concerts, and cathedral choirs, she is "Consuelo," Consolation,—a refreshing sunbeam of reality amid cold glittering shams. It is perhaps the primary end of this novel, to hold up an ideal of the Artist's character, especially in Music, which is *the art of this age*; and to show how genuine Art flows only from, and leads always to, the Moral; how all inspiration, alike of Saint or Artist, must come from devotion to the "first God, first Fair."

It is because the author not only has an intellectual apprehension of this idea, but actually feels and lives it, that her book itself is a noble work of Art. The character of Consuelo inspires it all. Like the "Voice, which first to light gave being," she pervades with a quickening presence, shaping and harmonizing the whole book, through all its more general arrangements, through all its shifting scenes and interacting of characters, down to the very choice of words, and slightest turn of every sentence. The style for graphic clearness, warmth, and musical flow, is almost unrivalled.

To expect all this in any English version would be too much. But our translation is by one eminently qualified for the work, who is both filled with enthusiasm for the beauty of the original, and who deeply appreciates its spirit and purpose. The work with him is truly one of love. We can with all confidence offer it to our readers as a faithful, spirited, and graceful version of a book, which needs no other commendation but to be read.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Under this title we shall pitch our tent occasionally, and devote a quiet corner of the field which this paper is to occupy, to recognition and discussion both of principles and of performances in the beautiful Art of Music. Be it known then to our readers, that, if there be not room for us in every number, yet a Musical Department does exist; and from it an appreciating, yet sincere and fearless voice shall be heard whenever aught is passing in the musical world to claim its notice. Among the hopeful movements

of the day, the Unitary tendencies, which this paper, conceived in the spirit of Unity and of Progress, and calling itself "The Harbinger," is pledged to notice, and both by criticism and by sympathy to help on, there is a Musical Movement in this country. Our people are trying to become musical. It has been discovered to the satisfaction of many, that neither the dull solemnity of psalms, nor the training up and down of drums and fifes, nor the ear-tickling, foot-lifting, fiddling out of old tunes, innocent of all meaning except release from care and ceremony, can be deemed true musical experiences; and that no very just idea of the worth of Music in the scale of social influences and of individual pursuits, can properly be predicated upon these three forms of the Art. It is seen that to a musical soul these are thin sustenance; and (thanks to the myriad-minded activity which is exchanging all the products, both material and spiritual, of all the nations, and so preparing the way for all to become ONE!) tones have reached us from those foreign shores, where the Goddess of Harmony herself dwells, and inspires her Mozarts and Beethovens with great emotions and great Art, to utter them in strains that haunt all souls with never dying hopes and aspirations. Yes! the practical American begins to respect Music as an Art, as a language of the soul, as part of the permanent revelation of God, and as one of the great divine agencies by which Humanity even now, is led on toward the fulfilment of its glorious Destiny. Once it was only as an amusement, (more or less refined it is true; but still as an amusement), or as a mere church ceremony, that men thought of music. It is beginning to be esteemed as Art. And (whatever moralists may say against the German fashion of using the term "artist" and "artistic" to denote the highest accomplishments of man in his creative sphere,) we maintain that when any thing is taken up and pursued in the spirit in which a true Artist always lives and works, that thing becomes the most earnest, the most elevating, the most religious occupation of which man is capable, and the most productive of permanent blessings to mankind. We are beginning to respect the Art, to look to it for such influences as we do to Poetry, to Eloquence, to any thing that comes from the most religious depths of Man. That is something, when we have not the genius to create. Musical as yet we are not, in the true sense. We have no composers; no great performances in our churches; no well-endowed and thorough academies to train the artist, or to educate the public taste by frequent hearings of the finest compositions, except in a very limited degree.

Our concerts are attended more from fashion, it may be, than from real love. Our daughters are taught the piano as an accomplishment, to make them "ladies," rather than to inspire their womanhood with that Music which has been termed "the feminine principle in the Universe." Yet there are fine beginnings. Some excellent societies in our cities are learning the love of what is great and permanent, by their attempts to perform it; the number of appreciating listeners is sure to grow; singing-schools "for the million" are unlocking the outer musical sense for all, that, if they have a soul, this channel to it need not be obstructed; the real *virtuosos* come from Europe to give us a touch of their quality, having in their turn discovered that Jonathan has learned how to spend money for music; and finally, much excellent music is printed here, which our young ladies (and young men, too—they learn the piano), study in lieu of the "Battle of Prague," and other trash in which music masters dealt so long.

This we have called a Musical Movement; for we believe it to be one of the outward accompaniments, expressions and instrumentalities of the greatest movement which ever yet engaged Humanity; of which this our America, the common gathering place of all nations, is destined to become the theatre. Whenever the life of a people is deep; whenever broad and universal sentiments absorb and harmonize the petty egotisms and discords of men; whenever Humanity is at all inspired with a consciousness of its great Destiny; whenever Love gives the tone to the feelings, the thoughts, and the activity of an age; whenever a hundred Reforms, all springing from so deep a source, all tend, in the very antagonism of their one-sidedness, in the very bigotry of their earnestness, to one grand thought and aim, the Unity of the race; in short, whenever there is a Movement, then, too, as by a law of Correspondence, there should be a new development of the passion and the art of music. It gives out music, (such a movement) as it is said the sphered planets do. Because Music is the natural language of Sentiment. Speech is the language of Thought; but underlying all articulate speech there is a basis of pure Tone; just as every thought of the understanding is prompted by a feeling. Sentiment seeks analogies, resemblances, and has a constant tendency to Unity. Thought analyzes and insists upon distinctions, differences, individualities; it gives birth to creeds and doctrines, to theories and schemes of life, to artificial laws and expedients, and effects no inward, but only outward union. It is only when men are moved by some great sentiment, (and all great sentiments

are in some way forms of the cardinal and highest principle of Love,) that they become inwardly united; then only is there any society; and then society becomes a living conscious whole, one body harmoniously compacted of many members. The spirit of such a union is already felt, and will demand a language, even before it can get an organization. Speech alone will not content; Tone, through all its infinite shades of Modulation, Melody, and Harmony becomes indispensable to the utterance of the full soul. For it would speak a universal language, which Asia and America alike may comprehend, with no interpreter and no dictionary but the heart, out of which and to which proceedeth all music. If it be true, then, that Humanity is now on the verge, nay in the midst of a grand onward movement; that society is inspired, not with dreams merely, but with most earnest, energetic strivings after the realization of a Divine Order, (strange, and ultra, and conflicting as may be the forms which that inspiration often takes,) then there is great significance in this growing interest now felt in music. Call it fashion, if you will, and call fashion an ape; still it is the ape of *something*, and not of nothing. This thought we have hereafter to unfold. It never can be unfolded to the end; for its sense and its applications are quite infinite. Enough to state it here, that it is in this light mainly that we propose to treat of Music, as the language of that deeper experience in which all men are most nearly one; the language of those central fires, great heaven-born Passions of the soul, which prompt to holy ties of Love, of Friendship, of Family, of Social Order, which through these blissful foretastes of union steadily invite and draw us on to everlasting Unity with God; and which impel us to seek a type of his perfections, as well as of what our life should be, in the harmonies of outward Nature. We wish to consider Music both as one of the expressions, and as one of the inspiring causes of the restless, but prophetic spirit of these times. Of course, then, we shall not say much of mere musical trifles. It shall be our business constantly to notice and uphold for study, and for imitation, music which is deep and earnest; which does not merely seek to amuse; but which, (be it in the form called Secular, or Sacred, be it song, or opera, or oratorio, or orchestra), is the most religious outpouring of the composer's life. We feel that we shall do most good by speaking most of works of genius, even when the theme is old, and by measuring the new, not so much by their standard, as by the standard by which they measured themselves. And yet so far as time permits, we trust that humbler efforts, con-

ceived in a true spirit and with any promising signs of talent, shall not be beneath our criticism. However, it is not so much the composition, as the performance of music, which invites attention now. To guide public taste in its selection, to inspire artists in their performance, and above all to exhort the musician to a high sense of the dignity of his profession, and teach others to respect it, too, shall be our aim in criticism.

But Music, besides the impulse and the expression which it gives to the spirit of the age, presents another claim to our attention. We mean its exact scientific correspondence and analogy with the laws of man's nature, with all the laws that govern the created universe, — shall we not say, with the eternal ideas which are the soul of God! The scale of musical tones is only the scale of the human Passions, or motive springs of action, as that scale is repeated in the sphere of sound and of the ear. And Music, more than any Science, is a key to the knowledge of ourselves, of Nature and of God; to the detection of the same Law, the same Music carried out in other forms, of plants, of planets, of colors, of geometrical figures, of comparative anatomy, and, finally, of the very passions, or spiritual essential springs which animate all these. And farther than this, music is the key to that Divine Order of human society, which is destined yet to be, when these long ages of painful, violent transition, these preparatory discords, shall be resolved into the full accord of Unity and Love. To notice and to trace out these analogies shall be our new and pleasant task.

We shall never say more than we owe to Music. Could we only share the blessing, as we would, with others! It would be a worthy contribution to the great work of the times. Ever grateful let us be to music, then, that, in times when there seemed almost no sincerity, no faith, no earnestness; when the religion of society seemed its deadest manifestation; when every thought of the Ideal was damped by the triumphant sneers and the experimental arguments of worldliness; when no doctrines, no philosophies, no spheres open to young activity looked in any way inspiring, but altogether barren of promise and fatal to self-respect; when nothing satisfied, and the whole framework of society gave the lie to the voice of the preacher and of the heart; — ever grateful let us be, those of us whom an early passion for music seized upon with power, that this idle boy's love, as the elders called it, this wayward, impracticable enthusiasm, this besetting sin of indulgence, became our initiation into the great hopes of the Future, haunting us with a faith most irresistible though indis-

ting, that better days shall come, that the real destiny of Man is Unity and Harmony, and that the Law of Necessity must yield at length to the holier Law of Attraction, — of Liberty and Love. These things are now not only a faith, but verily a Science; to the illustration of which, in our way, amongst others in this paper, these musical notices will be given. — Three things we shall have in view: (1.) the criticism of music as an Art; (2.) the interpretation of it as an expression of the life of the age; and (3.) the development of its correspondence as a Science with other sciences, and especially with the Science of the coming Social Order, and the transition through which we are passing towards it.

So much by way of introduction. In our next we hope to give some notices of musical performances and publications.

THE INFIDELITY OF MODERN SOCIETY.
Few persons seem to be aware of the utter want of faith in any high, spiritual reality, which characterizes the thought, the feeling, the expression, the aims and purposes of modern society. The men and women of the present day are as far removed from any thing like a sincere religious sense, as can be deemed possible in a world, moistened with the blood of martyrs, resounding with the songs of prophets, and daily blessed with the munificence of the divine bounty. They may persecute the bold brother who dares to call in question the creed in which they were suckled, outworn as it is, in their own minds; they may curl the lip in proud scorn of the rude plebeian who denies that the chaff they deal in can ever be made into the bread of life; they may stalk in costly robes through consecrated aisles, and thank God that they are not so low and vulgar, as to wish the abatement of any established usage; but their inner souls are as dead to that high, glorious sense of the Infinite, in which consists the essence of religion, as if they were kindred to the worm that fattens in the clogs of the valley. They have no faith in the power and majesty of disinterested love. Devotion to the holiest aims they resolve into selfish purposes. The passion for Universal Unity, which suffers from every violation of harmony, which is wounded by a discordant note from a single human being, which longs for the sounds of the great anthem, "loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blessed voices uttering praise," that is to ascend from a redeemed earth, they are scarce acquainted with even by name; much less can they be made to cherish the slightest confidence in any purpose, however wise in its conception and skilful in its execution, which is prompted by no lower motive than this master passion of the truly relig-

ious mind. They have no faith in the inspiration of the prophecies, or of the soul. They do not look for a new heaven and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. Good enough for them, as they think, are the old heaven and the old earth, in which dwelleth respectability. So long as they can have their "roast chicken and their little game of cards," like the good lady who wondered people could take such an interest in the reform of Parliament, so long as they can stand well in the society of "their sort," while they live, and be sent out of the world in the odor of sanctity by pulpit eloquence and newspaper tribute when they die, every thing is well enough, and should be let alone; the world is the best of all possible worlds; and wo to the wild visionary, the poor fanatic, who has faith and who acts on his faith, that the kingdom of God is to come on earth, that a Divine Order is to be realised in society, that the possibilities of human nature have not been exhausted yet in any of the habitations of men.

Friends, do you fear infidelity? Look for it in the right place. Go not far from your own houses to find it. Think not that it was all embodied in the New York Infidel Convention. See it in the faithlessness, the duplicity, the antagonism, the infernal competition, the murderous warfare, with which the whole atmosphere of your daily society is reeking.

INFLUENCE OF MACHINERY. We beseech our brother working men not to close their eyes nor their understandings to the tremendous effect which the improvement of machinery is destined to exert on their social condition, unless prevented by wise and vigorous measures on their part.—When the common necessities of life were principally supplied by hand labor, a fair days work would not only command a fair days wages, but it was not difficult to find good and suitable employment; and few skilful workmen ever had to complain of having little to do, or of being obliged to throw away their labor for prices scarce sufficient to keep soul and body together. But now that steam, and wind, and water, are made to do the work of many hands, now that so many of the common tools of every handicraft are so perfected, as in fact to give a man a half a dozen pair of hands instead of one, the labor of every trade in which machinery can be introduced takes a far smaller number of persons, and the remainder, who would naturally have been engaged in the same business, being thus thrown out of employment, crowd into other occupations which are carried on in the old mode, until every branch of labor becomes overstocked, so that the best workmen, in many cases, find it hard to

get a living, though they sweat and toil till they feel the effects of over exertion in every joint and fibre of their body. Nor is this the hardest part of the case. A man, tending a circular saw or a planing machine, though he finds it not so easy to get employment, as when he drove the saw or plane by hand, and receives no more for his labor, than if he did the work by mere manual strength, actually produces a far greater amount of value, which goes to enrich the owner of the machine, and to widen and make permanent the deep gulf which always divides the rich and the poor. The profits of the machinery go to the capitalist; the operative is becoming more and more to be considered as an appendage to the machine; his best qualities are valued principally as they contribute to the pecuniary success of the establishment; it is not expected that he will share in the mass of wealth which he is helping to create; and he thus finds it impossible to obtain the benefits, which are the natural fruit of labor, but which in this case, are given not to him who does the work, but to him who is able to get others to work for him.

This theory of the influence of machinery on the working man is so familiar to all who have reflected on the subject with any attention, that it seems almost like a waste of words to dwell upon it; but the practical confirmation of it is not so evident in this country, as it will be; various causes have conspired to postpone the evils which must inevitably come; and for the full illustration of the subject, as seen in the daily life, in the dwelling house, in the family circle of the operative, we must look to the system in the rank, festering ripeness of its operation among the feudal halls of industry in the old world. But the nature of things cannot be changed, and the same cause will produce the same effects here as elsewhere. Already our largest commercial cities, our great manufacturing towns, show clearly the fatal symptoms, which portend the coming of the terrific pestilence. But as yet, there is a deep current of vitality, the red glow of health, in the mass of the working men of this country, which will enable them to expel the deadly virus, before it is too late.

The remedy is to be found, not in opposing the improvements in machinery; no yankee will ever do that; not in declaiming in the work shops, and at the corners of the streets, about the hardness of the times; but in vigorous, combined action, in producing a union between capital and labor, and thus giving a direct interest in the machines, to the men who work them. This union of interest must be brought about. The man who labors with the machine must share its profits,

as well as the man who owns it. How far this can or will be done, under the present isolated arrangements of society is a problem, which it behooves the mass of our intelligent working men seriously to consider and discuss. In a true Association, where labor, capital, and skill are each represented, and receive a just and equitable share of the common product, where all branches of industry contribute to swell the amount not only of the general stock, but of personal returns, the difficulty is at once set aside; the great problem of modern society is solved; and a sure foundation laid for an enormous increase in the production of wealth, for its impartial distribution, for its immediate application to the great purposes of social life, and thus for the establishment of mutual kindness, perpetual peace, and pure harmony in all the relations of men.

In this point of view, no one can be surprised that we advocate so earnestly, and with all the ability we possess, a practical trial of the benefits of systematic Association. We are convinced, not only from a deep sense of the prevailing evils of society, not only from the theoretical demonstration resting on exact principles of science, but from a pretty extensive experience of the effects of social combination, that the true remedy for our social ills is to be found here, and that an experiment to this end, provided with sufficient means, engaged in by competent persons, and conducted with ordinary discretion, would terminate, not in disappointment or disaster, but in triumphant success.

THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN. This paper, published by our esteemed friends of the Hopedale Community, and always breathing the spirit of a pure and expansive philanthropy, has recently made its appearance in a larger form, and with its exterior in every way greatly improved. It is devoted to the prominent reforms of the day, including the reorganization of society on Christian principles, and discusses them in a manner which cannot fail to interest and enlighten all who are hoping for a better future. We have been diligent readers of this little sheet, from its commencement, and gladly express our obligations to it. If it is not so universal in its tendencies, as would be demanded by a complete science of society, it always takes a broad and comprehensive view, is singularly free from all sectarian littleness, and defends the measures and principles to which it is devoted, with a candor and sweetness of temper, worthy of the highest praise, in these days of vindictive controversy. We sincerely rejoice in its success, as indicated by its improved appearance, and give it our heartiest wishes for a wide circulation and increasing usefulness.

BUILD UP AND NOT DESTROY. Let this test be applied to all enterprises and projects that are presented for our approval. Be not deluded, Oh friends, with the vain hope of benefit from any plans that are merely destructive in their nature and violent in their operation. The universal nature, the kind and blessed mother of us all, removes an evil by gently supplying its place with good. Silently does the warmth of Heaven creep over the brown and frozen earth, sweetly do the gales of the South breathe upon the icy fabrics, whose massy strength threatens to endure forever; and behold, we are in the bosom of a new summer, we are surrounded with all green and shining things, and our own spirit receives a fresh life with the regenerated earth. Fit emblem this of the progress of truth and good in the course of ages. Take to heart the lesson, Oh man, filled with the spirit of heroic reform; let no impatience possess thee; let no haste disconcert thee; with a soul ardent as the central fires of the globe, revolve in thy orbit with the peaceful might of the planets; be as strong and as benignant too;

"Like as a star,
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Let each one fulfil his God given hest."

☞ We learn from a personal interview with Mr. Thornburg, whose letter on the Ohio Phalanx was alluded to in a recent number of "The Phalanx," that the affairs of that Association wear a very promising aspect, and that there can be no reasonable doubt of its success. He gives a very favorable description of the soil and general resources of the domain, and from all that we have learned of its character, we believe there are few localities at the West better adapted for the purposes of an experimental Association on a large scale. We sincerely hope that our friends in that vicinity will concentrate their efforts on the Ohio Phalanx and not attempt to multiply Associations, which without abundant capital, and devoted and experienced men, will almost to a certainty prove unsuccessful. The true policy for all the friends of the Associative movement, is to combine their resources, and give an example of a well-organized Phalanx, in complete and harmonic operation. This will do more for the cause than any announcement of theories, however sound and eloquent, or ten thousand abortive attempts, begun in enthusiasm and forsaken in despair.

☞ We are happy to hear that the science of Phonography is attracting the public attention in Boston, to a very great extent, and that large classes are formed for the study of this new and interesting subject. We trust that its able teacher, Mr. Boyle, will continue to receive the encouragement he so richly merits. Of the nature of Phonography we will endeavor to give an explanation in our next number. Since the days of Cadmus or Faustus, there has been no discovery afford-

ing to human intelligence so powerful an instrument of progress and development; the beneficent results which will flow from this great production of genius are boundless.

☞ We rejoice to learn by letters from the South, that a deep interest in Association is spreading in many parts of that section of the country. We have been indebted to friends in the State of Louisiana for much substantial aid in the promotion of the cause, and we trust that this all-embracing, pacific reform will enlist supporters in that quarter.

☞ We would direct the attention of our scientific readers to the Article in another part of this paper, on the Synthesis of the Sciences, by a distinguished member of the Associative school in France, from which source our pages will hereafter be enriched.

☞ We send this number of The Harbinger to many persons who are not subscribers. Those who may wish to become subscribers are requested to forward their names and the money without delay. Our terms are "invariably in advance."

☞ The future numbers of The Harbinger will be printed on paper of as good or even better quality than that of the present. It will be our aim to make the external appearance as well as the matter of this Journal, as far as possible, worthy of the cause to which it is devoted.

☞ Books and Pamphlets to be reviewed, if left with the Publishers, directed to the Editors of The Harbinger, will be suitably noticed in our columns.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. E. WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION. The delegates from the various associations of the Working men of New England, assembled at the Tremont Chapel, Boston, on Wednesday, the 27th May, to take steps preliminary to the formation of an Industrial Congress, a measure which previous conventions of the working-men had decided on as necessary to conduct with efficiency the great reform movement in which they are engaged. The attendance at the meeting was not numerous, but a number of Associations were duly represented, and the business before it was satisfactorily transacted. Mr. Lewis W. Ryckman, the President of the New England Workingmen's Association presided. A resolution was adopted approving of the appointment of a Committee by the National Reform Convention recently held in New York to draft a Constitution and mature measures for the consideration of the proposed Industrial Congress; and a number of persons were added to that Committee. The Committee was empowered to call to its councils those persons who can aid it with their judgment and wisdom.

It was also determined that the Convention of Workingmen to form an Industrial Congress shall be held in the City of New York on the second Tuesday of October next.

A deputation of Ladies from the "Ladies' Labor Reform Association" of Lowell, pre-

sented a beautiful Banner of their own manufacture to the N. E. Workingmen's Association. The banner bore the noble motto of the workingmen,

"Union for the sake of power, and power to bless humanity."

Miss Sarah Bagley, who headed the deputation of ladies, made an appropriate and very feeling address on presenting the banner, to which the President responded, evidently much affected.

TO THE FRIENDS OF ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Clermont (Ohio) Phalanx have the satisfaction of announcing that they have just paid off this year's instalment due for their Domain, amounting to four thousand five hundred and five dollars, and have also advanced nearly one thousand dollars on their next year's payment. With increased zeal and confidence we now look forward to certain success. To accomplish this, it is desirable that we have further accessions of labor, skill and capital. We therefore invite the friends of industrial Association, (to whom it is not convenient to become Resident Members), to subscribe for Stock, the shares of which are \$25 00 each. Mechanics and Manufacturers, as well as Farmers, are likewise wanted on the Domain as Resident Members.

To become a Resident Member, it is necessary that the applicant should subscribe and pay for as large an amount of stock as convenient, and the amount should be proportioned to the number of the applicant's family. Persons should direct their applications (post paid) to the Secretary, stating,

1. How many shares of stock they are willing to subscribe and pay for, either in cash or such other property at a fair cash valuation, as may prove available to the Association.

2. Their age, occupation, and general health.

3. The number, age, &c., of their family, (if they have any).

4. At what time they wish to come upon the Domain.

If the Council like the terms offered, they will admit them conditionally, say from four to six months; if at the expiration of that time the parties are mutually agreed, the applicant subscribes to the constitution, and is admitted to all the privileges of full membership; if not agreed, the applicant retires, he holding, as a Non-Resident Member, the stock subscribed and paid for, unless in debt to the Phalanx.

We will add here that our Domain is situated in Clermont county, on the Ohio River, about forty miles above Cincinnati. The situation is beautiful and healthy, entirely free from fever and ague, or any endemic diseases. The soil is rich, a part of it bottom land, cleared and sowed with crops of wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, hemp, vegetable gardens, &c. We have also a fine orchard coming on, comprising 1,000 fruit trees, presented by A. H. ERNST, of Cincinnati. There is also on the Domain a moderate stock of cattle, hogs, sheep and teams, with agricultural implements; a steam saw, and grist mill, is in operation; also, shoe, brush, tin, and tailor's shops. We wish to start, also, as soon as possible, a blacksmith's, cooper's, and wagon maker's shops, and to organize as many other kinds of manufactures as can be prosecuted to advantage, and to diversify labor as much as possible. A perfectly equitable system of compensation for labor is established, by which every man is graded according to his skill or tact, and every hour's labor is passed to his credit.

We last season made a dividend on our stock, of seven per cent. for seven months, being at the rate of twelve per cent per annum. There is reason to think the dividend

will not be much less for some years, the amount paid to capital being one-fourth of the product.

Persons wishing to join the Association, are requested to visit us personally, if convenient; or to write to the subscriber, post paid, at the Cincinnati Post Office, giving full replies to the queries proposed above, in regard to the qualifications for membership.

GEO. SAMPSON, Sec'y.

Clermont Phalanx, May 12, 1845.

ASSOCIATION.

This movement for the reorganization of society according to the principles discovered and proposed by CHARLES FOURIER, appears to be on the increase. An association of citizens of Ohio, calling themselves "The Integral Phalanx" have recently purchased the valuable property of Mr. Abner Enoch, near Middletown, Butler county, in this State, known by the name of Manchester Mills, twenty-three miles north of Cincinnati, on the Miami Canal. This property embraces about 900 acres of the most fertile land in Ohio, or perhaps in the world; 600 acres of which lies in one body, and is now in the highest state of cultivation, according to the usual mode of farming; 300 acres in wood and timber land. There are now in operation on the place a large flouring mill, saw mill, lath factory and shingle cutter, propelled by water power, which is abundantly sufficient to propel every necessary machinery that the company may choose to put in operation. The property is estimated to be worth \$75,000, but was sold to the Phalanx for \$45,000. As Mr. Enoch is himself an Associationist, and a devoted friend of the cause, the terms of sale were made still more favorable to the Phalanx, by the subscription, on the part of Mr. Enoch, of \$25,000 of purchase money, as capital stock of the Phalanx. Entire possession of the Domain is to be given to the Phalanx, as soon as existing contracts of the proprietor are completed.

Arrangements are already made for the vigorous prosecution of the plans of the Phalanx. A press is to be established on the Domain, devoted to the science of Industrial Association generally, and the interests of the Integral Phalanx particularly. Competent agents are appointed to lecture on the science and receive subscriptions of stock and membership; and it is contemplated to erect, as soon as possible, one wing of a unitary edifice, large enough to accommodate sixty-four families, more than one-half of which number are already in the Association.

The system of Association contemplates the union into one body of three hundred families, or about 1800 persons of all ages and both sexes, for the prosecution of all the Industrial and Educational pursuits of life.—They are united on the joint-stock principle, every member young and old being a shareholder, to a greater or less amount. The system of wages for labor is discarded; and instead of it, a dividend of the profits is awarded to each, in the ratio that each may have contributed to one or more of the productive powers, which are Labor, Capital, and Skill. Labor is to receive the largest dividend, say seven-twelfths; Capital the next, say three-twelfths; and Skill the least, say two-twelfths.

The end aimed at by the Associationists is a magnificent one. Harmonic Unity is surely a lofty aspiration; and if it can be attained in this life, to the exclusion of the discords and strife resulting from selfish actions and motives, then indeed, is a new era begun in our world; and the aspiration of Christian hearts shall be realized, and the will of the Father "be done on earth as it is in heaven." So far as this is their aim, so far will they have the best wishes of all good men, even of those less sanguine than themselves in the hope of so happy a destiny.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS,

Published simultaneously at New York and Boston, by the Brook Farm Phalanx.

"All things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared, and await the light."

Under this title it is proposed to publish a weekly newspaper, for the examination and discussion of the great questions in social science, politics, literature, and the arts, which command the attention of all believers in the progress and elevation of humanity.

In politics, the Harbinger will be democratic in its principles and tendencies; cherishing the deepest interest in the advancement and happiness of the masses; warring against all exclusive privilege in legislation, political arrangements, and social customs; and striving with the zeal of earnest conviction, to promote the triumph of the high democratic faith, which it is the chief mission of the nineteenth century to realize in society. Our devotion to the democratic principle will lead us to take the ground of fearless and absolute independence in regard to all political parties, whether professing attachment to that principle or hostility to it. We know that fidelity to an idea can never be measured by adherence to a name; and hence we shall criticise all parties with equal severity; though we trust that the sternness of truth will always be blended with the temperance of impartial candor. With tolerance for all opinions, we have no patience with hypocrisy and pretence; least of all, with that specious fraud, which would make a glorious principle the apology for personal ends. It will therefore be a leading object of the Harbinger to strip the disguise from the prevailing parties, to show them in their true light, to give them due honor, to tender them our grateful reverence whenever we see them true to a noble principle; but at all times, and on every occasion, to expose false professions, to hold up hollow-heartedness and duplicity to just indignation, to warn the people against the demagogue who would cajole them by honeyed flatteries, no less than against the devotee of mammon who would make them his slaves.

The Harbinger will be devoted to the cause of a radical, organic social reform as essential to the highest development of man's nature, to the production of those elevated and beautiful forms of character of which he is capable, and to the diffusion of happiness, excellence, and universal harmony upon the earth. The principles of universal unity as taught by Charles Fourier, in their application to society, we believe, are at the foundation of all genuine social progress; and it will ever be our aim, to discuss and defend these principles, without any sectarian bigotry, and in the catholic and comprehensive spirit of their great discoverer. While we bow to no man as an authoritative, infallible master, we revere the genius of Fourier too highly, not to accept, with joyful welcome, the light which he has shed on the most intricate problems of human destiny. The social reform, of whose advent the signs are every where visible, comprehends all others; and in laboring for its speedy accomplishment, we are conscious that we are devoting

our best ability to the removal of oppression and injustice among men, to the complete emancipation of the enslaved, to the promotion of genuine temperance, and to the elevation of the toiling and down-trodden masses to the inborn rights of humanity.

In literature, the Harbinger will exercise a firm and impartial criticism, without respect of persons or parties. It will be made a vehicle for the freest thought, though not of random speculations; and with a generous appreciation of the various forms of truth and beauty, it will not fail to expose such instances of false sentiment, perverted taste, and erroneous opinion, as may tend to vitiate the public mind, or degrade the individual character. Nor will the literary department of the Harbinger be limited to criticism alone. It will receive contributions from various pens, in different spheres of thought; and free from dogmatic exclusiveness, will accept all that in any way indicates the unity of Man with Man, with Nature, and with God. Consequently, all true science, all poetry and arts, all sincere literature, all religion that is from the soul, all wise analyses of mind and character will come within its province.

We appeal for aid in our enterprise to the earnest and hopeful spirits in all classes of society. We appeal to all who, suffering from a resistless discontent in the present order of things, with faith in man and trust in God, are striving for the establishment of universal justice, harmony, and love. We appeal to the thoughtful, the aspiring, the generous every where, who wish to see the reign of heavenly truth triumphantly supplanting the infernal discords and falsehoods, on which modern society is built, for their sympathy, friendship, and practical co-operation, in the undertaking which we announce to day.

Among the leading contributors will be Parke Godwin, W. H. Channing, Albert Brisbane, Osborne MacDaniel, and Horace Greeley of New York, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, L. W. Ryckman, and John Allen of Brook Farm, and Francis G. Shaw of West Roxbury.

The Harbinger will be published in New York by Burgess, Stringer, & Co., No. 222 Broadway, and in Boston, by Redding & Co., No. 8 State St.

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The subscription lists of the Phalanx and Social Reformer are transferred to the Harbinger. Subscribers to those papers whose terms of subscription have expired, are respectfully requested to renew their subscriptions, and forward the advance payment, as directed above.

WEST ROXBURY, June 14, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

Born under the sky of Italy, reared by chance like a bird of the sea shore, poor, orphan, abandoned, and yet happy in the present, and sanguine for the future; like a love-child, which he doubtless was, Anzoleto, that handsome boy of nineteen, who passed all his days with the little Consuelo, in the most complete liberty, upon the flag stones of Venice, had long since had, as may well be imagined, his first experiences of love. Initiated into the easy pleasures, which had more than once presented themselves to him, he would already have been worn out and perhaps corrupted, had he lived in our sombre climate and if nature had endowed him with a less rich organization. But, developed early in life and destined to a long and powerful manhood, he had still his heart pure and his senses restrained by the will. By chance he had met with the little Spanish girl before the Madonnettes,† singing canticles from pure devotion; and he for the pleasure of exercising his voice, had sung with her to the stars during whole evenings. And then they had met upon the sands of Lido, gathering shell-fish, he for the purpose of eating, she to make chaplets and ornaments. And still again they had met in the church, she praying to the good God with all her heart, he looking at the beautiful ladies with all his eyes. And in all these meetings, Consuelo had seemed to him so good, so sweet, so obliging, so gay, that he had made himself her friend, her inseparable companion, without knowing why or wherefore. Anzoleto as yet, knew nothing of love in its higher forms.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

† Small images of the Virgin.

He felt friendship for Consuelo; and as he was of a country and people where the passions rule more than the attachments, he knew not how to give to this friendship any other name than that of love. Consuelo accepted this manner of speaking, after she had made to Anzoleto the following observation. "If you call yourself my lover, it is because you wish to marry me?" he had answered: "Most certainly, if you are willing, we will be married together." And thenceforth it was an understood thing. Perhaps Anzoleto thought it a good joke, while Consuelo believed in it with the best faith in the world. But it is certain that his young heart already experienced those contradictory sentiments and complicated emotions which agitate and disjoin the existence of men worn by dissipation.

Abandoned to violent instincts, greedy of pleasures, loving only that which conduced to his happiness, hating and flying all that opposed his enjoyments, artist even to the bones, that is, seeking and feeling life with a frightful intensity, he found that his mistresses imposed upon him the sufferings and dangers of passions which he himself did not feel profoundly. Still he saw them from time to time, recalled as he was by his desires, but soon repelled by satiety or disgust. And when this strange child had thus expended without imagination and without dignity the superabundance of his life, he felt the necessity of a sweet society, and of a chaste and serene expansion. He might already have said with Jean Jacques: "So true it is that what attaches us most to women is less libertinism than a certain delight in living near them." Then without understanding the charm which attracted him towards Consuelo, not having as yet even the sense of the beautiful, and not knowing whether she was ugly or pretty, child himself enough to be amused with her by plays beneath his age, man enough, scrupulously to respect her fourteen years, he led with her in public, upon the marbles, the tiles, and the waves of Venice, a life

as happy, as pure, as secret, and almost as poetic as that of Paul and Virginia, under the moss covered trees of the desert. Though they had a liberty the most absolute and the most dangerous, no family, no vigilant and tender mothers to form them to virtue, no devoted servant to search after them in the evening and conduct them to the fold, not even a dog to warn them of danger, they met with no sort of accident. They sailed over the lagunes in an open boat, at all hours and in all weathers, without oars and without a pilot; they wandered over the wastes, without guide, without compass and without care of the rising tide; they sang before the chapels raised under a vine at the corner of the streets, without thinking of the late hour, and without needing any bed till morning, other than the white flag stone still warm with the heat of the day. They stopped before the Theatre of Pulcinella, and followed with a passionate attention the fantastic drama of the beautiful Corisando, queen of the Marionettes,* without remembering the absence of breakfast and the little probability of supper. They gave themselves up to the unbridled amusements of the Carnival; having for all disguise and all ornament, he his vest turned inside out, and she a great bow of old ribbons above her ear. They made sumptuous repasts upon the balustrade of a bridge, or the steps of a palace with fruits of the sea,‡ leaves of raw fennel, or rinds of citron. In fine, they led a joyous and free life, without more perilous caresses or amorous sentiments, than would have been exchanged by two virtuous children of one age and one sex. Days, years, passed by, Anzoleto had other mistresses; Consuelo did not even know that there could be another love than that of which she was the object. She became a young woman without feeling herself

* Puppets.

‡ Diverse kinds of shell-fish, very large and very cheap, of which the people of Venice are quite fond.

obliged to more reserve with her betrothed; and he saw her grow and change, without experiencing any impatience, and without desiring any alteration in this intimacy, without cloud, without scruple, without mystery, and without remorse.

Four years had already passed since the Professor Porpora and the Count Zustiniani had presented to each other their *little musicians*, and since that time, the Count had thought no more of the young singer of sacred music; since that time also the Professor had equally forgotten the handsome Anzoleto, inasmuch as he did not find him, after a first examination, endowed with any of the qualities, which he required in a pupil; primarily, a nature of serious and patient intelligence, then a modesty carried even to the annihilation of the scholar before his master, and lastly, a complete absence of musical studies anterior to those which he himself was to give. "Never talk to me," said he, "of a scholar whose brain is not under my will as a *tabula rasa*, as virgin wax upon which I can make the first impression. I have not time to spend a year in making him unlearn before beginning to teach. If you wish me to write upon a slate, give it to me clear. And not only so, but give it to me of good quality. If it is too hard, I cannot mark upon it, if it is too thin, I shall break it at the first trial." In short, although he recognized the extraordinary powers of the young Anzoleto, he declared to the Count with some humor and an ironical humility, at the end of the first lesson, that his method was not fitted for a pupil already so far advanced, and that any master would be sufficient to embarrass and retard the natural progress and the invincible development of that magnificent organization.

The Count sent his protégé to the Professor Mellifiore, who from *roulade* to *cadence* and from *trilles* to *grupetti*, led him to the entire development of his brilliant qualities; so well, that when he had completed his twenty third year, he was judged, by all who had heard him in the Count's saloon, as capable of making his début at Saint Samuel with great success in the highest parts.

One evening, all the dilettanti nobility and all the artists of any note who happened to be at Venice, were invited to attend at a final and decisive trial. For the first time in his life Anzoleto put off his plebeian frock, curled and powdered his beautiful hair, dressed himself in a black suit, satin vest, and shoes with buckles, assumed a composed air, and glided on tip-toe to a harpsichord, where in the blaze of a hundred wax candles, and before two or three hundred persons, he followed with his eyes the accompani-

ment, inflated his lungs, and launched himself, with his audacity, his ambition, and his deep chested *ut** into that perilous career in which not a jury, not a judge, but a whole public, holds in one hand the palm and in the other the hiss.

It need not be asked if Anzoleto was affected internally; at any rate it appeared but little; and hardly had his piercing eyes, stealthily interrogating those of the ladies, divined that secret approbation which is rarely refused to so handsome a young man; hardly had the amateurs, surprised at such power of tone, and such a facility of vocalization, caused favorable murmurs to be heard around them, than joy and hope inundated his whole being. Then also, for the first time in his life, Anzoleto, until then, vulgarly comprehended and vulgarly taught, felt that he was not a vulgar man; transported by the necessity and the feeling of triumph, he sang with an energy, an originality, and a rapture which were remarkable. It is true, his taste was not always pure, nor his execution faultless in all parts of the piece; but he always knew how to recover himself by strokes of boldness, by flashes of intelligence, and transports of enthusiasm. He missed the effects which the composer had arranged, but he found others of which no one had thought, neither the author who traced them, nor the professor who interpreted them, nor any of the *virtuosi* who had rendered them. This boldness seized and carried with him all the world. For one innovation they pardoned him ten mistakes; for one individual sentiment, ten rebellions against method. So true is it, that in art, the least flash of genius, the least soaring towards new conquests, exercises more fascination upon men than all the resources and all the lights of science within the limits of the known.

No one perhaps understood the causes, and no one escaped the effects of this enthusiasm. Corilla had opened the meeting, by a grand air, finely sung and vigorously applauded; but the success of the young debutant, so completely effaced hers, that she felt a movement of rage.— But at the moment when Anzoleto, covered with praises and caresses, returned to the harpsichord, where she was seated, he said, bending towards her with a compound of submission and audacity: "And you, queen of song, queen of beauty, have you not one look of encouragement for the poor unfortunate, who fears and adores you?"

The prima-donna, surprised at so much boldness, looked closely at that beautiful face which she had hardly deigned to perceive; for what vain and triumphant woman would deign to give attention to an obscure and poor boy! She did remark

* *Ut* the first note of the gammut.

it at last; she was struck with his beauty; his glance, full of fire, penetrated her, and vanquished—overcome in her turn, she bestowed upon him a long and profound look, which was as the seal placed upon his brevet of celebrity. On this memorable evening, Anzoleto had overpowered his public, and most formidable enemy; for the beautiful songstress was queen, not only upon the stage, but at the administration and in the study of the Count Zustiniani.

IV.

In the midst of the applauses, unanimous and somewhat extravagant, which the voice and manner of the debutant had called forth, one solitary hearer, seated upon the edge of his chair, his legs close together, and his hands motionless upon his knees, after the style of the Egyptian Gods, remained mute as a Sphinx, and mysterious as a hieroglyphic: it was the learned professor and celebrated composer, Porpora. While his gallant colleague, the professor Mellifiore, attributing to himself, all the honor of Anzoleto's success, strutted before the ladies, and saluted all the men with suppleness to thank them even for their looks, the master of music remained there, his eyes fixed upon the floor, his brow contracted, his mouth shut tight, and as if lost in reflections.— When all the company, which had been invited that evening, to a great ball at the house of the *dogaressa*,* had departed by degrees, and there remained only the warmest *dilettanti* with some ladies, and the principal artists about the harpsichord, Zustiniani approached the severe maestro.

"You have frowned too much against the moderns, my dear professor," said he, "and your silence does not impose upon me. You wish even to the end, to close your ears to this profane music, and this new method which charm us. Your heart has opened notwithstanding your efforts, and your ears have drunk in the poison of seduction."

"Come, *Sior professor*," said the charming Corilla in dialect, renewing with her ancient teacher the infantine manners of the *scuola*, "you must grant me one favor."

"Avaunt hapless girl!" cried the professor, half laughing and resisting with some remains of ill humor the caresses of his inconstant pupil. "What is there henceforth in common between us? I know you not. Carry elsewhere your beautiful smiles and your perfidious warblings."

"See he softens," said Corilla, seizing with one hand the arm of the debutant, while the other continued toying with the ample white cravat of the professor.— "Come here, *Zoto*,† and bend your knee

* The wife of the Doge, the chief magistrate of Venice.

† Contraction of *Anzoleto*, which is the diminutive of *Angelo*—*Ansole* in dialect.

before the most learned professor of vocal music in all Italy. Humble yourself, my child, and disarm his severity. One word from him, if you can obtain it, should be more precious to you than all the trumpets of fame."

"You have been very severe with me, signor professor," said Anzoletto, bending before him with a modesty that had somewhat of mockery; "nevertheless my only desire for four years has been to induce you to revoke so cruel a judgment: and if I have not succeeded this evening, I doubt if I shall have courage to reappear before the public, bowed down as I am with the weight of your anathema."

"Boy," said the professor, rising with a vivacity and speaking with a conviction which made him noble and grand, instead of crooked and mean, as he ordinarily seemed, "leave to the women honeyed and deceitful words. Never debase yourself to the language of flattery, even before your superior, much less before one whose judgment you inwardly disdain.— But an hour since, you were there in that corner, poor, unknown, fearful; your whole future lot depended on a hair, upon a sound of your throat, upon an instant of failure in your powers, upon a caprice of your audience. One lucky chance, one effort, one instant, has made you rich, celebrated, insolent. The career is opened, you have only to pursue it so far as your strength will support you. Listen, then, for the first time, and for the last, perhaps, you are about to hear the truth. You are in a bad way, you sing badly, and you love bad music. You know nothing, you have studied nothing fundamentally. You have only practice and facility: you excite yourself at will: you know how to coo and to warble, as do those genteel and coquettish young ladies whom we pardon for mincing what they know not how to sing. But you do not know how to phrase; you pronounce badly; you have a vulgar accent; a false and common style. Still, do not be discouraged: you have all these defects, but you have likewise the means of overcoming them; for you have the qualities which neither teaching nor labor can give; you have that which neither bad counsel nor bad examples can take from you; you have the sacred fire; — you have genius. Alas! a fire which will enkindle nothing grand, a genius which will remain sterile; for I see in your eyes as I have felt in your chest, you have no worship for the art, you have no faith in the great masters, nor respect for grand creations; you love glory, nothing but glory, and that for yourself alone. You might, — you could have, — but no, it is too late, your destiny will be the course of a meteor, like that of —"

And the professor, crushing his hat

abruptly upon his head, turned his back and departed, without saluting any one, so absorbed was he in the inward development of his enigmatic sentence. Though every one forced himself to laugh at the extravagances of the professor, yet they left a painful impression, and as it were, a feeling of doubt and sadness for some moments. Anzoletto was the first who appeared to think no more of them, while in fact, they had excited in him a profound emotion of joy, of pride, of anger, and of emulation, of which his whole life must thereafter necessarily be the consequence. He appeared solely occupied in pleasing Corilla; and knew so well how to persuade her of this, that she was very seriously taken with him at this first meeting. Count Zustiniani was not very jealous of her, and perhaps had his reasons for not troubling her much. Besides, he was more interested in the glory and renown of his theatre than in any thing else in the world; not because he was mean in matters of money, but because he was really fanatic in what are called the fine arts. This is in my opinion, an expression which belongs to a certain vulgar sentiment, entirely Italian, and consequently passionate without much discernment. The *worship of art*, a more modern expression, and one which the whole world did not use a hundred years ago, has a sense quite different from a *taste for the fine arts*. The Count was in fact a *man of taste* as then understood, amateur, and nothing more. But the gratification of this taste was the greatest affair of his life. He liked to busy himself about the public, and to have the public busied about him; to frequent the company of artists, to rule in fashion, to cause talk of his theatre, of his luxury, of his affability, of his magnificence. He had, in one word, the ruling passion of provincial great men, ostentation. To own and direct a theatre was the best means of satisfying and diverting a whole city.— He would have been still more happy, could he have seated the whole republic at his table. When strangers asked professor Porpora what Count Zustiniani was, he used to answer: "He is a man who likes to entertain, and who serves up music on his Theatre, as he serves up pheasants on his table."

Towards one in the morning, they separated.

"Anzoletto," said Corilla, who was alone with him in a recess of the balcony, "where do you live?" At this unexpected question, Anzoletto felt himself grow red and pale, almost simultaneously; for how could he avow to this wonderful and opulent beauty, that he had hardly heard or roof! Even this answer would have been more easy to make, than the confes-

sion of the miserable den into which he retired on those nights when he did not sleep, either from choice or necessity, under the beautiful stars.

"Well! what is there so extraordinary in my question?" said Corilla, laughing at his trouble.

"I was asking myself," responded Anzoletto, with much presence of mind, "what palace of kings, or fairies could be worthy of the proud mortal who should carry to it the remembrance of one look of love from Corilla!"

"And what does this flatterer mean to say by that?" returned she, darting at him the most burning glance she could draw from her magazine of deviltries.

"That I have not that happiness," answered the young man, "but if I had, I should be proud enough to wish to dwell only between the sky and the sea, like the stars."

"Or like the *cuccali*!"* cried the songstress, bursting into a laugh.

"Mock me, despise me," answered Anzoletto; "I like that, even better than to have you not think of me at all."

"Come, since you will not answer except in metaphors," said she, "I will carry you in my gondola, though you may go from, instead of towards your home. If I serve you that ill turn, it is your own fault."

"Was that the motive for your curiosity, signora! In that case, my answer is very short, and very clear; my home is on the steps of your palace."

"Go, then, and wait for me, on the steps of this in which we are," said Corilla, lowering her voice; "for Zustiniani might well blame the indulgence with which I listen to your nonsense."

In the first transport of his vanity, Anzoletto stole away, and running down the landing place of the palace, leapt upon the prow of Corilla's gondola, counting the seconds by the rapid beatings of his intoxicated heart. But before she appeared upon the steps of the palace, many reflections passed through the active, and ambitious brain of the debutant. "Corilla is all powerful," said he to himself, "but if, by the fact of pleasing her, I should displease the Count! or if, indeed, I should, by my too easy triumph, cause her to lose the influence she has over him, by disgusting him entirely, with so fickle a mistress!"

In this perplexity, Anzoletto measured with his eye the staircase, which he could still reascend, and he thought of making his escape, when torches glanced from under the portico, and the beautiful Corilla, wrapped in her mantle of ermine,

* These birds are of a proverbial simplicity, and their awkwardness is equivalent in the sayings of Venice, to our— "light headed as a cock-chaffer."

appeared on the first steps, in the midst of a group of cavaliers, each desirous of supporting her rounded elbow in the hollow of his hand, and so assisting her to descend, as is the custom at Venice.

"Well," said the prima-donna's gondolier to the undecided Anzoleto, "what are you doing there? Enter the gondola quickly if you have permission, or follow the bank and run, for the lord Count is with the signora."

Anzoleto threw himself to the bottom of the gondola, without knowing what he did. He had lost his senses. But scarcely was he there, that he imagined to himself the astonishment and indignation which the Count would experience, should he enter the gondola with his mistress, on finding there his insolent protégé. His anguish was the more cruel, that it was prolonged more than five minutes. The signora stopped in the middle of the staircase. She talked, laughed loudly with her retinue, and discussing a passage of music, repeated it with full voice in many different styles. Her voice, clear and vibrating, lost itself among the palaces and cupolas of the canal, as the crowing of a cock, awakened before dawn, is lost in the silence of the fields.

Anzoleto, able to restrain himself no longer, resolved to drop into the water, by the opening of the gondola, which was turned from the steps. He had already pushed the glass into its pane of black velvet, and had passed one leg out-side, when the second rower of the prima donna, he whose place was on the poop, stooping down towards him, over the side of the little cabin, said in a low voice, "as they are singing, it is a sign for you to keep close, and fear nothing."

"I did not know their customs," thought Anzoleto, and he waited, but not without some remains of a sorrowing fear. Corilla amused herself by leading the Count even to the prow of her gondola, on which she remained standing, addressing to him many compliments of *felicissima notte** until she had quitted the bank; then she came and seated herself by her new lover, with as much naturalness, and tranquillity, as if she had not risked his life, and her own fortune, by this impertinent trifling.

"You see Corilla?" said in the mean while Zustiniani to count Barberigo: "well! I would bet my head, that she is not alone in her gondola."

"And how can you have such an idea?" returned Barberigo.

"Because she begged me a thousand times, to attend her to her palace."

"And are you no more jealous than that?"

"I have been cured of that weakness for some time. I would give a good deal

* The superlative of good night.

if our first cantatrice could fall seriously in love with some one who would make her prefer a continued residence in Venice to those dreams of travel with which she now threatens me. I can easily console myself for her infidelities; but I could not replace either her voice, her talent or the enthusiasm of the public whom she keeps captive at Saint Samuel."

"I understand; but who then can be the lover of this wanton princess!"

The Count and his friend passed in review all those whom Corilla could have noticed and encouraged during the evening. Anzoleto was absolutely the only one of whom they did not think.

To be Continued.

MOVEMENT

in Favor of a Social Reformation in Europe and this Country.

J. G. BENNETT, Esq.

It is with regret that I have read your repeated criticisms of Association, and the manner in which it has been confounded with doctrines of a community of property, infidelity, &c. &c., with which it has nothing in common. Your paper, with its large circulation, must have prejudiced a great many minds against it, and I desire through the same medium to explain what Association really is, its aims, and the principles upon which it is based.

Association aims at a social reformation,—at a reform which shall go to the root of the evils that afflict the great body of mankind, the rich as well as the poor, and offer some effectual means of eradicating them. Association declares these evils are far more social and industrial in their nature than political, particularly in this country, and that political reforms can do little or nothing towards remedying them.

We believe that this movement in favor of a Social Reformation is a true and just one, called for by the suffering condition of millions of our fellow creatures, by sound reason, and by true charity and justice. It would seem, in fact, as if the time had arrived in the history of the race, when the most advanced nations should undertake intelligently and with foresight, a *Social Reform*, after having gone through as they have, so many political, legislative, religious, and other reforms: it would seem as if Providence, in its mercy, had at length decreed that man should emerge from the long career of suffering through which he has gone, and it is in the light of this faith that we explain the reason why this great problem is beginning to be agitated at the present time, far and wide, among the civilized nations of the earth. Let us glance at the progress which it is making and its condition in some of the nations of Christendom.

In France, where so many political reforms have been tried and with such fruitless or disastrous results, independent and investigating minds have become convinced of their impotency, and have gradually had their attention drawn to a deeper reform,—to a reform in the social organization itself, instead of in the government and administration. The idea of a social reformation is penetrating in consequence into nearly all the spheres of public life in France,—into the press, into politics and legislative deliberations, into the teachings of political economy, and into literature. In Paris two daily papers, *La Democratie Pacifique*, and *La Reforme*, besides some weeklies and reviews, are devoted to the cause, edited for the most part with great ability, and advocating and pressing this great question upon the attention of the people. In the sphere of politics, where naturally less freedom exists, the fundamental part only of the question, and that in the shape of the organization of labor and an industrial reform has come up; this, however, is the true and practical commencement of a social reform, and it is exciting the attention of nearly the whole press of France, and already counts among its advocates many of the leading minds of the nation. By the last arrivals of the French papers, we observed in the *Journal des Debats* even, the principal conservative paper of Paris and ministerial organ, four long columns upon the subject, a thing unthought of ten years since, and M. Ledru Rollin, member of the Chamber of Deputies, lately presented a petition, covered with forty-one thousand signatures, praying for an inquest into the condition of the laboring classes, and the state of labor, which was got up by the friends of the organization of labor. These are trifles, but they show that the question is taking hold strongly of the public mind. In political economy, Blanqui and Michel Chevalier, who occupy the two principal chairs devoted to this science in the Universities of Paris, discuss the questions of Association and an Industrial Reform with perfect freedom, and with a talent that is remarkable, and are giving a new direction to the investigations of political economy. M. Chevalier, who has lately been elected member of the Chamber of Deputies, made in one of his late courses, the following declaration, which sums up his views upon this great question, and which is a prophecy as profound as it is concise.

"As the question of liberty," said he, "has occupied the attention of the world for the last fifty years, so the question of Association and the Organization of labor, will occupy it for the next fifty years to come."

And this is true; political reforms have

engaged the attention of the world, and with an absorbing intensity for the last half century; the results which they can produce have been fully demonstrated in the United States, and although great in many respects, yet insufficient. Now comes the time for the study and discussion of a Social Reform, as the continuation and completion of all past reforms, and its application in such ways as the genius of different nations shall dictate.

In Literature this great problem has found in France some powerful allies and advocates; one of its noblest champions is Eugène Sue. It was under the inspiration of this new social idea that he wrote the *Mysteries of Paris*, his first effort in this direction, and its success, as well as that of the *Wandering Jew*, in which the ideas of Association, the organization of labor, and a social reform, are more fully developed, show how broad a field the grand conceptions of a more just and fortunate order of things and a higher and happier destiny for man on earth throws open to literature. A kind and generous heart beats in the bosom of Eugène Sue, and his pen and his intelligence are hereafter gained to the sacred cause of social reformation, and the elevation of the human race. We have not space to enter further into the social movements in France, but the little which we have said, shows its magnitude, and that it is not based upon a visionary idea, but upon one full of living truth and justice, and which gains to its cause the allegiance of minds of a practical as well as a poetical character.

In Germany, the people of which appreciate so well universal principles, this new social movement is interesting the higher philosophic and literary minds on the one hand, and to some extent, the leading industrialists, or master workmen, on the other. It is also beginning to excite the attention of portions of the religious world.

In Germany the separation between the wages-classes or *proletaries*, and the employers, is not so profound as in France and England. A certain degree of sympathy and union exists between them, notwithstanding the conflict of interests, the jealousies and rivalries which the competition system engenders, and this sympathy and union do great honor to the humane, honest and social character of the German people. This feeling is arousing the leaders in industry, who see that free competition, monopolized machinery, and other principles of modern industrialism, are sure to bring the people into the destitution and pauperism that exist in England, where the system has been longer at work, and they are looking with deep interest to the question of the elevation of the laboring classes,

and a reform capable of effecting this result.

In the sphere of philosophy, several distinguished minds are devoting their labors to this social movement, and also in the sphere of literature. In the latter, I will mention only the celebrated Bettina Arnim, known more in this country for her correspondence with Goethe, and certainly one of the most remarkable women of the age. She has lately written a work on the subject; and occupying, as she does, a high place in society, and being celebrated for her genius, she has all Germany for her public. Another distinguished author, Heinrich Heine, the Sterne of Germany, has written in his peculiar manner upon the question, and is arousing inquiry, and exciting thought.

The Germans have never taken much interest in the shallow political reforms, and the legislative controversies of the modern liberal party in Europe. The profound instinct of the people has taught them that something deeper was to be sought for,—that far more thorough and organic reforms must be undertaken to effect any really great and beneficial results. In this grand question of a social reformation, they will find, as they did, in their religious reformation, an undertaking worthy of their deep sincerity and philanthropy, and their devoted enthusiasm, and they will move in it, we believe, from what we have observed, and from signs abroad, with the power which they have always shown when a truly great, just and universal cause appealed to their conscience and their sympathy.

Let us speak briefly of the progress of this social movement in one more nation,—in the United States. Here, where perfect freedom for the expression of opinion, and the propagation of new ideas exists, and the people are intelligent enough to comprehend new principles, the question of a Social Reform has been advocated in a direct and positive manner, and a definite plan has been proposed for effecting it. A new order of Society, based upon the great principles of Association (which is the Christian principle of brotherhood, applied to the social affairs of man) upon a system of honorable and attractive industry, upon unity of interests, and the harmonious action and play of those springs of action implanted in man, called affections and passions,—has been advocated and proposed in the place of the present order of things, based upon opposite principles, upon the general isolation and disassociation of classes and families, upon repugnant and degrading industry, upon the conflict of all interests, social servitude, and the discordant and perverted action of the passions and affections.

This idea of a combined or associative

order, has spread quite rapidly throughout the country,—a great many persons have been gained to it,—several attempts at practical realization are making, and men of intelligence and devotion have become its advocates. The materials of a wide and efficient propagation are preparing, which will be applied as the times ripen for it.

In another article I will explain something of the principles on which association rests and its mechanism.—A. B.

N. Y. Herald.

ADDRESS

to the Workingmen of New England, by L. W. RYCKMAN, President of the New England Workingmen's Association.

Fellow Citizens, and Brother Workingmen:

My position as President of the New England Workingmen's Association, will justify me in addressing its members; and the fact that the privations, suffering, and oppressions which they endure, that the hopes for relief which they entertain, that the principles upon which they must rely for the amelioration of their condition, and the efforts that must be made in order to insure the triumph of those principles, bear the same relation to all workingmen, will be a sufficient apology for extending my address to all the workingmen of New England.

The instinctive love of justice which the Creator has implanted in the human heart, gradually developed by eighteen centuries of teaching of the divine precepts of Christianity,—the vast increase of the power of producing the means of human development, support, and happiness, discovered within a few years last past,—the great advances made in the diffusion of just views of the relative rights and duties of governments and the governed, have been, and are preparing and precipitating a crisis, which will soon exhibit to the view of the astonished world, the glorious spectacle of a nation,—of THIS NATION, rising into the dignity of Republican virtue, and regenerating its constitutions and laws, peacefully, firmly, and thoroughly. Changing the protection of government from what it now is, (and which can only be compared to the protection secured to the combatants in a pugilistic ring, the fair play of a standing up fight; where the seconds, bottle holders, and time-keepers, carefully watch the progress of the contest, and when they behold their fellow man beaten, bruised, and exhausted, fall to the earth; coolly hand over the profits of the brutal and ferocious strife to the strongest, and declaring him the best man,) to the protection of a kind and affectionate parent, extending his guardianship equally over all his children, using his utmost means to secure their happiness, by giving to all and each the greatest advantages of edu-

cation their faculties would receive; and the guarantee of the right to labor, and its full proceeds to all engaged in useful occupations.

Yes, my fellow citizens, this crisis is now rapidly approaching; measures have been taken to form a Constitution of Government, which will embody the Principles of Universal Philanthropy, Christianity, and Democracy. A delegation has been appointed by the cooperative action of the New York National Reform Convention, and the New England Workingmen's Association, to meet on the second Tuesday in October next, in the city of New York.

This delegation will be composed of distinguished members of the various reform movements which now agitate the country, and they will assemble to waive the discussion of points upon which they differ, and to adopt such a Constitution as will serve as a basis of action for the attainment of the ascendancy of those principles, upon which they all agree, and which are the boasted inheritance and birthright of the people of the United States; an inheritance which, up to the present time, has been to them an empty name, but which will ere long become a blessing, an ample source of dignity and happiness in actual possession.

The proposed Constitution will point out clear, practical, and legal means, which will, through the ballot box, carry the benign spirit of Christianity into all our Constitutions and laws, and ultimate in the following reforms,

1. The repeal of all laws that directly or indirectly impede useful productive industry, and the enactment of such laws as will best promote the application of human energies to the production of wealth; thus rendering the sources of employment open and unlimited, and filling the land with exhaustless abundance.

2. Eradicate the vices that spring from, and are fostered by idleness and luxury on the one hand, and from poverty, ignorance and dependence on the other, thus banishing most of the causes of licentiousness and intemperance.

3. Repeal all vindictive and sanguinary punishments for crime, and restraining those who are morally insane, upon the humane principles that we do those who are physically so.

4. Abolish all slavery, by connecting the obligation to cultivate, with the right to own land.

5. DO AWAY WITH THE NECESSITY THAT NOW EXISTS for tariffs, custom houses, prisons, alms houses, lawyers, judges and police officers; render war impossible, and armies and navies obsolete.

6. Guarantee to all men, women, and children, education and employment, as matters of right, inherent and inalienable;

and social position based upon character, and not upon wealth or other accidental circumstances.

These Reforms, my beloved fellow laborers, are now almost within your grasp; the measures for their attainment, are ripened in the minds of those who have devoted their lives, fortunes, and talents to the solution of the great problem of the elevation of the human race, by the substitution of love and justice as a basis of Government, in the place of the present complicated, corrupt, oppressive, and subversive machinery of monopoly, force, and fraud.

The position to which the injustice of the laws condemn the working class, forbids the hope that, alone and unassisted, you should achieve your own emancipation. This great reform has nevertheless, originated and received its first impetus in your ranks, and must depend upon your support mainly for its success, and for the obtaining of your support, it will depend alone upon its reasonableness, its justice, its philanthropy. With your support, and the aid of those heroic souls, who are burning to signalize themselves, by rescuing the down-trodden millions from the grinding oppression of land and machinery monopolized, and capital dictating its own terms to the needy laborer, success must be, will be certain.

Be not discouraged, my beloved fellow citizens, nor undervalue the service you can perform for this great enterprise, because you cannot do all that is required to meet the exigencies of this time, so pregnant with great and glorious events.

There is much that you can do. There is much that you must do, in order that success may crown our efforts. You can organize in all your election districts, and ascertain the names and the number of working men, and agitate the question of this great reform; which is at once radical, peaceful, and beneficent. Above all, you can encourage your friends, by the pledge of your active support of the proposed measures; you can cheer their hearts, strengthen their confidence, and increase their devotion to the achievement of the great objects for which they are contending.

Beloved fellow citizens, let me appeal to you therefore, by the love you bear to the human race, as members of that universal brotherhood,—by the just pride of patriotism which burns within your breasts, as citizens of this republic,—by the love you bear to your mothers, wives, and sisters, doomed to be, for the most part, dependant household drudges, or the slaves of a paltry and inadequate remuneration for excessive toil, and too often the victims of the seductive arts of the profligate and pernicious idler, who comes armed against the domestic peace

and virtue of the laboring class, by the very wealth which the laborer has created, and which is wrung from him by the system of monopoly, extortion, and obstruction, which under the name of law, those who get the advantage in the heartless struggle, would fain persuade us is the perfection of wisdom, and the ordinance of Heaven. Let me also conjure you, by your paternal sense of duty to posterity, that you may never feel, nor your children on your account, feel the blush of shame tingling in your or their cheeks, when reflecting that you, with cold and heartless apathy, looked on while the great cause of the elevation of the human race was appealing to you for assistance.

By all the noble sentiments that have stimulated the great and good, the brave and generous in every age, I implore you to rally to the rescue! Agitate! Agitate! Agitate! prepare to receive the light; that guide in the glorious way to the achievement of the liberty and happiness, which the Universal Father has formed, and destined his children to attain and enjoy.

Let your first effort be for union, come together, know each other, learn to feel that however you may differ upon minor points, that your cardinal rights, interests, sufferings, duties and cause are the same. Having united, you will find yourselves possessed of power; but ever remember, that your union and your power will depend upon your dignity of purpose, and will only be extensive and permanent by devoting their action to the furtherance of measures, which include the interests of every sphere of useful industry.

If you will form such an alliance with one another, success will be certain. Do not then delay, but let there be a nucleus of an Industrial Union found in every ward, town, village, hamlet, and rural district throughout the land, and let your motto and your rallying cry be, UNION FOR POWER, AND POWER TO BLESS MANKIND.

For the Harbinger.

THE ISOLATED HOUSEHOLD.

The following article is an Address delivered about a year ago, at the laying of the corner stone of a structure then about to be erected in one of the most beautiful and picturesque localities in Massachusetts. Without giving the details of the proprietor's plan, the general purpose of the erection is sufficiently indicated in the Address. J. A. S.

The laying of the foundations of private residences with ceremony and solemnity, is an unusual occurrence. So far as I am informed, such ceremonies are confined to edifices designed for a general, common, or public use. They were so confined; for—and may not a striking inference be drawn from the

fact? — the practice has now become almost obsolete. But in this difference, in the neglect of all special and solemn observance in the erection of their individual habitations, have not men tacitly recognized the primary relations of their being, and acknowledged, though unconsciously, that their social constitutions are at variance with their relations? For such ceremonies imply dedication, invocation of the divine blessing, consecration, in the spirit of religious reverence, of the building to be erected, to the purposes for which it is intended. The beginning and the completion of the cathedral, the church, the capitol, the town hall, are thus fitly solemnized; because they are raised for the use of man as a social being. They are not made to separate and isolate the individual, but to unite and harmonize him with his fellow man. Each announces, obscurely and imperfectly indeed, yet distinctly, in its own mode and degree, to all who will listen, the highest fact of man, — the equal brotherhood of all men. This high fact underlies all their architectural forms, their modes of business, instruction, or worship; all special, peculiar, and exclusive purposes. Their true service and meaning, above all forms, modes, specialities, is to declare this quickening truth, to preach it with ever new annunciation, and to fix it with a more earnest impression upon the successive generations who shall occupy them. They are symbols of brotherhood; and most fit is it that, on such occasions, the blessing of the Great Father of that brotherhood, should be invoked; that to Him first, every edifice which recognizes, in whatever form, that universal relation, should be solemnly consecrated. Men seem in this to have recognized that fitness, though the true reason may have been little apparent to their minds.

Why have not men thought it also fit to signalize by solemn forms the beginnings and the finishings of their private habitation? Is it a fantastic imagination, that this is no chance result of fashion, tradition, custom, — but of the infallible intuitions of man's mind? However grievously he may be distorted and corrupted by the social falsehoods, which surround and control his life, and set him in antagonism and rivalry with his fellow man; there is ever underlying all his eager and hostile competitions, an ineradicable feeling, that he stands in false relation with them, — that he and they were not created for opposition, but for conjunction, — not for hostility, but for love, — that the true and only permanent relation between them is that of brethren and helpers. This idea has modified many of the customs and opinions of society, which we attempt to account for,

and find their origin in some traditionary or recent expediency, some local fitness, or limited and temporary necessity; without perceiving the reason in the nearer fact, that they issue out of the central laws of our being.

Is it not for this that we lay down the foundations, and build up the walls of our habitations in silence and solitariness, — that we do not summon around us all benignant spirits of the heavens, and of our race, to witness their consecration? Our dwellings are now symbols, not of brotherhood, but of isolation. They utter not the harmonies but the discords of Humanity. They present not the tokens of a true human society, but of a society distracted, discordant, fragmentary, competitive. They speak of hostility, sordid industry, selfish rivalry, every one for himself. In the language of the law they are called *castles*. Well are they so called, built to hedge in man from his kind, to protect him from the aggressions of his brother; — fit emblems of a still subsisting feudalism, only modified in its forms, but essentially unchanged, by the progress of commercial civilization, under which the reign of brute force has yielded to the more peaceful and dolorous empire of fraud. In their highest and holiest purpose, they embrace only the family, a selfishness somewhat enlarged, scarcely less intense, in which the lessons of selfishness are transmitted from generation to generation. They are still exclusive and isolated.

But in some of their aspects, in their contrasts of splendor and squalidness, of palaces and hovels in near contiguity, of architectural pomp towering in pride in sight of mud-walled huts; — they tell of the sad and terrible contrasts of social conditions, of the injustice and oppression, that are committed by man upon his brother, — of the hiring defrauded of his wages, of indolent luxury reveling in the spoils of unrequited labor, enforced by the stern necessities of want and penury, — of the extortions of the usurer, — of the legalized cheateries of trade, — the dishonest gains of speculation, — the groans of the slave of the plantation, the ship, the mine, the factory, the field, and wherever else cupidity fattens upon the poor man's toil, — and the manifold means, by which the cunning are enabled to rise upon the oppression and suffering of the weak and simple.

Men feel, by the force of their indelible instincts, that it is not fit upon such edifices to call for a benediction. For to what shall they be dedicated? to what spirit consecrated? If the thought were truly uttered, the answer would be, — to their pride, luxury, ostentation, to con-

tempt of man, forgetfulness of brotherhood, to some one of the manifold forms of selfishness, some personal idol, or, in the highest and best, to a more subtle and refined selfishness, — that love, which begins, and ends where it begins, at home. Men instinctively feel, that such edifices stand upon God's earth as disharmonies and disfigurements, because they stand as practical denials of the primary truth relating to man.

To none of these purposes, — to no object of mere selfishness, — to none, which is not in harmony with universal man, is the house, whose corner stone has now been laid, destined. In the deep, irrepressible conviction, — which, what thinking man, not wholly absorbed by selfishness, has not sometimes felt pressing heavily upon his mind; — that the present social system is a falsehood, at war with man's true development, and that if something, better answering the wants and aspirations of man, is not to be obtained, then is society a miserable failure, and man's true hope is in Chaos come again; from such a conviction issued the plan, of which the building now commenced is the first step towards the completion. To the earnest striving for a true society, a better and more authentic social union, a truer equality, — to a nobler, because harmonious, coöperative, self-compensating industry; — to the unfolding, in some degree, of the neglected truth, on the true perception and application of which the fortunes of humanity must henceforth depend, that society, in its just and high idea, is but one extended household, wherein the welfare of each and all is best promoted by the friendliness, fidelity, mutual truth, and helpfulness of each and all; — to the effort for a truer and higher culture; — to Hospitality, to Charity, to Love; to the idea, in short, that the kingdom of God is to be on earth, as it is in heaven; to these it is devoted and consecrated.

Let us not deem the idea, the hope, the effort, visionary, impossible to be realized. Man's aspirations are truer exponents of the Possible, than his reasonings and analogies. The Future is always greater than the Past, and must forever contain realities, of which history gives no indications. Those realities are the dreams, the visions of the Present, the communings of man with the Invisible, the Future, the Possible. The impossibilities of one age, the schemes, for which their projectors are branded as visionaries by their generation, are the every day working tools, the household words of the succeeding age. The visionary and the schemer are then inspired prophets. It is time that all reasonable men had learned this.

This project of my friend will be re

garded as visionary by few, who comprehend it, but those, who believe that the dollar is almighty and alone so; not to one, who understands that faith and hope, with fit working, are mightier far, are alone all-mighty in human affairs. In the hope that ere long the dwellings of faithful fellow-workers will arise upon this beautiful and picturesque hill, and that a little light may here be shed upon the pathway of human life, the builder proceeds to his work. Who will not bid him God speed? Begun in weakness and outward discouragement, may it go on in strength and hope, until this noble eminence, which Nature, as if creating a palace for Art, has endowed with such varied capabilities of embellishment by the hand of taste, shall present the vision embodied, the dream of benevolence perfected visibly on the solid earth, in pictures of living beauty and moral harmony. May it go on, until the realization of the projector's thought, in graceful and natural architectural forms, cultivated landscapes, and especially in happy human hearts, shall give it fitting consecration.

For the Harbinger.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PALACE.

A Story told to the Brook Farm Children at the Crownin of their Summer Queen, June 2.

We feel this difficulty in addressing children, that though often childish enough, we are seldom childlike. We do not meet the young, face to face, because we are so veiled and masked with the memories of past experience. Yet the good are constantly putting off their disguises, and showing themselves in naked truth. The newly born in spirit are even more simple than the newly born in flesh; and goodness is a perpetual youth. A dear friend of these children has just suggested to me the view of life as a pilgrimage through a series of transigrations, by saying that "the innocence of childhood is ignorance, but the innocence of angels is wisdom." I will try to show how this transmuting process goes on, by the following tale to my young friends.

A child once lived in a palace, in the centre of which was a fountain. The walls of the room where the waters rushed up into the air and light, from an exhaustless spring, were of white. The form of it was circular; and overhead, through a dome of lattice-work, the wires of which were like rays, the sun and moon and stars shone, and the blue sky smiled. The child used to bathe in the water and drink, and as she did so, fresh life flowed through her.

From the white temple of the fountain, three doors opened into three chambers, ranged around it, which were united to-

gether by gates, which swung to and fro on soft moving hinges. The first of these chambers was of orange color; the third of indigo; the second of green. In each were wonderful pictures on the walls; and changing shadows as from some magic lantern, danced together and chased each other over the floors. The child liked to run from room to room, and see the columns and fissures reflected in the water, which flowed through them from the fountain. And ever as she ran and looked at the water a still, deep voice whispered, "Stay not too long, dear child, or you will fall asleep and forget yourself. Come back before dark to the White Temple." And, indeed, the child found that when she waited till the twilight, the dancing shadows and the flashing colors so bewildered her with an intoxicating delight, that she could scarcely raise her drowsy lids, or lift her languid limbs. Then would she fly back to the fountain, and bathe and drink, till the coolness and freshness brought her to herself, and white winged dreams pillowed her in peace.

Around and beyond these three rooms were four others, with doors opening both into the white temple of the fountain, and into the orange, green, and indigo rooms, which also were connected with each other by curious passages winding together in a labyrinth. Of these four apartments the first was violet, the fourth was red, and between them the second was blue, and the third yellow. Through each room too, and the passages ran a stream from the fountain. The child delighted to wander here, so crowded were the walls with pictures and the floors with images, so wonderful seemed to her the stirring game, and so ever fresh the pleasure of threading her way through the mazes. Often she lingered so long, that she could scarce find her way back by the water-courses to the fountain, and follow the voice which ever whispered, "Tarry not too long, dear child, or you will fall asleep and lose yourself. Come back before dark to the white temple." Twice indeed, she did fall asleep, and had ugly dreams, as I will now tell you.

Once in the violet room she stood among the confused crowd of fitting shapes, and saw them as crowned with flowers; they playfully tossed fruit to each other from the laden branches, and pelted one another with ripe grapes. All was a scene of joy and kindness. But suddenly as the shadows fell, the garden became a desert; the trees were blighted; the boughs were bare; and the perishing multitude, with fierce eyes and frenzied actions, tore from each other the half-grown fruit. Wilder and wilder rose the conflict, until the air was dimmed with clouds of sand. Then it seemed to the

poor child, as if a tall brown woman swelled into large size, as she drew near, and seizing her with skinny hands, heaped on her shoulders a heavy burden, and with a whip of knotted thongs drove her along as a slave. Long and weary was the way she wandered, until she grew tawny and thin as her savage mistress. At last she fell, faint with thirst upon the rocks. And then stooped over her a beautiful boy, sad and pitiful, with gentle eyes, who, scattering from an urn, cool drops upon her lips and forehead, murmured, Sister, and she awoke. And lo! she was lying on the floor of the violet chamber with her hand in the trickling water; and the day was breaking. How gladly she heard again the deep voice whisper, "Dear child, come back to the white temple." Running thither she bathed and drank; and all day long, this thought was singing round her, "Innocence was the slave of Hatred in the desert of Self; but Forgiveness set her free." And in this thought of hatred forgiven was born the *Angel Friendship*.

A long time after this, when the child had almost forgotten the ugly dream in the violet chamber, she remained after twilight in the red room, gazing on the multitude, which in long files from the dark, swept onward in procession, till they disappeared in the dark again. Each rank had its banner; and in the centre was a splendid Oriflamme, beneath whose folds, and borne up on the willing arms of his noblest peers, was the Chief. Grand was the order of this triumphal march, as with even tread and stately gestures they passed. But suddenly the Oriflamme was trampled in the dust; the chief was overthrown, standard clashed with standard, rank pressed over rank; and on a pyramid of mangled bodies a monstrous form stood brandishing a mace. As the poor child gazed, horror struck at the sight, a band of ruffians seized her as a captive. They took her to their tents, and made her serve them with fiery drink. And she listened to their tales, until like them, she learned to flatter the strong and tread on the weak, and outwit the crafty. At last they crowned her as their queen. Then it was, that flushed with the consciousness of power, she walked alone to dream of glory. And as she went, the drops of dew fell shaken from the vines upon her hot brow, and the dew on the grass and flowers as she trode them down, bathed her feverish feet; and with the coolness came meek and gentler memories, like troops of children, singing "be like us, humble and lowly, like us a child again." She woke; and the spray of the rippling water was on her face and feet; and flying from the Red-room, she hastened once more to bathe in the Fountain, which was flashing

in the morning rays. All that day, and for a long while after, the child heard the voice saying to her, — "Innocence was captive to Ambition; but Humility set her free." And then in the child's heart was born the Angel *Reverence*.

And now, dear children, shall I read you my riddle, or will you guess it? Our Nature is the Palace; its rooms are our Passions; the child is the Soul; the fountain in the white temple is Love, forever flowing into us from God. In our ignorant innocence, we are tempted to stray too long amid pleasures, each good in its season but bad in excess, till they lull us to a drunken sleep; though through God's mercy not the sleep of death. For still his waters of love refresh us, and recall us to ourselves. And still when we awake, the deep voice of his goodness says, come back, dear child, to the life-giving fountain of love. And out of our bitter streams he distils the words of wisdom, which are of power to renew us with angelic youth.

REVIEW.

Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe from 1794 to 1805, translated by GEO. H. CALVERT; Vol. I. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam, 1845.

Goethe and Schiller were editors of a periodical, of no very remarkable value, for several years. This volume contains part of their correspondence relative to that periodical. The next volume, we suppose, will contain the most valuable part of the remainder of that correspondence. The work is announced with a great blowing of horns in the Preface. The accomplished translator considers this "the richest epistolary treasure that the literature contains." In these letters, he tell us, "we witness the relaxation of giants; we can figure to ourselves what may be the sports of the gods." Preface, p. iv. After this announcement, the translator attacks the discourse of Mr. Putnam, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, last autumn, in which Goethe was represented as no better than he should be.

We have carefully looked over this volume. This correspondence was not wholly unknown to us before. But the translator will pardon us if we find it quite tame and prosy. It is the correspondence between two editors of a literary journal. In it they talk a good deal of matters of no moment at all to us: — What shall appear in the next number? — How does the last number take? — What do they think of this article at Jena, or of that at Weimar? What does Dr. Kauderfleisch think of the Ballad? What says Madame Von Zahdarm, — the *gnædige Frau*, — of our poetry in general! — Please send me half-

a-dozen copies of the last number but one. Who will write us a good article on Art? A. cannot. B. has not time. C. has no ability, and I am too busy with other things. — Such is the theme of many of the letters. Yet there is a certain literary conscientiousness observable in all or most of the letters, a determination that what was done at all should be done thoroughly and well. We wish some of our young Poets, who "rhyme ere they wake, and print before term ends," would learn and copy the pains-taking of both Schiller and Goethe. This literary conscientiousness is the most note-worthy matter in the book. Schiller and Goethe did not publish to the world mere *phantasyings* of Poetry, but Poetry itself, baptized in their Helicon again and again. — We have looked in vain for matter worthy of transcription.

It is a curious picture which this correspondence presents. At the one side is Goethe, elegantly attired, and elegantly working at numerous and beautiful things; writing a ballad, or a critique, or composing Wilhelm Meister. At the other, is Schiller, somewhat atrabilious and dyspeptic in countenance, but busy and working withal; standing on stilts — vainly essaying to seem tall as his master. Between the two circulates the Eilwagen, conveying now letters, now "copy" for the Printer, now the wonderful Periodical printed and stitched, and now a barrel of biscuit, or a fish, — "a product of Nature that must soon be consumed." Far away in the back-ground are the mountains of Germany and Switzerland, and in the centre is Germany itself, with its petty courts and its petty grand-dukes, its petty princes and its numerous Hofmeisters, its romantic maidens of either sex, its circulating libraries, its literary public, and its terrible critics. — Nicolai and his troop are there, and the libeller whom Schiller could not get suppressed by the police. Allegorical figures, such as Jealousy, Envy, Hate, and Malice occasionally fly to and fro in all parts of the picture, with their wings raising no little dust.

It is not a favorable portrait that this book presents of either of these great poets. Both may complain at this public exposure of such a correspondence. Many things a man must do which he need not do in public. Circumstances made it necessary they should write, but what Fate wrote on the iron leaf that such letters should be printed! Schiller is evidently but the learner, — the young man of the correspondence, and we feel a continual hope that this aspiring Telemachus will become a full grown man, under the guidance of his many-sided Mentor; and then we hope he will walk more and strut less. This pedantic stiffness and oratorical affectation is what often disturbs us in read-

ing Schiller's works. We admire the simplicity that sometimes is apparent in his Ballads and other poems; we concede joyfully that in some of the qualities of a Historian he has few equals, but still, to our mind, he is often inflated, proud, stiff, and diseasedly self-conscious, and we think these unlucky qualities are quite prominent in the letters.

Goethe was unquestionably a very wonderful man. He was a master in numerous departments of art. As an artist in language, perhaps few have surpassed him since the time of Aristophanes. The profoundness of his remarks often startle the reader. But this is not the place to estimate either of these men. We have no sympathy with such as set up Goethe as a god, or even as the beau-ideal of a man, and quite as little with the other party who condemn him with no regard to the manners, customs, and temptations of his condition and his times. Let him be weighed in an even balance — we wish not to apologise for the selfishness we discover in his character, nor to deny that we think him better than most men of his condition in that country and at that time.

Schiller seems to cherish extravagant expectations of elevating the character of the nation, by introducing works of art; while Goethe, with a sound, clear mind, works away at his problems — making Art its own end. The cheerfulness, activity, and steadfast self-reliance of the latter, appear the more beautiful when contrasted with the idleness and morbid feeling of his distinguished friend.

We think this volume will not advance the reputation of either Poet in America. It will make silly young men and maidens all the more silly to read this correspondence. They will fall in love with the solemn trifling and with Schiller's pedantic, airy, vague and indefinite expressions, and as Dr. Sangrado's servant thought himself as wise as his master as soon as he became as pale, so will this hopeful class think themselves wiser than Schiller, because their language is yet more vague. Would that they might learn from Goethe and Schiller both, to think twice before they write, and many times before they print.

The Philosophy of Evil, showing its Uses and Unavoidable Necessity, by a series of familiar illustrations drawn from a philosophical examination of the most startling evils of life; interspersed with moral, interesting and useful reflections, drawn from the Book of the Lotos of Nature. Two volumes in one. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co. 1845. pp. 183.

Our first thought in taking up this book was, that another poor fellow had got beyond his depth, but this was an error. The author is no where so indiscreet, or

rather so unfortunate; he is safe not so much from a lack of the will, as of the power.

Our philosopher offers sundry consolations for the ills of life, which are certainly worth considering. Every evil serves a good purpose, he informs us,—let us then complain of nothing. Even rogues and thieves,—to whom he devotes a chapter,—are of high use; their “gatherings and dispersings,” are the law of life, an understanding of which “reveals the whole mystery of moral evil.” We commend this discovery to philosophers in general, and trust our author will throw a yet more intense light upon it. “It is to the criminal propensities of man,” says he, “that we owe civilization.” We do not agree with this view, though it is far from being a surprising one, and is abundantly justified by many of the present aspects of society.

We are also not quite ready to admit that all that is comes from God, or is for the best. To us it appears that there is rather more evil extant than is necessary, or useful. Slavery and stealing, poverty and misery, are not essential to the well-being of either man or the universe. It is time for us to understand that the ten thousand afflictions, physical and spiritual, which we suffer, come, not from the chastening hand of Providence, but from the disorder within us and around us.

Before leaving the “Philosophy of Evil,” we have to say, that its profound superficiality is relieved by an occasional touch of good sense which is quite refreshing, and that the author appears to have had a really benevolent design in writing it.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Gems of German Song. Third Series.
Boston: Published by George P. Reed,
17 Tremont Row.

- No. 1. *On Mossy Bank reclining*, by SCHUBERT.
2. *The Gallant Comrade*, by KREUTZER.
3. *Farewell, forever*. WEBER.
4. *The Quail*. BEETHOVEN.

Four more numbers of the most valuable library of song, which has ever been printed in this country. They are songs for the few, but they will reach the many. They came from the heart, and the heart will answer. “Jim Crow” may sell faster to-day; but then these songs will *always* sell. The truest lovers of music may well feel a more than personal obligation to Mr. Reed. We are happy to say, that the general character of the music which bears his name as publisher, shows that his only motive was not private profit, but also an ambition to do well his part, an enthusiasm for music, and public spirit enough to wish to show our people what good music is, and put

it within their reach. If all, who minister in any way to the public taste, would pursue the same enlightened and liberal policy, both public taste and they would be the gainers in the end.

A few words of the series as a whole. “Gems of German Song,”—a faithful title, every word of it! It is indeed a string of “Gems.” They come from the depths where they were a long time elaborating, as do all gems. Much inward history, much deep experience has first to deposite its essence slowly and secretly in these veins of song; and then a single hour of inspiration may bring forth a song. The fingers, wandering over the keys of an instrument, may chance to strike one out, to the musician’s own surprise and great delight; but it was years, aye years composed of “hours like years,” in the creating. A true song covers much experience; is the fruit of the best juices of the tree of life that is deeply rooted. It takes more than a fine musical sense, more than skill, or quick perception, or ready powers of combination, to make a song. These are only the external, instrumental faculties; the pump or well-wheel to bring up the water:—but where are the living springs? We call it inspiration; which only means that a man is alive in the inmost centre of him, where he was first lit from God, and became man, and that the warmth and the light proceeding thence, flow out forcibly through all his faculties, refining his senses, modulating his voice to all grand or gentle utterance, and imparting what seems supernatural swiftness to the motions of his understanding. In this way were these pieces composed. They fulfil the conditions of Song; and we call them “Gems,” since they come from such depths, and are refined from such subtlest essences. Only gems are fixed, and songs are fluid. Rills, or breathings, were in some respects a better type. What is there, clear and durable as the diamond, yet pervading and general as the casing air! Nothing, except melodies and airs.

And they are “German” songs; such as are only born and sung in Germany; for where else is the life of men deep enough, strong enough, and free enough! and that too in spite of the worst and most petty forms of political tyranny. The whole of German life is a triumph of the mind over what Robert Owen might call “most inferior circumstances.” Your German is always inspired with a sentiment. Rough and rugged and bearded as he is, he has a great loving heart, and is himself beloved of all the muses. The wildest freedom, the sweetest, saddest tenderness, the strongest aspiration, rising often to the most painful, boundless longing:—these are the moods into

which he modulates from his ground-tone of childlike, religious joy and earnestness; and added to all this, (rare union!) an intellect of the most penetrating, persevering and laborious sort, which gives years to the making of huge dictionaries, and commentaries on the Bible and the classics, without loss either to his human heart or his superhuman imagination. So it is with his music, profound alike in feeling and in science.

The praise of Melody is commonly given to the Italians, and of Harmony to the Germans. But in true music, in compositions worthy the name of Art, harmony and melody are inseparable; they are but the musical reflection of those two opposite first principles, which combine every where to make life Unity and Variety; and neither could exist without the other. Harmony is the red-glowing mass of coals, and Melody the flickering lambent flames which it gives out. The German songs have rich and elaborate instrumental accompaniments, not a note of which will bear to be omitted. With them every melody or simple feeling plays over a deep and strangely peopled background. All the wealth which their deep religious genius has developed out of instrumental music, the symmetrical intricacies of their Fugue, the fine discriminations of the violin Quartette, the completer coloring and bolder contrasts of the Orchestra, come to the aid of the simplest feeling that leaps out in a song. Most of us have not the musical culture, the long familiarity with good models, to appreciate all this; and hence, German music is by many rejected as being laborious, strange and incomprehensible, while they give the preference to the unqualified sweets of the still melodious, but worn and languid genius of Italy. But there is that in them which will win their way to all hearts, and make them appreciated; their genuine feeling will be felt; and all the more for the science which that feeling has warmed into life to do its bidding. Love would not have created Wisdom, if Love could live alone.

This is the glory of the German music, that, having scaled the heights of Art, it is still a child, true, warm-hearted, generous, and trusting. In Germany at this very time, songs are born which haunt the soul as strangely, which associate themselves as readily and permanently with our feelings, and seem as much a part of the household treasures of humanity, a breath from the “Remembered Home,” as if they were of as antique and obscure an origin as any old Scotch songs, or oldest Christian chants; the same simplicity, with all the fullness of modern art to boot. Of idiosyncrasy, personal or natural, they have not more than enough to give point and character to the

otherwise tasteless uniformity of the broad and unitary feeling which they all breathe. We weary of the bluest sky, which breeds no clouds. The mystical and marvellous which there is about them, as about all German music and poetry, and all German life, is nevertheless true to nature and the times. These are *not* prosaic times. This is not the reign of literal reason. In such a transition period as this, amid the symptoms of such a mighty revolution; when every day is a surprise and a miracle even to the unimaginative; when through the yawning cracks of the old black gigantic walls of the Past, flashes ever and anon in dazzling contrast, the light of the eternal Morning, scaring away old forms of selfishness and evil, like limping demons of darkness;— in such an age, are not this music and this marvellous vein fast yielding us an explanation? Do we not see how prophetic is all true music? and that airs from the coming Era are first felt by these finely organized natures, creeping over all the harp-strings of their soul, murmuring and whispering such music, a riddle even to themselves, which they write out! But no more of this, lest it be thought we write an apology for German music!

We have now some twenty of these "gems." They bear great names, as Schubert, Weber, Kalliwoda, and Spohr, Mendelsohn Bartholdy, and among them, behind them, in them all, Beethoven! Of the songs of Schubert we cannot possess too many, and yet one of them is more than we can exhaust in a life-time. He died very young, bequeathing his whole soul in songs; his music took no other form; that one inspiration filled him till he was called away. His symphonies and oratorios are for the angelic ears. How we are tempted to speak of his "Serenade," his "Ave Maria," his "Fisher Maiden," his "*Nimmer, das glaub mir, erscheinen die Götter, nimmer allein.*" (Never, believe me, appear the Immortals, never alone.) But we must do justice to Schubert in a separate article. Of the four numbers at the head of this we would simply say:

No. 1. is in the most serene and gentle mood of Schubert, a childlike confession of the pure blessedness of love, with a moonlight accompaniment. But

No moon in soft radiance streaming,

No silvery planet saw I;

I saw but the smile that was beaming,

So bright in my true love's eye.

It is the music, reader, and not the poetry which we wish to recommend to you, in most of these songs. The words may be better in this instance than in most. But we have this one fault to find with the "Gems," that the words are not always translated from the German, and when they are, they are not always trans-

lated well. If Beethoven's "Adeläide" should be published, may no English "False Rosalie" (or false English Rosalie) be substituted again for Matthison's beautiful poem.

No. 2. is of the spirited, trumpet-tones which best suit the battle hymns of the Patriot-poet, Körner. It depicts the swiftly mingling emotions of the thick of battle, the ears full of the march and the shout, but the heart full of the falling friend.

No. 3. is by Weber. "Farewell forever" is the sad undertone breathed through almost all the compositions of the author of the wild *Der Freyschütz*. Spite of the gay "Huntsman's Chorus," and many a noble patriotic song, the sadness predominates. It is a soul attuned to harmony in melancholy contrast with the actual Fate; but taking refuge in a beautiful Faith; witness the "*Derrière Pensée*," or "Last Waltz" as it is called.

No. 4. Beethoven's "Quail" is a religious hymn of gratitude prompted by the love of nature, as is his greater Pastoral Symphony. It is in the same key, in F, which is the key-note of the the general hum of things around us. The Quail strikes in in the accord of the fifth, or C. It is worthy of note, that in the natural scale of tones and colors, as shown by Fourier, the great analogist, side by side with the scale of the Passions, the fourth or F, corresponds to green, the color of variety, of the "Alternating Passion," which preserves the general balance, by effecting wholesome changes and saving from one-sided excess. Let Genius and Science never quarrel.— They will be disappointed who listen to this German bird for the song of our Yankee Quail, "More Wet."

POETRY.

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

The six days' work is done.

The harsh realities, the rough turmoils,
The close consuming cares, the tasking toils
That hang around one's feet in cankering coils—

Their weekly course is run.

Sit thou in Sabbath peace;

Compose thy weary limbs in languor sweet;
Fold thy tired hands, and rest thy faltering feet—

O, gratefully this mortal frame will greet
From care a short release.

Wipe from thy dusty brow

"Careful and troubled about many things;"
Unloose the cumbersome house-work robe
which clings

So closely that the struggling spirit-wings
Hang heavily and low.

Still on thee, on thee yet
The spirit of despondency is strong;
Still crowding cares unto thy lot belong;
Still must thou strive with outward ill and wrong.

And many a vain regret.

O, hurried life of mine!

How "few and far between" thy dreaming hours!

How shouldst thou turn aside to gather flowers

From fairy-land, when on thy human towers
The sun forgets to shine?

My yearning, yearning heart!

Is this intense aspiring to be free

A happy or a mournful thing for thee?

For, O! it hath but little harmony

With earthly lot and part.

Yes, there is pain in this

Most passionate longing to o'erreach the clay,
This exile-thirst which stronger grows each day

To take the morning-wings and flee away

To realms of purer bliss.

And yet, not all in vain!

Do not these cravings in the haunted breast

Whisper the soul, "Lo this is not your rest?"

A new existence, in a home more blest,

Is yours to gain;"

A home of such deep peace

As eye ne'er saw, nor hath it entered e'er

Man's heart to dream of that celestial sphere,
Where God's own hand shall wipe away each tear

And bid all sorrows cease!

Then strive, O, strive thou

To keep, amid life's weary, wearing din,
Polished and pure the immortal gem within—

So thou ere long that perfect rest shall win
Unrealized below.

And now o'erwheeled one,

With thy last waking thoughts give thanks to Heaven

That to earth's toiling children He has given

A holy pause from care,— that this seventh even

Findeth thy labors done.

Ask Him to lift thy heart

With all its human yearnings from the dust;

To strengthen thy weak soul, and fix its trust

Firmly on Him,— and with the perfect just

Give thee thy better part!

AD ARMA!

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

Oh lotterer, that dalliest with thy dreams,
Content to watch thyself in graceful ease,
While clang of steel burdens each passing breeze,

And the broad air is radiant with its gleams;
And noble hearts, as noble hearts besseems,
Answer the worlds' great cry with earnest deeds,

Fulfilling thus their own most inward needs:
Is there no Spartan nerve in all thy frame
That feels the summons to that solemn field?

And canst thou then its sacred honors yield,
And the high guerdon of Eternal fame,
For purple skies and wreaths of fading flowers,

And the short lustre of these flitting hours?

THE DEATH-BED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As on her breast the wave of life,
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed:—she had
Another morn than ours.

THE LAST WISH.

The wish of Mr. Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, in regard to his burial-place, is beautifully expressed in the following lines;

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm festooned with the budding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her song of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The black bird and the thrush,
The golden oriole shall fit around,
And waken with a mellow gust of sound
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

A CHURCH.

A band of faithful men
Met for God's worship in an upper room,
Or canopied by midnight's starry dome,
On hill-side or lone glen,
To hear the counsels of his holy word,
Pledged to each other and their common Lord.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK

Is the Passover and Pentecost of Christians united; when the tribes come up to celebrate their deliverance, and to offer thanks for the first fruits of the spirit. But our Feast of Tabernacles is not yet in season. Not yet can we reap the harvest of general well being. We are in the Exodus only, we are but the early summer promise. Indeed, it may be well to ask, is penitence ever strong enough to save us from returning to the bondage of selfish strife?—in the wilderness of sin around us, can we find the "two lambs" of innocence for a "wave offering" before the Lord!

These celebrations do surely teach us, however, that Christendom is on its Pilgrimage to the promised land of UNIVERSAL GOOD. Even now Jehovah gives us, in our hopes and aspirations, "booths" to dwell in,—transient shelter from heat and storm. In time, around the temple in Zion, we shall praise the Lord for seven days, wherein no "servile labor" shall be done upon the roofs and in the streets of the City of Holiness, green with the signs of joy,—Christendom shall be brought into the rest that remaineth for it, and shall lead the whole race of man to the Sabbath.

I. Missionary enterprises are the *first*, the outmost and most superficial sign of the reforming power at work in Christendom. Catholics and Protestants have girdled the world with wires of communication, which radiate as from a central focus of Love, words of Light and deeds of Life. The missionary is promoting, in a higher sense than he is conscious of, the *religion* of the nations. He is binding man into one Spirit again. What vast expenditures of time and means for this sublime end of reconciling our race! The total receipts during the last-year, of the Baptist Missionary Society of Great Britain were one hundred thousand dollars; and the debt of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions of the United States is forty thousand dollars. Add the Roman, English, Methodist, Presbyterian, Moravian Missionary labors; and how magnificent becomes this design, as yet but in its infancy, of uniting the children of men in the worship of One God and Father of All.

What the Missionary is doing for the

Spirit of the race, the Merchant is doing for the *Body*. By distribution of products and manufactures, of food and fabrics, of instruments of industry and skilful inventions, commerce is making mankind one in the exchange of natural good. Rail-roads and steam-boats will soon connect all continents and islands; and the magnetic telegraph make of one language and one thought, all People. The end of the great Fraternity of Trade will be gained, when men of various lands and climates consult and labor together in the perfect cultivation of the whole globe, and the equal diffusion of its benefits.

Meanwhile however, the preaching of the Missionary and the practice of the Merchant conflict; and the heathen savage learns to his sorrow, that the gospel of love means in its application, cannon and craft. How long shall Christian Civilization wound with the hand, while blessing with the lips! When the industry and commerce of Christendom are one with its prayers and professions; and when the faith of the Sabbath is proved in the works of the week, then, and not till then will man, the earth round, be not only *Christianized*, but anointed with the fulness of the spirit,—and so become in deed and in truth, God's well-beloved Son.

II. Christendom is divided within itself. Its worship and its work are divorced; its piety and charity differ; and therefore it is filled with sectarian strife, and the Unity of the Church is lost in universal schism. The *Second* class of movements then to be noticed in these Anniversary festivals, less superficial and external than missions, are those which have for their end, the bringing of all Christians to the knowledge, that they have one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Among these are the Bible Societies, the Home-Missions, the Ministerial Education Societies, the Tract-Distribution Societies, and prominent at the present day, the Order of Jesuits on the Catholic side, and the Christian Alliance on the side of the Protestants. We are fast approaching a crisis, as we say, a judgment-time, when the great principles of Solidarity and Individuality, of Liberty and Law are to meet each other face to face, for conflict or for union. The signs of the times are auspicious, that the end of this meeting will be union. Protestantism is beginning to learn that "unity is not uniformity," that the mode of the Creator everywhere is to diffuse one life in many forms, harmoniously related, mutually completing and perfecting each other; and Catholicism will learn, that the good everywhere are priests, and that each deed of usefulness is a sacrament. We shall all learn at last, that the true, œcumenical councils are the successive gen-

erations of our race reformed in the image of God, by deeds of goodness; and the voice of these councils is infallible. They have the traditions of the past, and the prophecies of the future.

The encouraging sign in relation to both Catholics and Protestants is, that each party rests its claim for respect, upon its practical usefulness to nations and ages, as a test-proof. Hence the boast and criticism upon both sides. Protestantism claims the progress in Science, in free institutions and industry: Catholicism holds up in answer, the facts of modern scepticism, of revolutions and wide spreading poverty. Then Catholicism in turn boasts of its reverence and loyalty, of its happy holidays, of its charities and sublime Art; and Protestantism in reply, lays bare the callousness of bigots, the living death of asceticism, the degradation of effeminate luxury. Both are justified in contrast with each other; each has merits. But apart or together they stand condemned of folly and feebleness, in that they have not reorganized social life and daily duties, so that all men may be "members one of another," and the love of the brother in every relation and act of life be the evidence of the love of God.

There is not liberty in thought, because there is not love in spirit and in deed. We have not sympathy enough in feeling, to have synthesis in faith. There is cloudiness in mind, because there is coldness in the heart. And there is coldness of piety, because both Catholics and Protestants have preferred sacrifice to mercy, reversing the Lord's will. When shall we learn, that in proportion as good lent us by God is diffused, he gives more and ever more exhaustlessly! When shall we learn, that we must do the will, if we would know of the doctrine! The people are learning, if priests have forgotten, that the Spirit commands to day, not proselyting of children of hell under sectarian banners, but prevention of sin in the name of the All-Good.

III. And so we are led into the central circle of Reforms. The Foreign Missions are the Court of the Gentiles; the sectarian Associations of Catholics and Protestants, each eager to point all eyes to the altar, whence their faith sees rising the smoke of acceptable offering, are the court of the Israelites; but the humane Reforms of the age are the mini toring Levites; the sacrifice they offer is charity. Love of Man, Humanity, Kindness, the feeling of blood relationship with our kind, and of a higher fraternal bond in the spiritual adoption of our race by the One Universal Father, is the inspiration of this generation.

And these Reforms, it will be found stand in relation to each other of greater or less nearness to the centre. Their

common end is the renewal and reformation of man physically, intellectually, morally, into the likeness of God; each depends upon and works together with the other; and their work cannot be accomplished till perfect justice is done to the whole man. But in this work as always, men think too much of the outward, too little of the inward; too much of effects, too little of causes. There are those, who would by a steady kindness recall to himself, the most deformed criminal. But how became he thus depraved? From licentiousness and intemperance. But why do men seek in brutal indulgences, and extravagant excitements, the joy which God gave with innocence? Because they are poor, oppressed with care and toil, bereft of social principles, and refinements of life, and culture, and self-respect. But how in this liberal world are men thus divided from each other by castes, founded on circumstances; how are men kept thus dull in mind, thus drudging, tame in spirit, thus coarse in tastes and interests? Because the soil is stolen, bought up, monopolized; because its products are unequally labored for, and more unequally shared; because might has made right, and man has made his brother a slave. Serfdom, the making a man a beast of burden for his fellow-man, is the grand central injustice, implying, including all other injustice, for it denies the very manhood of man.

Justice to the manhood of man is the central justice, from which flow the conditions and means of organizing all men into one, by a reconciliation of all their varieties of disposition, and of faculty. Finite beings united together in mutual love, mutual teaching and coöperation, make the only true image of the One Good, who is the Being of beings. The central Reform then is that which having for its one source the Love of God in Man, flows out in Universal good through societies of men made one with each other, to the Human Race as a living whole. In future numbers the several Reform movements of the day will be considered, and their relation to the great Unitary and Universal Reform fully illustrated. The Reform of Reforms is Universal Unity.

The Humane Reforms of the age are the Levites worshipping the ever-living, and life-giving God, by deeds of charity on the altar of daily duties. There will come a solemn day of At-one-ment, when in the temple of an earth filled with beauty and joy, the gathered Nations shall desire to offer at once a sin-offering and a thank offering,—a sin offering for the long ages of slavery, and war; a thank offering for God's abounding willingness to bless. And the High Priest who will enter then into the Holy of Holies, cloth-

ed in white robes from head to foot, will be the Spirit of Universal Peace. Then will the veil be put away forever, and Love born ever anew in all hearts will be welcomed as the Immanuel.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

When Men undertake the reform of a great evil,— of a wide spread and gigantic evil,— which has had upon earth a dreary and blighting existence of five thousand years, scourging mankind with all the torments, moral and physical, that naked cupidity, furious ambition, usurpation and oppression, can invent, it is deeply important that they have a clear view of this evil, of all the forms under which it exists, and the means of eradicating it effectually and forever. The time has now come for the entire eradication of Slavery and Servitude, and the final extirpation of this hideous ulcer which is still as it ever has been, preying upon the vitals of humanity. That means exist for attaining this end, we must believe, if we have faith in God and his providence, for Slavery could only exist upon earth (except during the period of the political and social infancy of mankind, as an exception in human destiny and under the reign of inverse Providence) in virtue of a high and universal principle, having its origin in the plan of Divine Government; and who will say that God rules the universe by despotism and that the worlds are his slaves. The old social dispensation of carnage and slavery, of hate and injustice, which has now swayed with iron rule the destinies of Humanity for more than five thousand years, is to come at length to an end; a new social dispensation of peace, liberty and justice is to take its place; and both prophecy and the science of human destiny show us that this gigantic event in the career of the Race, falls about in the present period. In our belief, the numerous reforms which are now so widely and deeply agitating the world, (the like of which has never been seen before,) are the precursors of this great movement, and the men engaged in these reforms are the implements in the hands of Providence, for striking the first blows in this mighty work,— this sacred and religious work, at once the cause of God and Humanity,— for breaking up the false and rotten foundations of the old social edifice, a vast prison-house of indigence and servitude, and for laying the first stones of the new palace of liberty and justice, in which all the children of men shall dwell, in knowledge and abundance,— a mansion of the Father.

It is of the highest importance that the men engaged in the various reforms that now agitate the world so deeply, should have their views opened to universal

principles, and aim at carrying out their work in all its universality.

The abolition of universal servitude will be one great step in the onward progress towards a higher Destiny, — towards the new social Dispensation which is preparing, and they who have commenced the work by an attack upon one branch of servitude, — chattel slavery, — which stands in such strong contrast with both Christianity and democracy, have awakened a sentiment, which has vigor and life sufficient in it to expand and be directed against Slavery under all its forms. We believe that the time has arrived or nearly so for the abolition movement to rise to its universality and to direct its labors against universal servitude. To do this the first condition to be fulfilled is to obtain a clear understanding of all the forms of Slavery; then to search historically, and under the guiding light of a knowledge of the laws of social organization for their origin or their fundamental causes, and lastly to seek for the means of a complete and radical reform.

We shall present, in a brief and general manner, our views upon these branches of the subject; we have studied it somewhat in its universality, and in connection with the other reform movements of the age, — links in the great chain of that universal reform which is to usher in, as we said, a new order of things on earth. The various forms of Slavery which have existed and still do exist upon the earth, blighting the existence probably of five hundred millions of beings, may be comprised under the following heads.

1st. *Corporeal or chattel Slavery*, the ownership of man as a mere implement or piece of property by his fellow man, with the right of using and disposing of him as a machine or brute. This branch of Slavery took its rise in the dark period of human history, when the free races in the primitive societies were forced by an increase of population to pass from a non-industrial to an industrial state. By a law of contact of extremes, this species of Slavery has been permitted to rise up in the Nation the most advanced by its political liberty and general intelligence of the people, in order to hold up to men some gigantic wrong, some glaring evil that could arouse them to a sense in one particular, of the social falseness and subversion that reigned, and lead them on by degrees to a comprehension of them all.

2d. *Slavery of the soil, or serfdom*, a modification with some slight alterations, of chattel Slavery; it was the general state of servitude into which the slaves of antique civilization passed, after the downfall of the Roman Empire: it was universal throughout Europe during the middle Ages, and still exists in several of

its nations. Under this system, man is attached to the soil, and with it belongs to him or the descendants of him, who obtained the proprietorship of both by the power of the sword. The capricious and most degrading tenure of individual ownership is replaced by a system of collective bondage, which offers some chance of progress and the obtaining of individual rights.

What a dark and damning commentary upon the intelligence of mankind, upon the development of the sentiments of love and justice in the soul of humanity, and upon the social progress which has been accomplished, that Slavery and Serfdom should still exist and be erect in the most advanced nations of the earth! When will the heart and the mind of humanity awake to a sense of this awful condition of things, — to a clear conception of the ocean of misery, injustice, and degradation, which sweeps over the world, and by this consciousness of the evil, be made to aspire after a higher and happier destiny, and aroused to labor for it!

3d. *Slavery of Capital, or the servile system of hired labor*. This system is a step in advance, and a modification of serfdom, as serfdom is of slavery. Under it, man is no longer the slave of his fellow-man, but of capital, — no longer the slave of a permanent master, but a hireling dependant, who must sell body and soul to *temporary-masters* that have the means of purchasing them. It is not the lash applied to the back, that forces man to toil, but hunger gnawing at the stomach, and the aspect of a suffering and destitute family. This system is favorable to the entire enfranchisement and to the elevation of the industrial or producing classes, and hence its great value over the other systems, although under the influence of a thick population, free or envious and antagonistic competition, and monopolized machinery or machinery in the hands of capitalists, the condition of the hired laborers is in reality as wretched as that of slaves.

4th. *Domestic Servitude*, a branch of the menial system of hired labor, which engenders distinctions in classes nearly as great as those of slavery and serfdom.

5th. *Slavery of Caste*, like the degraded class of Pariahs of India. This is in many respects one of the most stagnant and degrading of all the species of slavery that have ever existed.

6th. *Sale and seclusion of Women in Seraglios*, common yet upon about one half of the globe, and which is therefore well worthy to be taken into account.

7th. *Military Conscriptations and Impressments*. Men dragged to war, and set to butchering their fellow creatures, as if they were beasts of prey.

8th. *Perpetual Monastic Vows*.

9th. *Indigence, or passive indirect Slavery*. This branch lies at the foundation of all the others. If means can be found to lay the axe at the root of this servitude, means will be found at the same time of abolishing slavery under all its forms.

Most of these branches of slavery are characteristics of the present social order, called Civilization, the most advanced society that has as yet been established upon the earth; they are interwoven in its whole organization, forming an integral and essential part of it, and the basis of its system of industry and its household arrangements.

Now to what shall we compare a society which is the abyss containing these monstrous impurities, heaving with poverty, ignorance, duplicity and misery? Shall we call it a social hell! And, of the obtuse intelligences, and souls that dwell in and reign over it, without any apparent consciousness of its horrible reality, without looking, without praying for divine light and order to descend upon it, what is to be said?

But leaving aside these considerations, let us proclaim that it is the abolition of universal slavery, — white slavery and black slavery, chattel slavery and slavery of capital, slavery of the soul and slavery of the body, and the slavery of the soil in addition, — that humanity calls for, and against which advanced and energetic minds in the anti-slavery movement should level their blows and sweep from the world. It is not the chains of the black slave of the South alone that are to be broken, but the chains of all the slaves upon God's earth.

"But," it will be answered, "the undertaking is too vast, and hence the object becomes vague by its excessive universality; when we have accomplished the abolition of one branch, we will take up another; and besides, a country can only direct its efforts against the evils that exist within it."

To this we will answer that we know the importance of concentrating efforts upon one definite object, and the necessity of positive and special reforms to arouse the attention of large masses, who cannot be interested in aims too universal; yet we believe — yes, we are convinced, that if the leaders in the abolition movement would embrace in their attacks, the two kinds of slavery the most prevalent in this country, — chattel slavery at the south, and the slavery of capital, or the wages system at the north, — black slavery and white slavery, — this extension would give them immense additional power, and add that universal justice to their aims, against which neither selfishness, party spirit, nor sectarianism, would dare to raise an accusation. This attack against white slavery as well as black, is the more important,

because if means are once found to elevate the white laboring classes,—that portion of crushed humanity which is the nearest an entire enfranchisement,—means will be revealed to man at the same time, to enfranchise all other classes of the enslaved: the science of society teaches that it is the wisest policy, and the quickest in results, to elevate the most advanced classes of the oppressed to complete liberty—to their destiny; for when the light of divine Justice has once shone in its fulness at any point upon the globe, it will be the signal for the universal enfranchisement and elevation of the whole human race. As regards extending its reform movement, a portion of the abolition party has already advanced upon new ground, apparently quite foreign to its direct aim; it has taken up new measures and undertaken new reforms; in fact, at the anniversary held lately in Boston, by the portion of the party at the head of which stands Mr. Garrison, the slavery question appeared to us in their debates to be quite a secondary one: it was a war upon the want of living love and Christianity in the church, and in the Nation in general that seemed to be the prominent point of attack. Now if they have extended their efforts so far, why not—and at once—take up the problem of universal slavery, and stand forth, not as the citizens of one country but of the world, declaring the Unity of the human race, and proclaim themselves the antagonists of this social hydra under all its forms? The United States of America is the scene for this great work: it is to take the lead in the final operation of the universal enfranchisement of the masses: the child of Europe, it has escaped its oppressive and tyrannical institutions, and,—grown up in freedom and independence, in the enjoyment of political liberty, and the possession of popular intelligence,—it is prepared to fulfil its sacred function, the social pioneer of its less favored brother nations, the social savior of the enslaved, degraded and suffering millions throughout the world!

Let its leading minds be worthy of its noble mission; and as nothing is to be hoped from politicians, statesmen, and all the slaves of individual ambition and self-aggrandizement, of mammon, caste, and privilege, let the leaders of the various reform-movements come to a clear view of the whole extent, of the greatness and comprehensiveness of the work of this Age and Nation, and execute it. As we are speaking specially of Slavery, let the Abolitionists, we will add, elevate their aims to true universality, and, standing forth the champions of universal liberty, direct their labors against slavery, servitude and dependence under every form, and let their banner be so broad that op-

pressed humanity every where will be overshadowed with it, and behold the signal of a promised redemption.

COMMERCE.

When Coleridge declared the necessity of subjecting the commercial to the higher interests of the state and of giving the ascendancy to mental and moral power rather than to money, he said what every body will admit in theory, but nobody ever conceives of in practice, at least nobody who lives in the blaze of modern intelligence. The supremacy of commerce is so essentially the hinge of the present civilization, that even those who have slight glimpses of its true character,—and slight glimpses are sufficient, seeing how it is interwoven into the whole social texture,—regard its evils as having no remedy, like old age and death not to be cured but to be endured. On the other hand the great mass of men have no conception of this incubus which presses upon the vitals of society, and do not suspect that they are daily sufferers from its caprices.

In the abundant wisdom of modern economists and legislators, commerce has been put under no restraint or supervision. And yet what more needs to be thus looked after? It is merely a public agency for the transfer of commodities from the consumer to the producer. It creates nothing whatever,—adds nothing to the real wealth of the world, but is simply the go-between of those who wish to sell and those who wish to buy. Now so important a public function ought not to be exempt from the public control, but should be kept under the most jealous care of the community. Commercial agents or merchants, should be under the direct supervision of society, should be limited in number like other public functionaries, and should be compelled to give guarantees for the faithful performance of the duties which are entrusted to them. In Turkey, the Bashaw or governor collects taxes at his own pleasure, and lets the public advantage take care of itself, or rather takes care that there shall be no such thing as public advantage. Our commercial relations are in a similar condition; the same anarchical despotism prevails in them. We are as little protected against individual cupidity as is the Turkish peasant; the difference is that he is robbed outright, and by main strength, while we are operated upon by a more delicate and less tangible mechanism. The general good is as little respected in one case as in the other. We can only wonder at the blindness of the public, which has allowed itself to be plundered by irresponsible commerce without once seriously enquiring if it could be helped. We say blindness, but it must

be acknowledged that a more forcible expression would be more exact.

But it is not to be wondered at; indeed one soon learns that in civilization no absurdity is astonishing. The fault lies not so much with the public as with economists who, with a few magical words, such as “balance of trade” and “*laissez aller*,” have fairly humbugged the world, and endowed the most hideous of monsters with a sort of captivating beauty. Commerce, thus left to unbounded license, has played its game of fraud with whole nations for its counters, and at this moment has more power than all the potentates in the world, from the Emperor of Russia down to the King of the Sandwich Islands, or the legislature of Massachusetts.

But not to speak of its sublimer achievements, look for a moment at its more modest operations and see how completely it has every interest of Society in its power. Do you wish to buy wine? who will assure you that you buy *wine* and not a nefarious compound of unmentionable ingredients. And just so of everything else; whatever can be adulterated is generally sure to be adulterated, and so on through the whole course of Commercial transactions. Where adulteration is not possible some other lever quite as potent is put in play. But it is not necessary to go into a minute dissection of Commerce. No one is altogether ignorant of the fact. What with monopolies, adulterations, periodical crises and bankruptcies, and fifty other instruments of the same sort, Commerce, the agent, succeeds in cheating those who commit the business to its care, and fleeces producer and consumer alike. We do not speak unadvisedly. We have been behind the curtain and seen the secret working of the machine. Observe that we say nothing against individuals; it is merely the false and pernicious system that we attack, and to a false system no mercy ought to be shown. We are aware that many good and admirable men are engaged in commerce, many men, whom we respect and love. Still we are constrained to bear the utmost testimony against the inevitable effects of this false system. From intimate acquaintance of many years with commercial life, and from careful observation of both large and small commercial transactions, we are constrained to believe that in commerce, absolute and complete honesty, integral Christian honesty is impossible. A merchant cannot practice the honesty of the Gospel even if he would. This is a broad and strong assertion, but we appeal to the inmost consciences of all those of our readers who are acquainted with the matter, if it be not true. There was truth and justice in that action of the

Savior, when he drove the merchants out of the temple, telling them that they had made it a den of thieves. Modern commerce wears a more decent coat perhaps, but underneath it is but little altered. Whatever exceptions we may find, all will admit that its constant tendency is to destroy individual integrity. Is not this enough to condemn civilized commerce, and to incite us to substitute for it a system of guarantees and security, by removing commerce entirely from the grasp of individual selfishness? The method of doing this with security and advantage to all, is known to us; we shall hereafter take occasion to bring it forward.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Our high holiday the Fourth of July is close at hand. How many unfiged orators will make it the occasion to try their wings! What lofty flights into the empyrean! What a quantity of senseless babble about liberty, progress, the rights of man, and this great country. "Words," friends, "words, words."—The high idea of our Fathers, which was Hope in the Future, has become a petrification. We are so tickled with the praises of the present that we leave unfinished the work which they began. Content with toasting their memory, we forget that their hope is not realized, till practical equality and independence, are shared by all. Let the great purpose of the American movement never be lost sight of, by those to whom it has been unfolded, namely, the organization of human rights in social institutions. The noble motto on our flag "E Pluribus Unum" is but another expression of Universal Unity, which according to the Associative doctrine is to be realized on earth.—We are happy to learn that in many places the Working-men propose to hold social gatherings, and thus celebrate the "great and good day." We hope their plan will be generally adopted, and that instead of listening to stale and fulsome panegyrics on liberty, which mean nothing at all, they will come together for the interchange of sentiments and views, which may well stir the soul and awaken a noble enthusiasm.

Our readers will find in another part of this paper an address to the Working Men of New England by the President of the New England Working Men's Association. We bespeak their attention to the views which it presents. A peaceful reform is here suggested which will properly adjust the relations of capital and labor, put an end to the disabilities which the most numerous classes now suffer from, and guarantee to every man, woman, and child, the external condition best adapted to the development of their

nature and their attainment of happiness. This should be the aim of every political movement. Why talk so boisterously about the rights of man, O political declaimer, when you have no thought of securing the most important of rights, the right to labor and the right to education, for all who breathe. We have had a little too much of moonshine sentiment in politics, as well as elsewhere. Democracy is a beautiful name, but if it do not bring up the majority to the level of the few, in respect of the means of obtaining comfort and intelligence, if it permit thousands to toil that ten may lounge in splendid satiety, it is one of the most ridiculous of all farces. We go for democracy; but not for a puny, lisping, foppish democracy, which talks all day at the corner of the street about equality and human rights, but would shrink from soiling its dainty hand with useful labor; we go for a bone and muscle democracy, a fearless, hardy, athletic democracy, which means every thing that it says, and which says that until society gets its work done, without the sacrifice of mind, morals, manners, or happiness, upon the part of the workman, it is society in an inverse order, society, in fact upside down.

If the prevailing political democracy of our day were an individual, we should have it indicted for false pretences. It has promised what it never performs. The only remedy is for the aggrieved classes to bring every thing to the test of reality. Do the measures which are proclaimed on the housetop, as essential to the salvation of the country, actually lead to the elevation of its population, and its whole population; very well; give them your support; if otherwise, be not duped; keep your eyes free from dust; and let your determination ring in thunder tones throughout the land, that you will be content with nothing, which does not bring to the masses the actual enjoyment of the benefits which are now monopolized by comparatively a few. Lay aside all petty jealousies, all miserable bickerings with each other, and united for the grandest and most holy object, which the mind of man can grasp, strive earnestly by all lawful modes for the accomplishment of the peaceful revolution, which will make all the essential blessings of the social order as common as the universal light.

The Central Executive Committee acknowledge the receipt of fifty dollars from B. URNER of Cincinnati, as a contribution to the LECTURING FUND.

PARKE GODWIN, *Chairman.*
New York, June 16, 1845.

An article upon Phonography, a discovery which is exciting much attention, will appear next week.

We are requested to state that the friends of Industrial Reform will celebrate the Fourth of July at Woburn, Mass. by a public collation, at which addresses will be made by distinguished advocates of the movement. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, fifty cents each.

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The subscribers to the Phalanx who have paid for six months in advance from the commencement of the paper, are respectfully informed that their term of subscription expires with the next number of the Harbinger. Those who wish to renew their subscription, are requested to forward the advance payment previous to the first of July. No names will be continued on our list where payment has not been made in advance. This rule will be inflexibly observed.

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THE HARBINGER.

TENDENCIES OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

There is so much unwise boasting at the present day, about the progress of society, the dignity of human nature, and the future glories of our race, that it is no wonder the majority of persons are blind to the actual condition of the epoch which we are now passing through. It seems to be the prevailing sentiment among those who are not absolutely wedded to the past, "whose eyes are not in their hind head, but their forehead," that the highest welfare of humanity is to be achieved by the gradual progression and perfecting of the present order of things. They look back on the continual advancement of science and the arts, the increase in the apparent decency and refinement of the public manners, the wonderful trophies which have been won by genius and intellect for the benefit of man; and it is certainly not very surprising that they should overlook the radical evil, which is indissolubly blended with all these glorious results of civilization, and infer that a system which has been productive of such signal triumphs need only be continued without obstruction in order to advance the human race to the fulfilment of the destiny for which it was created.

It is precisely as if a traveller, on surveying the beauty and magnificence of vegetation in a deadly tropical climate, should be so impressed with the voluptuous grandeur of the spectacle, the deliciousness of the atmosphere, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand poisonous sweets, and the wild luxuriance in which nature had poured forth innumerable forms of splendor, as to forget that every breath of the balmy air came laden with pestilence, and that a secret miasma was diffused on every side, which, lulling the unconscious victim in deceitful dreams, was gradually filling his frame with the seeds of certain death. This is the true parallel of the civilization of modern times. The societies which it includes, however

prosperous in external condition, however rich in material wealth and pleasures, however superior in intellectual culture, to former ages in the history of the world, cherish within their bosom, a subtle poison, which is fatal to the true growth of humanity, and which contains the elements of their destruction. This could be clearly demonstrated from theoretical principles, but we need no further proof than is to be found in the facts of daily experience and observation. The tendency of modern society, though it creates a superfluity of wealth by the perfection to which the organization and machinery of industry has been carried, is to produce a state of unmitigated poverty, of physical and moral wretchedness, of intellectual degradation, and of revolting crime, among the great masses of the population, whose happiness and elevation it is bound especially to guarantee.

Let it not be supposed that we give utterance to this conviction in the spirit of antagonism to the individuals by whom our present social institutions are sustained, or with a desire to act upon the prejudices and passions of an excitable multitude. We speak not in a tone of defiance; we have no rankling misanthropy to get rid of; we have had far more than our share of the brightest gifts which the society of this day can bestow; and if we could be so recreant to the highest sentiment of our nature as to think any thing was as it should be, so long as our personal comforts were maintained, we might join with those respectable persons, who, though seeing the bleeding figure of humanity prostrate in the dust, pass by on the other side with the most profound indifference to every thing but their own individual interests. We speak with the calmness and the earnestness of undoubting conviction; we know that on this point we have the truth on our side, whatever may be our speculative errors; and we would that our humble words might arouse a nation sunk in apathy to the destiny which awaits them as well as all others, who substitute for the law of Eternal Provi-

denoe their own miserable contrivances and projects.

We rejoice that these views, though not generally appreciated, are beginning to command the attention of powerful minds, from whose position and habits we should expect a train of thought of directly an opposite character. The last number of Blackwood's Magazine, in spite of its political high Churchism, its cast steel Conservatism, contains an article on the subject, which if first presented in a print like our own would have been adduced as another instance of the extravagance of reformers, and pointed out as of a bad and dangerous tendency. The doctrines of the article alluded to, moreover, are a digest of the principles of one of the most enlightened and candid historians of modern times, M. Sismondi,—principles which his studies in political economy, his intimate knowledge of the sources and development of history, and his clear penetrating intellect had forced upon his acceptance.

We cannot do our readers a greater service, than to condense in a summary manner some of the facts and reasonings of this article; and we beseech them to bear in mind that they are not the outburst of unwashed fanaticism, but the clear convictions of one of the calmest and brightest minds of the age.

The inherent vice in the present constitution of society, is the substitution of the love of wealth, for the love of man. Humanity is made subordinate to money; riches are coveted not for the sake of elevating men; but men are valued according to their capacity to create riches. The fatal thirst for wealth, the application of all the powers of knowledge, and all the resources of art, to this single object, is the cause of the present degradation of so many of the working classes, of the false direction of political philosophy, and of the spread of social evils, which will in the end prove fatal to the existence of the British Empire, and indeed of all civilized communities.

Political Economy, which in its legitimate function, should teach the art of or-

ganizing society for the happiness of man, is degraded into the vulgar handmaid of wealth, and gives instruction only in the means of augmenting the sum of national riches. According to this science, in its perverted state, an increase of production is an addition to national wealth; hence all nations are making strenuous efforts for the augmentation of their agricultural and manufactured products. This increase however, is by no means in every case, an addition to national wealth; on the contrary, it is often a useless and pernicious addition to national suffering. If the supply of any article exceeds what can be consumed or disposed of to advantage, it is a loss instead of a benefit. The producers get their labor for their pains; they gain nothing; the consumers get more than they require; great part of the surplus is wasted or sent abroad at a ruinous loss. Increase of production therefore, is not in every case a sign of increased national wealth; there are now in the warehouses of England, as Carlyle intimates, many thousands of superfluous shirts; and in her work-shops as many thousands of naked backs; the thing is, to bring the shirts and the backs together. It is the maintenance of a due proportion between production and consumption which forms the only real basis of lasting national opulence.

The wealth of a nation, according to the Chrematists, as Sismondi calls them, or the money-bag philosophers, is to be measured by the excess of the value of production over its cost. This is the most fatal of all errors, and the grand source of the misery of the working classes, and the instability of society, in all the manufacturing states of Europe. A nation consists not only of masters but of workmen; not only of consumers but producers. The latter class is by far the most numerous, the most important, the most likely to increase. If they are reduced to misery in consequence of the reduction of their wages by the introduction of machinery, the employment of juvenile or female labor, the immigration of foreign laborers, or any other cause, it is a poor compensation to say that the profits of the employers have been greatly augmented at their expense. The real measure of national wealth is to be found, not in the excess of production above the consumption employed in it, but in the means of a comfortable livelihood which their industry affords to all classes of the community; and that is to be attained, only when wealth is generally distributed among the masses, instead of being monopolized by a grasping fractional portion, when the means of a decent and liberal subsistence are as common as the air and light of Heaven, instead of being the exclusive privilege of the favorites of fortune.

When wealth, whether capital or revenue, runs into a few hands; when the monopoly of the soil causes landed property to accumulate in the persons of a knot of territorial barons; when commerce centres in the warehouses of a limited number of merchant princes; when manufacturers are confined to a small body of colossal companies, or individual master employers; it is an unavoidable consequence that the great bulk of the people will be in a state of degradation and distress. The splendor of the palace, whether the aristocracy be one of birth or of money, will put out the fire on the poor man's hearth. The reason is obvious. These monstrous fortunes, like the huge reptiles which basked in the sunshine of primeval creation, are the product of social chaos. They have been made by diminishing the cost of production, that is to say, by cutting down the wages of labor, that is to say again in other words, by grinding the faces of the poor, to such a frightful extent, as to have enormously and unjustly increased the profits of the stock employed in the conducting of industry. This is the condition of modern civilization. Its fair and comely proportions do not proceed from the muscular vigor of health, but indicate the bloated luxuriance of disease. It reposes on a foundation as unstable as the sand, which is encroached on by every tide; it is built on the colossal wealth of a few; but it has no hold on the affections or interests of the great majority of the population. It is liable to be overturned by the first shock of adverse fortune. Any serious external disaster, any considerable internal suffering, may at once upset the whole fabric, and expose the wealth of the magnates to the recklessness of the destitute.

The money-bag philosophers always represent an increase of national wealth as flowing mainly from an augmentation of the riches of the individuals who compose it. This is a tremendous blunder. A great part of the riches obtained by individuals in a state, so far from being an addition to the national wealth, is a positive deduction from it. For this reason. It is made at the expense of others in the same community; it is a transference of riches from one hand to another, not an addition to their total amount. Every body sees that the gains of the gamester, the opera-dancer, the lawyer, are of this description; what they take is taken from others in the same community. It is the same to a great extent, with the gains of the merchant, and the manufacturer. The enormous amount of their profits blinds the world to their real nature. But, in fact, with some exceptions, they are made at the expense of others in the

state. The importing merchant, as a general rule, makes extravagant profits; but he is enriched himself, by impoverishing those who purchase his goods at the exorbitant price which is the condition of his gains. The profits of the exporter and of the manufacturer, are no doubt in part derived from the industry of the foreign nations to whom the goods are sold; but they are too often earned also at the expense of the workmen he employs, who have been compelled by competition or destitution to sell their labor to him at a rate barely sufficient for the support of existence.

It is the fatal and ruinous effect of wealth, thus accumulated in the hands of a few, at the expense of the great bulk of the industrious classes in a state, that it tends to perpetuate and increase the diseased and perilous state from which it sprang. It is a common saying, that money makes money, that poverty breeds poverty, that every thing tends to make the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer. This shows how universally the experience of mankind has felt that capital, in the long run, gives an overwhelming advantage in the race for riches to the rich, and that poverty as uniformly ere long gives the vast superiority in numbers to the poor. We hear now and then of a poor man raising himself by talent and industry to fortune; but in general he does so by associating his skill with some existing capital, and giving its owner the advantage of uniting old wealth with a new discovery. To get on in the world without capital is daily becoming more difficult to the great bulk of men; it is, in trade or commerce, at least wholly impossible. Thus as wealth accumulates in the capital or great cities of a country, destitution, poverty, and of course, crime and immorality, multiply around the seats where that wealth was originally created.

Such is the condition, to which the doctrines of the money-bag philosophy, the prevailing political economy of the day, would reduce the states which stand at the summit of modern civilization. Vast fortunes accumulated in the hands of a few merchants and great proprietors; all the respectability of course, with all the wealth, supposed to reside in that order; public opinion as well as the public funds, controlled, to a great extent, by their decree; constant distress among the laboring poor; all the symptoms of prosperity in the cities, all the marks of decay in the country; luxury the most unbounded, side by side with penury the most pinching; an overflow of wealth which cannot find employment, in one class of society; a mass of destitution, that seeks in vain for work in another; a

middle class daily diminishing in number and declining in importance between the two extremes; and government, under the influence of popular institutions, yielding to all the demands of the opulent class, because it gives money; and deaf to all the cries of the impoverished, because they can only ask for bread. The name of slavery is indeed abolished in those countries of Europe which take the lead in civilization, but is its reality done away, are not its evils present? Have we not retained its fetters, its restraints, its degradation, without the obligation to support its victims? Are not the English factory children often practically in a worse servitude than in the Eastern harem? If the men are not serfs of the soil, are they not serfs of the cotton mill and the coal-pit? What trade can a factory girl or coal-mine child take to, if thrown out of employment? The master cannot flog them, or bring them back by force to his workshop. Mighty difference! He can starve them if they leave it; he chains them to their mills by the invincible bond of necessity. They have the evils of slavery without its advantages. Can such a state of things long continue?

We trust no one will be so short sighted as to assert that reasonings like the above are applicable only to the institutions of European society. The civilization of Europe and of the United States are of one and the same stock. They differ only as the early plant of spring differs from the mature product of the autumn. In this country, we are not yet ripe enough to have gone to seed, and happy for us it is, that the eyes of any portion of our countrymen are open to the appalling evils which await the existing societies of the present day, in season for wise and efficient measures to escape the destruction which is the certain doom of modern civilization. It is hardly too much to say that the loftiest hopes of humanity depend on those who perceive the ruinous elements involved in our institutions of antagonism and fraud, and who are laboring with a discreet energy, for the establishment of social arrangements, in union with the nature of man and the laws of God. In this country, we have now and peculiar advantages for such a work. We have all the vigor of full youth, not without something of the wisdom of experience. Above all, society here is not so corrupt as to lead us to despair of a remedy. It contains ample materials for a social order which shall leave the effete civilization of the age far in the back ground, and realize the hopes which the best men in their best hours have never ceased to cherish. A social order in which all individual rights are respected, which is built on justice and love instead of fraud and force, in which

the distinctions of rich and poor shall virtually be done away in universal abundance, where there shall be no temptations to crime, and no refuge for hypocrisy, and where the great interests of humanity shall be made paramount to the artificial distinctions of circumstance and accident.

The hope of such an order of society is now calling forth from the decaying ranks of fashion and fortune, many of the noblest spirits of the age, who, like the peasant fishermen of Galilee, at the call of a divine voice, are prepared to leave all and follow truth, at any sacrifice. They are inspired with a vital enthusiasm, as wise as it is earnest; they engage in their high calling without noise, without bustle, without wrath or bitterness, but with a quiet determination such as nothing but a holy truth can ever engender; they are destined to show the age its character, and to prepare upon its ruins, which they see but do not cause, a temple worthy to be an offering from man to his Creator; and as sure as the planets move in the harmony of Universal Law, will the good that is in them gain an illustrious triumph. The great Providence which binds the world in its sweet accords will prosper their labors, and all obstructions in their path will be as transient as chaff before the wind.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

V.

In the mean while, a violent struggle agitated the soul of the happy lover, whom the waves and the night were carrying in their tranquil shadows, bewildered and palpitating by the side of the most celebrated beauty of Venice. On one hand, Anzoleto felt himself excited by the ardor of a desire which the joy of satisfied vanity rendered even more powerful; but on the other, the fear of being bantered, rejected, and traitorously accused before the Count, came to cool his transports. Prudent and cunning as a true Venetian, he had, not, during six years aspired to the stage, without having been well informed respecting the fanciful, and imperious woman, who governed all its intrigues. He had every reason to believe that his empire over her, would be of short duration and if he had not withdrawn himself from this dangerous honor, it was because, not foreseeing it so near, he had been overcome and carried away by surprise. He had thought to make himself tolerated by his

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

courtesy, and here he was already loved for his youth, his beauty, and his new born glory. "Now," said Anzoleto, to himself, with that rapidity of perceptions and conclusions which some wonderfully organized heads possess, "there remains no other way for me than to make myself feared, if I do not wish to receive the bitter and ridiculous consequences of my triumph. But how to make myself feared, poor devil as I am, by the queen of all the hells in person." His part was quickly chosen. He threw himself into a system of distrust, of jealousy, and of bitterness, whose passionate coquetry astonished the prima-donna. All their ardent and flippant conversation might be summed up as follows:

Anzoleto. I know well enough that you do not love me, that you never will love me, and this is why I am sad and constrained at your side.

Corilla. And if I did love you!

Anz. I should despair entirely, because I must fall from heaven into an abyss, and lose you perhaps an hour after having won you at the expense of all my future happiness.

Cor. And what makes you believe in such inconstancy on my part?

Anz. First my little merit, then all the ill that is spoken of you.

Cor. And who then speaks ill of me?

Anz. All the men, for all the men adore you.

Cor. And if I were fool enough to have an affection for you and to tell you so, you would repel me! —

Anz. I don't know if I should have strength enough to fly, if I had, it is certain, I would not see you again in all my life.

"Well," said Corilla, "I wish to make the experiment through curiosity. Anzoleto, I believe that I love you."

"And I do not believe anything of it," answered he. "If I remain, it is because I understand very well that you are joking. At that play you cannot frighten me and will encourage me still less."

"You wish to make a trial of finesse, as I think."

"Why not? I am not very formidable, as I give you the means of conquering me."

"How so?"

"That of chilling me with fear, and putting me to flight, in saying seriously what you have just said in jest."

"You are a queer fellow! and I see that I must be very careful with you. You are one of those men who are not satisfied with inhaling the perfume of a rose, but wish to gather and put it under glass. I should not have thought you so bold or so free at your age."

"And you despise me for that?"

"On the contrary you please me even

more. Good night Anzoletto, we shall meet again."

She held out her beautiful hand, which he kissed with passion. "I have freed myself from that scrape, not so badly," thought he, as he ran along under the galleries which bordered the canaletto.

As he despaired of having opened for him at this unseasonable hour the poor lodging to which he usually retired, he thought of stretching himself out on the first door step, to enjoy that angelic repose which childhood and poverty alone can know. But for the first time in his life, he found no flag stone clean enough to lie down upon. Although the pavement of Venice is cleaner and whiter than that of any other place in the world, this bed, slightly dusty, was far from agreeing with a complete black euit of the finest cloth and the most elegant cut. And besides the propriety! The same boatmen who in the morning carefully traversed the steps of the landing place without touching the rags of the young plebeian, would insult his sleep, and perhaps intentionally dirty the livery of his parasitical luxury, spread out under their feet. What would they think of a sleeper in the open air, in silk stockings, in fine linen, in wristbands and neckbands of lace? At that moment Anzoletto regretted his good cloak of brown and red woollen, well faded, well worn, but still two inches thick, and proof against the unhealthy fog which rises in the morning on the waters of Venice. It was about the last of February; and though at that time the sun is quite brilliant and warm in those climates, the nights are still very cold. Then he thought of going into some of the gondolas fastened to the bank, but they were all locked up. At last he found one the door of which yielded before him; but on entering he struck against the legs of the barcarolle who had retired there to sleep, and fell upon him. "By the devil's body," cried out a great rough voice from the bottom of that cavern, "who are you and what do you want?"

"Is that you, Zanetto?" answered Anzoletto, recognizing the voice of the gondolier, who was usually quite kind to him. "Let me lie down at your side and get a nap under cover of your cabanette."

"And who are you?" asked Zanetto.

"Anzoletto; don't you know me?"

"By Satan, no! you have on clothes which Anzoletto would not have unless he stole them. Be off, be off, were you the Doge in person, I would not open my bark to a man who has a fine coat to walk about in, but not a corner in which to sleep."

"Hitherto," thought Anzoletto, "the protection and favors of Count Zustiniani

have exposed me to more perils and troubles than they have procured me advantages. It is time that my fortune should correspond to my success, and that I had some sequins in my pocket to keep up the part they make me play." Full of ill humor, he wandered at hazard through the deserted streets, not daring to stop lest he should check the perspiration which anger and fatigue had excited. "If with all this I don't get hoarse, to-morrow the Signor Count will wish to let his young prodigy be heard by some stupid aristocrat, who, if I have the smallest frog in my throat in consequence of a night without rest, without sleep, and without shelter, will pronounce that I have no voice; and the Signor Count, who knows very well to the contrary: 'Oh, if you had only heard him yesterday!' 'Then he is not equal!' the other will answer. 'Perhaps he is not in good health!' 'Or perhaps,' will say a third, 'he fatigued himself yesterday. He is in fact very young to sing several days in succession. You will do well to wait till he is riper and stronger before you push him on the stage.' And the Count will say: 'the devil! if he gets hoarse in singing a couple of airs, he is not what I want.' Then to be certain that I have strength and health, they will be trying me every day, enough to make me lose my breath, and will break down my voice, in order to be sure that I have lungs. To the devil with the protection of great lords! Ah! how soon shall I be able to free myself from it, and strong in my renown, in the favor of the public, and in the competition of the theatres, to confer a favor when singing in their saloons, and treat with them on an equal footing."

Chatting thus with himself, Anzoletto reached one of those little places, which are called *corti* at Venice, although they are not courts, and although those collections of houses opening upon a common place, correspond rather with what we now-a-days call *cite* at Paris. But the arrangement of these pretended courts is far from being regular, elegant, and neat like our modern squares. They are rather little obscure places, sometimes having no thoroughfare, sometimes serving as passage from one quarter to another; but little frequented, inhabited round about by persons of small fortune and low condition, mostly by common people, mechanics or washerwomen who dry their clothes on lines stretched across the path, an inconvenience which the passer by endures with great toleration, for his right of way is rather tolerated than established. Unfortunate is the poor artist reduced to open the window of his study upon these nooks, where proletary life, with its rustic manners, noisy and some-

what filthy, shows itself suddenly in the midst of Venice, not two steps from the great canals and sumptuous edifices. Unfortunate is he, if silence is necessary to his meditations; for from noon of day till night, the noise of children, of fowls and of dogs, playing and crying together within this contracted enclosure, the interminable tittle-tattle of the women, assembled upon the door steps, and the songs of the mechanics in their workshops will not leave him a moment of quiet. He may still consider himself lucky when the *improvisatore* does not come to shout his sonnets and dithyrambics until he has received a sou from every window, or when Brighelle does not establish his barrack in the middle of the court, patient to recommence his dialogue with *l'avvocato, il tedesco, e il diavolo*,* until he has in vain expended his eloquence gratis before the ragged children, happy spectators, who have no scruple in hearing and looking without a farthing in their pockets.

But at night when every thing has sunk into silence, and the peaceful moon illumines and whitens the flag stones, this collection of houses of all ages, joined to each other without symmetry and without pretension, cut by sharp shadows, full of mysteries in their recesses, and of instinctive grace in their uncountness, presents a disorder infinitely picturesque. All become beautiful under the rays of the moon; the least architectural effect is magnified and takes character; the smallest balcony festooned with a vine acquires the air of a Spanish romance, and fills your imagination with beautiful adventures of the cloak and sword. The limpid sky, in which, over this sombre and angular frame, are bathed the pale cupolas of distant edifices, sheds over the smallest details of the picture a vague and harmonious color which leads to endless reveries.

It was in the *Corte Minelli*, near the church San. Fantin, that Anzoletto found himself at the moment when the clocks were sending from one to the other the stroke of two hours past midnight. A secret instinct had led him to the dwelling of a person whose name and image had not presented themselves to him since sun-set. Hardly had he entered the court, when he heard a sweet voice call him very softly by the last syllable of his name; and raising his head he saw a light profile delineated upon one of the most wretched terraces of the enclosure. An instant afterwards, the door of the building opened, and Consuelo in a dress of calico, her form wrapped up in an old black silk mantilla, which had formerly done service as finery for her

* The lawyer, the German, and the devil.

mother, reached out her hand to him, while she placed a finger of the other upon his lips to recommend him to silence. Groping, and on tiptoe, they mounted the winding and dilapidated wooden staircase which led even to the roof; and when they were seated on the terrace, they began one of those long whisperings interrupted by kisses, which are heard every night murmuring on the roofs, like mysterious breezes, or like the prattle of aerial spirits whirling by couples in the mist about the odd looking chimneys which, with their numberless red turbans, top all the houses of Venice.

"How, my poor dear," said Anzoleto, "have you been waiting for me all this time?"

"Didn't you tell me you would come and give me an account of your evening? well, now tell me if you sung well, if you gave pleasure, if they applauded you, if they have notified you of your engagement?"

"And you, my good Consuelo," said Anzoleto, struck all at once with remorse on seeing the confidence and the sweetness of the poor girl, "tell me if you were not impatient at my long absence; if you were not very tired of waiting for me so; if you were not very cold upon this terrace; if you thought of supper, if you are not angry with me for coming so late; if you have been uneasy: if you blamed me!"

"Nothing of the kind," said she throwing her arms about his neck with candor. "If I have been impatient it has not been with you; if I am tired, if I have been cold, I feel it no longer since you are here; if I have had any supper, I don't remember; if I have blamed you,—of what should I blame you? if I have been uneasy,—why should I have been so? If I am angry with you! never!"

"You are an angel, you are!" said Anzoleto, embracing her. "Ah! my consolation! all other hearts are perfidious and hard."

"Alas! what has happened? what harm have they been doing down there to the *son of my soul*?" said Consuelo, uniting to the pretty Venetian dialect the bold and passionate metaphors of her native tongue.

Anzoleto related all that had happened to him, even his gallantries by the side of Corilla and especially the encouragements he had received from her. Only he related these things after a certain fashion, saying all which could not afflict Consuelo, since, in fact and intention, he had been faithful to her, and it was *almost* all the truth. But there is a hundredth part of the truth which no judicial inquest ever elicited, which no client has ever confessed to his lawyer, and which no judgment has ever reached except by chance,

since in this portion of facts and intentions which remains mysterious, is the entire cause, the motive, the end, the secret in fine of those great suits always so badly pleaded and always so badly judged, whatever may be the passion of the orators and the coolness of the judges.

To return to Anzoleto, it is not necessary to say what peccadillos he passed over in silence, what ardent emotions before the public he related in his own manner, or what smothered palpitations in the gondola he forgot to mention. In fact, I believe he did not speak of the gondola at all, and that he referred to his flatteries of the *cantatrice* as adroit raileries by means of which he escaped, without irritating her, from the perilous advances with which she overwhelmed him. Why, neither desirous nor able to tell the whole truth of the matter, that is to say, the strength of the temptations which he had overcome with prudence and spirit of conduct, why, will you ask, dear reader, did this young scamp take the risk of awakening the jealousy of Consuelo? Do you ask me, Madame! Tell me if you have not the habit of reciting to the lover, I should say, the husband of your choice, all the homages with which you have been surrounded by others, all the suitors whom you have rejected, all the rivals whom you have sacrificed, not only before marriage, but since; even at the ball yesterday, and this morning perhaps! Now, Madame, if you are handsome, as I have a satisfaction in believing, I bet my head that you act no otherwise than Anzoleto, not to increase your value, not to cause suffering to a jealous mind, not to make more proud a heart already too much so of your favors; but because it is pleasant to have near you one to whom you can relate those things, having all the while an air of accomplishing a duty, of confessing, while you praise yourself to the confessor. But, madame, you never confess more than *almost all*. There is only a very little nothing of which you never speak; that is, the look, the smile which provoked the impertinent declaration of whose presumption you complain. This smile, this look, this nothing, was precisely the gondola, of which Anzoleto, happy to recall aloud in his memory the intoxications of the evening forgot to speak to Consuelo. Happily for the little Spaniard, she knew not yet what jealousy was: that black and bitter feeling comes only to souls which have suffered much, and till then Consuelo had been as happy in her love as she was good. The only circumstance which made a deep impression on her was the flattering and severe oracle pronounced by her respected master, the professor Porpora, upon the adored head of Anzoleto. She made the latter repeat the expressions which the

master had employed, and after he had reported them exactly, she thought of them a long while and remained silent.

"Consuelo," said Anzoleto, without noticing her reverie, "I must acknowledge to you that the air is extremely fresh. Are you not afraid of taking cold? Think, my beloved, that our future depends upon your voice even more than upon mine."

"I never catch cold," said she, "but you, who are so lightly clothed with your fine dress!—Here, wrap yourself up in my mantilla."

"What do you think I could do with this poor bit of open work taffety? I should like much better to be half an hour under cover in your chamber."

"I am willing," said Consuelo, "but then we must not talk, for the neighbors would hear and blame us. They are not malicious; they see our love without plaguing me about it, because they know very well that you never enter my chamber at night. You would do better to go and sleep at your own home."

"Impossible! they would not open for me till daylight, and I have yet three hours to shiver, see how my teeth chatter."

"In that case, come," said Consuelo rising; "I will shut you up in my chamber, and I will come back upon the terrace, so that if any body observes us, they will see plainly that I give no cause for scandal."

She did in fact conduct him to her chamber; it was a large dilapidated room, where the flowers painted in fresco on the walls, reappeared here and there from under a second coat even thicker, and almost as much injured. A great square wooden bedstead, with a mattress of sea weed and a coverlid of spotted calico, very clean, but patched in a thousand places with pieces of all colors, a straw chair, a little table, a very old guitar, and a Christ in flagree, the only riches left her by her mother; a little spinnet, and a great heap of worn-eaten music which Professor Porpora had the generosity to lend her; such was the furniture of the young artist, daughter of a Bohemian, pupil of a great master, and the beloved of a handsome adventurer.

As there was but one chair, and the table was covered with music, there remained only one seat for Anzoleto; that was the bed, and he settled himself upon it without ceremony. Hardly was he seated upon the edge, when fatigue overcame him, and he let his head fall upon a great cushion of wool which served for a pillow, saying; "Oh! my dear little wife, I would give at this instant all the years which remain to me of life, for an hour of good sleep, and all the treasures of the universe for a corner of this coverlid over my legs. I have never been so cold as in

these cursed clothes, and my distress from want of sleep gives me all the shiver of a fever."

Consuelo hesitated an instant. Orphan and alone in the world at eighteen, she owed to God alone an account of her actions. Believing in the promise of Anzoleto as in the word of the Gospel, she did not imagine herself threatened either with his dislike or abandonment in yielding to his wishes. But a sentiment of modesty which Anzoleto had never combated or corrupted in her, made her look upon his request as somewhat gross. She approached him and touched his hand. His hand was in fact very cold and Anzoleto taking that of Consuelo carried it to his forehead which was burning. "You are ill," said she, seized with a solicitude which silenced all other considerations, "well, sleep an hour on this bed."

Anzoleto did not wait to be told twice. "Good as God himself!" murmured he, stretching himself out on the mattress of sea-weed. Consuelo wrapped him up in her coverlid, and taking from a corner some poor clothes which remained to her, she covered his feet. "Anzoleto," said she to him in a low voice, while fulfilling this maternal office. "this bed on which you are about to sleep, is that on which I slept with my mother the last years of her life; it is that on which I saw her die, where I wrapped her in her winding sheet, where I watched her body, praying and weeping until the boat of the dead came and took it away from me forever. Well! now I am going to tell you what she made me promise at her last hour. 'Consuelo,' said she to me, 'swear to me upon the Christ, that Anzoleto shall not take my place in this bed until he is married to you before a priest.'"

"And you did swear?"

"And I did swear! But in letting you sleep here for the first time, it is not my mother's place which I give you, it is my own."

"And you, poor girl, you will not sleep at all!" said Anzoleto, half raising himself by a violent effort. "Ah! I am a dastard; I will go sleep in the street."

"No," said Consuelo, pushing him back upon the cushion with a gentle violence; "you are ill and I am not. My mother, who died a good catholic and who is in heaven, sees us every hour. She knows that you have kept the promise which you made to her not to abandon me. She knows too, that our love is as virtuous since her death as it was during her life. She sees that at this moment, I neither do nor think any thing wrong. May her soul rest in the Lord!" Here Consuelo made a great sign of the cross. Anzoleto was already asleep.—"I am going to say my beads on the terrace,

that you may not have the fever," said Consuelo, retiring.

"Good as God," repeated feebly Anzoleto, and he did not even perceive that his betrothed had left him alone. She went indeed to say her prayers upon the terrace. Then she returned to satisfy herself that he was not more ill, and seeing him sleep quietly, she contemplated a long time with fixed attention, his beautiful pale face, illuminated by the moon.

And then, not wishing to yield to sleep herself, and remembering that the emotions of the evening had caused her to neglect her work, she relighted her lamp, seated herself before her little table, and noted down an essay of composition which maestro Porpora had requested for the following day.

VI.

The Count Zustiniani, notwithstanding his philosophic nonchalance and some new attachments, of which Corilla clumsily enough pretended to be jealous, was not however so insensible to the insolent caprices of his fickle mistress as he forced himself to appear. Good, weak, and frivolous, Zustiniani was dissipated only from fashion and social position. He could not prevent himself from suffering in the depths of his heart, at the ingratitude with which this girl had repaid his generosity; and besides, although at that time (in Venice as well as in Paris) it was to the last degree unbecoming to exhibit any signs of jealousy, his Italian pride revolted at the ridiculous and miserable part which Corilla made him play. Such being the case, on the same evening when Anzoleto had shone at the Zustiniani palace, the Count after having joked pleasantly with his friend Barberigo upon the pranks of his mistress, as soon as he saw his halls empty and the tapers extinguished, took his cloak and sword, and in order to make a clean breast, hurried to the palace in which Corilla lived.

When satisfied that she was indeed alone, not being even yet easy, he entered into conversation in a low voice with the barcarole who was replacing the primadonna's gondola under the arch destined to that purpose. By means of a few sequins he induced him to speak, and was soon convinced that he had not deceived himself in supposing that Corilla had taken a companion with her in her gondola. But it was impossible for him to discover who that companion was: the gondolier did not know. Although he had seen Anzoleto a hundred times about the theatre and the Zustiniani palace, he had not recognized him in the dark, with his black dress and powdered hair.

This impenetrable mystery completed the bad humor of the Count. He might have consoled himself by ridiculing his ri-

val, the only vengeance in good taste, but quite as cruel in times of ostentation as assassination is in times of serious passion. He did not sleep, and before the hour at which Porpora commenced his music lessons at the conservatory of the indigent girls, he went to the *scuola di mendicanti*, in the hall of which the young pupils were to assemble.

The position of the Count with respect to the learned professor, had changed materially during past years. Zustiniani was no longer the musical antagonist of Porpora, but his associate, and, in some manner, his chief. He had made large gifts to the establishment which this able master directed, and in acknowledgment, the supreme control had been conferred upon him. These two friends lived thenceforth in as good understanding as was possible, taking into view the intolerance of the Professor for fashionable music;—an intolerance which, however, was compelled to soften itself in consideration of the encouragement given by the Count, both by his personal care and his money, to the instruction and propagation of serious music. Besides, he had produced upon the stage at Saint Samuel an opera which the maestro had recently composed.

"My dear master," said Zustiniani, taking him to one side, "you must not only decide upon permitting one of your pupils to be carried off to the theatre, but you must also point out to me her who appears to you most proper to replace Corilla. That cantatrice is fatigued, she loses her voice, her caprices ruin us, and the public will soon be tired of her. Truly we must think of finding her a *succedutrice*."* (Pardon, dear reader; this was said in Italian, and the Count did not make a neologism.)

"I have not that which you need," dryly replied Porpora.

"What, master!" cried the Count, are you falling again into your black humors? Is it well, that after so many sacrifices and so much devotion on my part, to encourage your musical labors, you refuse me the least kindness when I request your assistance and your counsel for mine?"

"I have no longer such a right, Count," replied the professor: "and what I have told you is the truth, and spoken by a friend, and with the desire to oblige you. I have not in my singing school one pupil who can make Corilla's place good to you. I do not think more highly of her than she deserves, but while declaring that the talent of that girl has no solid value in my eyes, I am obliged to acknowledge that she possesses a *savoir faire*, a method, a facility and an established communication with the feeling of the public, which can-

* Successor.

not be acquired except by years of practice, and which another debutante would not have for a long while."

"That is true," said the Count, "but we have formed Corilla; we have seen her commence; we have made the public accept her; her beauty has caused three-quarters of her success, and you have certainly as charming persons in your school. You will not deny that, my master! — Come, now, confess that Clorinda is the most beautiful creature in the universe!"

"But affected, mincing, insupportable. It is true that the public may find these ridiculous grimaces charming; but she sings false, she has neither soul nor intelligence. It is true that the public has no more of these than of ears; but she has neither memory nor address, and could not even save herself from the *fiasco** by the happy quackery which succeeds with so many." — In saying this, the professor cast a look involuntarily at Anzoleto, who, thanks to his title of the Count's favorite, and under pretext of wishing to speak with him, had slipped into the hall and remained at a little distance, his ears wide open to the conversation.

"No matter," said the Count, without paying attention to the spiteful malice of the master; "I cannot give up my idea. It is a long while since I heard Clorinda. Let us have her here with five or six others, the prettiest whom we can find. Let us see: Anzoleto," added he, laughing, "you are sufficiently well equipped to assume the grave air of a young professor. Go into the garden, address the most remarkable of those young beauties, and tell them that we wish to see them here, the Signor professor and myself."

Anzoleto obeyed; but either from malice or from ulterior views, he brought the ugliest. And then, indeed, might Jean Jacques have cried out — "Sophia was one eyed; Cattina was a cripple!"

This quid pro quo was taken in good part, and after having well laughed in their sleeves, they sent these damsels back again, to give notice to such of their companions as the professor mentioned. A charming group immediately came, with the beautiful Clorinda in the midst.

"What a magnificent head of hair," said the Count in the ear of the professor, as he saw pass near to him the superb blond tresses of this last.

"There is a great deal more *outside* than *inside* that head," replied the rude censor, without troubling himself to lower his voice.

After an hour of trial, the Count, able to endure no longer, retired disheartened,

* The literal meaning of *fiasco* is flask, but it is used to signify an entire, a decided failure, or refusal; as it is said in other languages, "she has given him the basket," or some other equivalent.

eulogizing the young ladies with a manner full of grace, and saying in a low voice to the professor — "I can never think of doing any thing with these parquets."

"If your most illustrious lordship would deign to permit me to say a word on the subject which so occupies you," softly articulated Anzoleto in the ear of the Count, as they descended the staircase.

"Speak," said the Count, "do you know of such a wonder as we wish?"

"Yes, Eccellenza."

"And to the bottom of what sea will you go to fish for this fine pearl?"

"Even to the bottom of the class where the malicious professor Porpora keeps her always hid when you review your feminine battallion."

"What! Is there in the *scuola* a diamond whose lustre my eyes have never perceived? If master Porpora has played me such a trick —"

"*Illustrissimo*, the diamond of which I speak does not form part of the *scuola*. It is a poor girl, who comes to sing only when they have need of her, and, to whom the professor gives private lessons from charity, and even more, from love of the art."

"Then this poor girl must have extraordinary powers; for the professor is not easily satisfied, nor is he prodigal of his time and his labor. Can I have heard her ever without knowing it!"

"Your Excellency heard her once, a long while ago, and when she was only a child. Now she is a young woman grown, strong, studious, learned as the professor, and so skilful that Corilla would be hissed any day she should sing a phrase of three syllables beside her on the stage."

"And does she never sing in public? Does not the professor make her sing some of the parts in the great *Vespers*?"

"Some time since, Eccellenza, the professor had great pleasure in hearing sing at the church; but since the *scolari* from jealousy and vengeance have threatened to have her driven from the gallery if she reappeared there with them."

"She is then a girl of bad life?"

"Oh! By the living God! Eccellenza, she is as pure as the gate of heaven! But she is poor and of low birth, as I am, Eccellenza, whom you nevertheless deign to raise, even to yourself, by your goodness. And those wicked harpies have threatened the professor to complain to you of the infraction of the regulation which he commits, by introducing into the class a pupil who does not form part of it."

"Where, then, can I hear this wonder?"

"If your lordship will give an order to the professor, to make her sing before

you, you can then judge of her voice and the greatness of her talent."

"Your confidence gives me a great mind to believe you. You say then, that I have already heard her some time since. I am not able to remember —"

"In the church of the *Mendicanti*, on a day of general rehearsal, — the *Salve Regina* of Pergolese."

"Oh! I recollect," cried the Count; "a voice, an accent, an expression, which were remarkable."

"And she was only fourteen, then, Signor; she was a child."

"Yes, but — it strikes me that she was not pretty."

"Not pretty, Eccellenza!" said Anzoleto, taken all aback.

"Wasn't she called? — Yes, it was a Spanish girl; — a queer name —"

"Consuelo, my Lord."

"That's it. You wanted to marry her then, and your loves made us laugh, the professor and me. Consuelo! it was she; the favorite of the professor; a young girl, very intelligent, but very ugly."

"Very ugly?" repeated Anzoleto, stupefied.

"Why, yes, my boy. Then you are still in love with her?"

"She is my friend, *Illustrissimo*."

"Friend means with us either sister or sweetheart, — which of the two?"

"Sister, my master."

"Then I can without paining you, say what I think of her. Your idea has not even common sense. To replace Corilla, we want an angel of beauty, and your Consuelo, I recollect very well now, is more than ugly; she is frightful."

The Count was accosted at that moment by one of his friends, who took him in another direction; and he left the astounded Anzoleto repeating to himself with sighs — "she is *frightful*!"

To be Continued.

THE WORKING MAN'S POET.

We take the following graphic description of Ebenezer Elliott, from an interesting account of a visit to James Montgomery, by the author of the popular "Pen and Ink Sketches," in the Boston Atlas.

On our way back to his house, our conversation turned on the poems of the Corn Law Rhymer, of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. "Would you like to see Elliott?" he asked.

"Much," said I.

"Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Uppertorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a Corn-Law meeting in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him."

At the time specified, we set out, — the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of dark looking, unwashed artisans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves,—all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, the *Corn Laws*. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered to be their oppressors. Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms, circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the "Northern Star," or the last letter of Publicola, in the "Weekly Despatch"—and women, with meagre children in their arms,—children *drugged* to a deathlike sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England,—laudanum, disguised as Godfrey's cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust,—and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men,—old men, with half paralysed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times—all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these, that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rung from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, whilst a hymn, which he had composed for the occasion, was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from whence he sprung, and which he was about to address, he was dressed in working clothes,—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summit of which, thick stubby hair was brushed up,—streaks of grey mingled with the coarse black hair,—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deeply set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were *grafted* on his face; the mouth was thick lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented,—graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick, massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.

He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection, by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness, he painted the situation of the working man,—he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed Free Trade, the Corn Law Rhymer poured out all the

vials of his wrath,—but vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness; and frequently over the landscape which he had painted with all the wild force of a Spagnoletto or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine, which made the moral wilderness he had created, to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos, that strong men would bow down and weep, like little children,—to these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the Law Makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should have so carried with him the passions and feelings of an audience, consisting entirely of those of his own class.

MONTGOMERY introduced me to ELLIOTT, and we all three walked to the house of the former together. How different from the man on the platform, was the man in the parlor. No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never, before or since, heard from mortal lips such powerful and yet pleasant criticisms on our literary men, as I did that night from the lips of Elliott. He spoke with great enthusiasm of Southey, whom he revered, despite his politics, and whom he called his "great master in the art of poetry." He had much reverence for Wordsworth; but I must not attempt to record the conversation. Suffice it to say, that after an hour's chat, our party of three broke up; one of them, at least, not a little gratified with the events of the evening.

THE FIVE POINTS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

We do not intend to be over fastidious in our selection of articles illustrative of the fruits of our social institutions. We shall from time to time present such pieces as we may meet with, that are suited to a place in a department which we might call Pictures of Civilization. The following article from a pen which is always true in its descriptions of nature, we appropriate to our purpose.

I presume you are interested in the one portion of New York made classic by a foreign pen, let me jot you down a *mem* or two from my first visit to Dickens' Hole at the "Five Points," made one evening with a distinguished party, under charge of the Boz officer.

I had had an idea that this celebrated spot was on the eastern limit of the city, at the end of one of the omnibus routes, and was surprised to find that it was not more than three minutes walk from Broadway, and in full view from one of the fashionable corners. It lies, indeed, in a lap between Broadway, and the Bowery, in what was once a secluded valley of the island of Manhattan, though to believe it ever to have been green or clean, requires a powerful effort of the imagination. We turned into Anthony street at half past ten, passed "the Tombs," and took the downward road, as did Orpheus and Dickens before us. It was a cold night, but women stood at every door, with bare

heads and bare shoulders, most of them with something to say, and by their attitudes, showing a complete insensibility to cold. In every thing they said they contrived to bring in the word "shilling." There were few men to be seen, and those whom we met skulked past as if avoiding observation,—possibly ashamed to be there, possibly shrinking from any further acquaintance with officer Stevens, though neither of these feelings seemed to be shared by the females of the community. A little turn to the left brought us up against what looked to me a blind, tumble-down board fence, but the officer pulled a latch and opened a door, and a flight of steps was disclosed. He went down first and threw open a door at the bottom, letting up a blaze of light, and we followed into the grand subterranean Almack's of the Five Points. And really it looked very clean and cheerful. It was a spacious room, with a low ceiling, excessively white-washed, nicely sanded, and well lit, and the black proprietor and his "ministering spirits" (literally fulfilling their vocation behind a very tidy bar) were well dressed and well mannered people, and received Mr. Stevens and his friends with the politeness of grand chamberlains. We were a little early for the fashionable hour, "the ladies not having arrived from the theatre;" and proposing to look in again after making the round of the other resorts, we crept up again to the street.

Our next dive was into a cellar crowded with negroes, eating, drinking and dacing; one very well made mulatto girl playing the castanets, and imitating Ellsler in what is called the cracover-again. In their way, these people seemed cheerful, dirty, and comfortable. We looked in afterwards at several drinking places, thronged with creatures who looked over their shoulders very significantly at the officer—found one or two bar rooms kept by women who had preserved the one virtue of neatness—(though in every clean place the hostess seemed a terrible virago)—and it was then proposed that we should see some of the dormitories of this Alcatraz. And at this point must end all the cheerfulness of description. This is called "murdering alley," said our guide. We entered between two high brick walls, with barely room to pass, and by the light of the police lantern we managed to make our way up a broken and filthy staircase to the first floor of a large building. Under its one roof the officer thought there usually slept a thousand of these wretched outcasts.—He knocked at a door on the left. It was opened unwillingly by a woman who held a dirty horse blanket over her breast, but at the sight of the police lantern she stepped back and let us pass in. The floor was covered with human beings asleep in their rags, and when called by the officer to look in a low closet beyond, we could hardly put our feet to the floor, they lay so closely together, black and white, men, women and children. The doorless apartment beyond, of the size of a kennel, was occupied by a woman and her daughter's child, lying together on the floor, and covered with rags, and cloths of no distinguishable color, the rubbish of bones and dirt only displaced by their emaciated limbs. The sight was too sickening to endure, but there was no egress without following close to the lantern. Another door was opened to the right. It disclosed a low and gloomy

apartment, perhaps eight feet square. Six or seven black women lay together in a heap, all sleeping except the one who opened the door. Something stirred in a heap of rags, and one of the party, removing a dirty piece of carpet with his cane, discovered a new-born child. It belonged to one of the sleepers in the rags, and had had an hour's experience of the tender mercies of this world! But these details are disgusting, and have gone far enough when they have shown those who have the common comforts of life how inestimably, by comparison, they are blest! For one, I had never before any adequate idea of poverty in cities. I did not dream that human beings, within the reach of human aid, could be abandoned to the wretchedness which I there saw, and I have not described the half of it, for the delicacy of your readers would not bear it, even in description. And all these horrors of want and abandonment lie almost within sound of your voice as you pass in Broadway! The officers sometimes make a descent, and carry off swarms to Blackwell's Island—for all the inhabitants of the Five Points are supposed to be criminal and vicious—but still thousands are there, subjects for tears and pity, starving like rats and dogs, with the sensibilities of human beings!

As we returned we heard screams and fighting on every side, and the officers of the watch were carrying off a party to the lock-up house. We descended once more to the grand ball-room, and found the dance going on very merrily. Several very handsome mulatto women were in the crowd, and a few "young men about town," mixed up with the blacks; and altogether it was a picture of "amalgamation" such as I had never seen. I was very glad to get out of the neighborhood, leaving behind me, I am free to confess, all discontent with my earthly allotment. One gentleman, who was with us, left behind him something of more value, having been robbed at Almack's of his keys, pencil-case, and a few dollars, the contents of two or three pockets. I wind up my "notes" with the hope that the true picture I have drawn may touch some moving spring of benevolence in private societies, or in the Common Council, and something may be soon done to alleviate the horrors of the Five Points.

REVIEW.

BOOKS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

While we have been absorbed in a practical work, laboring to found, materially and morally, on one little spot of God's earth, a society which shall in some measure fulfil the promise of man's nature and the everlasting Order of God, battling it with a thousand difficulties, but blessed with ten thousand encouragements such as only this very labor and this very life could give; while we have been humbly seeking to substantiate ideas and hopes on which we were wont to feed in our more literary days, when books, and art, and conversation of poetic friends kept up that very faith in us which we are now striving to turn into act; while thus in one sense banished from

things we loved, we have naturally had to content ourselves with thoughts of the friends, and with passing but devouring glances at the books which still invite us oftener than we can follow. Meanwhile what joy to hear of them (the friends) continuing nobly in the study and confession of Truth, and by faithful utterance suffering not the Ideal to die out in the great world of strife! Many times, in our labor, we have received precious tokens from them, books of their own writing, and songs of their own singing; and much have these refreshed us with their cheerful greeting as they lay about our rooms, or circulated among our little band of fellow workers;—yet answer made we none. We had long felt it a duty to review some of these, for truth's sake, as well as for friendship's. But the time for speech came not; and any public Review which we might hail and wish to step aboard, seemed to us a foreign ship, so long was it since we had sailed beneath such colors, so far had we been wafted by these breezes of the Future out of the course of all these regular packets, (war-frigates, most of them,) the time-serving organs of opinion and of party.

But now we have a paper of our own; in which we may write, and yet not cease to build. In the spirit of the ideas which we are *working* out, we too shall find some time to sing, at least to answer the true songs of others. Now it shall be a real pleasure to break the silence which has indeed weighed heavily on us, and which must have looked most cold and selfish to those who have not ceased to send us their good word. With delight we shall name over some of the beautiful books which have been sent us by our friends, and of which we mean to make a series of reviews. Criticism admits of many tones. The criticism of friendship, if not the most severe, may nevertheless be just. No other tone can have so good a right to criticize with frankness.

It is the summer time, the season of *expression*, when all things that grow are clothed with foliage in open acknowledgment of the juices and aromas wherewith the good life-giving Power has secretly fed their roots through the long slow wintry months. So too it is our summer mood; and we are prompted to try to tell what we have been silently imbibing.

And first thy modest little volume of *Poems*, CRISTOPHER CRANCH, bard not widely famous, but loved, like choice wild-flowers in secluded nooks, by those whose privilege it has been to enter thy pure sphere. Then there are LOWELL'S *Conversations*, a daily feast, for which we have rendered daily thanks in our

hearts. Then there are *Translations from the Minor German Poets*, by C. T. BROOKS, and a Poem on *Nature and Art*, by W. W. STORRY. Of these in order. For the present, we shall speak of

NUMBER I.

Letters from New York. Second Series.
By L. MARIA CHILD, Author of *Philos-
thea, &c. &c.* New York. C. S.
Francis & Co.

They might be called Letters from Fairy Land, or from the Spirit world. Yet they are true to their title, and do give veritable impressions of New York. Professing only to introduce us into the heart of the great city, the writer introduces us also into another great world, which is her own inward life; and lets the two worlds illustrate one the other. It requires something of genius even to see things; only the mirror of a pure deep mind can report truly of the commonest objects. It takes all the humanity, all the sincerity, the faith, the buoyancy, the freedom, the spirituality, the ideality, and the reality of a Mrs. Child, to reproduce a city. This she has done, by the confession of all readers, both in this and in her earlier series of "Letters;" and this she will continue to do, for such a mind is always reproducing all that is around it. All the lights and shadows, the vigor and the fever of that mighty multitudinous life, its shifting phantasmagoria of all sorts of shows, some splendid, and some sordid, its startling contrasts, its wonders and its horrors, its hells of vice and deformity crossed nevertheless by some redeeming forms of sweet celestial spirits, its glittering parade of all the material productions of all climes, its political mobs and its peaceful conclaves of reformers, sleek conservatism and bearded come-outers, hard-faced villains and gleesome children—*is* not here a mixture as grotesque and as fantastic as the strange carvings bristling all over the cathedrals of the Middle Ages,—facts which realize the wildest dreams of the most superstitious period of Art? Yet many call this writer fanciful. Accuse not her; rather accuse the city and the civilization of the nineteenth century. Of all these things which meet the sight she is the honest penciller; while more which only the heart can understand, which shrinks from vulgar curiosity, and which could not be told at all unless this same artistic fancy lent its beautiful veil of parable to clothe it with expression, finds both heart and fancy in her.

The difficulty in speaking of such a book is that it makes us think too much. It touches every interest of the age. The world of Faëry, and the world of Fact; Politics and Poetry; Commerce and Religion; the multiplication of wealth through the multiplication of misery; the

strength of virtue to endure; the prophecies of love and the demonstrations of science touching a Divine Social Order; the conservative, impassible, imposing presence of what has been done; the more imposing thought of what the many-sided genius of reform is doing, rushing fanatically over many roads which shall most surely meet in unity:—the city and its closeness; the country and its rambles; the sights preserved for man's astonishment, like the great Mammoth Cave; tales and visions of most exquisite imagination, like the "Remembered Home;" music and Ole Bull; Mesmerism; Swedenborg and the whole doctrine of Correspondencies; Transcendentalism; Slavery; War; Intemperance; Prisons and Poor-houses; Social Reorganization, and private tragedies; these things, and a thousand more, occupy her loving hopeful genius, and keep her glowing pen in motion. To do justice to the book, we should compare notes with her on all these subjects. Some of them are with us favorite topics, and should we speak of them hereafter, we shall know where to borrow texts.

The prominent feature in Mrs. Child is hopefulness. She is a perpetual fountain of joy, gushing up out of a sincere love of God and man, a deep recognition of the essential beauty of the soul, and a most undaunted faith in the speedy triumph of Truth and Beauty over the wrongs and wretchedness of the Past; a faith, which is most industrious to hunt out and proclaim signs and confirmations, even in the darkest and most discouraging corners of life. All that have known suffering or pity, have much to thank her for. She is a sportive prophetess, too truly full of the bright future to put on solemn preaching airs; a dancing sunbeam, and a most provoking refutation of the gravely sceptical and worldly wise.

Some call her too enthusiastic. It might not do for you or me to write so; but it is simple truth for her; and enthusiasm is truer, any day, than dullness or indifference; provided it be real enthusiasm, and not a mere painful prolonging of the tone, after the exaltation has subsided. To see a person all possessed with one idea offends our taste; yet should we too by any chance become possessed of the same, we should find some reason in it. The scientifically musical, the experienced in music, may sometimes feel their musical conscience vexed by her oft resumed rhapsody about Ole Bull; the cause to them, however admirable, seems so inadequate to such an effect. But it is dangerous to condemn an ecstasy in which we do not for the time sympathize. Are there not moods in which Niagara is dull to us, and all the poetry about it stuff! and are

there not others in which the smallest patch of stars above us, or of green grass below, excites quite infinite emotions? Hers is not the position of a critic towards Ole Bull; but of one whose soul receives and answers to his tones. She says what she feels; and feels it because she cannot help it. It sounds extravagant, because it contrasts with the lamps and the fashions, and the cold conscious observations, in short with the passionless calm of the concert room, as much as that gay crowd would with the fresh green meadows.

Others, again, shrink from a certain want of delicacy which they find in giving such publicity to moods and ecstasies so intimate, and so above the common atmospheric temperature. They feel that the personality is too prominent, notwithstanding the nobleness always of the feeling and of the subject. This we have felt, but do not condemn. Better that faith, that trust in one's own feeling and its right to a response, that power to *have* the feeling when the world sits round you benumbed, that happy abandonment, than any consciousness with which we may flatter ourselves of never committing an excess. The superlative tone, it is true, soon wears; and few are the writers in whom it does not beget miserable weakness. We dread excess, because we know that soreness and numbness naturally follow. When traces of these consequences appear in any of these letters, shut the book.

We have heard many exclamations of surprise at the resources which this writer possesses in her own temperament and fancy, seeing that she, in all trying circumstances, and shunning not the dark and lowly walks, can still contrive to cast a colored halo over all. Reader, this is no mere magic of fancy, though that is a talent which we willingly accord to her, and in a high degree. Wonder not that where she turns she still finds beauty in the world: it is for the reason told above; it is because she loves the world, and all who live in it, and Him who is the life of it. We too, might say much of her peculiar gift of Imagination, which we esteem of a truly poetic and creative kind. No one will deny the name of an artist to the author of "Philothea."

But what we wish more especially to notice at this time, is the conviction which pervades these letters, that the present state of society demands a radical change; and the eloquent confirmation which they lend to the doctrines of a social reorganization, and the science of Universal Unity as discovered by Charles Fourier. Hear her speak of the perversion of the holy sentiment of Love in civilization:

"Alas, society is like an inverted pyramid, and that which should point to the heavens, is buried in the mud. The highest fact in man's mysterious existence, the holiest em-

blem of the union of divine with human, the mediation between matter and spirit, by which the former *should* become glorified and godlike, and thus ascend unto the bosom of the FATHER—this sacred gift is trampled under the feet of men, and changed into a stinging serpent, which carries its foul slime over the roses of life."

It is not for a hopeful and believing soul like hers to mistake the signs of the Future.

"But from the present state of things men are obviously passing into better order. The transition is certainly a restless and painful one; but there is everything to hope from the fact that the secrets of fraud and cunning are so universally laid open, and that men are calling more and more loudly for something better to supersede them. Not in vain did Fourier patiently investigate, for thirty years, the causes of social evils and their remedy.—Not in vain are communities starting up all around us, varied in plan, but all born of one idea. Do you say they will never be able to realize their aspirations? Away with your scepticism! I tell you that, if they all die, they will not perish without leaving the seed of great social truths scattered on the hill-sides and in the valleys; and the seed will spring up and wave in a golden harvest.—God does not thus mock with false hopes the beings He has made in his own image.—He has taught us to pray that his kingdom may come on earth, as it is in heaven; and He will answer the prayer in glorious fulfilment."

Like Fourier, too, she believes that the only redemption for mankind must be at once material and spiritual. She reads a prophecy in the accumulation of material means, which is the boast of this nineteenth century; she sees in these fruits of civilization the seeds of a social state compared to which civilization is but barbarism.

"The New Year's show in the windows was exceedingly beautiful this year. The shawls are of richer colors, the feathers more delicately tinged, the jewelry, cutlery, and crockery, are of more tasteful patterns. I look with interest on these continually progressive improvements, because they seem to me significant of a more perfect state of society than we have yet known. The outward is preparing itself for the advancing idea of the age, as a bride adorns herself for her husband."

The book is full of a great faith in the principle of Universal Unity, and of many very clear glimpses, if not a fully scientific comprehension of it. Swedenborg's doctrine of Correspondencies has coöperated with the natural tendencies of her own mind, here, in a very fruitful manner. She regards nature, art, new developments of mechanical power, always in unity with the soul's great movement. The quarrelling sects of Christianity are to her but the heart's blood distributed through the veins to be refined and returned again to the unitary heart. The various special reform movements quicken the pulse of Humanity, and prepare the hour of a radical, universal reform.

"Christianity has degenerated into sectarism, and is now returning, through innumerable veins, to be purified for healthy arterial action from the central heart. Yet had it not run an earnest life, and been returned through dogmas to be revived, could there have been a social body fit to receive the high

truths which will roll the world forward into its millenium? Of what use, for instance, would it be to preach pure, spiritual doctrines concerning marriage, to a social organization based on Mahometanism? Disorderly as society now appears, it is nevertheless true that the smallest fibre of the too in our social frame is in more harmonious relation to the universe, than it would have been had we not descended from nations possessing a knowledge of Christianity.

"The same thing is true of fragmentary portions of Christianity. Anti-slavery, temperance, and peace, may degenerate into sects, and thus cease to promote growth, but the fact, that they once circulated with a true life, has prepared every fibre of the social organization for the appropriation of higher and more universal truths. Thus does the world grow from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood.

"And after manhood—what *then* comes to society? Must it reproduce itself through another infancy and youth? Or, being spiritual in its *essence*, will it, like the son of man, finally wear a spiritual *body*, to live and move freely, in harmony with the universe?"

On the subject of Correspondences and Analogies, we would gladly quote at great length; and probably shall from time to time hereafter. Music especially, is to her a sort of universal solvent, or rather a common denominator, to whose terms she likes to reduce and measure all facts, material or spiritual. It is the love of the musical principle, rather than of literal music as an art. Hence her danger, in speaking of the art, its actual music, instruments and performers, of applying to them observations which belong to planetary and celestial, or to subjective passionate music. Music, as a law, an element, does indeed pervade all spheres. And there she has the heart of the truth. But Music ultimated in an orchestra-score on a violin, is not so peculiarly her sphere. Yet not for the world would we stop the train of her beautiful and significant analogies. One passage, which is all we can indulge in now, contains a world of truth about music.

"Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the *heart* of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love,—because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of passionate attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to the thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man—is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but the *soul* of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is 'in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines *through* colors, and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it *makes* all gracefulness of motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.'" In the words of Bettina,— "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human."

La Phalange, Revue de la Science Sociale. XIV. Anné. 1re Série in-8. Tome 1er. Janvier-Février. Paris: Aux Bureaux de la Phalange. Rue de Seine, 10. 1845. pp. 148.

We welcome the revival, under the above form, of the old "Phalange," which fought so well the early battle of the cause of true progress in France. It appears now as a monthly magazine for the discussion of the highest questions in social science, philosophy, politics, theology, and the natural sciences. We recognize in its pages the powerful pens which have commanded the respect even of those who were disposed to sneer at the doctrines they advocated,—of those who regard the Unity of Humanity as a dream, and the integral elevation of man as a figment of heated imaginations. The present number contains—1. Introduction—system of operations of the Associative School. 2. Publication of the MSS. of Fourier. 3. The Religious Question. 4. Uncertainty of the Experimental Sciences. 5. The Peasants' War. 6. Literary Notices. 7. Phalansterian Documents.

The above articles are of a profound and admirable character, particularly the Introduction, that on the Religious Question, and that on the Uncertainty of the Experimental Sciences. In speaking of the identity of the aim of the associative school with that of Christianity and of Philosophy, the Introduction says, "It is proper here to remark, that this aim is the very object of the doctrine preached to men eighteen hundred years ago by Christ. Doubtless the Church has long lost out of sight that supreme object of the mission of Jesus; struggling in the midst of social subversion, like Moses in the desert, Christianity has long doubted concerning the promised Land. It has done more than doubt, it has despaired; and despairing ever to realize here below 'the kingdom of God and his justice,' it has banished God, his kingdom, and his justice, out of this world; it has given to the doctrine of Redemption, and of the Salvation of Humanity only a narrow, individual interpretation, relating exclusively to this world; which denies directly the primary attribute of God, integrality and universality of Providence. But the narrowness of faith and of intelligence which the different Christian churches have manifested, proves only that Christianity has required, like all other living things, time to develop itself, to grow and to bear its fruits. It is now no longer shut up in the formulas of differing orthodoxies; it has penetrated the living soul of Humanity.

"Of the doctrine of Association the world may say what it pleases; it may

charge it with impiety, with irreligion, with opposition to Christianity; it is not less certain that the associative school in affirming the approaching union of Humanity, the advent upon earth of the kingdom of God and his justice, in which all good things will be given in abundance; in devoting itself to the supreme and only end of the mission of Christ, in bringing, in fine, to the world the social interpretation of the Redemption and the sublime law of COLLECTIVE SALVATION, which evidently contains the law of *individual salvation*; it is not less certain that the associative school, in these conditions, and in these terms, is essentially Christian. It is certainly much more Christian than any of the existing churches, of each of which it has the right to demand, 'What have you done with the trust committed to you?'

"At the same time that it is the expression of true Christianity, of the Christianity of Jesus, the doctrine of Association is also the true consequence of the postulates of modern Philosophy. It affirms as the essential destiny of Humanity and as the law of development, that social order, more or less vaguely foreseen and virtually invoked by Philosophy, in which all rights will be recognized, all interests provided for, all necessities satisfied, all emancipations accomplished, all oppressions destroyed, and liberty and justice universally realized."

The "Phalange" will contain the regular publication of the MSS. of FOURIER. This alone will give the work an interest to all students of the Law of Progress, and all believers in the Future of Humanity. We have been permitted to read many of these MSS., and can assure our readers that for strength, grandeur, and comprehensiveness, we know no other writings that can compare with them. They elevate the mind into regions of thought which seemed impossible of access, and train it to lay aside the narrow and one-sided mode of thinking which results from modern civilization.

In the religious discussion which is commenced in this number, is laid, as we believe, the basis of a complete reconciliation between those disunited and hostile sisters, Faith and Reason. But we have not space to speak of the Phalange at length. We commend it most heartily to all scholars of a catholic spirit, to men of science, and to inquiring and earnest persons of every character. They will find thoughts in its pages, the unfolding of which to their minds, will make eras in their lives.

Subscriptions received by the editors of the Harbinger, Brook Farm, Mass. Price \$5 00 per annum, payable in advance.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.
THE FUTURE.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

The air is harsh, the sky is gray and dreary,
There is no color in the outward world,
And I am sick at heart, and sad and weary,
And all my golden wings of hope are furled;

A thick numb pain upon my brain is weighing,
Daily I see the crowds before me stream,
And smiling at the false part taken are playing,
I turn to bathe in youth's auroral dream.

Then throbb'd the brave light heart that,
like a lover,

Embraced the Future in its burning youth;
That longed its life's great race-course to run over,

And win in rapturous heat the goal of Truth;

Then fancies, like the blooming clouds of morning,

In hues aerial dipped, around me hung,
And answering to the passion in me burning,
The bells of hope throughout all nature rung.

Then though a thousand cares and pains were near me,

And I was struggling in their dizzy maze,
There were the beckoning years that seemed to cheer me,

And the fair Future swarmed with golden days;

Sceptres of air my longing hands were grasping,

And Faith commanded me and kept me strong;

The hands of mighty dreams my own were clasping,

And I was pledged to do away the wrong;

Yes! from my heart shot forth hope's tender scion,

That waxed until it overspread the earth,
And Truth, arousing like a hungry lion,
Shook its full mane, in a new era's birth;
Falseness shrunk back before its path majestic,

And crime and sin, and all that keeps men low,

And all the world became to Beauty plastic,
And Love in life's full sails was felt to blow.

Thus through a happy dream forever drifting,
My soul was nourished, till I seemed to see
The heart of life, like some great giant, lifting

The weary load of hate and misery.
Then did I swear in full and sweet affianced
To wed the beautiful and be its priest,
And strengthened by heroic self-reliance,
To struggle on till Art should be released.

O boundless hope, thou hast not wholly faded,
But thy young glory does not glad me now;
This tolling soul, by cares oppressed and jaded,

Hath no fair aureole glowing round its brow;

It occupies the Future, whose fair story
It once rehearsed in many a dreaming hour,
But round it hangs no bright ideal glory,
No sweet enchantment, no resplendent power.

Yes, vanished are those hues whose light Elysian

Lured me along with fair deceitful ray;
But in their stead remains the quiet vision
That loves the common life of every day.

Yes! here in common life, so we but woo it
With brave true heart, there is a task divine

Which gives the wand of power to those who do it,

And opens the entrance into Beauty's shrine.

Not in the distant is our greatness planted,
But in the present, lying at our feet;

The actual with the ideal is enchanted
When the soul dares the simple truth to greet.

True strength is calm, forever onward moving,
By being rather than by acting grows;

Born from the silent constancy of loving
The perfect power that only hath repose.

When man's whole nature is to Love subjected,

All passions shall unite to do its will;
One law through all its forms shall be reflected,

One harmony its myriad notes distil.
Tuned as our souls are unto false relations,

To Fear, and Hate, and Jealousy, and Strife,

How may we hope harmonious vibrations
From the discordant, broken strings of life.

The dim and distant Future haunts my being
With a rich music, swelling like the sea
From myriad voices all in love agreeing,—

The holy anthem of humanity.

Through all of life there is no ugly duty,
Each act in Love's transfiguration stands,

And Order reigns, and never fading Beauty
With smile ethereal evermore commands.

For the Harbinger.

WORK, WHILE IT IS DAY.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Work,—and thou wilt bless the day,

Ere the' toil be done;—

They that work not, cannot pray,

Cannot feel the sun.

God is living, working still;

All things work and move;

Work, or lose the power to will,

Lose the power to love.

All the rolling planets glow

Bright as burning gold;

Should they pause, how soon they'd grow

Colorless and cold!

Joy and Beauty,—where were they,

If the world stood still?

Like the world, thy law obey,

And thy calling fill.

Love to Labor owes its health,

Will its willing powers;

Industry alone is wealth,

What we do is ours.

Load the day with deeds of thought,
While it waits for thee;
Then despatch it, richly fraught,
To Eternity.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

OLE BULL'S CONCERT.

We had just finished our notice of Mrs. Child's Letters when, by a most unexpected coincidence, we learned that the Norwegian was in Boston. We heard him at the Melodeon on Saturday evening. The audience was only moderately large, justifying the remark that Bostonians are never enthusiastic when an artist comes a second time; which proves that what enthusiasm there is, is more for novelties, for signs and wonders, than for Art.

His music on this occasion was all of his own composing. Only one piece had we heard before, his "*Polacca Guerriera*," which left a deeper impression on our mind, perhaps, than any other piece of his last year. It has a unity and a theme which is easily traced through. The orchestral parts are rich and grand. As they open with the drum-beat and prompt answering chords, he seems a hero at the head of his army, on the eve of a glorious moral conflict, inspired and inspiring all with his great purpose. Then in a thoughtful andante the violin discourses to itself, as if the hero were reviewing his purpose, communing with his soul to see if it were strong, and committing himself to the great Source of strength; suddenly he awakes from his meditation and with a sweep of the bow, launches the whole orchestra again into the wild battle march; after which follows the animated movement called "*Polacca*," whose long labyrinth of variations we will not be so idle as to follow with the pen.

Of Ole Bull's compositions in general we must say that we feel in them a want of unity. They are full of genius; full of fire and force and tenderness; wild as his own Norwegian rocky coasts, and northern Superstitious; full, too, of noble aspiration; while, in point of execution, they add to a most perfect mastery of the violin an admirable knowledge of orchestral effects (effects, by the way, but poorly brought out by the limping, untrained accompaniment of his hastily assembled orchestra that night.) He abounds in original and wonderful melodies; and he floats them on the waves of a rich deep harmony. But he equally abounds in wild, abrupt and aimless starts, and flights and cadences, which often do not so much embellish the idea, as they do utterly defeat and scatter it. And yet, in themselves separately, as embellishments, nothing could be more

beautiful. If we mistake not, his own musical soul is pained by this thing. For he knows what art is; and he knows the beauty and the eloquence of simple and sincere emotion. When he improvised upon his violin without accompaniment, and introduced a slow popular air, there was perfect unity, and it went to the heart of every one. That was refreshing and inspiring; the other kept us on tip-toe, first with admiration, then with bewilderment, and then with weariness; making due allowance however for the orchestra.

We say *he* suffers by it. Does it not seem as if he had exhausted the power of his single instrument, and were striving after more, of which the materials are not in his hands! His is the position of a solo-player, of a virtuoso, whose sphere is always that of exhibition of individual prowess before great crowds, who are pampered to excess with feeding upon novelties and prodigies. This is no fault of his; but it is the tendency of the age. It is the form into which the musical genius of the age is forced. It is a form in which genius cannot thrive. It becomes necessarily dissipated. Its creations are restless, fragmentary, wildly aspiring, and without repose. It is the intense individualism of the age, as it affects the sphere of Music. It is indeed a sad time for all artists. In such a restless period of transition from an old exhausted life to an order of society that shall do more justice to man's wants, genius of all kinds beats the air with random wing, like an eagle in a storm. Competition and individualism have done one good for art as for all things: they perfect and refine to the highest pitch the elements which are hereafter to form harmony. So in Music, this solo-playing is wonderfully developing the powers of the individual instrument. When shall we have them all combined in a true Unitary Concert? Is it not a strange anomaly that you can hardly get two great players to play together, to meet as equals, and merge themselves in a common effort to bring out the meaning and grandeur of a great composition? On the contrary, each requires to stand alone and prominent, and dwarfs the rest to mere accompaniment. The higher aspirations of artists can create only *dissipated music* in this sphere.—When Unity shall be the law of all society, there will be orchestras of genius. This is a hope respecting music, which the believers in a new Social order (an order in which Society itself shall be Music,) alone are privileged to entertain. And this belief must be our apology for any seeming severity in the above remarks.

We had nearly forgotten to speak of the "Niagara." It would not be just to criti-

cise it from a single hearing. We felt it, and enjoyed it deeply. It was calm, majestic, broad and ample in its flow; and the melody which played upon the top of the all-pervading roar of waters, was expressive of serene religious sentiment. It had less of the abrupt and wild, less of the vaguely ambitious about it, than any other piece. It was not brilliant, but filled the mind with deep repose. The solitary tones of here and there an instrument, the response of others, and the little flights and passages of melody, that came and went like birds above the great descent of waters, produced a very natural effect.—It was the mingling of all other objects and of all other sensations into the great on-flow of the falling lake. Effects so true, and which so disappoint vulgar expectation by their very quietness, are among the surest indications of genius.

It was a pleasure to see our friend Mr. Schmidt, again at the head of an orchestra; although it was a trying time for him, chiefly owing to the novelty of the music, and the short time allowed the performers to become acquainted with it. Of the singing, by Mr. Duffield, much might be said in praise.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ANDREW JACKSON.

The time has at length come when this celebrated name may be pronounced, without reference to the triumphs of a party, or the transient political measures of a day. No man so distinguished in the annals of our country, has been the object of such deep and lasting enthusiasm, nor has any one called forth more fierce and implacable antagonism. His personal influence has never ceased to be of the most powerful character; his public life was one and inseparable from his peculiar individuality; and though brought before the notice of the world, in the relations of a politician, a legislator, a civilian, a soldier, and a high magistrate, the man was never absorbed in the functionary; he could not be viewed as a part of the machinery of the State; his most fervent admirers were unable to make of him a pageant; and under the excitement occasioned by projects and deeds of the most pregnant interest to the public, the bold, commanding, high-hearted old man was never lost sight of or forgotten. He always seemed to be upon the spot, strong in the iron

firmness of his will,—his majestic, venerable form unshaken by the attacks of time and disease, a fit emblem of his adamantine inflexibility,—and his robust and cordial courtesy, which was extended alike to friend and foe, forbade the feeling which so often creeps over the heart, in the presence of official dignitaries, that we are dealing with men whose affections and sympathies are either dead, or drugged to drowsy inaction.

The career of General Jackson, accordingly, has been always regarded in a light that was intensely personal. His friends,—and few men have had a more numerous or intimate circle of private friends, besides those who shared his confidence from political sympathy,—could scarce find terms sufficiently expressive to do justice to their admiration; while his opponents on the other hand, have exhausted the vocabulary of scorn and indignation, to give vent to the emotions of hostility and rage, which could not but be called forth, by one who so often invaded the sphere of their private interests or cherished convictions, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, and, as they believed, with its desolating effects.

The moment after the decease of such a man, however, is an unfit time for adulation or reproach. The atmosphere of the grave must cool the fiery hostility of the most rancorous enemies, and temper the enthusiasm of the most passionate admirers. The aged hero sleeps in the peaceful sepulchre of the Hermitage, and let us approach his memory, with as much calmness and impartiality, as if an excited or hasty step would disturb the slumbering dust.

We do not mean, in this place, to review the political history of General Jackson. His measures are now, more or less a part of our public policy; experience will shed increasing light on their character; and we do not fear that they will fail of receiving the verdict which belongs to them, from the unbiassed judgment of posterity.

It is our purpose, at present, to dwell, though in the most cursory manner, on some of the ideas, of which the late President will be considered by all parties, as a distinguished expression and representative.

Since the time of Thomas Jefferson, there have been few public men more deeply imbued with the democratic sentiment than Andrew Jackson. It is easy to assume the badges and watchwords of democracy; they are the passport to popular favor, to public office, to political influence, in almost every aspect of affairs; and under their protection the most craven apostates from the principles of liberty, the most subtle enemies of human rights, have crept up into eminence, which they have

conspicuously disgraced. The strong sense of justice, the burning instinct of equity, which is the source of all genuine democracy, is not the most common attribute of political leaders, even of those who would fortify their influence by an assumption of the name. In the soul of this veteran, however, we are persuaded that the sentiment of democracy was, if we may so say, innate; it seemed an integral part of his nature; no man could doubt the strength or the sincerity of his attachment to the principle; and if he made no loud professions of his democratic faith, it was because he felt that it was best illustrated by the devotion of his life. Whatever defects may be charged upon his measures, whatever inconsistencies may be pointed out in his career, whatever features may be detected in his conduct at war with the elevation of his creed, no one can call in question his vital faith in the democratic idea, and his earnest conviction that the course he pursued was its necessary result.

We accordingly find General Jackson, at all times, the unflinching opponent of monopoly and privilege. He saw clearly that the institutions of this country were designed for the common benefit of all; that even the semblance of partiality would be an anomalous feature in our government; and that laws, which were the fruit of the collective wisdom of the nation, however expressed, should be administered with an exclusive view to the general good. Hence his unceasing hostility to every thing like public favoritism, to supporting the pretensions of the few against the rights of the many, or to increasing by exclusive legislation the subtle power of the monied interest, which is to be guarded and not cherished in the councils of a republic.

The native penetration of his mind, combined with an instinctive love of justice, led him to perceive the grasping and insatiable character of modern commerce; he could not be blinded by the magnificence of its pretensions; he was insensible to the sweetness of its promises, and the splendor of its gold. He saw that it was gradually tending to universal domination; that the feudal baron of the middle age was succeeded by the money baron of the nineteenth century; and that the encroachments of this power must be resisted, or the liberties of the country would be placed in the deepest peril. It was always with him a necessity of the first moment to throw every obstacle in the path of mercantile monopoly, to restrain the aggressions and the influence of wealth combined for private ends, and if he could not wholly destroy the gigantic corporations which had been formed for the sake of individual profits, to deprive them as far as possible of the means of doing evil.

He was, however, ignorant of the true principles of social science; he had apparently not reflected deeply on the real source of prevailing evils; he attached too much importance to political measures; and not perceiving that the abuses which he opposed were interwoven with the very frame-work of modern society, he vainly hoped for their remedy in legislative enactments, instead of integral reform. Hence, his measures were the immediate occasion of great inconvenience, and in many instances, of deep distress. It was the mending of an old garment with new cloth, — an operation which usually aggravates the difficulty which it is meant to correct. The genuine spirit of equity, which we have no doubt animated his endeavors, would have led him, under the light of a profound science of society, to devote his gigantic energy to a constructive reform, to erect a new edifice on the crumbling ruins of the antique structure, which he was ineffectually striving to repair.

It has been objected to General Jackson's public character, that he first practically established the principle that in the contests of party the spoils belong to the victor. We see no weight in the objection. We believe that the principle is in perfect accordance with the spirit and purposes of our prevailing institutions of society. They are founded on the idea of unlimited competition; they encourage men to take advantage of each other in every way not forbidden by certain arbitrary rules; they make life a perpetual scramble for wealth or power; and, in the presence of this universal, fierce, and relentless antagonism, we certainly can see no reason why one single principle, which is the legitimate product of the system, should be selected for such bitter vituperation, while the system itself, — the foul and haggard mother of such a brood of abominations, — should be cherished with all the tenderness of love, and protected from even the breath of suspicion, as if her virgin innocence were too holy even to be called in question. It is an outrageous procedure to attack the character of a man, because he adopts a principle in one of its applications, which we are defending and acting on with all our might in ten thousand others. Either say that the principle of unlimited competition is false and infernal in itself; or cease to raise an outcry against it when it is brought into the service of popular elections. For ourselves, we repudiate with loathing and indignation the whole system of social competition. We hold it the most cunning invention of the devil to cheat man out of his destiny. We would banish it from commerce, from trade, from industry, from all dealings between man and man; and substitute for

it the principle which binds the Universe in its sweet and strong embrace, namely, attraction and coöperation. But away with the hollow pretence, which would attack a principle in politics, while it clings to it every where else. Do not condemn one cluster of poisonous berries while you are quaffing the juice of others from the same vine, as if it were the nectar of gods.

The question forces itself upon our attention, What actual results have been gained to the cause of political equality or social justice from the influence of General Jackson!

His triumph was hailed as the salvation of the country; the friends of freedom rejoiced in it as a death-blow to aristocratic pretension; it gave the vantage ground to equality in its great battle with privilege. The enthusiasm of the masses was aroused by their confidence in such a resolute leader, and the name of democracy was crowned with honor in many places where before it had been a hissing and a bye-word. But if we look for any vital changes in the condition of the oppressed, any guarantee for the elevation of the laborer to equality with the employer, any preparation for the universal spread of education, riches, and happiness among those who now bear the heaviest burdens of society, we shall assuredly look in vain. General Jackson was raised to power by the votes of the working-men of this country; with insignificant exceptions, they were devoted to his interests; he held a place in their hearts which few men have occupied; they gathered round him with enthusiastic alacrity as their chosen chief in the fierce contest with monopoly and exclusiveness. But the evils, under which they suffer, have by no means disappeared; they have not even diminished in magnitude; they are daily on the increase. What degree of encroachment on popular rights he prevented, it may not be easy to estimate; but certain it is, he has failed to establish the prosperity of the masses on a solid foundation. The accursed spirit of commercial monopoly is still vigorous and active; large business is transacted on fictitious capital; the toil of the industrious is made the instrument of the crafty; and fierce, competitive selfishness, like Iahmael in the desert, is waging war on every thing which does not bring money to its purse. The hero of the Hermitage looked with instinctive detestation on the huge, over shadowing tree, which has brought such woe into the world; he saw its character; he lopped off single branches of its rank growth; but he did not lay the axe to its root. This is a work that no political reforms alone can effect. We need an organic change in the structure of society; the substitution of justice for

fraud, of love for force, of the kingdom of Heaven for the reign of Satan. Men must cease to bow down before the golden calf in the wilderness, and yield with glad devotion to the Eternal laws of Providence. This consummation can be brought about only by the establishment of unity of interests in all the relations of men. Society must be made to revolve on a new pivot; and place the centre of harmony in universal attraction.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN ASSOCIATION.

We trust that our brothers of the different Associations in the United States will not regard the Harbinger as the exclusive organ of the Brook Farm Phalanx. Although issued from its press, it is intended, that it should represent as far as possible, the interests of the general movement which is now spreading with such encouraging progress throughout the land.

We shall from time to time present such accounts of the condition and prospects of that Phalanx, as we may think suited to promote the advancement of the common cause; but we hope also that we shall be able to communicate equally interesting intelligence from other Associations which are laboring in union with us for the establishment of the true order of society. There is a bond between all true-hearted Associationists, which cannot exist, with such power in any other relations. Devoted to a grand, peaceful revolution; at once conservative and radical; aiming to do equal justice to the Past and the Future; believing that the spirit of antagonism is the direst curse of society; relying on the practical realization of the Divine Law, and not on any fancies or conjectures; and strong in the conviction that organized union is the true source of power, they are connected in a living harmony such as can rarely be found between man and man. It will be to us a source of the highest gratification if the Harbinger shall prove the means of cementing this union more closely; while we shall be deeply mortified, if it should assume a less universal character, than the Journals devoted to the cause of Association whose place it supplies.

We flatter ourselves that we shall be promptly sustained in our course by the different Associations in whose behalf we shall presume from time to time to speak. In many of them we have honored and dear friends, men with whom it would be a privilege to labor in any cause; in others, a few members are only known to us by name; but we hope to become better acquainted; and that we may meet on common ground in the columns of the Harbinger.

We shall always be glad to receive such communications from our friends, one

and all, as they may please to favor us with, to make our paper the record not only of scientific principles, but of actual experience in Associative life, and to become the medium of such discussion, inquiry, and intelligence, as it may be thought desirable to bring before the public. For this purpose let our brother Associationists everywhere regard this Journal as theirs, no less than it is our own.

With the great interest which is now awakened in the principles of Association, there are numbers of persons in all parts of the country who are seeking for light and truth on the subject; many of these are in private correspondence with us; we hope they will be content if hereafter we reply to their inquiries, through the medium of the Harbinger, and thus give a wider diffusion to the principles, for which we so earnestly court examination.

¶ We greatly regret to learn that the Western Transcript, hitherto published at Cincinnati by Dr. Brisbane, has been discontinued for want of adequate support. From the specimens we have seen of that paper, we should suppose that its spirited, earnest, and free hearted character, would have commanded an extensive circulation at the West. It has been filled with a great variety of matter, readable almost from beginning to end, frank, cordial and honest, and free to a marvellous extent from any thing like pretence or quackery. Why such a paper should have languished in the enlightened Queen City, whose inhabitants are generally ready to patronize a good thing, we cannot imagine. Indeed, we cannot but hope that it may yet revive, and that its able Editor will hesitate before fulfilling the intention which he announces, "of ploughing corn and hoeing potatoes," rather than edit a paper devoted to the interests of humanity. Still, whatever may be the result, we are sure that we shall hear from Dr. Brisbane again, for he has too free and independent a spirit, too much heart and conscience, to hold his peace, in the midst of the great evils which stalk through the land undaunted, though not unrebuked.

CASSIUS M. CLAY AND WILLIAM C. BELL. The first numbers of the "True American," edited by that eloquent son of the West, Cassius M. Clay, are announced, though we have not yet had a sight of them. This paper, devoted to the discussion of Slavery in a slaveholding State, and conducted with the rare talent for which the name of the Editor is a pledge, will be eagerly read every where, will be received with cordial welcome and bitter curses, — a fate which a true and living production, in this period of subversion, never escapes, and need not shun. Our friends at the South, however, ought

to be glad at the appearance of such a publication. It may arouse them to reflection on the subject, far more than the denunciations of our Northern Abolitionists, and when once their minds are led to inquiry, they may rejoice to find in the doctrine of Association a safe and simple remedy for the evils of slavery, without incurring the dangers which are now regarded as the inevitable result of emancipation.—We perceive that an attempt has been made in certain quarters, to excite a prejudice against the paper, from the fact that its General Agent, Mr. William C. Bell, is a professed infidel. We hope that this doctrine will not be established in any court of conscience, for if the Editors of a publication are to be made responsible for the religious and moral errors of its publishers, it would be a "burden too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven." At least, we trust that the responsibility admits of "limitation," and that it does not extend to the morals of the carriers, or news-boys, which it might do with quite as much justice in this case as in the other. And after all, perhaps it may turn out that Mr. William C. Bell may safely be trusted with settling the accounts of a newspaper, without exposing its subscribers to the contagion of his infidelity. We have had several interviews with Mr. Bell, have conversed with him freely on various subjects, as well as on the True American, and though a genuine child of Kentucky, who carries his heart in his hand, we should never have dreamed that his orthodoxy was not immaculate, if we had not been apprised of the fact in other ways. We hope the True American will have a prosperous career, in spite of the conscientiousness of its Editor, or the theology of its Agent.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—No age has been wholly dead to the great hope which now causes so many hearts to beat with new joy. There has always been a foreboding, a dim presentiment, if nothing more, of a high and true life hereafter to be realized on earth. A noble discontent with the present has been a constant omen to guide the lover of universal harmony to fairer scenes which future times would unfold to all.

The visions of the Hebrew prophets are filled with lofty anticipations of great good to be enjoyed by men; they so lived in the ideal harmony and blessedness, in the advent of which they had no less confidence than in the pervading Providence which was their guiding star, that they often lost sight of intervening realities; and where can be found a more sublime description of the Divine Order of Society, than in those words, which have floated down the stream of ages from the echo of their song! The master minds of

other nations have been faithful to the same lofty hope; it has been expressed in varied forms, from the Grecian Plato to the English More; now it has been set forth in the grave speculations of philosophy, and now has enkindled the holiest fires of poetry. But the attempt to embody the convictions thus deeply cherished, in living, organic institutions, has been reserved for the present age. This is without doubt the great problem of our day. Men may shut their eyes to the fact; they may affect to disbelieve or despise it; but it cannot so easily be huddled out of sight; the question still returns with new force, How are social relations to be brought into harmony with the nature of man? and a spirit is now awake, which will take no rest until the true solution be found. All inquiries into subordinate and partial reforms will at length be seen to concentrate upon this; and men will be convinced that no true progress can be attained under false social arrangements, just as no real health can be enjoyed in an atmosphere which embosoms a secret, but deadly poison. The interest which is now felt in the application of just principles to actual society, the harmonic union of a high and pure theory with vigorous action that is now forming in many souls, we hail as a sure sign of human advancement. We know that a better day is coming, is near at hand.— This deep upheaving of the elements of society is to prepare the erection of a better structure, a true home for man, a temple worthy of universal humanity.

☞ In the Social Monitor and Orphan's Advocate, published in the Christian City of Boston, by the Misses Fellows, we notice constant advertisements of children to be given away, or who want places.— They are of all ages, from the infant, whose feeble cry has hardly claimed the care of parental affection, to those whose labor might make it a tolerable bargain to "take" them.

We are told that Hindoo mothers commit their children to the Ganges, to ensure them the especial favor of their Divinities. But no religious fanaticism impels American mothers to cast their children upon the cold and uncertain currents of the world. It is the terrible necessity of poverty or shame, that conquers the tenderness of feelings, and makes even the human mother abandon her young.

Many of the children advertised, are doubtless orphans. This is yet worse, to our minds. The individual abandonment of children shows a degree of moral subversion, inferior to that exhibited when a whole community leaves the most sacred of its duties, to be casually and imperfectly performed. It will perhaps be said that there are Orphan Asylums, that indi-

vidual benevolence is watchful, and that charity has a thousand hearts and hands constantly in her service. Pitiful apology! When shall we learn that Society cannot be relieved of the solemn obligations which God imposes upon it, by the endeavors, however praiseworthy, of a few individuals. Terrible too is the recompense it reaps; the poisons that corrupt the whole social body, and break out in ulcers all over it, are both the evidence and the punishment of the crime. Is there not philanthropy enough to seek, at least, for some method by which Society can secure the just education, physical, moral and mental, of *all* its children? In a word, shall not charity be made *social*, providential, and preventive, instead of being individual, accidental, and only curative!

We shall recur to this subject again.

WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?

We have often been asked, What do the friends of Association propose to themselves, in the reform to which they are devoted. Let us answer in a few words,—by the systematic organization of labor, to make it more efficient, productive, and attractive; in this way, to provide for the abundant gratification of all the intellectual, moral, and physical wants of every member of the Association; and thus to extirpate the dreadful inequalities of external condition, which now make many aspects of society so hideous; and to put all in possession of the means of leading a wise, serene and beautiful life, in accordance with the eternal laws of God and the highest aspirations of their own nature. This in modern society is the exception and not the rule, among all classes. Are we not laboring for an end which should command the respect and sympathy of every sincere philanthropist? Is it not worth while for the most cultivated and intelligent minds, at least to look at a remedy which promises to eradicate absolute poverty, do away with the temptations to crime, make the executioner and constable useless functionaries, diffuse inward contentedness and peace, and thus bless the whole population? This reform is based upon the practical application of Christianity to the arrangements of society, under the guidance of an accurate and profound science. To doubt its practicability or its final accomplishment, would be to call in question both science and religion at once.

☞ The proposal to institute a course of Lectures on the Doctrine of Association in the principal towns and cities of the Union meets with a favorable response, as far as we have heard any expression of opinion. Let our friends freely communicate their views to the Central Committee in New York, and use every endeavor

to sustain the enterprise in a manner becoming its great importance.

IRISH REPEAL.

"Dear Liberty!" cries the Dublin Nation, at the close of an article full of an Irishman's fiery enthusiasm, "Come!—come quickly!—we are athirst for Freedom!" We are not without sympathy with the repealers; one nation ought no more to be absorbed and lost in another, than two hands should be joined into one. We believe in the unity of nations, but not in confused and unjust agglomeration. But will the liberty the Nation so earnestly invokes, clothe all the naked and feed all the hungry of Ireland, teach all the ignorant, and give every man the position in society for which nature designs him! Unless it does this it is not liberty, but only a modified form of oppression. It is good as a means to something better; sometimes, too, it is a means to something worse. That could hardly be reckoned a favorable change for Ireland, which only opened to her peasantry the peculiarly civilized and happy condition of the manufacturing population in free, enlightened, Christian England. Of liberty which consists mainly in the right to starve, the world has had something too much already.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1845.

NUMBER 4.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

It will appear to you very strange, but it is nevertheless very true, dear reader, that Anzoletto should never have had an opinion respecting the beauty or the ugliness of Consuelo. Consuelo lived so isolated, so unknown a life in Venice, that no one had ever thought to ascertain, if through this veil of forgetfulness and obscurity, intelligence and goodness had ended by manifesting themselves under an agreeable form, or under an insignificant one.

Porpora who had no sense remaining except for art, saw in her only the artist. Her neighbors in the *Corte Minelli* saw her innocent love with Anzoletto without being scandalized. People are not ferocious on this point at Venice. They had sometimes prophesied to her that she would be unhappy with that boy, who had no position nor means of livelihood, and had advised her rather to seek an establishment with some honest and peaceable mechanic. But as she had always answered, that being without family or position herself, Anzoletto was perfectly fitted for her, and as for six years not a day had passed without their being seen together, never seeking for mystery and never quarrelling, the neighbors had ended by accustoming themselves to their free and indissoluble union. No one had ever thought of paying court to the *amica* † of Anzoletto. Was it solely on account of the engagement which they supposed she had formed, or was it on account of her wretchedness? or was it rather because her person had never exercised any attraction upon them? The last hypothesis is very probable.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

† Friend.

Still every one knows, that from twelve to fourteen, young girls are generally meagre, abashed, without harmony in their features, in their proportions, in their movements. Towards fifteen they are *made over*, to use a vulgar expression of the matrons; and she who just before seemed frightful, reappears, after this short labor of transformation, if not handsome, at least agreeable. It has also been remarked, that it is not advantageous for the future beauty of a little girl to be pretty too early. Consuelo having received like others the benefit of adolescence, people had ceased to say that she was ugly, and the fact is that she was no longer so. Only as she was neither Dauphine nor Infanta,* she had no courtiers about her to proclaim that the royal offspring grew handsome day by day; and as she had not the support of tender friends, anxious for her future lot, no one took the trouble of saying to Anzoletto: "Your betrothed will not make you blush before the world." Anzoletto had heard her called ugly at an age when this reproach had to him neither meaning nor importance; and ever since people no longer said any thing either good or bad about Consuelo's face, he had forgotten to think of it. His vanity had taken another flight. His dreams were of the theatre and of celebrity, and he had no time to make a display of his conquests, and besides the grosser part of curiosity which enters into the desires of youth was satisfied with him. I have said that at eighteen he had nothing more to learn. At twenty-two he was almost blasé; and at twenty-two as at eighteen, his attachment for Consuelo was as tranquil, spite of some chaste kisses, taken without trouble and given without shame, as it had been till then.

In order not to be too much astonished at this calmness and this virtue on the part of a young man who certainly did not pretend to those qualities elsewhere, it must be observed that the great liberty in which our adolescents lived at the

* A French or Spanish Princess.

commencement of this history, had been modified, and little by little restrained with time. Consuelo was nearly sixteen, and still led a somewhat vagabond life, leaving the conservatory all alone, to repeat her lesson and eat her rice with Anzoletto on the steps of the *Piazotta*, when her mother, worn out with fatigue, ceased to sing in the evening at the door of the *cafés*, with a guitar in her hand and a wooden bowl before her. The poor creature retired into one of the most miserable lofts of the *Corte Minelli*, there tediously to end her wretched life upon a truckle bed. Then the good Consuelo, not wishing to leave her, changed entirely her manner of living. Except the hours in which the professor deigned to give her a lesson, she worked either with her needle or at counterpoint, always near the bed of that imperious and despairing mother, who had cruelly maltreated her in childhood, and now presented to her the frightful spectacle of a death-bed without courage and without virtue.

Consuelo's filial piety and tranquil devotion were never inconsistent for a single moment. Joys of youth, liberty, wandering life, even love, all were sacrificed without regret and without hesitation. Anzoletto complained bitterly, and seeing that his reproaches were useless, resolved to forget her and divert himself; but this was impossible. Anzoletto was not so assiduous at labor as Consuelo; he took quickly and badly the bad lessons which his professor, to earn the salary promised by Zustiniani, gave him as badly and as quickly. This was very lucky for Anzoletto, in whom the prodigality of nature repaired as well as possible the lost time and the effects of bad teaching; but there resulted many hours of idleness, in which the friendly cheerful society of Consuelo was horribly missed by him. He tried to throw himself into the passions of his age and class; he frequented the wine shops, and gambled away with blackguards the little gratuities which the Count Zustiniani bestowed upon him from time to time. This life pleased him for

two or three weeks, at the end of which he found that his welfare, his health, and his voice were sensibly affected; that the *far-niente** was disorder, and that disorder was not his element. Preserved from evil passions by well understood love of self, he retired into solitude and tried to study; but this solitude terrified him with sadness and difficulties. He then perceived that Consuelo was as necessary to his talent as to his happiness. Studious and persevering, living in music as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea; loving to overcome difficulties, without thinking more of the importance of her victory than would a child, but driven irresistibly to combat the obstacles and to penetrate the mysteries of art, by that invincible instinct which compels the germ of a plant to pierce the bosom of the earth, and to force its way towards the daylight, Consuelo had one of those rare and happy organizations for which labor is a delight, a true repose, a necessary normal state, and for which inaction would be a fatigue, a wasting, a sickly state, if inaction were possible to such natures. But they do not know it; in an apparent idleness they still labor; their reverie is not vague, it is meditation. When we see them act, we think they are creating, while they are only manifesting a previous creation. You will say, dear reader, that you have never known any of these exceptional organizations. I will answer, dearly beloved reader, that I have known only one, and perhaps I am older than you. Why can I not say, that I have analysed on my own poor brain, the divine mystery of this intellectual activity! But alas! friend reader, it is neither you nor I who will study it upon ourselves.

Consuelo worked always, in amusing herself always; she persevered for hours to overcome, either by free and capricious song or by musical reading, difficulties which would have repelled Anzoleto if left to himself; and, without any premeditated design, without any idea of emulation, she compelled him to follow her, to second her, to understand her, and to reply to her, sometimes in the midst of childish bursts of laughter, sometimes carried along with him by that poetic and creative *fantasia*, which is experienced by the popular organizations of Spain and Italy.

Imbued during many years with the genius of Consuelo, drinking it in at its fountain without understanding it, and appropriating without perceiving it, Anzoleto, otherwise kept back by his laziness, had become in music a strange compound of learning and ignorance, of inspiration and frivolity, of power and awkwardness, of boldness and weakness, which at the

last hearing, had plunged Porpora into a labyrinth of meditations and conjectures. This master did not know the secret of all those riches derived from Consuelo; since having once severely scolded the little girl for her intimacy with that great good-for-nothing, he had never again seen them together. Consuelo, who wished much to retain the professor's good graces, took good care not to show herself before him in company with Anzoleto, and whenever she saw him at a distance in the street, if Anzoleto was with her, nimble as a young cat, she hid herself behind a column, or nestled down in a gondola.

These precautions were still continued when Consuelo became a sick nurse, and Anzoleto, no longer able to endure her absence, feeling that life, hope, inspiration and even breath were failing him, returned to share in her sedentary life, and to endure with her every evening, the sourness and impatience of her dying mother. Some months before her death, this miserable woman lost the irritation caused by suffering, and overcome by the piety of her daughter, felt her soul open to more tender emotions. She became accustomed to receive the attentions of Anzoleto, who, notwithstanding his little vocation for the part of devotedness, became accustomed on his side, to a sort of cheerful zeal, and to a complaisant sweetness towards weakness and suffering.

Anzoleto had an equable temperament and benevolent manners. His perseverance in her behalf and Consuelo's, finally gained her heart, and at her last hour, she made them swear never to leave each other. Anzoleto promised, and he even experienced at that solemn moment a sort of serious tenderness which he had not before known.

The dying woman rendered his obligation more easy, by saying to him; "whether she be your friend, your sister, your mistress, or your wife, since she knows no other than you, and since she has never been willing to listen to any other, do not abandon her." Then thinking to give her daughter a useful and salutary counsel, without reflecting whether it could be realized or not, she made her swear in private, as we have already seen, never to abandon herself to her lover before the religious consecration of marriage. Consuelo had sworn it, without foreseeing the obstacles which the independent and irreligious character of Anzoleto might offer to the project.

Having become an orphan, Consuelo continued to work with her needle for present subsistence, and to study music, in order to be associated with the future life of Anzoleto. During the two years that she had lived alone in her garret, he had continued to see her every day, with-

out experiencing for her the least passion, and without being able to feel any for other women, so much did the sweetness of her intimacy and the pleasure of living near her seem preferable to all.

Without understanding the high faculties of his companion, he had acquired sufficient taste and discernment to know that she had more science and power than any of the cantatrices at San Samuel, and than Corilla herself. To his affection of habit, had been united the hope and almost the certainty of an association of interests, which would in time make their connection profitable and brilliant. Consuelo had seldom the custom of thinking of the future. Foresight was not among the occupations of her spirit. She would still have cultivated music, without any other end than that of following her vocation; and the community of interests which the practice of this art was to establish between her and her friend, had no other meaning to her, than that of an association of happiness and affection. It was therefore without consulting her, that he had suddenly conceived the hope of hastening the realization of their dreams; and at the time that Zustiniani was occupied in finding a successor for Corilla, Anzoleto, divining with a rare sagacity the condition of his patron's mind, had improvised the proposition which he just now made.

But the ugliness of Consuelo, this obstacle so unexpected, strange and invincible, if the Count were not deceived, had come to cast affright and consternation over his soul. So he retraced the path to the *Corte Minelli*, pausing at every step, to picture to himself under a new light the image of his friend, and repeating, with a point of interrogation at every word: "not pretty! very ugly! frightful!"

VIII.

"What is the reason that you look at me so?" said Consuelo to him, on seeing him enter her room and gaze at her in a strange way without saying a word. "One would say that you had never seen me." "It is true, Consuelo," answered he, "I never have seen you."

"Are you crazy?" replied she, "I do not know what you mean."

"My God! My God! I believe it indeed," cried Anzoleto. "I have a great black spot in my brain, through which I cannot see you."

"Mercy on us! You are ill, my friend!"

"No, dear girl, be calm, and let us try to see clearly. Tell me, Consuelo, do you think I am handsome?"

"Yes, certainly, since I love you."

"But if you did not love me, what should you think of me?"

* Thoughtless inaction.

"How do I know?"

"When you look at other men besides me, do you know whether they are handsome or ugly?"

"Yes, but I find you handsomer than the handsomest."

"Is it because I am so, or because you love me?"

"I believe it is both the one and the other. Besides every body says that you are handsome, and you know it well. But what do you care about that?"

"I wish to know if you would love me if I were frightful."

"Perhaps I should not perceive it."

"You believe then, that one may love an ugly person?"

"Why not, since you love me?"

"You are ugly then, Consuelo! Truly now, tell me; answer me, are you ugly?"

"They have always told me so. Don't you see that I am?"

"No, no, in truth I do not see it!"

"In that case I am handsome enough, I am well satisfied."

"There, at this moment, Consuelo, when you look at me with so good, so natural, so loving an air, it seems to me that you are handsomer than Corilla. But I wish to know if that is the effect of my illusion, or if it is the truth. I know your physiognomy, I know that it is honest and that it pleases me; that when I am angry, it calms me; that when I am sad, it cheers me; that when I am low-spirited, it reanimates me. But I do not know your face. Your face, Consuelo, I cannot be sure whether that is ugly or not."

"But what do you care for that! once again."

"I must know. Tell me if a handsome man can love an ugly woman?"

"You loved my poor mother well, who was nothing but a spectre: And I, O, how I loved her!"

"And did you find her ugly?"

"No, and you?"

"I did not think about it. But to love with love, Consuelo,—for in fact I love you with love, do I not? I cannot live without you, I cannot leave you. That is love, is it not? What do you think?"

"Could it be any thing else?"

"It might be friendship!"

"Yes,—it might be friendship—"

Here Consuelo, surprised, stopped, and looked attentively at Anzoletto, and he, falling into a melancholy revery, asked himself positively, for the first time, if he felt friendship or love for Consuelo; if the calmness of his senses, if the chastity which he so easily observed beside her, were the result of respect or of indifference. For the first time, he looked at this young girl with the eyes of a young man, interrogating with a spirit of analy-

sis, which was not without trouble, that forehead, those eyes, that form, and all those details, of which he had before perceived only a sort of ideal whole, veiled as it were in his thought. For the first time, Consuelo, abashed, felt troubled at the gaze of her friend; she blushed, her heart beat with violence, and her eyes turned aside, not able to endure those of Anzoletto. At last, as he still kept silence, and she did not dare to break it, an inexpressible anguish seized upon her, great tears rolled down her cheeks; and hiding her face in her hands:

"O! I see very well," said she, "you have come to tell me that you no longer wish me for your friend."

"No, No! I did not say that! I do not say it!" cried Anzoletto, affrighted by the tears, which he had caused for the first time; and quickly restored to his fraternal feeling, he clasped Consuelo in his arms. But, as she turned away her face, instead of her fresh and calm cheek, he kissed a burning shoulder, which was badly hidden by a neckerchief of coarse black lace.

When the first flash of passion is instantaneously enkindled in a powerful organization, which has remained chaste as infancy in the midst of the complete development of youth, it causes a shock which is violent and almost painful.

"I do not know what is the matter with me," said Consuelo, tearing herself from the arms of her friend with a sort of fear which she had never before experienced; "but I feel very ill: it seems to me that I am going to die."

"Do not die," said Anzoletto, following her and supporting her in his arms; "you are beautiful, Consuelo, I am sure you are beautiful!"

In fact, Consuelo was beautiful at that instant; and though Anzoletto was not certain of it in point of fact, he could not help saying so, because his heart felt it vividly.

"But in fine," said Consuelo, all pale and cast down in an instant, "why do you so much wish to find me handsome today?"

"Would you not wish to be so, dear Consuelo?"

"Yes, for you."

"And for others?"

"I care very little."

"And if our future happiness depended upon it?" Here Anzoletto, seeing the uneasiness which he caused his friend, related to her ingenuously all that had passed between the Count and him; and when he had repeated the expressions so far from flattering, which Zustiniani had used in speaking of her, the good Consuelo, who had been tranquilized little by little, as she thought she saw through the whole matter, burst into a loud

laugh as she finished wiping her tearful eyes.

"Why!" said Anzoletto, quite surprised at this entire absence of vanity, "are you not more moved, more uneasy than that? Ah! I see, Consuelo, you are a little coquette; you know that you are not ugly—"

"Listen," said she smiling, "since you take such nonsense as serious, I must ease your mind a little. I have never been a coquette: not being handsome, I do not wish to be ridiculous. But as to being ugly, I am not so either."

"Certainly somebody has told you that! who said so, Consuelo?"

"First my mother, who was never troubled about my ugliness. I have often heard her say that it would pass away; that she had been even more ugly when she was a child, and many persons who knew her, have told me that at twenty she was the handsomest girl in Burgos. You well know that when by chance any one looked at her in the cafés where she used to sing, they said 'That woman must have been handsome.' Look you, my poor friend, beauty is just like that, when one is poor; it is but for an instant: one is not yet handsome, and then directly one is no longer so. Perhaps I shall be, who knows! If I am not obliged to wear myself out, can get plenty of sleep, and do not suffer too much with hunger."

"Consuelo, we will not leave each other; soon I shall be rich, and then you will want for nothing. Then you can be handsome at your ease."

"Well and good! May God do the rest!"

"But all this determines nothing for the present, and we want to know if the Count will find you handsome enough to appear on the stage."

"Plaguy Count! provided he does not make too much difficulty!"

"It is settled that you are not ugly."

"No, I am not ugly. A short time ago, I heard the glass-blower, who lives opposite, say to his wife: 'Do you know that Consuelo is not bad looking? She has a good figure, and when she laughs, she cheers your very heart: and when she sings, she looks quite pretty.'"

"And what did the glass-blower's wife answer?"

"She answered: 'What's that to you, stupid! mind your work; what right has a married man to be looking at young girls?'"

"Did she seem vexed?"

"Quite so."

"That's a good sign. She felt that her husband was not mistaken. And besides!"

"And besides, the Countess Monceni-go, who gives me work, and who has always taken an interest in me, said last

week to Doctor Ancillo, who was with her when I entered. 'See, Signor doctor, how this *Zutella** has grown, and how white and well made she is?'

"And what did the Doctor answer?"

"He answered: 'It is true, Madame, by Bacchus! I should not have known her; she is of the nature of the phlegmatics, who whiten on getting a little enbonpoint. She will be a handsome girl, you will see.'"

"And besides?"

"And besides, the Superior of Santa Chiara, who gives me embroidery to work for her altars, said the other day to one of the sisters: 'see now, if what I told you is not true? Consuelo resembles our Saint Cecilia. Every time that I pray before that image, I cannot help thinking of this little one; and then I pray for her that she may not fall into sin, and that she may never sing except for the church.'"

"And what did the Sister answer?"

"The Sister answered: 'It is true, my mother; it is indeed true.' And I went quickly into their Church and looked at the Saint Cecilia, which is by a great master, and which is handsome, very handsome!"

"And which resembles you?"

"A very little."

"And you have never told me all this?"

"I have not thought about it."

"Dear Consuelo, then you are handsome?"

"I do not think so; but I am no longer so ugly as they used to say I was. At any rate they do not tell me so any longer. It is true that may be because they think it might pain me now."

"Let us see, Consuelo, look at me well. You have the handsomest eyes in the world, to start with."

"But my mouth is large," said Consuelo laughing, and taking a little piece of a broken mirror which served her as a *psyche* in which to look at herself.

"It is not small; but what beautiful teeth!" returned Anzoleto; "they are fine pearls, and you show them all when you laugh."

"In that case you must say something to make me laugh when we are before the Count."

"You have magnificent hair, Consuelo!"

"As to that matter, yes! Do you wish to see it?" She took out her comb, and let fall even to the floor, a torrent of black hair, in which the sun glistened as in a glass.

"And you have a full chest, a fine waist, and your shoulders — ah! very beautiful, Consuelo! Why do you hide them from me? I only ask to see what

* Girl.

you will have to show before the public."

"I have a pretty small foot," said Consuelo, to turn the conversation; and she showed a true little Andalusian foot; a beauty almost unknown at Venice.

"Your hand is charming too," said Anzoleto, kissing for the first time the hand which he had till then clasped amicably like that of a comrade. "Let me see your arms."

"You have seen them a hundred times," said she taking off her mittens.

"No, I have never seen them," said Anzoleto, whom this innocent and dangerous examination began to agitate singularly, — and he fell again into silence, covering with his glance, this young girl, whom every look beautified and transformed to his eyes.

Perhaps it was not exactly true that he had been blind till then: for perhaps this was the first time that Consuelo laid aside, without knowing it, that careless air which only a perfect regularity of features can make agreeable. At that instant, still troubled with a violent attack upon her heart, having again become natural and confiding, but preserving an imperceptible embarrassment which was not the awakening of coquetry, but that of modesty felt and understood, her complexion had a transparent paleness, and her eyes a pure and serene brightness, which certainly made her resemble the Saint Cecilia of the nuns of Santa Chiara.

Anzoleto could no longer turn his eyes from her. The sun had set; the night fell fast in that great chamber, lighted only by one small window; and in that half shade which added still more to Consuelo's beauty, there seemed to float about her a fluid of unseizable pleasures. Anzoleto had for a moment the thought of abandoning himself to the desires which were awakened in him with an entirely new impetuosity, and to this sentiment was united by flashes, a cold reflection. He wished to ascertain by the ardor of his transports, if Consuelo's beauty would have as much power over him as that of other women considered beautiful. But he dared not give himself up to those temptations unworthy of her who inspired them. Insensibly his emotion became more profound, and the fear of losing its strange delights, made him wish to prolong it.

All of a sudden, Consuelo, no longer able to endure her embarrassment, rose, and making an effort over herself to restore their cheerfulness, began to march through the chamber, making great tragic gestures, and singing several passages of a lyric drama, in a manner somewhat forced, as if she were upon the stage.

"Well! that is magnificent!" cried Anzoleto, overcome with surprise at see-

ing her capable of a display which she had never shown before him.

"It is not magnificent," said Consuelo, reseating herself; "and I hope that you said so only in jest."

"It would be magnificent on the stage. I assure you it was not by any too strong, Corilla would burst with jealousy; for it is every whit as striking as what she does, when they applaud her as if they would tear every thing to pieces."

"My dear Anzoleto," answered Consuelo, "I should not wish that Corilla should burst with jealousy for such juggleries, and if the public did applaud me because I know how to mimic her, I should not wish ever to appear before it again."

"Then you will do still better!"

"I hope so, or I will have nothing to do with it."

"Well, how will you do?"

"I don't know yet."

"Try."

"No; for all this is a dream, and before it is decided whether I am ugly or not, we must not make such fine projects. Perhaps we are fools at this moment, and that, as the Signor Count has said 'Consuelo is frightful.'"

This last hypothesis gave Anzoleto strength to withdraw.

IX.

At this epoch of his life, almost unknown to biographers, one of the best composers of Italy, and the greatest professor of vocal music of the eighteenth century, the pupil of Scarlatti, the master of Hasse, of Farinelli, of Cafarelli, of Mingotti, of Salimbini, of Hubert, (surnamed Porporino,) of Gabrielli, of Molteni, in a word, the father of the most celebrated school of singing in his time, Nicolas Porpora, languished obscurely at Venice, in a condition bordering on destitution and despair. He had nevertheless formerly directed, in that same city, the Conservatory of *l'Ospedaletto*, and that period of his life had been brilliant. He had there written and brought forward his best operas, his most beautiful cantatas, and his principal works in church music. Called to Vienna in 1728, he had there secured, after some contests, the favor of the Emperor Charles VI. Befriended likewise by the Count of Saxony,* Porpora had afterwards been invited to London, where he had the glory of maintaining for nine or ten years a rivalry with Handel, the master of masters, whose star paled at that period. But the genius of Handel at last prevail-

* He there gave lessons in singing and composition to the electoral princess of Saxony, who became afterwards in France the *Grande Dauphine*, mother of Louis XVI, of Louis XVIII and of Charles X.

ed, and Porpora, wounded in pride as well as injured in purse, had returned to Venice to resume without éclat, but not without suffering, the direction of another conservatory. He still wrote operas; but could not get them represented without much difficulty; and the last, though composed at Venice, had been played at London, where it did not succeed. His genius had received deep wounds, from which fortune and glory might have restored it; but the ingratitude of Hasse, of Farinelli and of Cafarelli, who abandoned him more and more, finished the work of breaking his heart, embittering his character, and poisoning his old age. It is known that he died at Naples in misery and desolation, in the eightieth year of his age.

At the time when Count Zustiniani, foreseeing, and almost desiring the departure of Corilla, wished to find a successor for that cantatrice, Porpora was the victim of a violent attack of splenetic humor, and his vexation was not always without foundation; for if they did love to sing at Venice the music of Jomelli, of Lotti, of Carissimi, of Gasparini and of other excellent masters, they also received without discernment, the buffo music of Cocchi, of Buini, of Salvator Apollini, and of other composers more or less indigent, whose common and easy style flattered the taste of mediocre spirits. The operas of Hasse could no longer please his justly irritated master. The respectable and unhappy Porpora, closing his heart and his ears to the music of the moderns, sought therefore to crush them under the glory and authority of the ancients. He extended his too severe reprobation even to the graceful compositions of Galloppi, and to the original fantasies of Chiozzetto, the popular composer of Venice. In fine, no one could speak to him except of Martini the elder, of Durante, of Monte Verde, of Palestrina; I do not know if even Marcello and Leo found grace before him. It was therefore coldly and sadly, that he received the first overtures of Count Zustiniani, respecting his unknown pupil, the poor Consuelo, for whom nevertheless, he desired both happiness and glory; for he was too experienced in his professorship, not to know all her worth and all her merit. But at the idea of seeing profaned, this talent so pure, and so strongly nourished with the sacred manna of the old masters, he hung down his head with a disheartened air, and replied to the Count; "Take her then, that soul without stain, that intelligence without spot, throw her to the dogs and deliver her to wild beasts, since such is the destiny of genius in our days." This sorrow at once serious and comic, gave the Count an idea of the merit of the pupil, by the value which so rig-

id a master attached to her.—"What, my dear maestro," said he, "is that your opinion! Is Consuelo so extraordinary, so divine a being?"

"You shall hear her," said Porpora with a resigned air; and he repeated: "It is her destiny!"

Still the Count succeeded in raising the depressed spirits of the master, by giving him hopes of a serious reform in the choice of the operas which were placed upon the repertory of his theatre. He promised to banish from it all inferior works as soon as he had expelled Corilla, upon whose caprice he laid the blame of their admittance and success. He soon adroitly led him to understand that he would be very sparing of Hasse, and declared that, if Porpora would compose an opera for Consuelo, the day on which the pupil covered her master with a double glory, by expressing his thought in a style which corresponded to it, that day would be one of lyric triumph for San. Samuel, and the most beautiful of the Count's life.

Porpora, overcome, began to soften, and secretly to desire the début of his pupil, as much as he had hitherto dreaded it, fearing to give through her fresh repute to his rival. But as the Count expressed to him his doubts respecting the appearance of Consuelo, he refused to let him hear her in private and extempore. "I do not say," answered he to his questions and entreaties, "that she is a beauty; a girl so poorly clothed, and timid as she must be, in presence of a lord and judge of your class, a child of the people, who has never been the object of the least attention, must require some dress and some preparation. And besides, Consuelo is one of those whom the expression of genius exalts extraordinarily. She must be seen and heard at the same time. Let me arrange; if you do not like her, you will leave her to me, and I will find means to make a good religieuse of her, who will be the glory of the school, in educating pupils under her direction." Such was in fact the destiny which Porpora had hitherto dreamed of for Consuelo.

When he saw his pupil again, he announced to her that she was to be heard and judged by the Count. But as she ingenuously confessed to him her fear of being considered ugly, he made her believe that she would not be seen, and that she should sing behind the grated gallery of the organ, while the Count attended the service in the church. Only he recommended her to dress herself decently, as she must afterwards be presented to that signor; and though he too was poor, the noble master, he gave her some money for that purpose. Consuelo, amazed and agitated, occupied for the first time

with the care of her person, prepared in haste her dress and her voice; she quickly tried the last and finding it so fresh, so strong, so flexible, repeated many times to Anzoleto, who listened with emotion and delight: "Alas! why should any thing more be required of a cantatrice than to know how to sing!"

To be Continued.

OF SYNTHESIS, OR THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES.

NUMBER II.

The different considerations to which the sciences at this era give rise, may be reduced to three essential points, which will be expressed, by saying that they tend

1. To ASSOCIATION.
2. To APPLICATION.
3. To POPULARIZATION.

These three words are the most explicit and complete formula of that vast scientific movement which is drawing our epoch within its rapid current.

By Association, the sciences will constitute ONE SINGLE SCIENCE, a new doctrine, a dogma deduced *a posteriori*, from the experimental studies which have filled the last three centuries.

By Application, they will emancipate the working classes, by creating a class of material agents (machines) which will confer upon man the sovereignty of the earth, and put him in possession of its natural laws and forces.

By Popularization, they will render the advantages of the two preceding facts common to all men, and place each of them in a condition to perform an active and honorable part in that collective labor, to the execution of which all of us are called.

To attain this end, to cause these tendencies to be realized, the employment of a new method, the consequent and complement of that of Bacon and Descartes, — becomes necessary. For while individual and isolated efforts are sufficient to lay the foundations of the science of facts, only collective or associated efforts can constitute the science of principles, which will be the crown of the whole experimental series and result in the alliance and fusion of all the particular sciences.

A single name is appropriate to the science of which we speak: it is SYNTHESIS.

The object of this Essay is to establish the truth of each of the preceding propositions.

CHAPTER I.

Tendency to Association.

SECT. I.

Our sciences are of recent origin: three centuries will suffice to bring us to the actual moment when their first elements were discovered.

In the sixteenth century, man, emancipated from the yoke of authority by the Protestant insurrection, received from Descartes the mission of exploring scientifically the New World, which Bacon had come, in some sort, to discover. Before that, Erudition was the highest point to which human intelligence had attained. The most advanced men of the age gave editions of the ancients, annotated and corrected according to the books of their masters. Below these, a crowd of vulgar laborers compiled the texts which they had restored: while the few men who devoted themselves to original researches by observation and experiment, were exceptions as glorious, as they were rare.

Erudition became exhausted. Bacon arose to say that a new work was to be accomplished, in which men would acquire great glory and power. The new object of activity which he proposed, the virgin mine to which he invited their enterprise, was the world of Phenomena, in which they might ascend, by observation, from induction to induction, to a knowledge of the most general causes. Bacon proclaimed that Nature was the legitimate domain of man; he enumerated its riches; he traced a map of the unknown regions where man might find his empire; he deputed a class of special explorers to each of them; and he drew up catalogues, in which the inventor might store away the harvest of facts which he had observed or gathered by experiment.

Bacon announced what there was to do, and Descartes in his turn, proclaimed who was to do it, and how it was to be done. Who? All men: each one was to find his place, his furrow, his harvest; for each man is an authority in scientific matters, and in order to cooperate fruitfully in the great labor which Bacon delineated, he must apply his mind according to the principles of the True Method.

Thus, when the ancients were exhausted, Bacon opened a new route; when the earth trembled under the weight of a spiritual authority, Descartes summoned all men to the free use of their scientific abilities.

Both by Bacon and Descartes was the individual reason urged to study phenomena according to the prescriptions of the true method, and these great men, whose disciples have been always more or less hostile, raising vain questions of preëminence, were in reality, intimately connected with each other.

Be this as it may, we find that after them, the scientific career of man was opened, and the problem distinctly stated. At their call, all those who had before been engaged in editing, correcting, and commenting upon the *chef d'œuvres* of antiquity, abandoned that ungrateful task,

to enjoy themselves upon the lands which they were now commissioned to explore.

The investigation, description, and classification of the unknown riches of that world, are justly regarded as a most urgent labor. It was necessary that each phenomenon, that each being, that their least peculiarities, their accidents, their smallest details, should be accurately known in all their phases, and that each of these should find their historian, or special observer. The earth was divided in order that it might be examined (*exploiter*); each workman, finding a place agreeable to his predilections, established himself there, that he might search and clear it. This repartition of laborers must doubtless rest upon an exact classification of the things to be explored, whilst this classification could only be the result of the study itself; yet it sufficed that the distribution should be made from the point of view of their actual knowledge, in order that it might be appropriate to the wants of the moment.

Such as the distribution of natural phenomena appeared to be, must be the distribution of the laborers. But, do we not perceive, at the first glance into the natural world, that things arrange themselves into distinct categories! What is more obvious than the distinction between material phenomena and those which relate to the mind? Is not Nature divided into animate and inanimate bodies? Is there not a very marked separation between the three kingdoms? Is any thing more manifest than the secondary divisions of each of these kingdoms? Now, each of these divisions, the very least of them, not only deserves to be studied, but furnishes a vast field of study; each requires a particular exploration and special investigators. Each student will seek what is most agreeable to himself. The same circumstances everywhere impel men in the same direction, and each one looks out, describes, names, and classifies facts. This immense labor of investigation, that as a whole frightens the boldest imaginations; this project of making an inventory of all the things that exist in the world,—of going in pursuit of them through distant voyages, amid the dust of libraries, at the bottom of the seas, on the summits of mountains, in the bowels of the earth; of uniting them in collections, of analyzing them minutely in the laboratory and the cabinet, describing them in books, assigning to each a name, or characteristic by which it may always be recognized; of distributing them into classes which give an exact expression of their relations or value;—this gigantic enterprise still terrifies no body, because no constraint presides over the distribution of scientific

labor, because each person imposes upon himself his own task, and only goes where his predilections lead him, whilst he has in view, not the great object common to all these scattered labors, but the special object of his own peculiar work.

All these husbandmen, disseminated over the soil of science, which they were appointed to redeem, occupied with facts apparently distinct, and remaining consequently without connection among themselves, overlooked the great end of all their efforts, and took the facts which they collected (that is, the materials of the work) for the work itself. Yet as science has need of particular facts, before anything else, little inconvenience resulted from each laborer devoting himself to his special function, and preserving an indifference to what was going on among the others. Indeed it was much better that he should do so; for it is evident, that if these laborers had known that they were only preparing the materials of the edifice, they would have brought to their task, less ardor and enthusiasm than they did, under a belief that they were engaged in a definitive and perfect work. If they had been preoccupied with the thought that their labor merely assisted in the construction of a vast edifice, they would doubtless have come to think only of that edifice itself, they would have attempted to make a plan of it, each one of them according to his particular notion, and thereafter, instead of surrendering themselves wholly to the observation of facts, would have studied them only so far as they confirmed their dreams, or might serve as materials in the impracticable structures which they had imagined.—Thus the glorious future of Science, whose general principles must be vigorously deduced from facts exactly known, would have been compromised. It was better, therefore, we repeat, that scientific men should believe that the whole problem of science was contained within their own horizon, because if it had not been probable, that in due time some powerful voice would be lifted up, to recall them to the great end of all science, the facts themselves, in the course of their development, would have shown more and more the intimate relations in which they stood to each other, and drawn their discoverers into the same train. When facts are classified, their relations become manifest, and with their relations their differences, so that those who impose upon themselves the task of studying facts are necessarily led to the study of their relations. They continue to describe facts, but they describe them by their analogies rather than by their differences. This is the case with many eminent men at this day, who are the

representatives of a school of science, destined to accomplish great things; and in this way too we may explain how it happens, that the labors of some of those who say that they are opposed to the Philosophy of Science, contribute to the establishment of that very Philosophy.

Such is the actual position of the Sciences;—the point to which they have been brought by differential researches. Just in proportion as facts have been multiplied, we have seen the chasms which separated them filled; in proportion as each particular fact has been better known, we have found that it possessed numerous relations with other facts from which we had supposed it was absolutely distinct; every new discovery has overthrown some barrier, closed some ditch, or established new ties between isolated individuals. And that which has taken place in regard to individual facts, has equally taken place in regard to whole series of facts: they have been brought together, they have been made to unite. It has been the same with the different sections of every science, and then with the sciences themselves; and thus it has come to pass, that while it has been supposed that the only way of arriving at a knowledge of particular things, was to learn in what respect they differed from other things, it has been perceived that, even for the sake of getting at this particular knowledge of things, it was important to study the relations in which they stood to such and such a thing, or such and such a phenomenon. Scientific men, then, have been directed quite naturally, towards an inquiry into the *relations* of things,—an inquiry which they at first undertook with considerable vagueness, until it has been at last boldly proclaimed, in many departments of research, that their chief business is to seek relations, not merely now, for the sake of knowing individual facts, but for the sake of knowing the whole of which they are but parts,—the organism of which they are but the agents.

Were we to attempt to support these general observations by precise examples, we should be lost in the multitude of illustrations. Yet, as it is absolutely necessary to make choice of a few of these, we shall glance at three or four of the cosmological sciences,—for instance, at physics, chemistry, crystallography, botany, and anatomy. This shall be done in the following section.

Good. Several of the papers are recommending a concerted effort, when the new postage law goes into effect, to banish the old Spanish shillings and sixpences from circulation, by putting them on a par with our own dimes and half-dimes. We go in for this, and think that some change of this kind is very desirable.

ATHENÆUM GALLERY—ALLSTON'S BELSHAZZAR.

We gladly insert the following communication from a valued correspondent, himself not wholly a stranger to the practice of Art. His criticisms upon Allston's great picture are certainly entitled to consideration, harmonizing as they do, with the sincere impression of many of that great Artist's most devout admirers. If he sees faults, he also shows the causes from which they must have sprung, and shows them to be such and by such fatality involved in the very nature of the circumstances under which the picture was painted, that they detract not in the least from the just fame of our beloved and departed priest of the Beautiful. If any thing, we might quarrel with our critical friend, for approaching this great and sacred theme through so incongruous and grotesque a portico of overflowing rallery at inferior subjects. But so, it seems, he had to approach it; and let him be judge of what he saw. Plainly, it is with no irreverence that he speaks of Allston, and with no disposition to dwell upon the faulty side, or with skeptical pleasure annihilate the pious enthusiasm of any one, about a work which had acquired a certain, sanctity of age before it was seen.

He criticizes the picture, and not the painter; and the plan even more than the picture. Yet, would that he had said more of the positive beauty, of the characteristic style of that which is truly Allston in it, and not spoken solely of what was beyond the power of Allston, or in another sphere than his! For ourselves, we venerate the name of Allston, and we could not, without deep emotion stand before any work of his. Whatever he has touched glows with the deepness of his soul. If his forms are wrong, if his plans are overstudied, indeterminate because of the very greatness of his aspiration and severity of his self-criticism, yet there is in the very light and color of his picture always a power that draws you to him, a something hallowed as the light by which we see, and the air we breathe. It was so with "Belshazzar's Feast." A melancholy monument it is of a task unfinished, because impossible; and yet a beautiful and a sublime one. All the soul of Allston is there; and you feel the great mind in its trials, in its sketches, as well as in its most complete successes. This picture, we are persuaded, never could have been finished. The painter died of it. It is a most affecting tragedy, as great as any of the *Œdipus* kind, to think of him struggling so long with the Fate, striving to burst the bonds of his peculiar nature, and compass the Impossible to him. The picture may have been doomed to be a failure; nevertheless it writes the history of Allston as no completed work could do, and reveals in him a greatness greater than his works ever were, or could have been, a soul which burst the moulds of mortal art, in its most loving thought to fill them.

For the Harbinger.

I sauntered into the Athenæum Gallery of Pictures the other day with a friend,

to gladden with the sunshine of Art an hour stolen from the dustiness of Toil. There we spent an hour, amused by the foolish remarks of some of the spectators which we accidentally overheard, bored to death by the tedious and arrogant prolixity of others, and then returned, greatly troubled at the exceeding mediocrity of most of the new pictures. Even the few good pictures were overshadowed by the multitudes of vapid and unnatural productions, and seemed to rebuke the vulgar companions among which they were destined to stand. One or two heads by Hoit, two pictures by Edmonds, the portrait of Amos Lawrence, by Harding, (which is the best picture of Harding's we ever saw,) a landscape by Durand, and a very well painted miniature by Staigg, were the best pictures that we noticed. There were also two or three pictures, which, escaping from mediocrity, had so far outstepped the boundaries of probability, that from their very badness they were good. In two of them, the aim of the artist had been to be sublime; and perhaps he would have succeeded, had he not taken one step beyond. It was only one step, and we for one are most willing to forgive it, in view of the amusement that it has given us. One of the pictures to which we refer, is No. 31,—Nathan reproving David,—by Hewins. It is in vain that we attempt to describe it or criticize it. It absolutely beggars all description. David's attitude and expression resembles that of the Jumping Jack, when the string is pulled. His board-like draperies suggest new plans of torture, and are worthy companions of the Inquisition-boots, and his face is like a carved pumpkin pressed in a mangle. Judging from his color, Nathan must be the brother of Cinderella, who has never had the power before of rising from the ash-hole. This will also account for the unnaturalness of his shape and gesture, for how could the poor creature be expected to be graceful or persuasive, after being shut up for centuries in so uncomfortable a place. Some chimney-pots in the distance, constitute the landscape, and all very fine. We understand that they are Greek chimney-pots, and the idea of placing them behind Cinderella's brother, struck us as being very felicitous.

Another of these pictures is a portrait by ——— Rupe, of Dr. J. V. C. Smith, standing with great dexterity on an inclined plane, over an air-hole, which blows open the skirts of his frock. (We suppose he stands over an air-hole, as that supposition will alone explain the draperies.) He balances himself by touching a table, on which there is a skull, at which, if we may judge from the erectness of each particular hair, he is dreadfully alarmed, although he is a Doctor.

Now we for one, did not know that Dr. Smith ever was frightened by a skull, neither do we believe that he was born and bred in a circus, and we dare swear he does not know it himself. But, gracious heavens, how bare are all the acts and thoughts of a man before the intuitive, soul-piercing glances of an artist, and how suddenly the real fact shone out to him through all the disguises of coat, pantaloons, and profession!

Another of the pictures which claimed our peculiar interest, was No. —, Poetry and Painting, by H. C. Pratt. This picture consists of two naked persons with their hair tied up; one of them engaged in painting some other dim nakednesses floating in mid air, and the other occupied intently in doing nothing, with a book in her hand, if we remember rightly. This is evidently what Mrs. Malaprop called "an allegory on the banks of the Nile." But unfortunately, the allegory, from living too near the Nile, has washed out all her color by excessive bathing, and after all has soiled her skin quite badly with the mud which is indigenous to that region. We are not very well acquainted with the Allegory family; we generally cut them; but we think that if they have respectable connections, it would be advisable to suggest to them, that people wear more clothes in this part of the country, and that they will be surely carried off by the influenza or lung fever, if they expose themselves thus to our east winds. They may, nevertheless, have hardened themselves to it, and have accustomed themselves always to sit naked with their hair knotted up behind. We understand that they did not come over in the Cambria, as has been currently reported.

But to be serious; why is it that artists will thus step aside from the simple and natural, and flounder on in such abortive and ludicrous attempts at the ideal? Can Mr. Pratt suppose that his painting becomes more affecting, or interesting, or sublime, in proportion as it recedes from experience, truth and simplicity. We are no great admirers of his portraits, but surely they are infinitely better and truer than these "searches after the absolute." Does he think that nakedness is essential to grandeur? If he do, let him look at the draped figures of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It is not in a man's back, or in a woman's breast that we look for the expression of high intellect, or passion, or for ideal truth; but in the face. And he who cannot so inform the face with expression, as to shape the ideal there, will never find it.

But to leave this class of pictures, and turn to some which are more congenial, and wrought in a higher and truer spirit. The principal object of interest in the ex-

hibition, is the great picture of the Feast of Belshazzar, by Allston. This picture labors under the disadvantage of having been heralded by great hopes. Disappointment was therefore to be expected at first. But sufficient time has now elapsed since it was first exhibited, for such a feeling to subside, and give place to a truer and calmer estimate. Estimating it in such a quiet mood, it seems to us, as a whole, to be a failure. There are unquestionably very fine parts, full of sentiment and beauty,—low in tone, harmonious in expression, and delicate in color,—parts which breathe of all the graces of Allston's pencil. But these parts are occasional, and neither appertain to the principal interest of the picture, nor intensify the action.

The first thought that strikes one is, that the picture is deceptory and disconnected in its parts. There is no unity. This must necessarily be the case with every picture which is painted in the mode in which it is well known that this picture was painted. Every work of art must be finished in one heat, while yet the idea lies warm and living in the mind. In the glow of composition, graces attend the pencil, and effects occur to the mind, which else never would have been found. One part is warmed by the same life as another. One distinct conception combines and fuses the whole; one portion bears relation to every other portion; and all tend to the expression of one design. When the interest has failed, and the conception become dim, from lapse of time, the eye and mind become critical, but lose creative power; and though the faults will be apparent, it will not be easy to mend them, so that the rest shall harmonize. With all its faults, a picture painted at once, will be a whole, a unity, which, in all probability, any after alteration will mar. Besides, a change in one particular induces a change in all, and the artist will, if he attempt to meddle with a previously painted picture, confuse, if he do not ruin it. The old rule, to keep a composition for seven years before it is published, is an infallible recipe for dullness and vapidty. Every poet who ever undertook to remodel his writings after a lapse of years, has spoiled them. Rogers killed his poems before he published them. Southey killed some of his after they had been long published. Leigh Hunt has lately wounded his Story of Rimini, almost to death. Tennyson has also mutilated greatly several of his poems, by subsequent alteration and remodelling. In all these cases, by excessive pruning of fancied redundancy, the life and sap is drawn from the poem. All the leaves are plucked off, in the vain expectation that if nothing but flowers remain, they will show the fairer. The result is, un-

naturalness, effort, death. If this be so in poetry, how much more is it so in painting! No great artist ever ends life with the same powers as he begun it. His conception changes; his mind becomes different; his style alters; his aims shift. This is so peculiarly the case with Allston's color and style, that one who is acquainted only with his first efforts, would not recognize his last to be the product of the same mind. Besides all this, how impossible is it even to patch an old picture so as to harmonize the new with the old. The smoke and haze of time give it qualities which it never had while fresh, and if they are artificially given, every day increases the difference between the parts. It is manifest that Allston's idea shifts from time to time, and that with every re-*version*, a new picture was made, and the old idea departed from. Every single alteration drew after it a necessity for other alterations, and thus it happened that the picture was never completed. The last great change was in the height of the foreground figures; and however great the improvement might have been, had the idea suggested itself when the picture was first painted, it is evident that the canvass is cramped by it, and that the back-ground does not warrant the increase of size. By elevating the perspective level of the fore-ground, he diminishes the height and value of his room, and of his back-ground.

The point of time selected for the representation, is when the prophet first reveals to the king, in the presence of the baffled soothsayers, and the assembled company, the awful sentence, emblazoned in flaming characters on the wall. What then, would be the natural effect of such an announcement under such circumstances? Before the arrival of the prophet, the wonder and doubt which blanched the cheek of the king, and "troubled his thoughts, until the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another," would have communicated itself to the whole company. The hand-writing would have been the central object of interest,—the magnet of the scene. The king would have been the secondary and recollected object. The guests would have gathered round him, starting from their seats. The vain endeavors of the soothsayers to interpret the writing, would only have created more agitation and suspense. When Daniel arrived, the scene would have changed, and his clear reading of the sentence would have altered that mysterious wonder into an appalling and startling certainty. A new, yet staggering impulse would have been given to the minds of all present. Among the guests, all would have been excitement and confusion, and eager inquiry, mingling with horror. The king would have

been deadened by the certainty of his fate, and in terror of somewhat, vague and indefinite, but inevitable. The prophet would alone have remained steady and serene. Here would have been three points of contrast,—agitation and violent excitement; powerless-suffering; and the stupor of conflicting emotions, and calmness. It was the consciousness on the part of Belshazzar that the denunciation was meant for him, from which consciousness the rest of the company were free, that distinguishes his emotion from theirs. From the Bible narrative, it seems evident that the guests were all aware of the apparition, and were greatly agitated by it, for the "king cried aloud, to bring in the astrologers," and when they came in and could not read the writing, Belshazzar "was greatly troubled, &c., and his lords were astonished." Then "the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords," comes in and advises the sending for Daniel. But although they saw the hand-writing, they did not see the hand that wrote, and their conscience did not lead them to appropriate it. This was, as stated in the descriptive catalogue, the idea of Allston also. Let us see then whether the idea is expressed in the picture. In the first place, there are no lords which are prominent at all. The principal company consists of some old Jews and some young damsels and some slaves. There is no confusion, no overwhelming central interest, and no intensity of action. The action is confined to the main group in the foreground, consisting of the king, Daniel, the queen, and the Chaldeans; the group in the middle distance being almost wholly disconnected therefrom, and taking very little interest in the scene. This principal group is removed from the table; and is arranged as if the figures were rather playing the scene on a theatre-stage, than as if they were really living it. The king, who sits on a large golden chair, on the side left of the picture, is in the stereotyped attitude of a stage-king, stricken with fear. He is starting aside, and staring at the wall; but there is no pathos in his attitude, no abandonment of self, no torpidity, as if passion was numbed by fear, no dread of something vaguely horrible about to occur, no gnawing of remorse and conscience. It is a stage-start. It has been said that the picture was not to be criticised as if it were finished, but this is true only in a modified sense. The picture has been once finished, and this was the exact attitude of the king, as approved by the artist, who only intended to enlarge, but not to alter a single figure in the fore-ground, except in one or two slight particulars. The attitude of the king is as good and as visible as it ever would have been made, and it is the design only that we here criticize;

the face alone could not have commanded the action so as to express what we claim it should. The figure of the queen, (who is represented as Belshazzar's wife, although she has been generally considered as his mother, and is spoken of in the Bible as the queen, in contradistinction to his wives,) is more successful, because it is more simple, but it is not satisfactory. There is too great fierceness in her face for the occasion, and as a wife, her attention and sympathy would have been with Belshazzar, and her pride would have been subdued by his fearful agony, and her impulse would rather have been to press him to her heart, and thus to shield him from the danger in such a terrible moment, than to brave the hand-writing. Daniel's figure is the best among the main actors: or rather, it would have been, had it been finished. As it now stands, the left shoulder and arm are too long in consequence of the raising of the head, without a corresponding alteration in the height of the shoulder. The action of the right arm and hand is also very bad. The hand should not be clenched, but open, as it originally was, before Stuart suggested that the clenching of the hand would give energy to the figure. With due deference, Allston was right and Stuart wrong. The prophet should be the type of calm heroism, to contrast well with the distorting fear of the king; for the more violent the prophet's action, the less it would be in opposition to the king's action, and the force and truth of both figures would therefore be sacrificed by Stuart's idea. Allston intended to restore it.—The figures of the soothsayers are grotesque, unnatural, and ludicrous. The company generally seem exceedingly unconcerned and take no part in the great tragedy which is going on. Some turn their backs to the hand-writing, some look down on the floor, and very few are looking toward the principal group. In proportion, however, as the figures are removed from the main group, the action increases; one figure at the distant table is fainting, and the spectators in the gallery are in eager agitation, and several persons are vigorously running up and down the distant steps, leading to the image. This seems rather improper, since the further the figures are from the centre of interest, the less would be their agitation. Besides, those who were most deeply interested, ought to be nearest to the main actors, and the feeling would be diminished proportionally to distance and relation. Compare the treatment of this picture, in this respect, with the Raising of Lazarus, by Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Peombo, in which the passion is equally distributed from the centre in which it is focussed, until it is lost in the distance.

We have heard it affirmed, that several imaginative persons have been haunted by the image of the "blasted king," and have considered it as greatly more affecting than any more finished representation would have been. If this be true, it is a pity that Allston did not know it, since by pumicing poor Belshazzar down a little more, he would have rendered him still more effective.

The picture, then, as a whole, seems to us to be a failure, and it is evident that this also was the opinion of Allston. Its great fault is want of intensity. It is too dramatic to be deeply affecting. The passion and interest seem to be assumed for the moment, and not to be spontaneous and real. Besides this, the different parts do not unite and tend to one central idea, but the picture consists of fragments arbitrarily placed together, to produce an artistic effect. Art is predominant over nature in arrangement and grouping, and it stands continually in the way. Again, the architecture does not seem to be well chosen. It overloads and dwarfs the picture, and shuts up the distances, so that the figures seem to cram the hall. The light, too, serves to diminish the intensity of the picture; there is very little opposition and violent contrast of *chiar-oscuro*. The hand-writing is luminous, not dazzling, and a diffused light fills the hall. The idea required violent action, and the light suggests repose and contemplation. The light is similar to that employed by Allston in all his pictures that we have seen, except the "Gil Blas," and the "Spalatro and Schedoni," to which the strong opposition of *chiar-oscuro* lend their greatest effect. Such a scene as the Belshazzar's Feast would have been much more effective with a Rembrandtish light.

A different picture of such a subject was not, however, to be expected from Allston. The subject requires a style and a vigor which Allston has never exhibited in any picture, (except, perhaps, in the Spalatro and Schedoni, which is more limited and less complicated,) and which is not a characteristic of his mind. Vehement and excessive passion, and intensity of feeling are not within the province of his genius. Its best and chosen field is that of sentiment, sweetness and serenity. His best pictures are emotional and not passionate, whose object is beauty and not power. The gentle and pensive Beatrice, the tender and sympathetic Rosalie, the shepherd boy forever piping a song forever new, the hazy Spanish maiden, the ethereal landscapes in which the poetry of nature breathes, are after his gentle heart, in which love was a constant guest, and into which no harsh thought ever intruded, and which was serene as a summer's day. Dear friend, good spirit now! thou well knowest that

these words I have spoken of thy great picture are spoken not in haste, nor irreverently, not for want of love and appreciation, but because the truth is greater than all, and commands all.

To leave this harsh task and turn to the pleasant office of finding beauties. The group in the middle distance behind the soothsayers, is independently of any reference to the picture, exceedingly beautiful. The fair, delicate maiden, with her shady face and banded hair; the old, grave, bearded Jews; the slave with the glittering emerald in his vest, that "Jew might kiss or Infidel adore." The banded figures and those outspread hands, of low transparent tone, are all beautiful and harmonious in color.

There are other pictures here of Allston's which have the charm of his best compositions. The subdued tone of the wide eyed Isaac of York, on whose exquisitely painted hand a diamond sparkles, it is pleasant again to see, "*decies repetita placebit.*" So also the simple truth of the Portrait of West, in which the head is the sole object, contrasts well with the many portraits in which the dress is the chief thing, and the face the least important. So, too, the Alpine scenery, with its steel blue mountain and its whispering pine, removes the spectator to its own solitude, and fills him with its deep repose.

REVIEW.

Journal of an African Cruiser; comprising Sketches of the Canaries, the Cape de Verdes, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places of interest on the West Coast of Africa. By an Officer of the U. S. Navy. Edited by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. pp. 179.

Amongst the host of worthless and stupid things which are daily spawned from the press, it is more than consolatory to meet a book by a gentleman, of sane mind, good health and spirits, and few prejudices. The author of the Journal is plainly a man whose acquaintance one might reckon himself fortunate to make under any circumstances, — doubly fortunate to make so pleasantly as in these pages.

He gives us a variety of valuable information about Liberia and the African Coast generally, and the trade there carried on, for which we commend our readers to the book itself. Liberia he regards as a much more hopeful colony than is generally supposed. — He has no faith in the methods now used for the suppression of the slave trade, nor any depth of admiration for the philanthropy of England in this behalf.

"The English cruisers are doubtless very active in the pursuit of vessels engaged in this traffic. The approbation of government

and the public (to say nothing of £5 head-money for every slave recaptured, and the increased chance of promotion to vacancies caused by death) is a strong inducement to vigilance. But, however benevolent may be the motives that influence the action of Great Britain, in reference to the slave-trade, there is the grossest cruelty and injustice in carrying out her views. Attempts are now being made to transport the rescued slaves in great numbers to the British West India islands, at the expense of government. It is boldly recommended, by men of high standing in England, to carry them all thither at once. The effect of such a measure, gloss it over as you may, would be to increase the black labor of the British islands, by just so much as is deducted from the number of slaves, intended for the Spanish or Brazilian possessions. "The sure cure for the slave-trade," says Mr. Laird, "is in our own hands. It lies in producing cheaper commodities by free labor, in our own colonies." And, to accomplish this desirable end, England will seize upon the liberated Africans and land them in her West India islands, with the alternative of adding their toil to the amount of her colonial labor, or of perishing by starvation. How much better will their condition be, as apprentices in Trinidad or Jamaica, than as slaves in Cuba? Infinitely more wretched! English philanthropy cuts a very suspicious figure, when not content with neglecting the welfare of those whom she undertakes to protect, she thus attempts to make them subservient to national aggrandizement. The fate of the rescued slaves is scarcely better than that of the crews of the captured slave-vessels. The latter are landed on the nearest point of the African coast, where death by starvation or fever almost certainly awaits them.

"I am desirous to put the best construction possible on the conduct, as well of nations as of individuals, and never to entertain that cold scepticism which explains away all generosity and philanthropy on motives of selfish policy. But it is difficult to give unlimited faith to the ardent and disinterested desire professed by England, to put a period to the slave-trade. If sincere, why does she not, as she readily might, induce Spain, Portugal, and Brazil, to declare the traffic piratical? And again, why is not her own strength so directed as to give the trade a death-blow at once? There are but two places between Sierra Leone and Accra, a distance of one thousand miles, whence slaves are exported. One is Gallinas; the other New Setters. The English keep a cruiser off each of these rivers. — Slavers run in, take their cargoes of human flesh and blood, and push off. If the cruiser can capture the vessels, the captors receive £5 per head for the slaves on board, and the government has more "emigrants" for its West India possessions. Now, were the cruisers to anchor at the mouths of these two rivers, the slavers would be prevented from putting to sea with their cargoes, and the trade at those places be inevitably stopped. — But, in this case, where would be the head-money and the emigrants?"

Among other remarkable things seen in Africa the author mentions the ants. He says, so great is their voracity they would have made nothing of his journal, or even of a sermon. We can easily from experience, credit the first part of this statement, but as to the second, it is, with all respect, rather tough. Even the digestive powers of ants, cannot be capable of such unheard of achievements.

The same ants, it appears, are also in other respects quite remarkable.

"At the present day, when the community-principle is attracting so much attention, it would seem to be seriously worth while for the Fourierites to observe both the social

economy and the modes of architecture of these African ants. Providence may, if it see fit, make the instincts of the lower orders of creation a medium of divine revelations to the human race: and, at all events, the aforesaid Fourierites might stumble upon hints in an ant-hill, for the convenient arrangement of those edifices, which, if I mistake not, they have christened Phalanx-teries."

We take leave in behalf of both Fourier and ourselves to protest against the word "Fourierite," in this passage. We follow no man's authority and accept no man's name as a designation for the doctrines of which we are humble disciples and defenders. But if we must have a nickname we hope at least to be consulted respecting it. "Fourierist" is sufficiently disagreeable, though it may be submitted to, but, whether from prejudice or true instinct we cannot say, "Fourierite" excites in us a kind of intellectual nausea which is at least not agreeable.

The following remarks are full of good sense.

"Before quitting the coast, I must not forget that our cruising-ground has a classical claim upon the imagination, as being the very same over which Robinson Crusoe made two or three of his voyages. That famous navigator sailed all along the African shore, between Cape de Verd and the Equator, trading for ivory, for gold dust, and especially for slaves, with as little compunction as Pedro Blanco himself. It is remarkable that De Foe, a man of most severe and delicate conscience, should have made his hero a slave-dealer, and should display a perfect insensibility to any thing culpable in the traffic. Morality has taken a great step in advance, since that day; or, at least, it has thrown a strong light on one spot, with perhaps a corresponding shadow on some other. *The next age may shift the illumination, and show us sins as great as that of the slave trade, but which now enter into the daily practice of men claiming to be just and wise.*"

We trust that now the author of the Journal has broken the ice, the public may hear from him again.

POETRY.

THE FATHER-LAND.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Where is the true man's father-land!
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O, yes! his father-land must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his father-land must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Wher'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
Wher'er a human spirit strives
After a life more pure and fair,
There is the true man's birth place grand,
His is a world-wide father-land!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,—
 Thank God for such a birth-right broth—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine! [er,
 There is the true men's birth place grand,
 His is a world-wide father-land!
Penn. Freeman.

ON ENTERING A WOOD.

Here let busy turmoil cease,
 Every sound here echoes peace;
 Whispering winds that murmur here,
 Gently dry the falling tear,
 Soothing while they wake the heart,
 Bidding earth-born care depart.

Here the spirit walks abroad,
 Here the soul communes with God.
 Sacred silence of the wood!
 Let no thoughts on thee intrude,
 Save what may the notes prolong
 Of all Nature's Sabbath song.
Penn. Freeman.

THE MORAL WARFARE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood.
 Baptized her infant brow in blood,
 And through the storm which round her
 swept,
 Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then where quiet herds repose,
 The roar of baleful battle rose,
 And brethren of a common tongue
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine
 Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past—their triumph won:
 But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honored place,—
 A MORAL WARFARE with the crime
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be! In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And strong in Him whose cause is ours
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given,
 The Light, and Truth, and love of Heaven!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

For the Harbinger.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

In New York, during the past winter and spring, we have had abundance of good music of all classes, but as our concert and opera tickets were by no means so numerous as those which drop in the paths of the Editors, our account of the performances cannot pretend to any thing like completeness. Besides, now that so long a space has elapsed since we drank at any of the higher banquets of harmony, what notices we can give must necessarily lack the fullness and vividness of remarks

written at the time. We will, however, try to freshen our recollections.

The best Concerts we have, by far the highest in the character of the music, as well as in the singular perfection of the execution, are those of the Philharmonic Society. Of these, there is a series of four or five every winter, at long intervals. The subscription by the season, is, we believe, \$10, with the privilege of a few additional tickets to each subscriber.—This of course, renders it difficult for non-subscribing persons to attend any of them. By the kindness of friends, we were favored with an occasional ticket.

At the first of these, there was a glorious symphony of Haydn, we think the second. This was the flower of the evening. It was performed with great spirit. It was very refreshing to hear the good old healthy music of this master, after having fed so long on Bellini and the other Italians. So cheerful and hale he is, like a stalwart farmer going forth whistling, into his green fields, contented with all things about him, and joyous as the morning lark. If he has not the deep yearnings of Beethoven, yet he has none of the enervating, soul-dissolving sadness of the Italians. We can trust ever in his strength and manliness.

There was other good music at this concert. An overture of Spohr, and a concertino on the clarinet, which was exceedingly beautiful. The performer, Groenevelt, is a master on this instrument, far surpassing any we have ever heard.

At another Philharmonic Concert, we had Beethoven's C minor Symphony, very well performed. It was long since we heard it in Boston, and it came to us as fresh and grand as if heard for the first time,—nay, more so,—for a great work like this, needs to be heard many times to be fully appreciated. Of its surpassing wealth and beauty we need not speak here, so much has already been said, and so much better than any thing we can say of it.

At the next Concert was given the *Sinfonia Eroica*, which we were not fortunate enough to hear. But this loss was partly made up by hearing at their last Concert, the seventh Symphony of this great master. How different from the C minor Symphony. There we listen to all the struggles and perplexities of our nature, the consciousness of inward weakness, and of outward embarrassments, the paralyzing doubt and timidity, and it is not till the last, that we can see the athlete burst his fetters, and breath freely, and go forth rejoicing in his strength. Here, we have the man, not only free and strong at the very outset, like a Hercules, victorious even in his cradle, but he becomes a winged, radiant God, he spurns the earth,

he mounts upwards, in beautiful, victorious flights, and gazes with eagle eyes upon the sun. The explanation given in the Programme, which supposes this work to tell the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, does not satisfy us; and yet, having heard it but once, we feel at a loss to find an interpretation which would do it justice.

The overture "*Zum Märchen von der schönen Melusine*" by Mendelssohn, was surpassingly rich; so were the *Fantasia* from "*Oberon's Zauberhorn*," by Hummel performed admirably on the piano, by Mr. Timm, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*, by the orchestra. But the genius of Beethoven so carried us away, that we seemed to leave these behind us as lesser lights in the distance.

The Italian Opera company deserve great praise for bringing forward so many fine operas, and so well. With the exception of Bellini's *Il Pirata*, which greatly disappointed us, we have had great satisfaction in these operas. Among the best we remember *I Puritani*, *Lucia di Lammer moor*, *Cenerentola*, and above all, *La Semiramide*. This opera seems to us one of Rossini's most golden victories.—He has shown the rare brilliancy and wealth of his genius here, in a high degree. There is an oriental magnificence and passion, a luxuriance about all the melodies and harmonies, vocal and instrumental, which is perfectly captivating.—Such an opera were enough alone to make a composer famous.

The principal parts in these operas were well sustained. The prima donnas were Borghese and Pico; Antognini and Peruzzi as tenors, Valtelina the basso, and Thomasi a rich barytone. We will not stop, however, to speak of these artists, as we presume an account of their merits and deficiencies may be gathered from the journals. We will merely express our need of the combination in one, of the talents of acting and singing. There are no actors or actresses in the opera company, who rank above mediocrity.

We do not remember any other music, during the past season, that has impressed us much.

Ole Bull, we heard, with unmixed delight, but every body has heard him, and too much, perhaps, has already been said about him. Moreover it is of *music* rather than of musicians that we intended to speak.

The other evening, we heard a new violoncellist of great merit, M. Huber. His performance was admirable; but since we listened to Knoop, we are rather disposed to require a good deal of this instrument. M. Huber shows much feeling and skill as a composer. He composes not only for the violoncello, but for the piano forte, and for the voice. A song

of his we particularly liked,—it was music to Schiller's *Sehnsucht*—"Ach ans dieses Thales Gründen." "We believe M. Huber has not yet appeared before the public. When he does, may success attend him.

C. P. C.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

LAST NOTICE.

Those persons who subscribed to "THE PHALANX" for six months from the commencement of that paper, have received the first, second, and third numbers of the Harbinger, in lieu of the Phalanx, to make up the twenty-six numbers to which they were entitled. This number of the Harbinger is also sent to them, with a notice on the wrapper that their term of subscription has expired. We earnestly hope that they will keep their names on our books by renewing immediately, and continuing their subscriptions to the Harbinger. It needs, and surely should receive the prompt and liberal support of all the friends of Association in the United States. It is on a firm footing, and will be published regularly every week, but as an efficient advocate of the doctrines of Association, it should have an extensive circulation. We repeat, let our friends everywhere, whose subscriptions have expired, renew them at once, and let all who take an interest in our movement, aid in obtaining subscribers to the Harbinger.

The subscribers to the Social Reformer, as well as the persons to whom the Harbinger has been sent as a specimen, who desire to receive it in future, will also please to favor us immediately with their subscriptions.

Editors of exchange papers to the Phalanx, New York, who have not changed the direction to that of Harbinger, Brook Farm, Mass., will oblige us by attending to it.

OMNIBUS! The lovers of the stage, will find in another column a notice of an establishment which is expected to draw largely.

REFORM OF CRIMINALS.

[We gave notice in a former number, in an article on Anniversary Week, that we should take up the various Reforms of the age, and consider them from the Unitary point of view. We begin to-day with the extreme of these Reforms,—that which seeks the restoration of Criminals.]

The animated discussion which has for years been in progress, in relation to the two great American systems of governing Penitentiaries, the N. York and the Pennsylvania, came to a crisis at the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts Prison Discipline Society. This is well. Each system has been thoroughly tried; their respective benefits and dangers are known by sufficient experience; statistics on both sides are ample and ready at hand; Europe is making up its judgment; we in the United States, owe it to the world and to ourselves to record our calm, deliberate, impartial verdict. Naturally enough, the partisans of each school have been positive and dogmatic; petulant in criticism, suspicious, severe. But there is honor, sincerity, humanity, good sense, on both sides. And the time has fully come for reconciliation and co-labor. The plan adopted, at the meeting referred to, of appointing a committee to investigate and compare the two systems, was wise and right; and it is not over-confidence to predict that the Report prepared by such men, as Messrs. Sumner and Hawes, Dwight and Bigelow, Edmonds and Mann, &c., will be decisive in its array of facts and conclusions.

Meanwhile, we may hazard the conjecture, that the result arrived at by this Committee, will not differ widely from the position taken with such good temper and judiciousness by Judge Edmonds at the close of the debate. Qualified by deep interest in prison reform, by long experience, by sagacity and decision, this gentleman honored the State he represented on that occasion, by the dignified and courteous manner in which he explained the stand that New York is now inclining to assume. The prime mover, practically and on a large scale, of prison reform in the United States and in Christendom, New York is now a mediator between Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and says "Friends! there are merits and defects in the Auburn and in the Philadelphia systems. We have tried thoroughly the former, we have watched carefully the latter; and we are ready, confessing our own mistake, while taking just pride in our honorable efforts, now to advise you as all men, to blend both the Solitary and the Silent modes of Discipline in prisons."

New York has added to her reputation and given renewed proof of her earnestness in prison reforms, during the last winter, by the formation of a Society,

whose contemplated action, if carried out with the zeal and efficiency which its important object deserves, will leave little to be desired in regard to the Reform of Criminals. This Society proposes to visit persons detained for trial, ascertain the causes of their arrest, the character and degree of their guilt, their circumstances, their need of witnesses, bail, advice, counsel, &c. The object is to secure full justice to every one committed for trial, and to give them the assurance that they are not outcasts, friendless and despised. Great good may be, and has already been done, in some cases, by exposing acts of oppression; and especially in others, by saving the young, and procuring guardians for them instead of putting them in prison. In the second place, the Society takes oversight of prisons,—visits them, inspects their discipline, brings good influences to bear upon the criminals, aids the keepers, officers and Chaplain in their efforts to reform the prisoners, provides libraries, teachers, &c.: aiming in all cases to raise hope, penitence, self-respect, and plans for a better life. In the third place, the Society promises aid, counsel, and all possible encouragement to released convicts, who bring testimonials of good behavior, and who manifest a desire to reform. They have already established an asylum in New York for discharged female convicts, and have found places for many men, who are doing well. In this way, they are carrying on the same work of brotherly-kindness, in which the well known John Augustus of Boston, has labored so faithfully and successfully.

The mere formation of such a Society is an evidence of the change in public sentiment toward the Criminal. The desire now is general, to restore the abandoned to their friends and to society, purified, strengthened, fitted for usefulness. The next step will be to save them from their first debasement. The prevention of crime is the only true humanity. Do justice to children, and when they become men and women, they will do no injustice to others. *JUSTICE to a human being!*—How much that word implies!

Meanwhile, let us for a few moments consider what modes of conduct the ideal of Love commands toward injurious persons.

One thought,—far in advance, to be sure, of such a state of the world as we are living in, yet no wise visionary, but every way simple,—is this:

Society, when rightly organized, will leave the evil to punish themselves, by self-exclusion from all useful and happy occupations.

To explain this thoroughly; Society rightly organized, will own the land, divide productive labor in such a manner as to give full exercise to the peculiar pow-

ers of each individual, and secure exact distribution of profits according to each one's kind and degree of usefulness. The most loving, wise, and efficient, will be then necessarily rewarded, while the selfish, foolish, indolent, will suffer a self-inflicted penalty. The extremely injurious will forfeit right to labor and profit, and still more, his claim to respect, sympathy and coöperation. He will feel himself excluded by an inevitable, inexorable law of human nature from his *kind*, just so far as he himself is *unkind*. Then will be fulfilled the sentence of condemnation, "Cast ye the *unprofitable* servant into outer darkness". The punishment thus will be not forcible imprisonment, but in voluntary exclusion. Government will be by rewards to the good; and penalties will be the forfeiture of these rewards, always exactly graduated by the selfish man himself, and by the inevitable action of opinion and sympathy around him.

An approximation to this at once natural, humane, and divine mode of treating the selfish or the evil, may be made even now, in this disorganized state of society, when we shut persons in by force, from doing injury. Let the process be sketched.

1. Let the prisoner be made clearly to understand and feel, that the reason why he is confined is, that he may *not do hurt*, and may be *fitted to do good*; that punishment is not arbitrary, but necessary, and that society feels toward him regret, and a desire for his return. The Judge, Jury, and Keeper, may take this position of guarding society and of guarding the bad too, from harming themselves by inflicting injury on others.

2. Let the extreme punishment be *solitary confinement*, with the barest necessities for existence. The injurious person forfeits his claim to the benefits of the toil of the community. He has violated the common well-being of Society, and therefore has no just claim on the common-wealth. He has a right only to existence. Let him by lively reflection, be made to comprehend how close and near are social ties, how all important and indispensable is the influence of social sympathy, how vital therefore, are truth, and honesty, and peace, and kindness in all relations. Let him be taught by this experience how dependent man is on man; and how just it is that man should return good to society for the good which society confers. Let the degree of this penalty be exactly graduated to the offence.

3. Beginning from this extreme punishment of solitary confinement with deprivation of comforts, every succeeding step of discipline may be made a *reward*. Idleness in solitude, utter inaction, uselessness, is the most dreadful of penalties. Presently the wretched sufferer will im-

ply his keeper for the privilege of *work*. "O, give me something to do!" will be his prayer, as for a priceless boon. Let work be given as a favor, as a privilege, as a sign of confidence. Tools and materials are *entrusted* to him by society. Society expects they will be used. The only return his fellow men ask is, that he should do good. Work, hard work, thus becomes a reward for returning good character. It can be withheld whenever the privilege is abused by indolence, or violence, or carelessness.

4. For a time, mere occupation in solitude may be given. Then the prisoner, having earned comforts, may receive them, and so feel by experience, that labor and its profits are meant to be instruments of *refinement* and *pleasure*. If these comforts are abused, let them be withheld. But happiness cannot be enjoyed *alone*.

5. And now the *longing for society* will become insupportable. O, for the sight of a human face, the sound of a human voice, the light of a smile on the lips and from the eyes of a fellow-man! Then let him be visited by those who will know how to respect him, however fallen, and by a just expression of confidence, to awaken hope for himself. Let good words be said, good thoughts planted; instruction given, little by little. And at last, books, as constant, though silent companions, be given. He will learn thus to appreciate the wonderful law of life, by which we are refreshed and renewed from one another's love and thoughts. Let him be encouraged, too, to write out his own experience, and to communicate what he knows of the temptations and necessities of life. This will produce compassion for others tried as he has been, fallen like himself. If sullen or insolent, he is left a few days to himself alone.

5. Thus prepared by reawakened humanity, by sympathy rekindled, let him be introduced into *groups* of workmen. This will be a great favor, once more to feel himself a living member of society, giving and receiving social influences, setting and imitating example, a man among men. And in this state, let there be no keeper with *whips*. They will be unnecessary. The penalty for misconduct is simple. Any violation of rules forfeits the working in society. He returns to his solitary toil. Though silent, he is in a school of manners, of morals.

7. A position, expressive of confidence in him, a higher privilege may be given, as soon as he proves his sincere desire to be useful, kindly, pure, true, honest. The restriction of silence may be removed. He passes into workshops where *conversation* is permitted, and into the school, where mind can exchange thoughts freely with mind. Thus is he prepared to

return to society. Rudeness, vulgarity, deceit, evil speaking, &c., forfeit this privilege of conversing with his kind. He may not injure others by the noble gift of language. The beauty, and the solemn obligations of the faculty of speech, are thus revealed to him.

8. Add to this simple, natural system of discipline, by a process of preferment for the good, and of forfeiture for the bad, which is graduated to the character, capacity and need of the prisoner, and which entirely removes the necessity of force, one further institution beyond the prison-walls, and the Ideal of Prison Reform is complete. This institution is a House of Retreat, where a person may remain, supporting himself by work supplied by society, until a suitable situation is procured, and where he may have access to books, lectures, and means of intellectual and moral improvement. Thus, while waiting for the chances of usefulness and honor, he will feel how rich a good life is, how mean a selfish one. He will return to the world a reformed man.

In the previous sketch nothing has been said of allowing wages for the work of prisoners, from the profits of their labor, over and above the cost of supporting them, because this question is generally considered an open one. There can, however, be little doubt, that after just deduction from the expense of keeping up the prison, and for the price of raw materials and the waste and wear of tools, the surplus rightly belongs to the prisoner.— There can be as little doubt, either, that a feeling of self-respect, of hope and honor, will accompany the consciousness that he returns to society not as a beggar, but with means, however small, earned honestly by his own exertions. Thus the possession of property becomes a pledge and sign of usefulness.

WHAT DO THE WORKINGMEN WANT?

There are some plain, practical things which the Working-men want, and which, could they obtain them, would secure to them more real benefit and happiness than all the feverish strife, the vapory speculation, the abstract controversies, the political and sectarian discussions, and even the philanthropic efforts, which now occupy so large a portion of the public attention.

These measures are two in number, and it is remarkable that our leading statesmen, many of whom are proclaimed to be men of "profound genius," have not discovered them; it is equally remarkable that they have not been perceived by the leaders of the various reform movements, who have gone deeply, at least in feeling, into social abuses.

The first thing which the Working-classes want, is

A good ORGANIZATION OF LABOR. The present *false* and *unorganized* system of Industry is the fundamental cause of the majority of evils which oppress the working-classes, who compose three fourths of the population.

LABOR is the basis of society, and the source of individual and national prosperity and power.

Labor is the origin of all wealth, the sole creator of whatever is necessary to man's physical existence,—to the satisfaction of his material wants, without which neither personal freedom nor moral development is possible.

This great department of human activity, which forms the whole foundation of human existence and happiness, is left in the rudest and most miserable condition.

It is *repugnant, degrading and dishonorable*: it is no avenue to fortune, (for the man who works with his own hands never gets rich,) nor is it an avenue to an honorable position in society; it is the badge of servitude, the sign of a menial condition.

It is compulsory, forced upon the Laboring classes, and prosecuted by them from poverty and fear of starvation.

It is subjected to, and governed by those who possess the credit and capital of society, and is controlled by individual will and caprice.

It is regulated by fierce and envious competition, which is neither more nor less than a wild warfare of cupidity and selfishness.

It is monotonous and ill-requited, and it overwhelms with excessive toil those engaged in it,—debaring them from the advantages of mental culture.

It is withheld from, or given to the working classes, (to whom its right is not guaranteed,) by those who are the masters of it,—that is, by capitalists and employers, who thus hold in their hands even the right of the toiling multitudes to existence.

By these abuses and evils, and by the misapplication and the waste of efforts and talents which take place under the present desultory and incoherent system, it is the principal cause of the greatest scourge that oppresses the masses,—of poverty, which, in turn, is the parent of ignorance; and these two combined, engender misery, vice and crime under a hundred forms.

By its envious rivalry and unnatural competition, it gives rise to hatreds and jealousies in society, divides the working-men among themselves, weakens them, and renders them an easy prey to the masters of Industry.

By its unjust division of profits, giving the fruit of labor to those who do not produce it, it presents the monstrous anomaly of the increase of poverty among the

producing classes in proportion to the increase of national wealth.

And lastly, by its repugnance, its dishonoring influence, and by all the other disadvantages connected with it, it leads the intelligent, educated and influential men in society, who should be the friends of the people, to abandon the laboring classes, and even to cooperate with the cupidity which draws from them the fruit of their labor, and sinks them in dependence and destitution.

The Workingmen should clearly understand that the evils and abuses which oppress and crush them to the earth, *are caused solely by the present false and unnatural system of Labor*, and that there is no escape from them but in a *reform in Labor*. A new system of Industry must be discovered and established. *Labor must be organized*, and upon principles of universal justice, cooperation and benevolence. Politicians and statesmen should understand this truth, and if they are inspired by a sincere desire for the elevation of the people, they should labor for its realization. But, alas, where do we find a sincere, conscientious, and genuine love and commiseration for the unfortunate and the down-trodden! We cannot say that it is among the leaders of political parties. We find in them a general ambition for the aggrandisement of the nation, coupled with the desire of individual elevation. But this feeling can be satisfied by an increase of territory, the accomplishment of works of internal improvement, or by bullying a rival nation.

It is this system of Labor, somewhat modified in form, which has caused the three great orders of slavery that have existed on earth,—chattel slavery, feudal bondage or slavery of the soil, and slavery of capital. If this view be denied, we would simply ask whether men would want slaves, serfs, and hired menials to work for them, if Industry were dignified and made the means of attaining honors, fortune, and social position, as it should be? Certainly not; no more than they would want slaves to take command of their armies, to sit in their Legislative halls, or to be their magistrates.

Abolitionists should also look carefully to the question of an Industrial Reform and the Organization of Labor; for when they have freed the slaves and elevated them to the condition of hired laborers,—the serfs of capital and want,—they cannot leave them there, as they will be obliged to do, unless a better system of Labor is established than that which now exists.

This vital question of an Industrial Reform, the most important practical one that can engage the minds of men, will occupy our most serious attention, and it will be urged by us as the primary meas-

ure for the elevation of the producing classes. We will state here in a general manner that the Organization of Labor should be the work of the State and not of companies or individuals,—always animated by selfishness, nor by the township, which is not strong enough. When we speak of the "State," we understand the collective Will of the People,—their united Power, guided by their collective Conscience. The State represents the People, and consequently, its action must be a manifestation of the collective Will of the People.

The Government of this country has been organized by the collective Will and Conscience of the People, and it is as right and equitable in its action as it can be, having the counteracting influence of a false system of Labor and other false institutions of society to contend with. It maintains order, secures political rights to all, and establishes justice in the political relations of men through the operation of the collective Will,—not through the individual Will or caprice, as is the case in Industry, where rights are trampled under foot, and injustice and disorder reign.

Now Industry is as important a department of society as Government, and the experience of this country proves that it *must be organized by the collective Conscience and Will of the People*, that justice, right and equity must be established in it, and industrial Rights secured to the People through the operation of the Collective Conscience and Will.

The two fundamental industrial Rights of man are first the *Right to Labor*, or the guarantee of regular employment to all who desire to work; and Second, the *Right of the Producer to the profits of his labor*; the former is equivalent to the right to existence, and the latter to the right to freedom.

The motto then which the Workingmen should inscribe upon their banner is,

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR BY THE COLLECTIVE WILL AND CONSCIENCE OF THE PEOPLE, TO SECURE TO THE PEOPLE THEIR INDUSTRIAL RIGHTS.

This is the great practical Reform to which they should now devote themselves, and which they can effect in a peaceful manner through the ballot box. Let them achieve this reform and they will secure to themselves the means of their Prosperity and social Elevation.

The second thing which the Workingmen want, is, AN EQUITABLE DIVISION OF PROFITS, guaranteeing to every person,—man, woman and child,—the fruit of his or her Labor and Skill. Let this principle of evident Justice be established in the industrial affairs of society, and it will spread abundance and the means of education and refinement among all

its members, produce equilibrium in the distribution of riches, prevent the monstrous contrast that now exists between enormous wealth on one side and squalid poverty on the other, and check that most insatiable thirst for gain, which is fostered to frenzy under the present order of things, and which is corrupting the very heart and life of society, making money its God, the exchange its temple, and universal cupidity its rule of action.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Our attention has been directed to this subject very lately, but long enough to interest us in it deeply. If we should express fully, our views in relation to it, at the present time, we might, perhaps, pass for enthusiasts, merely. The time rapidly approaches, however, we are confident, when no language in praise of Phonography, will appear extravagant and no estimate of its importance to mankind, exaggerated.

Phonography is the art of writing according to sound. It is an invention of Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England.—Mr. Pitman is not the only discoverer of the principle of Phonetic Writing, but to him we are indebted for a complete and perfectly philosophical system of representation of the sounds of the human voice, in speech. History affords many examples of an instinctive perception of the truth of the phonetic principle of writing, as it does of almost all true principles, but Mr. Pitman has the immortal honor, of being the first to apply it successfully, by adopting a natural system of representation of language.—Although the phonetic principle has been recognized in all ages, and partially adopted by some of the most ancient nations, it has been so little understood, and developed, as to be of little practical value;—being scarcely elevated above the Hieroglyphic, the Ideologic, and the Symbolic principles, as a means of representing thought and speech. This may appear a bold and unfounded statement, by those who have not examined critically into the subject, and who may suppose that they have been enjoying the blessings of a phonetic representation, in the present or Roman alphabet. It is nevertheless true, as all will acknowledge, when they see the imperfection of our alphabet, and the falseness of English orthography thoroughly exposed.

Like the idea of Association, which in all times, has presented itself in some form or other, as an expression of the true order of human societies, the idea of a phonetic system of representation of human speech, has likewise been manifested in various ways, in the languages of different nations, in all ages. And, as the truth of Associa-

tion has, in the present age, been more powerfully and universally felt, and has developed itself in a greater number of minds than at any former period, so the truth of the phonetic principle has also been more deeply impressed on the minds of men, and has received a more frequent development. Many persons, moved by the ideas of Association, and of Phonetic Writing, have attempted to reduce them to systems, and give them both a practical application. But all have failed until Fourier, by an analysis of the passions of the human soul, made of Association a science, and Pitman, by an analysis of the sounds of the human voice, has given to Phonetics a philosophical foundation.—Among the many persons, both in this country and in Europe, who have conceived the idea of the phonetic principle, and have attempted to give it a practical application, we may mention the name of that preëminently common sense philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. He, in common with hundreds and thousands of others, observed the ridiculous absurdity of English orthography, and with the direct simplicity for which his mind was so remarkable, perceiving that the cause of the gross falseness of orthography, was the imperfection of the alphabet, undertook to reform the present system of orthography, by inventing a new and more perfect alphabet. But pressing duties, in the stirring times in which he lived, called him off from this design, and it was never completed. A very interesting correspondence, with a young lady who opposed his views of a reform of English orthography, from a pedantic pride in knowing well how to spell according to false orthography, will be found in his biography.

Pitman has gone beyond all others who have conceived the idea of phonetic representation, by analyzing and classifying all the sounds of the voice, as heard in speech, and giving to them natural representatives, both for writing and printing.

The great principle of phonetic writing and printing is, that one simple sign or character shall invariably represent one simple and elementary sound, and that one sound shall invariably be represented by one sign. The violation of this principle, is the fundamental error which leads to the confusion and monstrous absurdities that exist in the orthography of the English, and more or less, of all other languages, rendering the whole written and printed language, ONE GREAT UNTRUTH. All the difficulty of learning to read and write, and mastering foreign languages, consists in overcoming the barbarous absurdities of false orthography. With a true system of representation, to learn to read and write, is the simplest and easiest thing in the world.

In the English language, there are about forty sounds, which are represented or rather misrepresented, by twenty six letters. Twenty six letters cannot represent forty sounds, the consequence of which is, that the same letter has to be used for various sounds, and to add to the confusion, various combinations of letters are used for the same sounds, and the same combinations for various sounds, while at the same time, the letters are sometimes sounded and sometimes not. For instance, the letter *a* is pronounced one way in *fate*, another in *fat*, another in *fall*, another in *farce*, and in other words it has still other sounds. The combination *ough*, has seven different sounds in the words *cough*, *tough*, *plough*, *through*, *though*, *hiccough*, and *lough*, (a lake.) We have the same sound in the different combinations *rain*, *rein*, *reign*, *lane*, *plain*, *wey*, &c. These absurdities in the simplest words, are so obvious that they need no comment. They run through the whole language, and are multiplied infinitely, by ridiculous anomalies in the use of every letter in the alphabet. No wonder that it should be said, "the only rules of the English language are its exceptions," and that such a mass of contradictions can scarcely ever be conquered by foreigners, and that children have to waste the best part of their time, in learning to read, write, and spell, their native tongue.

Mr. Pitman has given us the means of demolishing all this mighty fabric of falsehood at a blow, and we look forward with the greatest satisfaction to the speedy downfall of Babel, and the erection of the temple of truth in its stead.

For writing, Mr. Pitman has adopted the simplest geometrical signs,—a sign for every sound,—in lieu of our complex script characters, by which means, we are enabled to write six times as expeditiously as we can by the present method of writing, and in a style that is at once concise, simple and beautiful. All, and more than the rapidity of the best system of stenography, is attained, whilst the writing is perfectly legible, more legible in fact, than our old long hand is to the most practiced eye. Thought can be conveyed to paper almost as swiftly as it flashes through the brain, and as the torrent of eloquence flows from the orator's lips, every word can be arrested and preserved. Wonderful and glorious art! Even in this age of magnificent discoveries it stands preëminent. What a grand perspective it opens to the speculative mind, of mighty and beneficent results!

Mr. Pitman has been engaged in the dissemination and perfecting of his system of phonetic writing and printing, now some seven or eight years, and the progress which it has made and is making, is very

great, but not at all astonishing, when the subject is understood. It is a common sense practical thing, which convinces every mind of its truth, and commands favor as soon as it is explained. It is estimated that there are already more than twenty thousand Phonographers in England, and that during the year 1844, more than two hundred thousand letters in Phonography passed through the English Post Office. Corresponding societies have been formed, and one already numbers nearly or quite a thousand members. All classes of men are turning their attention to it, and studying it with an ardent enthusiasm. Four monthly magazines are published in the Phonographic and Phonotypic characters.*

Phonography has been introduced into this country very recently by Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, of Boston, and the success attending their efforts to spread the science has been very great. We understand that in every state of the Union these gentlemen have correspondents in Phonography, the most of whom are persons who have taught themselves with the aid of elementary works, so simple and easy of acquirement is this beautiful system of writing. Messrs. Andrews and Boyle have taught and are teaching large classes in Boston. Exhibitions which they have given of the progress of their pupils, at the Tremont Temple, have been very conclusive tests of the merits of Phonography. Highly respectable audiences expressed by their applause, the greatest pleasure at the explanations of the principles, and the practical illustrations which they saw and heard.

We earnestly hope that it will not be long, before every man, woman and child, will be made acquainted with Phonography, and the old laborious method of writing be entirely superseded.

¶ In our remarks on the character of General Jackson in the last Harbinger, we took it for granted, that his life and measures might present examples of inconsistency with the high democratic faith, which he cherished with the most fervent convictions of his soul. So much must be forgiven to the imperfections of human nature. Nor has the time arrived in the progress of society, when we can expect a complete harmony between the highest ideas and actual life. The most we can do now is to aim after it, to toil and struggle for it, to remove every obstacle in the way of its fulfilment, to wait in hope for its triumphant realization.

* And the first number of a handsome quarto newspaper printed in the Phonographic characters, by the Anastatic process, has just been received by the steamer Caledonia.

The true idea of democracy, that is, of absolute and universal justice, forbids slavery no doubt: but it also forbids the giving or receiving of menial services; it is at war with the whole system of labor as now organized; but this is not yet perceived by many sincere souls, who still we are assured, cherish a vital faith in the democratic sentiment, and in the combat between equality and privilege take sides strongly for the former. Those who are laboring for harmony must bide their time. The day is not yet. Meanwhile let them recognize and welcome every symptom, whether in thought or action, which has a favorable bearing on the great work. We say these few words, instead of all controversy, as a reply to the queries of our too friendly critic in the New York Tribune of last Saturday.

HARMLESS EXPLOSION. The Fourier Association at Bates'-Mills, Ontario County, which was organized about a year ago, has exploded. No lives were lost. No blame attached to the Captain or hands. The Association was called the "Ontario Union." It was formed under the most flattering auspices. The Brethren of the Phalanx adopted this wild system of Social economy and perfect equality, in the full belief that its practical workings would meet their most sanguine hopes, and prove to all mankind that the present organization of Civilized Society is essentially wrong. The experiment has been tried one year. It has failed utterly. The "Union" is dissolved, and the Brethren will sneak back into the old track, ashamed, it may be, but surely wiser men than they were before. The lesson is a hard one, — one which we trust few will be compelled to learn. — *Albany Citizen.*

Before Christopher Columbus discovered America, many wise men reckoned his theory quite ridiculous; had journalists been extant in those days, he would have received a full measure of their astounding satire.

If in foolish impatience he had set sail in a row-boat, without compass or provisions, he might, as far as fallible human reason can judge, have reached the bottom, some time before arriving at the new world, and the Albany Citizen, had it been then alive, would probably, with the most amusing gravity and confidence, have assured its neighbors, that there was no western continent after all, with the benevolent and friendly hope, that few of them might be compelled to learn so hard a lesson, as Columbus had just received.

The Boston Evening Transcript notices the failure of the same Association, with some reflections which are rather surprizing, that paper having generally been remarkable for common sense.

HUMBUGS. There is a large class of persons who flatter themselves that they cannot be deceived, and who regard with contemptuous unbelief whatever is out of the course of their own ideas. They are shrewd men, men of experience, who

have the completest knowledge of what is proper, and who look down upon their neighbors who are weak enough to believe that there are various things in which improvements can yet be made.

Beware, O wise man! Sneer not so loudly! All the humbugs are not advertized in the newspapers, and do not appear under the patronage of vagrant "professors." Those are not fewer that hold high and honorable seats in the world and are followed by the most respectable members of society. The Philistines bowed before their God Dagon, not knowing that he was a sham: is there no Dagon to which you also pay reverence, nay, may you not unconsciously be of that family yourselves?

Let no man mock at those who are now and then taken in; some humbugs are transient, others are permanent, — there are also deluders and deluded; let our wisecracks stand in fear, lest both are embodied in their own persons.

AN INGENIOUS LOCK. The Lowell Journal says that Mr. Aldridge, Superintendent of the Lowell Lock Company, has lately made a padlock, "which, although efforts have been made for the last fortnight by a number of persons, yet they have not been able to discover a keyhole."

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

NUMBER 5.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

X.

On the eve of the solemn day, Anzeleto found Consuelo's door bolted, and after waiting on the stairs almost a quarter of an hour, he was at last admitted to see his friend arrayed in her holiday costume which she had wished to try before him. She had on a pretty dress of large flowered chintz, a neckerchief of lace, and powder in her hair. She looked so changed thus, that Anzeleto remained for some instants uncertain, not knowing whether she had gained or lost by the transformation. The doubt which Consuelo read in his eyes was to her like the stroke of a poignard. "Ah! there," cried she, "I see that you do not like me so. To whom shall I appear tolerable, if he who loves me experiences nothing agreeable on looking at me!"

"Wait a little," answered Anzeleto, "in the first place I am struck with your beautiful figure in that long waist and by your distinguished air under those laces. You support grandly the large folds of your dress. But I regret the loss of your black hair, at least I think so. But that is the costume of the people and to-morrow you must be a lady."

"And why must I be a lady? As for me, I hate this powder in which even the most beautiful look insipid and old. I have an artificial appearance under these furbelows; in a word, I don't like my looks and I see that you are of the same opinion. I have been this morning at the rehearsal and saw Clorinda who also was trying on a new dress. She was so smart, so fearless, so handsome, (O! she must be happy, and you need not look twice at her to be sure of her beauty,)

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

that I feel afraid of appearing at her side, before the Count."

"You may be easy, the Count has seen her; but he has heard her too."

"And did she sing badly?"

"As she always sings."

"Ah! my friend, these rivalries spoil the heart. A little while ago if Clorinda, who is a good girl, notwithstanding her vanity, had suffered *fiasco* before a judge, I should have been sorry to the bottom of my heart, I should have shared her trouble and her humiliation. And now I find myself rejoicing at it! To strive, to envy, to seek to injure mutually, and all that for a man whom we do not love, whom we do not even know. I feel myself horribly sad, my dear love, and it seems to me that I am as much frightened by the idea of succeeding as by that of failing. It seems to me that our happiness is coming to a close and that tomorrow after the trial, whatever may be the result, I shall return to this poor chamber, another person from what I have hitherto lived in it."

Two great tears rolled down Consuelo's cheeks.

"What! are you going to cry now?" said Anzeleto. "Do you think of what you are doing! You will dull your eyes and swell up your lids. Your eyes, Consuelo! don't spoil your eyes, which are the most beautiful part of you."

"Or the least ugly," said she, wiping away her tears. "Come, when we give ourselves up to the world, we have no longer any right to weep."

Her friend tried to console her, but she was bitterly sad all the rest of the day; and in the evening, as soon as she was alone, she carefully brushed out the powder, combed and smoothed her hair of ebony, tried on a little dress of black silk still fresh, which she usually wore on Sundays, and recovered confidence on recognising herself in her mirror. Then she prayed with fervor, thought of her mother, was melted to tears, and cried herself to sleep. When Anzeleto came to seek her the next day in order to con-

duct her to the church, he found her before the spinnet, with dress and hair as on every Sunday, and practising her trial piece. "What," cried he, "your hair not dressed! not yet ready! It is almost time, what are you thinking of, Consuelo?"

"My friend," answered she resolutely, "my hair is dressed, I am ready, I am tranquil. I wish to go as I am. Those fine robes do not suit me. You like my black hair better than powder. This waist does not impede my breathing. — Do not contradict me. I have made up my mind. I have asked God to inspire me and my mother to watch over my conduct. God has inspired me to be modest and simple. My mother has been to see me in my dreams and she said what she has always said to me: 'try to sing well, Providence will do the rest.' I saw her take my fine dress, my laces and my ribbons, and arrange them in the wardrobe; and then she put my black frock and my mantilla of white muslin on the chair at the side of my bed. As soon as I woke, I shut up my costume as she had done in the dream, and I put on the black frock and mantilla, and I am ready. I feel encouraged since I have renounced the idea of pleasing by means of which I do not know how to use. Now, hear my voice, every thing depends on that you know." She sounded a note.

"Just heavens! we are lost," cried Anzeleto; "your voice is husky and your eyes are red. You cried last evening, Consuelo; here's a fine business! I tell you we are lost, that you are foolish to dress yourself in mourning on a holiday; that brings bad luck and makes you ugly. Now quick; quick; put on your beautiful dress, while I go and buy you some rouge. You are as pale as a spectre."

Thereupon arose a brisk discussion between them. Anzeleto was a little brutal. Trouble again entered into the soul of the poor girl, and her tears flowed afresh. Anzeleto was irritated still more, and in the midst of the debate, the hour struck, the fatal hour, a quarter before

two, just time enough to run to the church and reach there out of breath. Anzoleto cursed heaven with an energetic oath. Consuelo, more pale and trembling than the star of the morning, which sees itself in the bosom of the lagunes, looked for the last time into her little broken mirror; then turning, she threw herself impetuously into Anzoleto's arms. "O my friend," cried she, "do not scold me, do not curse me. On the contrary embrace me strongly, to drive from my cheek this livid paleness. May your kiss be as the fire from the altar, upon the lips of Isaiah, and may God not punish us for having doubted of his assistance."

Then she threw her mantilla quickly upon her head, took the music in her hand, and dragging her dispirited lover after her, ran to the Mendicanti, where the crowd had already assembled to hear the beautiful music of Porpora. Anzoleto, more dead than alive, went to join the Count, who had given him rendezvous in his gallery; and Consuelo mounted to that of the organ, where the choirs were already arranged and the professor before his desk. Consuelo did not know that the gallery of the Count was so situated as to look less into the church than into the organ loft, that he already had his eyes fixed upon her and did not lose one of her motions.

But he could not as yet distinguish her features; for she knelt on arriving, hid her face in her hands and began to pray with a fervent devotion. "My God," said she at the bottom of her heart, "thou knowest that I do not ask thee to raise me above my rivals in order to abuse them. Thou knowest that I do not wish to give myself to the world and to profane arts, in order to abandon thy love and to lose myself in the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride does not inflate my soul, and that it is in order to live with him whom my mother permitted me to love, never to separate myself from him, to ensure his enjoyment and happiness, that I ask thee to sustain me, and to ennoble my voice and my thoughts when I shall sing thy praises."

When the first strains of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, the mantilla fell back upon her shoulders and her face appeared at last to the uneasy and impatient spectators of the neighboring gallery. But what a miraculous transformation had been wrought in that young girl, just now so pallid and depressed, so overcome by fatigue and fear! Her broad forehead seemed to swim in a celestial fluid, a soft languor still bathed the delicate and noble outlines of her generous and serene features. Her calm countenance indicated none of those small passions which seek for and covet ordinary success. There was in her some-

thing grave, mysterious, and profound, which commanded respect and tenderness.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor to her in a low voice, "you are going to sing the music of a great master, and that master is there to hear you." "Who, Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor spread out upon his desk the Psalms of Marcello. "Yes, Marcello," answered the professor. "Sing as you usually do, nothing more, nothing less, and it will be well."

In fact, Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had come to revisit Venice, his country, whose glory he was, as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy for Porpora, who had requested him to hear his school, and arranged for him the surprise of causing in the first place to be sung by Consuelo, who was a perfect mistress of it, his magnificent psalm: *I Cieli Immensi Narrano*. No piece could have been more appropriate to the state of religious exaltation in which the soul of that noble girl was at the moment. As soon as the first words of this grand and free song shone before her eyes, she felt herself transported into another world. Forgetting the Count Zustiniani, the malevolent glances of her rivals, and even Anzoleto, she thought only of God and of Marcello, who placed himself in her thought as an interpreter between her and those splendid heavens of which she was about to celebrate the glory. What more beautiful theme in fact, and what more grand idea.

"I cieli immensi narrano
Del grande Iddio la gloria;
Il firmamento lucido
All' universo annunzia
Quanto steno mirabile
Della sua destra le opere."

A divine fire illumined her cheeks, and the sacred flame darted from her great black eyes, while she filled the vault with that unequalled voice and with those victorious, pure, and truly grand accents, which can proceed only from a great intelligence united to a great heart. After listening to a few sentences, a torrent of delicious tears burst from the eyes of Marcello. The Count not able to conquer his emotion cried out; "By all the blood of Christ, that woman is beautiful! It is Saint Cecilia, Saint Theresa, Saint Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As to Anzoleto, who had risen and was supported on his trembling legs, solely by his hands contracted upon the railing of the gallery, he fell back suffocated upon his seat, ready to faint, and as it were, drunk with joy and pride.

* "The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handi-
work," &c.

It required all the respect due to the holy place to prevent the numerous diletanti and the crowd which filled the church, from breaking out into fanatic applauses, as if they had been at the theatre. The Count had not patience enough to wait for the end of the service before going to the organ loft and expressing his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. And during the chanting of the officiating priests, she was obliged to go to the Count's gallery, in order to receive the praises and the thanks of Marcello. She found him still so overcome by emotion that he could hardly speak. "My daughter," said he to her in a broken voice, "receive the thanks and the blessings of a dying man. Thou hast in one instant made me forget years of mortal suffering. It seems to me that a miracle has been wrought upon me; and that this incessant, horrible pain has been driven away forever by the sound of thy voice. If the angels above sing like thee, I hope to quit the earth in order to enjoy an eternity of the delight which thou hast made me know. Be thou blessed, child, and may thy happiness in this world be equal to thy merits. I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, all the greatest singers of the universe; but they are infinitely inferior to thee. It is reserved to thee to make the world hear what the world has never heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever felt."

Consuelo overpowered, and as it were, crushed under this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, almost bent one knee to the floor, and not able to utter a word, carried to her lips the hand of the illustrious dying man; but as she raised herself, she let fall upon Anzoleto a look which seemed to say, "Ingrate, thou didst not divine me!"

XI.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed an energy and resources which answered all the objections that Count Zustiniani might possibly still have made. She conducted, sustained and animated the choirs, taking each part by turns and thus showing the prodigious extent and various qualities of her voice, as well as the inexhaustible strength of her lungs; or to speak more properly, the perfection of her science; for she who knows how to sing does not fatigue herself, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others breathe. The clear and full tones of her voice were heard above the hundred voices of her companions; not that she screamed as do singers without soul or breath but because her tones were of an irreproachable purity and her accent of a perfect clearness. Besides, she felt and understood even the slightest intention of the music which she expressed. She alone, in a

world, was a musician and a master among all that troop of vulgar comprehensions, of fresh voices and of plastic wills. She filled therefore instinctively and without ostentation her sphere of power, and while the chants lasted, imposed naturally her domination which was felt to be necessary. After they had ceased, the choristers were secretly mortified and provoked by it; and those who, feeling themselves about to fail, had by a look asked and as it were implored her assistance, appropriated to themselves the praises which were bestowed upon the school of Porpora as a whole. At these praises, the master smiled without saying a word, but he looked at Consuelo, and Anzoleto understood him well.

After the grace and benediction, the choristers partook of collation, which the Count had ordered to be served in one of the parlors of the convent. The grating separated two tables in the shape of a half moon, placed opposite to each other; an opening, measured by the size of an immense dish, had been arranged in the middle of the grating to pass the plates, which the Count himself presented with much grace to the principal religiouses and the scholars. These last dressed like *beguines** came by dozens to seat themselves alternately at the vacant places in the interior of the cloister. The Superior seated close to the grate was on the right of the Count who was in the outer hall. But on the left of Zustiniani, a place remained empty. Marcello, Porpora, the curate of the parish, the principal priests who had officiated at the ceremony, some dilettanti patricians and lay administrators of the scuola; and lastly the handsome Anzoleto, in his black dress and with sword by his side, filled the table of the seculars. The young singers were usually very animated on such occasions; the pleasure of the feast, that of conversing with the men, the desire of pleasing or at least of being noticed, gave them great vivacity and freedom of speech. But on this day the lunch was sad and restrained. The reason was, that the Count's project had transpired, (what secret could float around a convent without penetrating by some crevice?) and that every one of those young girls had secretly flattered herself she was to be presented by Porpora to succeed Corilla. The professor himself had had the malice to encourage the illusions of some among them, either to induce them to sing Marcello's music better before him, or to avenge himself, by their future vexation, for all they had caused him to suffer during the lessons. What is certain is, that Clorinda, who did not belong to the conservatory, had made a grand toilet for that day, and ex-

* An order of nuns.

pected to take place on the left of the Count; but when she saw that rag of a Consuelo, with her little black frock and her quiet air, that ugly puss whom she pretended to despise, reputed thenceforth the sole musician and the only beauty of the school, seated between the Count and Marcello, she became ugly with anger, ugly as Consuelo never had been, ugly as Venus in person would become, if animated by a low and wicked sentiment. Anzoleto examined her attentively, and triumphing in his victory, seated himself next her and showered upon her mocking flatteries, which she had not spirit enough to understand and which quickly consoled her. She imagined that she avenged herself on her rival by fixing the attention of her betrothed, and she spared nothing to intoxicate him with her charms. But she was so shallow, and the lover of Consuelo had so much art, that this unequal strife covered her with ridicule.

Count Zustiniani in talking with Consuelo, was astonished to find in her as much tact, good sense and charm in conversation as he had found talent and power in the church. Although she was entirely free from coquetry, she had in her manner a cheerful frankness and confiding good nature, which inspired an indescribable, sudden and irresistible sympathy. When the collation was finished, he invited her to enjoy the cool of the evening in his gondola with his friends. Marcello was excused on account of the poor state of his health. But Porpora, the Count Barberigo, and several other patricians accepted the invitation. Anzoleto was admitted. Consuelo, who felt somewhat troubled at the idea of being alone with so many men, in a low voice requested the Count to be pleased to invite Clorinda; and Zustiniani, who did not understand Anzoleto's badinage with the poor girl, was not displeased to see him occupied with some other than his betrothed. This noble Count, thanks to the frivolity of his character, thanks to his good figure, to his wealth, to his theatre and also to the easy manners of the country and the times, did not lack a fair share of self-conceit. Animated by the good Greek wine and by musical enthusiasm, impatient to revenge himself on his perfidious Corilla, he imagined nothing was more natural than to make suit to Consuelo; and seating himself next her in the gondola, while he had so arranged the rest that the other couple of young people were at the opposite extremity, he began to fix his eyes upon his new prey, in a most significant manner. The good Consuelo understood nothing of it whatsoever. Her candor and loyalty would have refused to suppose that the protector of her friend could have such wicked designs; but her habitual modesty, not in

the least affected by the brilliant triumph of the day, did not permit her to believe such designs possible. She persisted in respecting in her heart the illustrious lord who adopted her with Anzoleto, and in enjoying ingenuously a party of pleasure in which she suspected no evil.

So much calmness and good faith surprised the Count, so far as to make him uncertain whether it was the joyous abandonment of a soul without resistance, or the stupidity of perfect innocence. At eighteen, however, a girl understands pretty well in Italy, or I should say, understood, especially a hundred years ago, with a friend like Anzoleto. Every probability in fact was in favor of the Count's hopes. And yet, every time that he took the hand of his protégé or that he extended his arm to clasp her waist, an indefinable fear suddenly arrested him, and he experienced a sentiment of uncertainty and almost of respect which he could not understand.

Barberigo also found Consuelo very attractive in her simplicity, and would willingly have raised pretensions of the same nature as those of the Count, if he had not considered it quite delicate on his part not to counteract the projects of his friend. "To every lord every honor," said he, seeing the eyes of Zustiniani swim in an atmosphere of voluptuous intoxication. "My turn will come bye and bye." In the mean-while as young Barberigo was not much accustomed to look at the stars while in the company of women, he asked himself by what right that scamp of an Anzoleto engrossed the blonde Clorinda, and approaching her, he endeavored to make the young tenor understand that his proper part would be rather to take the oar than to pay court to the damsel. Anzoleto was not sufficiently well educated, spite his marvellous penetration, to comprehend at the first word. Besides he had a pride which bordered upon insolence with the patricians. He detested them cordially, and his suppleness with them was only deceit filled with inward contempt. Barberigo seeing that he took a pleasure in opposing him, thought of a cruel revenge. "It is strange," said he aloud to Clorinda, "to think of the success of your friend Consuelo! where will she stop to-day? Not content with exciting such an enthusiasm in all the city by the beauty of her singing, there she is turning the head of our poor Count, to judge by the fire of his glances. He will be crazy for her if he is not so already, and then the prospects of madame Corilla will be completely ruined."

"Oh! there is nothing to fear on that score!" replied Clorinda, with a sullen air, "Consuelo is entirely taken up with Anzoleto here; she is his betrothed.

They have been in love with each other I don't know for how many years."

"I don't know how many years of love may be forgotten in a twinkling," returned Barberigo, "especially when the eyes of Zustiniani are those which shoot the fatal dart. Do you not think so too, beautiful Clorinda?"

Anzoleto did not long endure this bantering. A thousand serpents had already entered his heart. Until then he had had neither suspicion nor fear of any such thing; he had blindly given himself up to the joy of seeing his friend's triumph;—and it was as much to give a countenance to his transports, as to enjoy a refinement of vanity, that he had amused himself for two hours in mocking the victim of this intoxicating day. After some badinage exchanged with Barberigo, he pretended to feel an interest in the discussion which Porpora was maintaining in the middle of the bark with others of the company; and withdrawing little by little from a place which he had no further desire to dispute, he stole along in the darkness to the prow. From the first attempt he made to interrupt the tete-a-tete of the Count, with his betrothed, he saw clearly that Zustiniani little liked this diversion; for he answered him coldly and even drily. At last, after some idle questions badly received, he was advised to go and hear the profound and wise things which the great Porpora was saying respecting counterpoint.

"The great Porpora is not my master," replied Anzoleto, in a playful tone, which concealed his inward rage as well as possible: "he is Consuelo's, and if it should please your dear and well beloved lordship," added he in a low voice, bending towards the Count with an insinuating and fondling manner, "that my poor Consuelo should take no other lessons, than those of her old professor."

"Dear and well beloved Zoto," replied the Count, with a carressing air, full of deep malice, "I have a word to say in your ear;" and leaning towards him, he added: "Your betrothed must have received from you, lessons of virtue which will make her invulnerable. But if I made any pretensions to give her others, I should have the right to try, at least for one evening."

Anzoleto felt chilled from head to foot.

"Will your gracious lordship deign to explain?" said he in a smothered voice.

"That will be quickly done, my gracious friend," replied the Count, with a clear voice, "*gondola for gondola*."

Anzoleto was terrified at seeing that the Count had discovered his tete-a-tete with Corilla. That foolish and insolent girl had boasted of it to Zustiniani, in a terribly violent quarrel they had had together. The guilty one in vain pretended astonishment. "Go, then, and hear what Por-

pora says on the principles of the Neapolitan school," resumed the Count, "You will come and repeat it to me, it interests me much,"

"I perceive it does, Eccellenza," answered Anzoleto, furious, and ready to forget himself.

"Well! why do you not go?" said the innocent Consuelo, astonished at his hesitation. "I am going, signor Count. You shall see that I am your servant," and before the Count could detain her, she had cleared, with a light bound, the seat which separated her from her old master, and placed herself close beside him.

The Count seeing that his affairs were not very far advanced with her, judged it necessary to dissimulate. "Anzoleto," said he smiling, and pulling the ear of his protégé rather hardly, "here my vengeance shall be bounded. It has not gone nearly so far as your crime. I will likewise refrain from comparing the pleasure of entertaining your mistress, honorably, a quarter of an hour, in presence of ten persons, with that which you enjoyed tete-a-tete with mine, in a well closed gondola."

"Signor Count," cried Anzoleto, violently agitated, "I protest upon my honor."

"Your honor! where is it?" returned the Count, "is it in your left ear?" and at the same time he threatened the unfortunate ear with a lesson similar to that its fellow had received.

"Do you attribute so little tact to your protégé," replied Anzoleto, recovering his presence of mind, "as not to know that he never would have committed such a piece of stupidity."

"Committed or not," dryly replied the Count, "it is the most indifferent thing in the world for me, at this moment."—And he went to seat himself near Consuelo.

XII.

The musical dissertation was continued even to the saloon of the Zustiniani palace, where they entered about midnight, to partake of chocolate and sherbets. From the technicalities of art, they had passed to style, to ideas, to form, ancient and modern, lastly to expression and thence to artists, and to their different manners of feeling and expression. Porpora spoke with admiration, of his master Scarlati, the first who had impressed a pathetic character upon religious compositions. But there he stopped, and was unwilling that sacred music should encroach upon the domain of profane by permitting to itself embellishments, graces, and cadenzas.

"Do you, then, Signor," said Anzoleto to him, "condemn those graces and difficult ornaments, which still have

caused the success of your illustrious pupil, Farinelli?"

"I condemn them only in the church," replied the maestro. "I approve of them on the stage; but I wish them to be kept in their place, and especially do I prescribe their abuse. I wish them to be of a pure taste, discreet, ingenious, elegant, and in their modulations, appropriate not only to the subject which is treated, but also to the personage represented, to the passion expressed, and to the situation in which that person may be. Nymphs and shepherdesses may warble like birds, or give a cadence to their accents, like the murmur of fountains; but Medea and Dido can only sob or roar, like a wounded lioness. The coquette may load her light cavatinas with capricious and far sought ornaments. Corilla excels in this style: but when she wishes to express profound emotions, grand passions, she remains below her mark; in vain does she agitate herself; in vain does she swell her voice and her bosom; a misplaced embellishment, an absurd cadenza, comes to change suddenly, into a ridiculous parody, the sublimity which she expected to reach. You have all heard Faustina Bordoni, now Madame Hasse. In certain parts appropriate to her brilliant qualities, she had no rival. But when Cuzzoni came, with her pure and deep sentiment, and gave voice to sadness, to prayer or to tenderness, the tears which she drew from you, effaced in an instant, from your hearts, the memory of all the wonder which Faustina had lavished upon your senses. It is because there is the talent of matter, and the genius of soul; that which amuses and that which moves; that which astonishes, and that which transports. I know very well that *tours de force*, are now in favor; but as regards myself, if I have taught them to my pupils as useful accessories, I am almost ready to repent it when I see the larger number abuse them, and sacrifice the necessary to the superfluous, the lasting impression upon their audience to cries of surprise, and the applauses of a feverish and momentary pleasure."

No one could combat this conclusion, eternally true in all the arts, and which will always be applied to their various manifestations by elevated souls. Still, the Count who was curious to know how Consuelo would sing profane music, pretended to contradict a little the austerity of Porpora's principles; but seeing that the modest girl, instead of refuting his heresies, constantly turned her eyes towards her old master, as if to ask him to reply victoriously, he took the part of attacking herself directly, and asked her if she knew how to sing upon the stage with as much truth and purity, as in the church.

* Tricks of strength.

"I do not believe," replied she, with a sweet humility, "that I can find there the same inspiration, and I fear I shall be worth much less."

"This modest and delicate reply reassures me," said the Count, "I am certain that you will be sufficiently inspired by the presence of an ardent and curious public, (somewhat spoiled I confess,) to condescend to study those brilliant difficulties of which it shows itself every day more greedy."

"Study!" said Porpora, with a smile full of meaning.

"Study!" cried Anzoletto, with a proud disdain.

"Yes, without doubt, study," returned Consuelo with her accustomed sweetness. "Although I may have practised somewhat at this kind of exercise, I do not consider myself as yet able to rival the illustrious singers who have appeared upon the stage."

"Thou liest!" cried Anzoletto, with great vivacity. "My lord, she lies! make her sing the most highly embellished, the most difficult airs of the whole repertory, and you will see what she knows."

"If I were not afraid of her being fatigued—" said the Count, whose eyes already sparkled with impatience and desire.

Consuelo turned hers naïvely towards Porpora, as if to receive his orders.

"In fact," said he, "as she does not get tired with so little, and as we have here a small and select company, we can examine her talent in all its aspects. Come, Signor Count, choose an air, and accompany her yourself upon the harpsichord."

"The emotion which her voice and presence cause me," replied Zustiniani, "would make me strike false notes. Why not you, my master?"

"I wish to see her sing," said Porpora, "for between ourselves, I have always listened without thinking to look at her. I must know how she holds herself, what she does with her mouth and her eyes. Come, rise, my daughter, it is for me also, that the trial is to be made."

"I see that I must accompany her," said Anzoletto, seating himself at the harpsichord.

"You will intimidate me too much, my master," said Consuelo to Porpora.

"Timidity belongs only to folly," answered the master. "Whoever feels himself penetrated with a true love for his art, can fear nothing. If you tremble, you have nothing but vanity; if you lose your powers, you have only factitious ones; and if it be so, I am ready to say first of all; Consuelo is good for nothing!"

And without concerning himself about

the disastrous effect which such tender encouragement might produce, the professor put on his spectacles, placed his chair directly in front of his pupil and began to beat time upon the end of the harpsichord, in order to give the true measure to the accompaniment. They had chosen a brilliant, wild and difficult air from a comic opera of Galuppi's, the *Diavolessa*,* in order to take immediately the style most opposite to that in which Consuelo had triumphed in the morning. The young girl had such a prodigious facility that she had attained while amusing herself and almost without study, the faculty of performing with her supple and powerful voice, all the *tours de force* then known. Porpora had advised her to practice these exercises, and from time to time had made her repeat them before him, in order to be sure that she did not neglect them. But he had never given sufficient time or attention to them to know what his astonishing pupil could effect in this style. To avenge herself for the rudeness he had just exhibited towards her, Consuelo had the roguishness to overload the extravagant air of the *Diavolessa* with a multitude of embellishments and graces till then considered impossible, and which she improvised as quietly as if she had noted and studied them with care.

These embellishments were so skilful in their modulations, of a character so energetic, so infernal, and mingled in the midst of their most impetuous gaiety with accents so mournful, that a shudder of terror pervaded the enthusiasm of the audience, and Porpora, rising all of a sudden, cried out with a loud voice. "It is you who are the devil in person."

Consuelo finished her air with a *crescendo di forza* which excited cries of admiration, while she reseated herself upon her chair with a burst of laughter.

"Wicked girl!" said Porpora to her, "you have played me a trick which deserves hanging. You have mocked me. You have hidden from me half your studies and your powers. It is a long while since I could teach you anything and you have taken my lessons from hypocrisy; perhaps to steal from me the secrets of composition and of teaching, in order to surpass me in every thing, and make me pass afterwards for an old pedant."

"My master," replied Consuelo, "I have done no more than imitate your malice towards the Emperor Charles. Have you not often told me that adventure? How his Imperial Majesty did not like trills and had forbidden you to introduce a solitary one into your oratorio, and how, having scrupulously respected his commands even to the end of the work, you

gave him a divertisement of good taste in the final fugue, commencing it by four ascending trills, repeated it afterwards infinitely in the *stretto* by all the parts! You have this evening been pleading against the abuse of embellishments and then you ordered me to make them. I have made too many, in order to prove to you that I likewise can be extravagant, of which I am quite willing to be accused."

"I tell you that you are the devil," returned Porpora. "Now sing us something human, and sing as you understand it, for I see well that I can no longer be your master."

"You will always be my respected and well-beloved master," cried she, throwing herself upon his neck and embracing him almost to suffocation; "it is to you that I owe my bread and my instruction for ten years; O, my master! they say that you have formed only ingrates: may God deprive me on the instant of my love and my voice, if I carry in my heart the poison of pride and of ingratitude."

Porpora became pale, stammered some words and deposited a paternal kiss upon the forehead of his pupil; but he left there a tear: and Consuelo, who did not dare wipe it off, felt slowly dry upon her forehead that cold and bitter tear of neglected old age and unhappy genius. She felt therefore a profound emotion and as it were, a religious terror, which eclipsed all her gaiety and extinguished all her fancy for the rest of the evening. An hour after, when they had expended about her and upon her all the formulas of admiration, surprise, and rapture, without being able to draw her from her melancholy, they asked for a specimen of her dramatic talent. She sang a grand air of Jomelli in the opera of *Didone abbandonata*; never had she felt more the necessity of breathing forth her sadness; she was sublime in pathos, in simplicity, in grandeur, and even more beautiful in face than she had been at the church. Her complexion was animated by a slight fever, her eyes shot forth gloomy lightnings; she was no longer a saint; she was even more, she was a woman consumed by love. The Count, his friend Barberigo, Anzoletto, and I believe even the old Porpora himself, almost lost their senses. Clorinda was suffocated with despair. Consuelo, to whom the Count announced that on the morrow, her engagement should be drawn up and signed, begged of him to promise her a second favor, and to engage his word to her after the manner of the ancient chevaliers, without knowing to what it referred. He did so and the company separated, overpowered by that delicious emotion, which is caused by great events and imposed by great geniuses.

* The Devil.

For the Harbinger.

THE FAMILY SPHERE.

Some members of the New Jerusalem Church made an attempt, about two years since, to establish an Association near Boston, but failed in the effort for want of pecuniary means. At one of their meetings to consider the subject, the following paper, among others, was read.

The subject upon which I propose to offer a few remarks, this evening, is the "Family Sphere." Before proceeding to do this, however, it may not be amiss to imitate the example of the politicians, by first defining our position.

We are aware that many erroneous views, and ridiculous notions are afloat with regard to our objects, intentions, and wishes: and I have been asked why we do not come out with a *Declaration*, setting forth our principles and ideas, in order that they may be set right. My answer is, that the principles and details of an Association, for receivers of the doctrines of the New Church, are to a considerable extent, yet to be developed. It becomes us to proceed cautiously, and step by step. We need all the light that can be reflected into our path, from all sources whence light can be obtained.

We believe that no Association can be truly prosperous, that is not based upon the religious principle.

We all believe that the laws of spiritual brotherhood, must be acknowledged, not only in theory, but in practice, in order that residence in Association may be even tolerable. And for these we look for no authority but to the Word, and the doctrines of the New Church.

With regard to Charles Fourier, we regard him as a philosopher and a man of science; standing upon the same plane as Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Fulton, Hahnemann, and others, who have been mediums in bringing to light facts and principles, which have a bearing upon the knowledge and happiness of mankind.

In matters connected with Association, we pin our faith to no man's sleeve.

I have thought proper to affirm this, because some have appeared to regard us as endorsing the real or supposed absurdities of Fourier.

Such a responsibility we beg leave to disavow. It is due to justice, however, to state, that for the genius and energy of Fourier, we entertain a high degree of respect.

For forty years he labored with patience and perseverance, in developing his theory and the details of his system, and it would be strange indeed, if a mind of his cast and experience, had not developed much that we can turn to good account.

We are, therefore, Fourierists, so far as we can find materials in his system adapted to our wants; and we consider

ourselves responsible for those parts of his system only, which we, after careful examination, find it for our advantage to adopt.

For friendly counsel and aid, in developing principles, or in avoiding difficulties and dangers, we hold ourselves ready to reciprocate in the bonds of brotherly love.

In regard to the ridicule which has been showered in such profusion, upon what was supposed to be our plan, we are content to let it pass for what it is worth; hoping, at the same time, that new estates may soon follow, more conducive to kindly affections, and clear views.

Thus much I am authorized to say, in behalf of my associates, as well as myself.

For what follows, no one but myself is in any way responsible.

I will now ask your attention, for a moment, to the question, "With what motives should we enter Association?"

We are often told, that none but the poor, the indolent, and the lazy, will wish to join. If this is so, they will soon scatter to the four winds of heaven.

I hope no one will deceive himself by the idea that the Millennium is to arrive when he enters an Association. If there are any such, I can only say, that I am not of the number.

I am in the full belief that all who enter, will carry with them the evils of the natural man, and that our only hope is in regeneration from those evils. Success will be entirely dependent upon that charity which is easy to be entreated, and which hopeth and beareth all things.

I hope, moreover, that none will offer themselves, who have not weighed the whole subject seriously, and analyzed their own feelings searchingly.

I fully expect that in bringing so many persons into nearer relations to each other, that greater care and circumspection will be required, in order that the laws of spiritual brotherhood may not be violated. But while these restraints are imposed upon the natural man, may we not expect to reap a rich reward in the facilities thus afforded, of loving and serving our neighbor as ourselves?

In the arrangement of the household, and in the division of labor, a most admirable opportunity will be afforded of serving, and performing uses. If we enter into them in the spirit of the new Church, the reward will be sure. If we enter into them in any other spirit, the reward, though of an opposite kind, will be as sure.

Objections are often made to Association on the ground that the family sphere will be destroyed. It is supposed that the individuality of persons and of families will be merged in a common mass.

These are serious objections, and I am

free to acknowledge, that, unless they can be shown to be groundless, they are insuperable.

Where this idea originated, of mingling in a heterogeneous mass, or why it should be entertained, I am entirely unable to account.

It could not, I think, have come from any of our number; for I know of no one who has ever entertained it, or any thing approximating to it.

It could not have been derived from Mr. Briabane's book, for he expressly teaches the contrary. In proof of this, I beg leave to read two or three short extracts from his work, which will show, briefly, the view he takes upon this point:

"Association will, in the mode of living, avoid all confused mingling of persons on the one hand, and monotonous uniformity on the other; it will secure to every person perfect liberty, and the choice of the privacy of domestic life and the sociability of public life, with changes from one to the other, as the feelings may dictate." p. 26.

"It will, perhaps, be supposed, that the inhabitants of an Association will all eat together at one common table. This is a great mistake. Association will avoid any such monotony or sameness; it will combine variety with order and refinement, and will establish as great a diversity in its domestic and social arrangements, as there are diversities of tastes and inclinations in men, so as to open the broadest field to individual liberty and the freedom of choice." p. 26.

"The mode of living in Association will, as we see, guarantee perfect freedom of choice; and individual liberty, instead of being restricted, will be greatly extended. So far from there being any confused minglings, forced contacts, or monotonous uniformity, that variety will exist which will allow of the nicest discriminations and selections, according to tastes and feelings. Persons can dine in public or private, — at the large tables, in the small rooms adjoining, or with their families in their own apartments. They can dine one day with one set of friends, another day with another set; they can invite or be invited, and enjoy the privacy of domestic life, or the sociability of public life, precisely as may suit their tastes and inclinations, and this liberty will exist for all without exceptions." p. 27.

"The mechanism of Association will, in every respect, be adapted to man, and secure to him the fullest liberty. They who love privacy, can dine in their own apartments; they who love sociability, at the public tables; they who wish the exclusive company of friends, in the small dining rooms; and with changes and alterations as the feelings may prompt. There is no legitimate taste or desire, whether temporary or permanent, that cannot be satisfied; and all these advantages will be enjoyed without the care, the trouble, and the expense of the isolated household. And as it is in the mode of living, so is it in the selection of pursuits and occupations, in the choice of pleasures and social relations, and in all things else in every sphere of life." p. 28.

Mr. Channing, also, in the January

number of the "Present," uses this language:—

"Neither does the practical experiment thus far show, what so many have dreaded, a tendency to the loosening of family ties. On the contrary, some, at least, of these Associationists think, that husbands and wives become more relying, more courteous, less arbitrary and selfish; that they learn to set a more watchful guard upon the weaknesses of temper, which so often encroach little by little, to overgrow the Edens of first love with the briars of discontent, and thus keep alive, rather than lose, the romance of affection. And in regard to children, as the Association takes somewhat the attitude of critic of their faults, the parent becomes rather the confidant, and trustful fosterer of their virtues, and fills the place to which instinct on both sides prompts, of bosom friend. In the narrow accommodations and imperfect arrangements of order, as yet possessed by these Associations, however, no fair test can be made. If thus far they have experienced no disadvantageous effects upon the family circle, but rather the contrary, they may well cherish a hope, that *Families United*, will retain all that it is now most sacred and beautiful in this relation, and superadd a cheerfulness, a variety of stimulants to heart and head, a candor and frank courtesy, habits of self-trust and reverence, not easily secured in the small groups allied by blood. Certainly, one would anticipate, that the enlarged sphere of intimate relationships would offer inducements to kindness, make demands upon sympathy and self-sacrifice, and weave countless ties between young and old, in every way favorable to gentle manners and disinterestedness. And our friends of these Associations declare, that this anticipation is practically fulfilled." p. 281.

"*Families*, in an internal sense, signify," according to Swedenborg, "probity, and also charity and love. All things relating to mutual love, are in the heavens as consanguinities or relationships, consequently as families." Hence it follows, that it is the duty of all heads of families, to so shape their outward circumstances, as that the internal may be best nourished and protected.

I hold, therefore, most unqualifiedly, to the inviolability of the domestic or family sphere. The very constitution of our nature requires it. Any society which disregards this principle as its basis, cannot fail to end in discomfort, if not in chaos. There are times and occasions when every sphere, whether proceeding from one individual, or many, must be able to withdraw within itself. It must have its time of quiet and repose. Its individuality is thus refreshed and invigorated, and prepared to go forth with renovated energy, into the various uses of life. It is essential, moreover, that every thing connected with this sphere should be in freedom, in that freedom which is of affection. This sphere cannot even approach perfection, unless it is surrounded by congenial spirits; for no house or sphere, divided against itself, can stand.

It should be the effort of every community, more especially a New Church community, to so understand their social duties as to perceive and respect these relations. We should endeavor to reach, and help others to reach, that state described in the Word, which represents every one as resting under his own vine and fig tree, where none shall molest or make afraid.

Does the present condition of society supply these wants of the soul? Does it cherish and hold sacred the purity and oneness of the family sphere? I think not. So far from it, this want is one of the crying evils of our present social condition. I am, therefore, prepared to show, that Association, upon the plan we propose, so far from destroying the family sphere, is calculated to cherish, develop, and give efficiency to it.

To illustrate this point, I will use my own case as an example. Suppose that I determine to go into an Association, I shall naturally determine, first, who besides those dependent upon me for support, shall compose the members of my family! In so doing, I shall have reference, mainly, to the point, of who will harmonize best with the family sphere. I then select rooms with reference to my convenience and wants. So it will be with each head of a family. They will be left entirely free to choose persons, upon the principle of consanguinities or relationships, and who will thus form a congenial family sphere.

Is such the case in our present condition? Most assuredly not. I have conversed with several heads of families who agree with me in this opinion.

Many have been in the habit of taking boarders, not because it was agreeable in itself, but because the necessities of their condition either imposed it upon them, or compelled them to take up their residence in the outskirts of the city, where they would be far removed from intercourse and association with those they so much love.

Must we take it for granted, that a number of families with their own separate and distinct apartments, are to have the quiet and privacy of home continually disturbed because, forsooth, they happen to reside under the same roof? Does it necessarily follow from this fact, that the formalities and proprieties of life are to be dispensed with, and laid aside? From what we are hearing every day, this appears to be taken for granted. It would seem as though persons suppose, that as soon as we come together in an Association, we mingle together in one common mass; and thus, all distinctions give way to chaos, which is to be the order of the day. So far from this, I fully expect that the courtesies, civilities, and proprieties of life, will be even more studied, re-

spected, and practised upon, in Association, than they have ever been out of it. This will result from the very necessity of the case. We are not very apt to turn our attention to the correction of evils, until the circumstances of our condition are such as to present them distinctly to view. To suppose that we cannot, or shall not, struggle to overcome these evils successfully, is to assume that we are only professedly, instead of being really, of the New Church.

In an isolated condition, men are not apt to think much of their relation to their neighbor. This comes when brought into intimate association with others. Then they begin to study their duties, and if the church is in them, to so regulate their lives and conduct, as charity dictates. Every motive which can operate upon the mind of the New Churchman, would seem to point in this direction.

The main point will be, to cherish a humble and teachable disposition. It will be well for us if we can have some of the simplicity and pliability of the Gentiles, who have lived a good life in this world; and who, according to Swedenborg, are "in one night, initiated into choirs, or into the company of spirits who speak together all as one, and each as all; whereas with many Christians it requires the space of thirty years, to effect the same purpose."

The common remark that there is no house large enough for two families, is often brought up as an objection to living in Association.

This objection cannot weigh much, as it seems to me, unless we assume that the evils of the natural man cannot be restrained, and the opposite goods and truths reign in their stead.

If this is so, it will be useless indeed, to make the attempt. But I do not take so desponding a view of our spiritual condition.

I have that trust in the mercy of an over-ruling Providence, to feel that he will so elevate our affections, as that we may go through our household, and other duties, in order and harmony.

It does not fall within my province to treat upon the economics of Association, as this duty devolves upon another. I cannot, however, refrain from adverting to one point, which has considerable weight upon my mind.

It is estimated that a building of brick, like the plan, with spacious and well ventilated apartments, and every convenience for twenty families, would cost, twenty thousand dollars. A farm of two hundred and fifty acres would cost, say ten thousand dollars; and about ten thousand dollars more would be required to stock the farm for use, making a total capital

of forty thousand dollars. For this investment we should be supplied with houses, rooms for schools, social meetings, and a farm sufficient to produce almost every thing we should require in the way of agriculture and gardening, to say nothing of a surplus to send to market.

Now supposing the same twenty families to reside in the city, what amount of investment would be required for the houses merely, which they would occupy? They would probably vary in cost from three to seven or eight thousand dollars. I have supposed it a moderate calculation to estimate the average at four thousand dollars each. This would require an investment of eighty thousand dollars, or double the amount of dwelling, farm, and stock combined, in Association.

It will be shown you in the course of the evening, that the expense of living in Association may be less by one half than what it is in isolated households, with great economy in the city. This will remove all cause for that corroding care and anxiety, so prejudicial to moral and intellectual improvement. It will give time for those studies and recreations which serve to soften and purify the mind, and which give freshness and life to existence.

The moral benefits of the change to our children can hardly be estimated. It will give them all the advantages of city association, without the contaminating influences of the streets.

Such will be the division of labor and duty, that it will be easy to provide for overseeing them in their studies, their recreations, and their pursuits. In short, it will be an attempt to live a life of heaven upon earth. If successful, it will be completing the circle of life, which is for each man "to know, to understand, to will, and to do."

ASSOCIATION.

"Society is not a community, but an aggregation," says D'Israeli, in his late novel entitled "Sybil, or the Two Nations," and he says truly. If we open our eyes, and scan closely the social elements around us, we are everywhere struck with the fact, that at present, the foundation stones, the pillars, and the roof of the social edifice, are but the concretions of Self, held together by the cement of Interest; that the many labor for the few, and that the few care for the many at best only as they care for the wheels, shafts and belts of their factories, to procure the greatest amount of income from the least outlay. Exceptions there may be to this, but an observation of several years has compelled us, even against our will, to admit the general existence of such a state of things, and we therefore are unable to deny the assertion, that society, as at present constituted, is but an aggregation of self interests, and not a community of human interests. For the great social thought now is, the heaping together of mere physical wealth; and

in the struggle to gather it, every thing is sacrificed that stands in the way. Health, comfort, home, the associations of childhood, the neighborly intercourse of years, peace of mind, all are prostrated before this implacable demon. Such is its result in the old world, and such are its tendencies here, so far as our peculiar circumstances will permit their consummation. Men who were but yesterday laboring side by side, who were with us, and of us, become by marriage, or death, or luck in business, or some other accident, possessed of extensive fortune, and at once a barrier, impenetrable as adamant, is raised up between them and those by whose minds and muscles all they have was created. And to create that fortune, the homes of many are comparatively bare and cheerless, their food impure, their clothing imperfect, that a few houses may be erected and furnished in styles of splendor and magnificence, and their inmates revel in all the luxury that heaps of earth-wealth can ever command.

These two opposite conditions of life, for any thing we can now see, must exist so long as the present principles of trade and labor are predominant in the social mind. The interest of the laborer and employer, the buyer and seller, are not one now, for each tries to get all he can, and to give as little in return as possible. Hence the slavery of the South, the distressed condition of the seamstresses in the cities, the increase of cellar tenements in New England, the huddling together of many families in small apartments, the long hours of labor, and the dependent population which is beginning to appear in our manufacturing towns. How can it be otherwise. The same elements which have produced such fearful results in Europe, must inevitably prove destructive here, (although from our wide extent of territory, and comparatively scattered population, they will not ripen so rapidly,) unless new principles of social life be introduced amongst us. So long as each person acts for himself alone, so long must the bitter fruit of selfishness be reaped by Society. And so long as the relation of employer and employed, is but little more elevated, in one respect, than that of owner and machine, working them only when profitable, and then at the least possible cost, and dispensing with their labor when unprofitable, practically recognising no right in the laborer but that of starvation, so long shall we continue to follow in the paths which have led the working classes of the old world to so much suffering, misery and degradation.

We believe that this state of things ought not to be; that now in our apparent prosperity, the day has come when experiments in social organization, similar to those which are now going on in this country with respect to government, should be made; that we should attempt practically in social life to realize the noble motto of the nation *E Pluribus Unum*, many united in one, the interest of each, the interests of all. And until this result is attained, labor will never fill its true place. At present it is evidently somewhat at a discount. Supporting by the strength of its own right hand the whole social edifice, it is whipt and spurned from the door of the building, which but for it would never have had "a local habitation or a name."

The great social problem of our time, is to be, the organization and ennobling of Labor. This, we believe to be, in the order of Divine Providence, one of the great objects of the mission of the United States, and hence in the selection of its motto, the events of the future threw their shadows before them, and in many other tokens of equal significance. We therefore view with feelings of great respect, the efforts that are now making for the elevation and association of Labor. That there will be many failures we doubt not, for there are numerous causes in active existence to prevent present success, but of ultimate success we feel entire confidence. And when that shall come, it will be no greater departure from the present form of society, than that we now live in is from the feudal form which preceded it; for it will be but the application to labor of the same principles which are now applied to wealth. People are now organized into towns, counties, states, &c., for the purposes of education, government, the administration of justice, the building of bridges, &c. A step further in the same direction will be taken, and instead of individual proprietors, will be substituted a common proprietorship, where all will be joint owners for the good of each, and not the old feudal plan, where one man owned all things for his own aggrandizement. Then will be seen what the word community truly defines, that in which the common good is the supreme good. Such communities will be under the guidance and control of wise and just laws; whether they will be those of Fourier, or others that may be discovered, we know not; but to succeed they must be based upon Truth and Justice, in all the relations that man can sustain, social and individual. When such communities shall become the established order of society, then man may know in daily life what is meant by "loving his neighbor as himself." And when that day shall appear, the present war of competitive labor will cease, and the rapacities of trade that now exist will be unknown; for then, and not till then, will "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

To all who may be interested in this subject we recommend the Harbinger, a paper published at Brook Farm, near Boston, by the members of an Association, in practical operation. We have been much pleased with it thus far and doubt not that the able men who conduct it, will make it one of the most valuable papers of its class.—*Fall River News*.

LETTER FROM BROADWAY.

TO THE HARBINGER:

What of all this flashing surge, — this never-ceasing whirl of crash and clamor, with which the great car of life rolls on, — that tells aught but its own paltry story? What veins of golden light, darting beneath the troubled surface, herald the yet unrisen day? Truly, looked at from *this* point, our great, splendid, glorious, magnificent Broadway, is but a desert and a solitude. You shall struggle and fight your way from the broad Battery, filled with shameless women, whom society has driven in-

to vice, simply because it has driven them from itself, when it was less pure than they, and they must go *somewhere*,—you shall go from the Battery through the gilded and flaunting throng of the West Side, when the sea of fashion is at high tide, and find nothing but a rapid succession of sights, to make you melancholy. Ignorance boldly taking lead in the great procession; Covetousness honored, and the Miser worshipped; Vulgarly in ribbons and flounces, and pretty modesty in foul rags; philosophers and men whose brains hold electric communion with the skies, poorly sheltered under rusty hats, and fearfully edging their way through the crowd, and trying to hide their patched coats by dodging about between the legs of lofty-striding millionaires, whose bank account is as fat as themselves;—these are frequent but barren sights, and I begin to fear I shall get nothing to tell you about from the whole of this mighty Broadway.

— A few days ago, I made one of three or four thousand curious gazers at a man standing on the main trunk of the new Trinity Church spire, two hundred and eighty feet from the ground, and waving his arms (they looked like those of my baby's Jumping-Jack, which goes by pulling a string like a tail,) over the *largest, most magnificent, and most costly church in the Union*. Isn't this something to be proud of! But my unlucky genius just at this moment led me to look down Lombard, and Rector, and Thames, and Albany streets, and they were so squalid and filthy, so full of ragged and loathsome paupers, black washerwomen, white beggars (the blacks never follow *that* calling,) starved children, and drunkards, that I set myself at once to cyphering how many of these miserable wretches could be made comfortable, made to respect themselves, and therefore to be proud of being virtuous and good, with the surplus of the Two Hundred and Fifty thousand dollars which this church cost, after using enough to have built an edifice fit to be embellished by the meekness and piety, and the other Christian graces of those who were to worship there. From this I turned to envy the dead who sleep so grandly and solemnly beneath those ghost-like old trees and grave-stones: they had not to trouble themselves about the poor Irish-women in Thames Street!

A few days after this, I saw five miles of Broadway and the Bowery closely packed with "mourners,"—they had the audacity to get themselves published in the newspapers as mourners,—at the funeral of General Jackson. I wished that like thee, O Teufelsdröck! I could but have seen through the clothes of these pageant-makers, seen through the scarlet coats and gold lacings, into the hearts of

the trampers! No mourning would be found there, but rather delight that the man had died, and thus granted the opportunity of a little self-glorification.

In this never-ending procession, however, which, like the Greek serpent, swallowed its own tail, one was struck dumb, thrilled through and through, with the music,— "the wild shriek of the solitary cavalry trumpet, mingled with the dead beats of the muffled drums, treading upon each other like smothered echoes," as it is phrased by the Tribune paragraphist. Yes, this music was the great fact of the day. It was scientific to a very high degree,— warm, fresh, gushing with eloquent sentiment,—it spoke the yet unformed aspirations of the national heart. We are a musical people; we are to be a music and beauty-creating people; our destiny it is to cherish all forms of the Beautiful, and to develop the Fine Arts to a point of perfection, in the closer union of critical excellence with unexhausted inspiration, never yet seen on this earth. In the new dispensation of things that is coming upon the world, this is our portion. Music, the sound made by the harmonious motion of the spheres, the murmur of the universe, as it feels throughout its living frame the joy of conscious symmetry and beauty, is also the language of this people. We are yet less than three quarters of a single century old,—less than the age of a single man,—and yet already are we amateurs and connoisseurs in Music, and already is our leading Theatre filled with hushed and breathless audiences, to decide upon the merits of new operas, and to give currency or condemnation to new *prima donnas*! And we do this well, too; better, on the whole, than would be done in Europe, although the transplantation of full-grown foreigners, with full-grown Parisian and Continental prejudices among us, seriously embarrasses the process.

This would be the place for me to write of our French *troupe*, if there were excellence enough in them to merit it; but truly, they are a sad failure. I can scarcely remember a true, honest, firm, sound-hearted note yet issued by them. *Calvé* has been too much over-praised, and is completely spoiled. Her voice is cold and metallic, her intonation never *exactly* correct, although always *very nearly so*, and her action exaggerated French paste-board. Of the others, there is nothing to be said in mitigation of sentence, save in respect to Madame Stephen Cœuriot, who is a sweet, lovable woman, and lets her voice escape in a pretty silver flood, right from her breast and throat.

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

REVIEW.

Tales, by EDGAR A. POE. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway, 1845. pp. 228.

We have here the second Number of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, of which the first was noticed in last week's Harbinger.

By what strange means the present volume finds its way into a library of American Books we are not informed, and we suppose have no right to inquire. In this land of unbounded freedom every man can name his child Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Jefferson, without any possibility of redress on the part of those injured worthies.

Mr. Poe might properly have divided his book into two parts, one of *Tales*, the other, of *Philosophical Sketches*. In the *Tales* a peculiar order of genius is apparent. It might be called the intense order. To this there is one exception in which the author lays off the tragic mantle and gives his humor an airing. But that is intense also;—our readers shall have a specimen.

"At Chalk-Farm, the next morning, I shot off his nose,—and then called upon my friends.

'Bete!' said the first.

'Fool!' said the second.

'Dolt!' said the third.

'Ass!' said the fourth.

'Ninny!' said the fifth.

'Noodle!' said the sixth.

'Be off!' said the seventh.

At all this I felt mortified and so called upon my father."

But the full glory of the book is not seen in its wit, which is merely by-play and alteration. When we come to "the general burst of terrific grandeur," which makes our countenances "cadaverously wan" with "an intensity of intolerable awe," as "a flood of intense rays rolls throughout and bathes the whole in ghastly and inappropriate splendor," we begin to be "oppressed by an excess of nervous agitation;" but when we have fairly heard the "one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman,—a howl,—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony, and of the demons that exult in the damnation," we can't help saying to ourselves,—we now say it to the public, that Mr. Poe's *Tales* are absolutely overwhelming.

They remind us of the blue lights, the blood and thunder, and corked eyebrows of that boast of modern dramatic achievements, the melo-drama.—One more specimen.

"From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found

POETRY.

EVERYWHERE THOU!

From the German, by J. S. DWIGHT.

When the dark walls of night,
Dreariest dead of night,
Round me I feel,
Then I am not alone,
Thinking of thee, mine own;
Thoughts of thy love alone
Love torments heal.

Though from a foreign strand
Far back to boyhood's land
Longing I gaze,
Still is my soul with thee;
Ah! in the spot where we
Parted so tenderly,
There it still stays.

Thou look'st in day's bright dawn;
Thou, when the day is gone,
Smil'st to me now;
Thou in the sun's warm glow,
Thou in the brook's full flow,
Thou when the winds do blow,
Everywhere Thou!

Wak'st me in song of bird;
And, be thy name but heard,
Lull'st me to rest.
Thou, O beloved child,
Image so high and mild,
Into my heart hast smiled,
Dearest and best!

A LOVER'S WISHES.

Translated from a Swabian popular song.

O, were I but yon little spring,
To thee would I refreshment bring,—
Cool waters bliss!
If thou didst stoop thy mouth to me,
I'd raise my waves in love to thee,
Soft as a kiss.

O, were I but yon little rose,
The sweetest perfumes I'd enclose,—
Perfumes for thee!
I would not turn aside my head,
Nor offer thee a thorn instead—
If thou wouldst gather me.

O, were I but yon little bird,
At dawning should my voice be heard,—
For thee alone!
Upon thy hand I'd softly sit,
And sing my most melodious fit,
With sweetest tone.

Be thou like the first Apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast τάρχη to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

Gallagher.

Knowest thou yesterday, its aim and reason?
Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?
Then calmly wait the morrow's hidden season,
And fear not thou what hap see'er it brings.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It is some twenty years since the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was introduced into the United States. For a great length of time it existed in obscurity, but within the last five years it has come into notice and has spread rapidly over the whole Union. It now numbers among its members many of our most estimable citizens, and seems likely to extend still further. At the recent celebration in Boston, representatives were present from all parts of the country, and were counted by thousands.

Since the commencement of this rapid growth, the Order has of course been regarded with no little jealousy. It has been attacked by the honest minded, who beholding it in one aspect alone, saw in its secrecy only the means of an illegal power, and in its ceremonies and badges nothing but mummery and nonsense; as well as by the narrow and bigoted, who are always hostile to whatsoever does not square with their own miserable prejudices.

At present, it is useless to treat the Order with either contempt or ridicule. It embodies too large an amount of moral and intellectual power to be sneered at with wisdom even by those who consider it as useless or dangerous. It is much more politic, seeing how wide an influence it has and will probably continue to have, to treat it calmly, and fairly, and with some respect.

To us, whose especial office it is to watch every thing that bears upon the movement of society, not with the scrutiny of lifeless critics, so much as with the faith and hope that belong to the heralds of better times, such an institution is the object of deep interest. We have accordingly taken pains to inform ourselves as to the real character of the Order, and are convinced that it is abundantly deserving of the favor with which it has been received.

It claims, and with justice, to be a benevolent institution, but its benevolence is better than any we have ever seen commended in the newspapers. It is the benevolence of mutual guarantees. Its Charity is collective and not individual. The peculiar feature of the Order is the more extended application of the principle

myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken, as extending from the roof of the building, in a zig-zag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened, there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind, the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight, my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder,—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of Usher.

If our readers can get through this passage unmoved they have a most remarkable degree of insensibility. We had some thought of introducing to them Mr. Poe's Black Cat, "with red, extended mouth, and eye of fire," but in mercy we forbear. We fear that they would be "overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror" which might interfere with their proper attention to their business.—Among what might be called the Philosophic Sketches is one named Mesmeric Revelation, which we have before seen in the newspapers. We give the reader a touch of this philosophy, of which the manner is quite equal to the matter.

"The multitudinous conglomeration of rare matter into nebulae, planets, suns, and other bodies which are neither nebulae, suns, nor planets, is for the sole purpose of supplying *pabulum* for the idiosyncrasy of the organs of an infinity of rudimental beings. But for the necessity of the rudimental, prior to the ultimate life, there would have been no bodies such as these. Each of these is tenanted by a distinct variety of organic, rudimental, thinking creatures. In all, the organs vary with the features of the place tenanted. At death, or metamorphosis, these creatures, enjoying the ultimate life,—immortality,—and cognizant of all secrets but *the one*, act all things and pass every where by mere volition: indwelling, not the stars, which to us seem the sole palpabilities, and for the accommodation of which we blindly deem space created,—but that *SPACE* itself,—that infinity of which the truly substantive vastness swallows up the star-shadows,—blotting them out as non-entities from the perception of angels."

But we spend too much time upon this book. Its tales are clumsily contrived, unnatural, and every way in bad taste. There is still a kind of power in them; it is the power of disease; there is no health about them; they are like the vagaries of an opium eater. "An excited and highly distempered idealism throws a sulphurous lustre over all." The philosophy of the book is of a similar character.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the claim to personal property in ideas.

of Mutual Insurance, already found so efficacious a protection against losses by fire. Upon this principle the fraternity of Odd Fellows is founded. By introducing it more intimately into the relations of life, each member is assured against illness and misfortune; in consideration of a certain fee or premium, he is entitled to support and care during illness, just as in case of fire a member of a mutual insurance company is entitled to have his losses made good.

Of course all persons cannot be admitted indiscriminately into an institution which assumes such responsibilities. It would be unwise as well as useless, to extend such guarantees to those who are not able to fulfil the necessary conditions. Unlimited and injudicious benevolence is always sure to defeat its own end, and is thus, for any practical purpose, not benevolence at all. Nor does any such benevolence enter into the design of the Order. It is not indiscriminate charity at which it aims, but simply a certain kind of social guarantees. These necessarily presuppose certain conditions and duties. To be admitted into the Order, good character, good health, good conduct, and payment of the regular dues are required.

The guarantees of support and assistance are, so to say, the material form or body of the Fraternity. Within this body exists the soul,—a beautiful corporate friendship, and a manly sense of brotherhood which is the natural result of common interests and of the care for each other's welfare which the constitution of the Order enjoins. It is worth one's while to hear the tone in which one Odd Fellow addresses another.—There is a genial sincerity in the "brother" which the ordinary pronunciation of the word is not familiar with, and which in these days of smooth hypocrisy and hostile selfishness, has a peculiar value.

The secrecy of the Order is brought as an objection against it. It ought to be remembered that it exists in the midst of a world whose spirit and institutions are of a character quite opposite to its own. Some adequate means of preserving the Order from imposition and of keeping alive the "esprit de corps," so essential to its efficiency must be employed. For this purpose secret signs are incomparably the safest as well as the most convenient. Besides, any institution which builds only on one motive, cannot attain to a very great degree of power or usefulness. Without the *prestige* of secrecy, the Order would lose much of its general attractiveness, even with many of those who would hardly admit the fact. But the mystery of Odd Fellowship is pre-

cisely the part of which well informed members of the brotherhood make the least account. They regard it as only the shell, useful in the present condition of society: it is what it contains that they consider as of essential value. They look forward to a period when "Friendship, Love, and Truth," will not need the protection of a special brotherhood; they have faith that "going down the stream of time, these principles may be disseminated wider and wider, until all men shall dwell together in unity."

The regalia and badges of Odd Fellowship may be objected to; we are not particularly desirous to defend them. The passion for show is one, however, which cannot always be criticized with safety; we have heard friends of ours treat it with no little contempt, and the very next day have found them making speeches at the presentation of a banner!

We are convinced that the polity of the Order, namely, "*Social Guarantees and Collective Charity*," is destined at no distant period to predominate in society. We are sure that a much more extended application of it is already possible. It must soon, we should suppose, become apparent to Odd Fellows that greater benefits are within their reach than they have yet attained, and that their bond of union can be made still firmer and brighter. If their guarantees could be made to include the education of children and constant employment for industry, they would leave little to be desired. They might also apply the same method to their commercial transactions. By combining for the purchase of necessary articles at wholesale, with proper security for the careful and honest management of the business, they might obtain all kinds of goods without the profits of retail dealers. A village of two or three hundred families might thus supply themselves at wholesale prices and make a handsome saving in the course of a year, besides dispensing with a large amount of labor which is of no positive service to the community. It needs no great amount of reflection indeed, to perceive that there is no department of society in which the methods from which Odd Fellows derive signal advantages cannot be employed.

It is this very extension of the principles of Guaranteeism which we contend for in this Journal. And it is in view of it that we regard the Order of Odd Fellows as a remarkable instrument of Providence in the transition through which this country is beginning to pass. It is worthy of note, too, that while reformers of all degrees are preparing the way for the coming of the New Dispensation, laying resolute and often fierce

hands upon a thousand ancient usages and institutions, with no gender word than "*Apate Satanus!*" upon their lips, with zeal against the false quite as much as love for the true, ardent in their hearts; bent more upon destroying the shrines of Belial than raising altars to the Lord; there should have arisen from another quarter of the moral compass, a fraternity embodying positive, constructive principles,—principles too which are to form the future basis of the whole organization of society. Providence has always more agencies than one in its service. While the keen winds of autumn desolate the woods, and whirl far and wide the leaves which in summer were the glory of the forest, Nature prepares peacefully and in silence, the germs of the future foliage. So in the bosom of society, rotten with the hostility of castes and interests, and the embittered and heightened vices of the past, and blind with ignorance and prejudice, have put forth, unnoticed and almost unknown, the imperfect forms of the organization which it is about to assume. The transition approaches its crisis. God grant a happy issue to the effort!

THE COLLECTIVE UNITY,

Or the Organization of the Township.

By the *Collective Unity*, we understand the primary element, the first germ of Society, called in the Savage state the Horde, in the Patriarchal state, the Clan, or patriarchal family, and in Civilization by different names in different countries; in the United States the township; in England, the parish or borough; in France, the commune; in Germany, the Dorf. We choose the term *Collective Unity*, because *Collective* implies that it is composed of a large number of individuals, and *Unity* that it is the first element or integer of Society, or the State, in the same manner as the individual is the first element or integer of the township or village. We have chosen a new name, because a general term is necessary for our purpose. We cannot call the horde a township, nor the township a horde; we need a name that will apply in barbarism, civilization, and all other forms of society.

God created the individual, or the first unity of the species, male and female,—man and woman. The man and woman united, considered as one, form the primary unity, or simplest element of the collective unity, as the collective unity forms the simplest element of the State. The second unity is the family, composed of the male, the female, and their offspring. Neither of these, however, forms a collective or integral Unity. The Col-

lective Unity must be numerous enough to offer a sphere for the development, action, and just satisfaction of all the interests, capacities, and affections of man, and for the establishment of Industry, the Arts and Sciences, and the forms of moral and social life.

The single individual, or the single family, living isolatedly and without union and association with other individuals or families, cannot develop their natures, satisfy a tithe of their wants, nor bring a hundredth part of their capacities into use. The single couple have, if their souls be cultivated and developed, capacities and attractions for numerous branches of industry, the arts and sciences, and for infinitely varied social relations, for which they alone cannot at all provide. Is it not evident then that the integral individual—the man and the woman—must associate with other individuals to satisfy the manifold requirements of the soul and body, and secure their happiness?

The five orders of Society that have existed upon the earth, have all been based upon this necessity. The Collective Unities of these Societies have not been, however, true unions, offering a congenial sphere for the life of man, and the growth and exercise of his moral and material powers—but mere aggregations of families confusedly and incoherently brought together. *The true plan or organization for the Collective Unity is not known to the world; the discovery of it is the greatest and most important problem which can now occupy the attention of statesmen and men of science.* We said discovery, but that is made: a man of genius who devoted forty years to the investigation of this problem, has solved it. It is one too, far more intricate and profound than would be supposed by the superficial observer; it contains within itself a solution of the whole question of human society, and the destiny of man on earth. The reform for which we are laboring, is the practical realization of the true Collective Unity. This work appears to us so important, because we know that it is the commencement of all reforms, and the only complete remedy for the various social and political evils against which so many reform parties are directing their efforts, as well as for many others which are not yet known to be evils.

Let us now proceed to examine briefly the organization of the Collective Unity in four of the societies that have existed on the earth—in the Savage, the Patriarchal, the Barbarian, and the Civilized.

In the Savage state the Collective Unity is a mere aggregation of couples, living in wigwams or huts. The sentiment of friendship in its lower develop-

ments is the prevailing social affection; and this sentiment, together with the necessity of defence against other hordes, is the principal bond of union. Industry, in its various branches of agriculture, manufactures, &c., does not exist; consequently man's physical wants, and his love of material comfort and refinement, (without which no high intellectual development is possible,) cannot be satisfied. The arts, sciences, and means of education are entirely unknown; the savage is so sunk in ignorance and in the brutality of uncultivated nature, that all the higher and more delicate affections are entirely crushed.

In the savage horde, which is the rudest of all the organizations of the Collective Unity, some evils are avoided which are to be found in societies more advanced. As there is no Industry, no necessity exists for slaves, serfs, or hired menials to perform it, and as a consequence, slavery and servitude, with the misery and degradation which they entail upon the laboring classes in the Barbarous and Civilized societies, are unknown. The absence of Industry renders artificial distinctions of property unnecessary; the soil is not monopolized—concentrated in the hands of the few, and shut out from the great majority; the forests, prairies, and streams, are open to all, and all have the perfect right of appropriating their fruits, their game, or their fish. Thus the fundamental right of man—the *right to the soil*—exists in the Savage state, while in the Civilized state, it is violated and trampled under foot.

As the sentiment of friendship is the predominant social affection of the horde, a kind of wild equality reigns: there are no masters or tyrants, no privileged or degraded classes, no castes or other odious and unnatural distinctions. Liberty exists, but it is a coarse and savage liberty, growing out of the absence of Industry and all the higher uses of Life.

The Patriarchal society succeeds the Savage, and the clan or patriarchal family is the next form in order of the Collective Unity. In it, Industry—which is the *ground-work of all human progress*—begins to be exercised; flocks are reared and some branches of manufactures invented. More organization and order become necessary; discipline, government, and distinctions, are established, and a kind of mild paternal despotism arises. A petty chief or lord with privileged connections, is at the head, surrounded by dependents and servants, who partly from fear, and partly from necessity and a clannish spirit, attach themselves to and obey him. The parental sentiment, with its authority and discipline, takes the place of the friendship which reigned in the savage horde, and becomes the

predominant or general social affection—the *passional key-note*—to use a technical expression: with it the liberty and equality of the horde are lost, and government, inequality, dependence and servitude, take their place.

The patriarchal family or clan is, like the horde, a mere collection of individuals, falsely associated, and standing to each other in uncongenial or hostile relations. It has but one merit, which is that in it Industry begins to be developed, and mankind commence their career—through privation, suffering, and servitude, it is true—towards their destiny.

As our remarks have run to some length we will leave to a future article the examination of the organization of the Collective Unity in the Barbarian and the Civilized societies, when we shall show that in the latter, the organization of the township is hardly less false than the Savage horde or Patriarchal clan. This will probably not be admitted so readily; it is in the order of things that the inhabitants of each society should cling to the customs, laws, and institutions of the social form in which they have been brought up. The Savage, with his low moral development, his habit of a wandering and idle life, is tenaciously attached to the horde, as the Patriarchal man, reared in petty feuds, is to the clan. The civilizee, or inhabitant of civilization, nurtured in individualism, and in the mean strifes of commerce and industry, filled with distrust of those whose interests are opposed to his own, clings to the customs, usages, and laws of his peculiar Collective Unity. To him there appears to be nothing objectionable in its isolated households and its separation of families, so favorable to that spirit of individualism and selfishness which draws and concentrates every thing within itself; its false system of commerce, furnishing such admirable facilities for trick and fraud and overreaching; its oppressive modes of industry which enable those who have capital to take advantage of the laboring masses, who have none, and to live and grow rich upon the profits of their toil; its unnatural system of law, which affords a few an opportunity of fattening upon the moral carrion or discards of society; its political parties and feuds, where “to the victors belong the spoils;” its different sects in religion, the members of which strive to obtain even heaven isolatedly and for themselves, leaving those of other sects to sink into perdition in the world to come with the same indifference that they leave them to sink into poverty and misery in this.

We shall endeavor to show the civilized Collective Unity in its true light, and in such a light that we trust that they who have preserved the sentiments of justice

and the love of man in their souls will unite earnestly in laboring for its reform.

THE FLORAL PROCESSION IN BOSTON.

On the Fourth of July, one half of Boston parades up and down in processions, for the other half to look at. It is a would-be-merry spectacle; and that is all. Not much enthusiasm of any kind, but a great expression of a desire that there might be some; a great putting of themselves in the way of it; a great calling to mind of patriotic themes and demonstrations, such as one would think, ought to furnish enthusiasm enough. The city tries hard to look glad. Each great or little party, company, society, by dint of music and marches, would make it out that it too has got something to celebrate. There is great stir, but small warmth; and hardly any thing that looks or sounds or acts like an all-pervading, all-uniting sentiment. The whole looks unmeaning enough. — Yet there are indications here and there of a quite beautiful and hopeful tendency. Among these, is the Floral Procession of the children of the Warren-Street Chapel, which, from small beginnings, has grown to be a cardinal feature in the day's solemnities.

The spectacle in itself, by its mere beauty, justifies itself, being as it is by far the most beautiful sort of parade which a city at the present day can show. A description of it would be a poem. It is a travelling garden, a perfect moving forest of flowers, temples, altars, banners, crosses, and every sort of allegorical figure, with devices and texts, all written in flowers; the whole upborne by little children, whose hearts should be as fresh, whose souls as pure, as those emblems of purity and love. And all this in the midst of a crowded city, on an occasion almost grown obsolete and vulgar, amid so many other bustling, empty ceremonies, and all the vaporing and glorification. Here were Youth and Summer modestly putting in their claim, and stealing many hearts away from political and other vanities. Here was some of God's own eloquence. Here was one touch of Nature amid so much artificial life; one sweet breath of hope amid the noisy glorifications of the past; one refreshing poetic fact, amid the swarming unreal ghosts. We leave it to the crowd who witnessed it to think and to say all manner of fine moral things about it. To us it had a peculiar significance which we shall endeavor to explain.

These little feasts of Beauty which are becoming so common in Boston, and which are mostly of a somewhat religious origin, the first example being set by Sunday Schools and Institutions of charity, are to us so many symptoms of a general confession of the barrenness of our com-

mon civilized life, of the exhaustion of all the old popular themes, of the failure of all the modern improvements so far as concerns the realization of any thing that can be called *Life*; and of an aspiration after something more like reality and nature. It is a return in some degree to the customs of a more poetic age. There may be more or less of sentimentality in it, of weak sighing after the romantic middle ages, after the traits of nature and of universal Humanity which indiscriminating Protestantism swept away along with Catholic monstrosities. There may be those who idly dream of bringing back the past. But that the present does not suffice, is confessed by all those balloons which fill the air, in which so many seek to ride above the earth for a little while, at least; and quite as much is it confessed by the very sulkeness of those who do not own it, and who would fain frown innovation down. It is found that the soul cannot live without beauty, without happy bonds of union, without corporate enthusiasm, without outward expression and emblematic representation of the heart's first Faith and Love. It is found that thriving Commerce, that cheap and popular Government, that progress of Civilization, do not after all nourish the heart; do not make men free, united, and happy. This is first felt, of course, by those who attempt to educate youth; if they have any wisdom. They see that the virtue of the rising generation requires some positive sustenance, and not mere negative regulation; that the soul must be *fed*, not merely preached to; that love must be inspired, not merely talked about; that motive must be found in the present realization of life, and not in proposed examples; in real ends or attractions, and not in foreign imaginary ends or conventions. They feel, too, that the very soul of life, and love, and liberty, is Joy; that that is the one only natural and true thing in this world; that that alone keeps the live coals together, which otherwise would smoulder away in isolation. Hence these efforts to multiply festivals and beautiful occasions; to revive an enthusiasm for something like the merry days of old England; to drive some color into the pale cheeks of our merely formal and correct existence, and relax its hardened features, if it be but a little.

In this view, the procession of the little Florists made the graver solemnities of the day look boyish. It was by far the most real thing we saw. The idea which prompted it, the aspiration, if nothing more, was enough to make it interesting. Yet, after all, it was but a fragment; one of a hundred little struggling aspirations after outward harmony. We could not help thinking how much more beautiful this procession would have been, if all the

social relations, and all the facts of life, for those young choirs, but corresponded. When society shall be a harmony; when joy shall quicken all its business and its worship; when every character shall grow by its own God-given law, unfolding its whole individuality into perfect unity, so that each shall be a member of the Collective Man; when interests shall not interfere with duties, nor necessities with love; when badges, and emblems, and marshalled ranks, shall express true facts of every-day life and character; when corporate enthusiasm shall perform its marches and its dances, not in the midst of a gaping, foreign, unsympathizing crowd of a city, which is the market-place of selfish competition, but around and beneath the architectural splendors of the Unitary home, where every thing inspires a unitary thought, and every looker on is part of the festival — then there will be floral processions, as naturally as there will be love and laughter, as beautiful as the fields and skies, which witness the gathering of the flowers.

We have heard much ridicule of Fourier's visions about fêtes and processions in the Phalanxes of full harmony; as if parade and pomp were heaven. But when an aspiration, a mere *feeling after* nature and truth, creates what we have just seen, will it not be natural and true, that in harmony, the outward life of men shall all be allegorical of the inward? Will not the harmony of characters, cemented by love, made possible by unity of interests, continually burst forth, or rather flow forth, in a religion of the Fine Arts, in festivals as earnest as the duties which fit for them, in processions which shall be nothing less than worship?

One more reflection. Boston was full of processions. But among them all we scarcely saw a beautiful face, or a look of real enthusiastic joy. Here were the denizens of the common-place paths of life, the children of the poor, the plain, the toil-worn parading up and down, as an exhibition, while the gentle and the refined and the beautiful sat at the lordly windows to behold them. Surely, it should be just the other way. The select and beautiful and accomplished should lead forth the festal choirs and processions of society. Or rather, there should be an end as speedily as possible to this state of things, in which the great multitude are doomed to poverty of purse and mind, to homeliness of person, and to ignorance of all but the poorest arts of amusement. "These are my brothers," one might exclaim, as he passed through the crowd of dull, uninteresting, vacant-looking people, "created in God's image; and yet no meaning in their faces, no majesty in their step. They are all dressed up in festal garments, and go out into one another's

presence, as if for some sort of communion; and what one thing do they have in common? The 'Glorious Fourth!'—free institutions! a day's leisure to meditate upon them, and dress up on the strength of it! processions and fire-works and brotherhood of man and Independence! The independent ones are hardly seen out on this people's day; they have their own private pleasures, on this day, and on every other day; they have been successful in the infernal scramble after wealth, which makes all these brothers enemies, these freemen slaves; they live in the hoases which the unsuccessful have been compelled to build for them; and the people may talk glory, and see fire-works once a year."

MEANS AND MEASURES.

☐ We cannot refrain from saying a few words respecting *modes, measures, and means*, in carrying on our warfare, which has given rise to some apparent confusions and differences in our ranks. Our friends at "Brook Farm," and some others, are in favor of introducing strong measures, while others doubtless equally interested are not prepared for such entirely new and decided steps. For our own part, we see no good reason why this should create disunion in the N. England Workingmen's Association. There are many belonging to this Association, who are willing to adopt individually the measures proposed by our Fourier friends, but are unwilling to adopt them as a N. England Association. The reason is very obvious—we then should cut ourselves loose from many good and honest workingmen, who are willing to go with us as fast as they can see and understand. Now let us rightly understand each other, and keep in view the great object we wish to attain; and all disunion among our *true friends*, will vanish. Let the Associations, throughout the various towns, act as primary schools, for the reception of pupils who are receiving the first rudiments in this labor reform. Let these several primary schools act in conjunction with the high school, or N. England Association, where we can all meet, receive, and impart still higher lessons in our reform. In this way let our system of education in harmony go on, from our town Associations, to the N. England Association—and from thence to the "*Industrial Congress*;" and while we, through this gradual process, educate the working community for a better state of society—while we are agitating the various speedy and partial ameliorations; beginning at the incipient stages of our glorious reform, taking servitude's victims, and pointing them on to a brighter day; let our friends of social science and philosophy, continue to perfect their system of human elevation, and receive all who are prepared for so high a stand.—Brothers, there exists no sound reason for disunion; our cause is one; our aim one; our principles are harmonious. Then let us labor together in our various capacities, like true friends and christians, until the noble structure of free labor and "equal rights" shall be reared; and the victims of avarice and unjust degrading toll redeemed, and reinstated into their native manhood.

The above extract from the Voice of Industry, devoted to the advocacy of industrial reform, a paper recently commenced at Fitchburg, Mass., is full of good sense and is worthy of all acceptance. There cannot be any just cause for the champions of human rights, to fall out

by the way; all true and resolute hearts will unite in order to adopt practical measures, as soon as a well digested system of reform is matured, and offered for their adoption and support. Then, and not till then, will the true reformer give his final answer; then will he examine the whole plan; and if in all its parts it commands the approbation of the most tender conscience; if it shows the way clearly whereby the inherent rights, the personal independence of each citizen, may be established upon an imperishable basis, without causing one painful throb in any virtuous heart; if the plan of Reform is conservative, carefully preserving "all of good that we have inherited and proved," thoroughly purging away the dross of monopoly, fraud, and oppression, while it preserves the pure gold of peace and justice,—if such a plan is offered, it will be accepted, but if the plan proposed by the Convention of Oct. 2, 1845, shall not in every point, answer this description, let it be promptly rejected.

Our friend of the Voice, will no doubt agree that measures, not so strong in their principles of justice and wisdom as to be perfectly irresistible, can never accomplish the great work that we have in hand, and in this view the "Brook Farm friends" may be said to be in favor of strong measures.

Thus far their efforts have been to awake the working men to thought; they have warred against nothing so much as against a cold and heartless apathy; they only fear a contented ignorance in the masses, while suffering under the weight of a daily increasing burden. They have put on their moral and intellectual armor in behalf of the down trodden millions;—and rejoice in every evidence of their sensibility, in every movement however misdirected for relief, knowing that investigation must ultimately lead to truth.

"The Brook Farm friends" have chosen their part; their work lies before them; they are the advocates of a Reform at once Radical, Conservative, and Constructive. They will propose no measures that can compromise the peace and order of society; they would preserve all that is of real worth; they aim by good only, to supplant existing evils, until all our laws, in principle and practice, represent Justice under the invariable direction of Love.

We hope, however, that our friend of the Voice of Industry, will not suffer the carping, which will arise from time to time against the movement, and its most elevated advocates, by those who condemn it merely because they find no opportunity to make capital for their vanity in its progress, to pass with him for the voice of the working men of New England. We must not expect to escape the

attacks of such spirits; the more universal are our purposes, the more surely will they provoke the hostility, however disguised, of those who seek to convert every movement into a vehicle for their own selfish ambition. Be not deceived by these wolves in sheeps clothing. Let them not sow the seeds of disunion among the suffering sons of labor; let us strengthen each other in the faith that the day of real freedom is about to dawn; let us gather together to salute the rising beams of the sun of Liberty; let us unite; let us join hands in fraternal union, and no longer shall we be doomed to grope in the dark; our rights will be defined, demanded, established, and enjoyed.

BRITISH MERCY.

"A portion of the highland proprietors have commenced the process of clearing their estates of the poor peasantry. In one case ninety glem-men have been ejected. One of the accounts says—'The air of universal dejection over the sad silent groups of women and children, sitting beside their little bits of furniture outside their huts, was really infectious.'"

Some time about 1815, we believe, it was substantially decided by the courts of England, that the fee or proprietorship of the Scottish highlands was in the lords or chiefs of the several clans, and that the clansmen holding no deeds or leases from their lords, were but tenants-at-will, and consequently liable to ejection.

One or more removals of clans took place under this decision, but, though conducted with much attention to the comfort of the sufferers, houses being built and land given them in other places, so much odium and outcry was excited against the proprietors that no forcible ejections of the kind have, we believe taken place for some years. The English nation may have become so accustomed to the continued and incalculable sufferings of peasants and laborers as to look with stolid indifference upon any trifling addition to the enormous amount, or the pecuniary advantages to be reaped from such measures may be sufficiently great to more than counterbalance that odium which may be incurred, but at any rate the work has again begun.

From the above notice received by the Caledonia, we see that numbers more of human beings, having the same name with their lords are to be driven away from their homes and cast upon the tender mercies of the civilized world, to make room for sheep. These highland farms are fitted for nothing but men, deer or sheep. The deer may contribute to the amusement of their owner, the sheep to his profit, but the men to neither. No matter if in olden time their ancestors did win and hold the land for his; no matter if their title to what they occupied was

as valid and as strong in equity as his, their services are no longer needed, the strong arm of the law has a longer reach and a truer stroke than theirs, and with the power comes the determination to clear them from the land.

We often hear much of the charity and benevolence of the powerful and wealthy throughout England, of their desire and attempts to ameliorate the condition of those who are dependent upon them; and D'Israeli says that the rising generation of landlords of the aristocracy are awakening to a sense of their own duties and the rights of the people; and it may be true; but it must be so only in a limited degree. Were it so to any extent, such a paragraph as that we have copied would be accompanied and received by an outburst of indignation which could not be restrained and would not be silenced.

TEACHING NOT EDUCATION.

"Now what education had that poor boy received. The people of the neighboring village would have said a very good one; for there was what is called a charity school in the neighborhood, where he had been taught to read and write, and to cast accounts. But this was *teaching*, not *education*. O, fatal mistake! when will Englishmen learn to discriminate between the two? His education had been at home,—in that miserable hut,—by that wretched woman,—by her companions in vice and crime! What had all the *teaching* he had received at school done for him, but placed weapons in the hand of wickedness? Had education formed any part of the system of the school where he was instructed,—had he been taught how best to use the gifts that were imparted,—had he been inured to regulate the mind that was stored,—had he been habituated to draw just conclusions from all he read, instead of merely being taught to read, that would have been in some degree *education*, and it might have corrected, to a certain point, the darker schooling he received at home. Well might the great philosopher, who, in some things, most grossly misused the knowledge he possessed, pronounce that "knowledge is power"; but alas! he forgot to add that it is power for *good or evil*. That poor child had been taught that which to him might have been either a blessing or a bane; but all his real education had been for evil; and there he stood, corrupted to the hearts' cure."—*Smuggler*, by G. P. S. James.

And this is all the moral of the book, of the last production of England's most voluminous novel writer. In a country where thousands of such habitations as he describes may be found, and where almost millions are reduced by the action of the laws, to the condition of that woman and that boy.

Not a word of the means of rendering that home more comfortable, more healthful, more salutary to body and soul, no! Its influences may in some degree be counteracted by the *education of charity schools*, which, hardly one in hundreds can attend, and which limit their teaching to reading, writing, and casting accounts! Not a word in the whole book of warn-

ing, of caution, of advice to those who by their grasping avarice, their unjust laws, have brought millions of their fellow subjects into a condition, similar to that of the wretched woman and her companions. Not a word of comfort or of hope to the suffering in vice and crime. And these pictures of misery and wretchedness, and their consequent vice and crime, are painted by one who commences with—

"It is wonderful what improvements have taken place in clocks and watches during the last half century; how accurately the escapements are constructed, how delicately the springs are formed, how easily the wheels move, and what good time they keep. After all, society is but a clock, a very complicated piece of mechanism; and it, too, has undergone in many countries, the same improvements that have taken place in the little ticking machines that we put in our pockets, or those greater indicators of our progress towards eternity, that we hang upon our walls."

THE WORKING MEN'S MOVEMENT.

Be it known that this movement contains the germ of a peaceful revolution, which will come, not in violence and bloodshed, not in rude, wanton destructiveness, but, like the strong influences of Heaven, with a genial, creative power, that will manifest itself in new organic forms of graceful and majestic proportions. We are devoted to this cause, from the fact that we believe it the commencement of a constructive reform, which is to bless all the human family. The relations of labor must be adjusted, before we can even approach to the enjoyment of a new, harmonic society. The work of the world is now its burden; the laborer is the victim; he drudges in comparative degradation that others may be surfeited in rank abundance; there is no justice, no "sign of salvation," in such an arrangement; and all classes would be unspeakably benefited by a change. The introduction of a new order in the relations of industry would create a new earth, would reveal a new Heaven, and cause a holier worship to ascend to the Infinite Father of Good. Therefore it is, that we press this subject in season, and, as many no doubt think, out of season,—that we welcome every token of returning life, in regard to it,—that we deem no reform effective while this great work remains unaccomplished,—and that we devote ourselves to practical labor for Association, believing that in this method the fearful problem will receive its solution. If we do not address ourselves to working men exclusively, if we may be thought an interloper into their guilds and a stranger to their livery, it is because we know that this reform concerns the whole of humanity, not a part, or a fraction. We advocate it on universal principles. We are not prompted by a merely benevolent wish to benefit the laborer, to be freed ourselves from the grind-

ing pressure of excessive toil, or to give others that freedom; but by the clearest and calmest conviction, that the present organization of labor is the curse of society; that no class of men can do justice to their nature in the actual condition of industry; and that until an integral reform is accomplished, the idea of human brotherhood is a monstrous fiction, the divine spirit of Christianity inapplicable to the daily business of life, and the highest hopes which have caused the human heart to thrill in the prospect of a glorious future, no better than effeminate dreams. Our brother working men may wish us to speak to them more directly, to take part in their controversies, and to flatter their vanity; but we can do no such thing; they will yet know who their true friends are; and enough is it for us to urge upon the souls of all that read our words those living truths which can never be sincerely uttered in vain, and which will in due time work out the complete emancipation of humanity.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY. A neat, well printed, well conducted paper this, and as stated in another column, devoted to the cause of industrial reform. Give us your hand, brother; lift up your Voice with strength, send it far and wide, let it be sweet and earnest, at the same time; sincere, deep, true, then will it wake up slumbering souls; and find an answering echo every where.

Our thanks are due to the friends who have aided us in bringing the Harbinger before the public, and in procuring a list of subscribers, which will enable us to work for it with cheerful confidence. We have now a circulation of over one thousand, and new names coming in every day. It will be our endeavor to give our subscribers a paper worthy of the cause to which it is devoted, and without making any pretensions, we feel that we have resources at command, which will enable us to satisfy all reasonable expectations.—We must also express our gratification at the friendly welcome with which we have been received by the conductors of the newspaper press in general. We reciprocate the courtesies which have been extended to us,—we shall always rejoice to meet our contemporaries with a cordial spirit,—and, we trust the honest freedom, with which we shall not fail to express our own views, as well as criticise the views of others which we may have occasion to controvert, will continue to make us more friends than enemies. We do not think it needful to abuse a man because we find him not yet in possession of truths which we deem important, and which we hope one day to find him receiving.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT WOBURN.

The Working Men's Celebration of the fourth of July at Woburn, was well attended and passed off very pleasantly. More than one thousand persons were on the ground during the day, a large portion of whom were ladies. Boston, Lowell, and a number of the towns in New England, where the working men have organized to carry out a great industrial and social reform movement, were well represented. The interest must be deep in the cause, that could draw so many persons together on this day, when the attractions elsewhere are so strong and numerous. It is an encouraging sign, that the working men of New England are beginning to perceive the need of something more than political liberty, when this day, consecrated to freedom, is selected for the purpose of discussion and inquiry as to the subject.

The meeting was held in a pleasant grove near the rail-road; it was organized at about 11 A. M. by the appointment of Mr. Totman of Woburn, as President, and a number of persons belonging to Boston, Lowell and other places, as Vice Presidents, the names of whom we did not obtain.

The proceedings were opened by prayer, which was followed by a song appropriate to the occasion, by the Messrs. Read. The chairman then introduced Mr. L. W. Ryckman, of Brook Farm, President of the N. E. Working Men's Association, who gave a lucid exposition of the nature of government, the objects for which it was instituted, and the principles on which it should be established. He showed that the *negative* basis of our Government, (which only steps in as an arbiter between individuals, but holds itself aloof from the industrial operations of the country,) should be changed to a *positive* basis, which would secure all the blessings we now enjoy, from political liberty, and at the same time, give to the laboring classes a guaranty of social independence and comfort, which now they do not possess.

Mr. Ryckman was followed by Messrs. White, Seaver, Campbell, Dana, Wright, Brisbane and others, all showing various aspects of the fact, that the present relations of labor and capital are injurious to both of those interests, and especially to labor.

After a collation in the afternoon, the company adjourned, highly gratified with the proceedings of the day.

¶ We take pleasure in inserting in the Harbinger of to-day, an article from the Fall River Weekly News, entitled Association. Although the writer does not express the entire confidence in the system of Fourier, which we are persuad-

ed would be the result of a more complete examination, we welcome the intelligent views, which he sets forth with such modesty and candor, and shall rejoice to hear from him again on the same subject.

TRUMBULL PHALANX.

MR. FOSTER — I have just returned from a visit to the Trumbull Phalanx, and I can not but express my astonishment at the condition in which I found the Association. I had never heard much of this Phalanx, and what little had been said, gave me no very favorable opinion of either location or people, and in consequence I went there somewhat prejudiced against them. I was pleased, however, to find that they have a beautiful and romantic Domain, a rich soil, with all the natural and artificial advantages they can desire. The Domain consists of 1100 acres in all. The total cost of the Real Estate property of the Phalanx is \$18,428; on which they have paid \$8,239, leaving a debt of \$10,189. The payments are remarkably easy; on the principal, 1,000 dollars are to be paid in September next, and the same sum in April 1846, and \$1,133 in April 1847, and the same sum annually thereafter. They apprehend no difficulty in meeting their engagements. Should they even fail in making the first payments, they will be indulged by their creditor. From this it will be seen that the pecuniary condition of the Trumbull Phalanx is encouraging.

The Phalanx has fee simple titles to many tracts of land, and a house in Warren, with which they will secure capitalists who choose to invest money for the purpose of establishing some branches of manufacturing.

There are about 250 people on the Domain at present, and weekly arrivals of new members. The greater portion of them are able bodied men, who are industrious and devoted to the cause in which they are engaged. The ladies perform their duties in this pioneer movement in a manner deserving great praise.

The educational department of the Phalanx is well organized. The children from eight to fourteen attend a Manual labor school, which is now in successful operation.

The advantages of association are realized in the boarding department. The price per week for men, women and children, is not more than forty cents.

They soon expect to manufacture all their own clothing. Carders, cloth-dressers, weavers, &c., are now at work. These branches will be a source of profit to the Association.

A good flouring mill with two run of stone is now in operation, which more than supplies the bread stuffs. They expect shortly to have four run of stone, when this branch will be of immense profit to the Association. The mill draws the custom of the neighborhood for a number of miles around.

Two saw mills are now in operation, which cut 600,000 feet per year, worth at least \$3,000. The lumber is principally sent to Akron.

A shingle machine, now in operation, will yield a revenue of 3,000 or 4,000 dollars per annum.

Machinery for making wooden bowls has been erected, which will also yield a revenue of about 3,000 dollars.

An Ashery will yield, the present season, about \$500. The Blacksmiths, Shoemakers, and other branches are doing well.

A wagon shop is in progress of erection, and a tan yard will be sunk, and a house built, the second story of which is intended for a shoe shop.

Crops. — 30 acres of wheat, 50 acres of oats, 70 acres of corn, 12 acres of potatoes, 5 acres of English Turnips, 10 acres of buckwheat, 5 acres of garden truck, 11-2 acres of broom corn.

There are 500 young Peach trees in the nursery; 200 apple trees in the old orchard, (fruit killed this year.)

Live Stock. — 45 cows, 12 horses, 5 yoke of oxen, 25 head of young cattle.

From the above hasty sketch, (for I cannot find time to speak of this Flourishing Association as I should,) it will be seen that it stands firm. The members live together, under all the disadvantages of a new movement, in perfect harmony; and what is gratifying, Mr. Van Amringe is there, cheering them on in the great cause by his eloquence, and setting them an example of devotion to the good of humanity. — J. D. T. — *Pittsburg Spirit of the Age*.

¶ We are authorized to state that the translation of Fourier's writings is in progress, and that it will probably be ready for publication in the course of the present summer. George Ripley, President of the Brook Farm Phalanx, and A. Brisbane, who is at present there, are engaged on it.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those subscribers who have not taken a receipt for the advance payment of the Harbinger, may consider the forwarding of the paper a sufficient acknowledgment of payment, as we keep no names on our subscription list, but of persons who have paid in advance according to our invariable terms.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 7 A. M., and 2-12 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plain, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 9 1-2 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday excepted.

N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845.

NUMBER 6.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

THE INS AND THE OUTS.

S. Why are you Associationists so busy always and only with the outward. You seem to be a humane and generous set of people, but you are always scratching on the surface. What can you accomplish in this way! Have the central life right, and all will be right. Make men to be good, they will then do good.

A. I bathe my whole body every morning, because I find that when the skin is in healthy action, all the organs are aided in the vigorous discharge of their functions. Industry and enjoyment are the skin, so to speak, of Society. In them all social and spiritual affections' ultimate. And if you will pardon the allusion, Society just now seems suffering from cutaneous disease.

S. Yes! But you think outward arrangements come first in order, and are all important. Now external order must follow and be derived from internal order. And the former is important only as related to the latter.

A. Most true. But let me answer by another illustration. I gathered a ripe apple just now, beautiful to the eye, and savory to the taste and smell. It derived its juice of course, from the central vessels entering from the tree; but meanwhile it had been working up this juice with sunlight and warmth by marvellous processes of its own. And again this fruit was only a seed vessel. And yet the very sweetness of the juices, as made over again in that ripe fruit, had aided the full development of the virtues of the seed. More than that, the fruit had a virtue and beauty for itself. So I say, Society is a seed vessel of souls; its life is from God's spirit; but under the sun of Divine Providence in nature it moulds this love into sweet and beautiful forms; and according to the perfection of the social relations, will be the fitness of the souls inclosed in it to be planted in heav-

en. And I doubt not also, that a perfect Society is delightful to God for its own worth, as ripe fruit is to us.

S. Very well: But you do not yet answer my objections. You still make the outward precede the inward, reversing God's law of progress.

A. Pardon another illustration. The Spiritual life of a man doubtless precedes the animal life; and the animal life is but accessory to the spiritual life. Yet do but observe the process of Nature. Slowly from a minute germ develops the embryo, the child, till it is born; slowly it is nourished and grows; and proportionately to its mature symmetric vigor unfold the affections and faculties. Derange the circulations, paralyze the limbs, obstruct in any way or degree the functions, and just so far you check the growth of the Spirit. The social relations of the Race, of a Nation, of a Community are the Body, of which the Faith and Character are the Spirit. Slowly with every improvement in customs, inventions, and arts, legislation unfolds to consciousness the idea and love of a People until suddenly it is born as a Nation. It grows up to maturity. And just in the degree in which social order in all interests of life expresses the intrinsic Spirit of that People, does that spirit itself unfold.

S. Still, according to your own admission, the Love and Idea of a Nation must precede the industry and laws of that People, and the Spirit is the cause and condition of the growth of the body.

A. Unquestionably! Did you suppose, that we Associationists are so stupid as to expect an effect without a cause, an existence without a substance. Your oversight is Love. You on your side do not perceive that the *mode of the Spirit's development is by expressing itself outwardly*; and that just in the degree of the fullness of that outward expression does the Spirit gain experience, or find itself out, and learn to confirm its own principles if good, or reform them if bad, and so grow. The Spirit cannot grow alone. It grows by Re-Action.

S. Yet you seem very mechanical in your processes of groups and series, &c.

A. Very mechanical is the growth of a tree branching into boughs, with angular points, and the leaves raying off from their stems, and the fibres of the wood and the arrangement of the sap-vessels. Very mechanical, the arrangement of the bones of the head and trunk and limbs of a man, of the overlying muscles and the permeating blood-vessels. How very like a machine is a wax automaton; is not man's body a yet more perfect machine!

S. Ah! ha! my friend. You have caught yourself. The difference between the wax automaton and the man is, that one is a mere putting together of dead matter, the other is the growth of living matter. One is mechanism, the other organization. The difference between them is *Life*. How full of untold wonders is the living body, which no Mannikin can represent.

A. And ah! ha! again my friend. I answer Society is *always living*, and you cannot get it to seem dead even, much less to keep dead, in order to try mechanical experiments with it. Its life is the Love of God in Man, is Humanity. And the question between two forms of Society is only this, will you, like the Indians, make it flat headed, or like the Chinese, make it club-footed by compression, or let it grow in symmetry? Depend upon it, brother, justice, and charity, and self-love even, in all their varied forms are not cog-wheels and gearing, but living Spirit. And there are infinite wonders even in the most deformed Societies: how infinite in a divinely formed Society.

S. Still with all deference, you seem by these arbitrary Associations to be the swathers and bandagers of Society. The result of your movement must be distortion.

A. Let Futurity be our judge. Meanwhile understand, that we are acting from the living principle of Love, by methods of Justice, and so are seeking to aid the *Organization of a Growing Society*. And again understand us, that in organ-

izing Associations, we assert that we are merely stripping off the hurtful compresses of barbarous times, and leaving Humanity to expand and use its limbs and lungs freely, in the fresh air and sunshine.

S. We are nearer together than than I feared. The Soul of Society you think is Love and Faith, in other words, Religion.

A. As surely as God liveth! There is but *One Life*, it is the Holy Spirit. Today, as at the Creation, the Being of beings must breathe into our dust the breath of life, or our Associations cannot be living souls. What is the Progress of Humanity but a Divine Incarnation. But then remember there must be a Body and a *beautiful one*, or God cannot incarnate himself; the Rule is "from the Soul Body; then into that body ever more Soul, until Man becomes One with the All-Good."

OF SYNTHESIS, OR THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES.

NUMBER III.

SECT. 2.

PHYSICS. In former times, Physics was divided into many classes of phenomena, such as Weight, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Acoustics, and Optics. Each of these classes possessed its special investigators, and even at this day, there are numbers of scientific men, who devote themselves exclusively to the study, some of Heat, and others of Electricity, &c. But in doing so, they propose a different end to themselves than that contemplated by their predecessors.

In order to be precise on this point, let us limit the field of our remarks. Let us confine ourselves to four of the divisions we have just named: let us take Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, and Optics.

At their origin, (and this origin is very recent,) each of these divisions was cultivated in complete independence of the other, by particular observers and experimentalists. Their sole business was the description of facts. Every fact was described, and science had almost as many sections as there were phenomena. Thus, in respect of Heat, the phenomena of temperature were supposed to proceed from two altogether different causes, as if there existed two opposite things, one of which produced cold, and the other warmth. Then the propagation of this heat, in the mass of a body, and its propagation in space, were held to be two distinct orders of phenomena, having no relation to each other; while again, they considered radiated heat as quite different, according to the source from which it came, — whether it came from the sun or from terrestrial fires. But as Physics has advanced, these distinctions have

disappeared. It did not take long to expel from science this species of dualism which served for its base; for it was soon discovered, that heat and cold were only different degrees of intensity in the same cause. In regard to the second one of the examples we have cited, it may be remarked, that the supposed differences in the phenomena were consecrated by different names; some accepting the term *conductibility*, others that of *radiation*. They were studied apart and reduced to laws. These laws were regarded as different in the two orders of phenomena, although now the second are ascertained to be only a particular condition or case of the first. And finally, the differences which were believed to meet in radiant heat, have all ceased to exist, since the labors of Delaroché.

These instances, as pertinent as they are, are not, however, more favorable to our thesis than numerous others that might have been taken from other divisions of Physics: indeed, Electricity and Magnetism will sustain our position in a way still more decisive.

Before Galvani and Volta, Electricity was universally regarded as an isolated subject, having no points of contact with other branches of Physics, and to be particularly studied by itself. According to the notions of those times, it was as far removed from Magnetism as it was from the other parts of science. Well, to-day, Electricity and Magnetism constitute one and the same section of science. All the phenomena of magnetic polarity, attraction and repulsion, enter into the domain of electricity, Magnetism, by communication and influence, is the only exception; but there is every reason for believing that this will soon enter into the general theory, to which all the other magnetic phenomena are now subjected.

Of the four divisions that we selected at the outset, we have seen that two of them have melted into each other, so that there remain, in reality, only three. What are the relations of these to each other?

We know that at one time they were considered absolutely distinct. But now the three form a series perfectly analogous. There is not an important fact in one which has not its corresponding fact in the other two. Every new discovery establishes new connections between them, and from this moment, it is impossible to get an exact knowledge of one, without being profoundly versed in all three.

Yet this great movement towards Unity, is not confined to the vast divisions with which we are engaged. Acoustics and Weight take part in it; and already more than one distinguished scientific man has undertaken to give a Theory

of the vast Whole of physical phenomena.*

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. If during the first few years of the present century, any one had called for a general formula of the chemical phenomena of animals and vegetables, no chemist would have been able to answer the call. In fact, the question would have been singularly premature; for at that epoch, on one side, analysis had not yet learned what part the numerous elements of mineral chemistry played in organic chemistry, and on the other side, no more was known of the part played in general physiology, by those compound materials (*matieres composees*) still more numerous, which were every day discovered in the tissues and liquids of vegetables and animals. The number of these substances seemed inexhaustible; it appeared impossible to examine any organic part whatever, without discovering new ones: so that it might have been naturally supposed, for a long time at least, that the very progress of science would be an obstacle to every generalization. The majority of chemists employed themselves in the research and analysis of vegetable and mineral substances. As in every other science, this direction of labor led to excesses, to abuses. It happened more than once that they described as distinct what were but different states of the same substance; but, as in every other science also, this direction produced the happiest results. It came to pass, when these organic analyses were sufficiently multiplied, that certain chemists thought that they would compare them with each other, and then, a most unexpected fact, of admirable simplicity, was brought to light: it was perceived that the innumerable substances furnished by vegetables and animals were all composed of the same simple bodies, and that four alone of these simple bodies were sufficient to form the whole; so that when we wish to arrive at a general expression, at a formula of the chemical phenomena of organized bodies, in respect to mineral chemistry, we may make an abstraction of the immense majority of its numerous simple bodies, in order to consider only four.

The problem was, as we see, considerably simplified: the chemist now knew of what materials organic substances are formed; he knew that these generating bodies, were in a small number, the same in all substances; and that it was only necessary to combine them in certain proportions or doses, to give birth to all these substances. The relations of organic chemistry to inorganic matter were known: he had then merely to turn his

* Among these, we must cite as of the first rank, Mr. Lame, whose beautiful memoir, read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has not attracted all the attention it deserves.

attention to the innumerable substances of organic chemistry.

But, just as it had been discovered that a small number of simple bodies made up all organic substances, so it was discovered that a small number of organic substances made up the phenomena of general physiology; organic chemistry borrowed four elements from rude matter; physiology borrowed ten or twelve species of vegetable and animal substances from organic chemistry.

CRYSTALLOGRAPHY. It is known that the geometrical forms of crystals are very considerable in number. Not only are the different species of bodies, crystalizing in particular forms, very numerous, but each of these species, so far from crystalizing under the same form, may crystalize in a multitude of different modes, — whence the thousands of different polyhedrons. Until the time of Häuy, research was limited to the mere description of these; an immense and tedious, but indispensable labor, since these forms are the essential characters of the minerals which present them. Häuy gave an entirely new direction to the study. Before him, differences had been described, — he established analogies. Having undertaken to determine the primitive form of crystals, he succeeded in indicating, for the greater number among them, a solid such as that added to itself, in three dimensions, and according to certain laws, it produces the real form of the crystal, with all its changes and modifications. According to Mr. Beaudent, whose labors deserve to be mentioned after those of Häuy, all the forms of crystals may be reduced to six well defined groups, and further than that, all the polyhedrons of each of these groups may be deduced rigorously from a single form. After announcing such a result, we have nothing more to say on this head.

BOTANY. We do not mean to speak here of Botany, in the strict sense of the term, although that science would furnish us many brilliant illustrations, because these examples are already well known. It is the anatomy and physiology of vegetables that we have now in view.

Science was at first engaged, and rightly so, with the description of the different organs of plants. It distinguished the roots, the trunks, the leaves, the thorns, the tendrils; — then the organs of efflorescence, the peduncles, the bractees, the calyxes, the corollas, the stamens, the ovaries, the styles, &c. The different kinds of these parts, being regarded as distinct, were classified and named; and we heard, for instance, that there were oval leaves, digital leaves, serrated leaves, &c., and monopetalous corollas, polypetalous corollas, &c.

But when a certain number of these different parts had been collected, described and delineated, it appeared that between the types which had been primitively believed to be distinct, there existed transitions, so that if we placed in a continuous series, all the forms under which these different organs presented themselves, (whether we observed their successive states in the course of the development of the plant, whether we studied them in many different plants, or whether we took account of the modifications which accidental circumstances impressed upon them,) it became absolutely impossible to distinguish one from the other; a leaf from a petal, or from a stamen, or from a pistil, &c., and *vice versa*. Thus, in following out the development of a plant, it was seen that a petal, which would after a time present itself in a quite characteristic form, and would be adorned with the richest colors, &c., would begin by having the color of a leaf. It was seen, also, in comparing different plants, that parts of the corolla and calyx possessed all the characteristics of the leaf. Certain cases of irregular production, or monstrosity accidentally observed, showed the transformation into actual leaves of all the organs of the flower, — the calyx, the corolla, the stamens, the pistils, and even the ovules.* Finally, cultivation has demonstrated this transformation of vegetable organs, and in particular, the beautiful phenomena of double flowers which incontestably establish that stamens may be changed into petals.

From the whole of these observations it results, that the leaves, corollas, stamens, pistils, &c., are not, as it was formerly supposed, essentially different organs, but simply different forms of one and the same organ, and thus, that there is in Botany only one organ, which according to the form it assumes, becomes either a leaf, or a petal, or a stamen, &c.

The anatomical study of these parts, not only confirms this conclusion, but even extends the field of analogy. At the first glance at vegetable tissues, we are led to separate one from the other in the same manner as we before separated the organs first reviewed; but the observation of a larger number of instances shows, that all these tissues are composed in the same way, namely, of cellules, and that their variety results singly from the different arrangement of the same cellules. Thus the whole elementary organization of the vegetable has been reduced to a cellule.

In the same way, the study of vegetable chemistry has conducted to results

* A fact of this kind has been observed by Mr. Achille Richard, in a Capucin flower. We find an account of it in his "Nouveaux Elements de Botanique," &c.: 6th edition, Paris.

not less surprising. At one time, Botany furnished organic chemistry an infinite number of substances each of which required a special study. Properties the most diverse, the most opposite and hostile were met with; deleterious substances and nutritious sugars, perfumes and poisons, — every one of which was described by itself, and regarded as a fact completely isolated from all others, until Chemistry disclosed that they were all exactly composed of the same elements, differing only, in reality, in the relative proportions of these elements.

So Botany, like other sciences, made up in the beginning, of a multitude of individual facts, has come to recognize that the vegetable is reduced to a cellule chemically composed of four elements; that, according to the mode of aggregation of these cellules, according to the relative proportions of the chemical elements, we have such and such a tissue, or such and such a substance, &c.; and that, according to the disposition of these tissues, we have such and such an organ.

ANATOMY. The history of this science and that of Botany, are, so to speak, grafted upon each other.

Anatomy was at first *descriptive*, then *comparative*, and finally, it has become *philosophical*: that is to say, it has undertaken to unite all the elements of the organization, in the same expression.

Descriptive, or physiological anatomy gives the exact topography of every being and of all its parts. It is employed exclusively in giving a precise account of the existence of every creature, the forms of their organs, their relative disposition, their dimensions, their physical character; in fact, all the conditions of their being, which have been scrupulously noted; all are described, delineated and named, and certain men consecrate their whole lives to the study of the anatomy of a single animal.

Comparative anatomy proposes to bring together the various forms which the different organs assume, according as they are found in this or that animal. It takes, for instance, the skeleton, or the different parts of the skeleton, say the *femur*, and it compares the different forms of the femur in quadrupeds, reptiles, birds, and fishes. It is no longer the organization of individuals which is described, but the *elements of animality*, of which it desires to trace the history. This process, in effect, confesses that there are resemblances, a certain sort of solidarity between the individuals which descriptive anatomy separates and studies only individually. And when this new direction is given to the study, it inevitably conducts us to a view of the Whole of universal organization, and Anatomy becomes Philosophical.

Philosophical Anatomy springs as directly from Comparative Anatomy as the latter does from Descriptive. The fundamental portion of Philosophical Anatomy, its discovery, is, that the animal kingdom forms a whole, or *ensemble*; that the different groups into which it is divided are *solidaire*, or mutually connected, like parts with a whole, being con-formed to the same plan; that these groups are only different degrees in the realization of one and the same idea, or of the development of a single fact; that to study the anatomy of a whole kingdom, from the most inferior member to the most elevated, is the same thing as to study the development of a single individual, from the first moment of his formation to his completed perfection; that this individual and the whole kingdom (*regne*) are two analogous or parallel beings; and that consequently, the animal kingdom is a collective individual, of which the different groups are analogous to the different regions of the body in an adult individual, and to the transitory states of the individual in the process of development.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XIII.

While Consuelo was bearing away all these triumphs, Anzoleto had lived so completely in her, that he had forgotten himself. But when the Count in dismissing him, had announced the engagement of his betrothed without saying a word of his own, he remarked the coldness with which he had been treated by him, during the last few hours: and the fear of having lost his favor, poisoned all his joy. He had for a moment the thought of leaving Consuelo upon the staircase on the arm of Porpora, and of running to throw himself at the feet of his protector, but as he hated him at that instant, it must be said in his praise that he resisted the temptation of humiliating himself before him.

As he took leave of Porpora, and prepared to run along the canal with Consuelo, the Count's gondolier stopped him and said that by the orders of his master, the gondola was in waiting to carry home the Signora Consuelo. A cold sweat burst out upon his forehead. — "The Signora is accustomed to travel upon her feet," replied he with violence. — "She is much obliged to the Count for his civilities —"

"By what right do you refuse for her!" said the Count, who was just behind him. Anzoleto turned and saw him,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

not with his head bare, as a man who bids farewell to his guests, but with cloak on shoulder, sword in one hand and hat in the other, as one who is about to pursue some nocturnal adventure.

Anzoleto felt such an access of fury that he was tempted to bury in his ribs the thin and sharp knife which a Venetian man of the people always has hidden in some secret pocket of his dress. "I hope, Madame," said the Count to Consuelo in a firm tone, "that you will not give me the affront of refusing my gondola to carry you home, nor the pain of not accepting the support of my arm to enter it."

Consuelo, always confiding, and imagining nothing of what was passing around her, accepted, thanked, and yielding her pretty rounded elbow to the hand of the Count, jumped into the gondola without ceremony. Then a mute, but energetic dialogue commenced between the Count and Anzoleto. The Count had one foot on the bank, one on the bark, and with his eyes he measured Anzoleto, who, upright upon the last step of the flight, measured him also, but with a savage air; his hand hidden in his breast and grasping the handle of his knife. One further movement towards the bark and the Count was lost. What was most Venetian in this rapid and silent scene was, that the two rivals observed each other without hurrying on either side an imminent catastrophe. The Count had no other intention than that of torturing his rival by an apparent irresolution, and he did it leisurely, although he saw very well and understood still better the action of Anzoleto, ready to poniard him. On his side, Anzoleto had the resolution to wait without betraying himself outwardly, until it might please the Count to finish his ferocious pleasantry, or to give up his life. This lasted two minutes, which seemed to him an age, but which the Count endured with a stoical disdain; after which he made a profound reverence to Consuelo and turning towards his protégé, — "I permit you also," said he, "to enter my gondola; hereafter you will know how a gentleman conducts himself." And he stepped back in order to give Anzoleto room to pass into the bark. Then he ordered the gondoliers to row towards the *Corte Minelli*, and remained upright upon the bank, immovable as a statue. He seemed to wait firmly for some new display of a murderous intention on the part of his humiliated rival.

"How did the Count know where you lived?" was the first word addressed by Anzoleto to his friend, when they lost sight of the Zustiniani palace.

"Because I told him," returned Consuelo.

"And why did you tell him?"

"Because he asked me."

"Do you not guess the reason why he wished to know?"

"Apparently to have me carried home."

"Do you believe that that is all? Do you believe that he will not come to see you?"

"Come to see me! What folly! In such a miserable lodging! That would be an excess of politeness on his part which I do not at all desire."

"You do well not to desire it, Consuelo; for an excess of shame might result to you from such excess of honor!"

"Shame! and why shame to me? Truly I cannot understand what you mean this evening, dear Anzoleto, and I consider it very strange that you talk to me about such things which I do not understand, instead of expressing the joy which you feel at the unhopd for and incredible success of one day.

"Unhopd for, indeed," replied Anzoleto bitterly.

"It seemed to me that at vespers and this evening, while they applauded me so, you were more intoxicated than I! You looked at me with such impassioned eyes, and I enjoyed my happiness so much in seeing it reflected in your face! But for some minutes past, you are as strange and gloomy as you are sometimes when we want bread, or when our future lot appears uncertain and joyless."

"And now, you wish that I should be exhilarated by our future prospects? It is possible indeed that they are no longer uncertain; but assuredly there is nothing cheering in them for me!"

"Why, what do you want more? It is now hardly a week since you made your debut at the Count's and you had an enthusiastic success."

"My success with the Count has been totally eclipsed by your's, my dear. That you know very well."

"I certainly hope not. Besides if it were so, we cannot be jealous of each other."

This ingenuous language, uttered with an accent of tenderness and truth, which was irresistible, restored calm to the soul of Anzoleto.

"O! you are right," said he, clasping his betrothed in his arms, "we cannot be jealous of each other; for we cannot deceive each other."

But at the moment when he pronounced these last words, he remembered with remorse his commencement of an intrigue with Corilla, and it came suddenly into his mind that the Count, to complete his punishment, would not fail to reveal it to Consuelo, whenever he considered his hopes even slightly encouraged by her. He relapsed into a gloomy reverie and Consuelo also became pensive.

"Why," said she to him, after a mo-

ment's silence, "do you say that we cannot deceive each other! Certainly, it is a great truth; but how came you to think of it!"

"Stop, let us talk no more in this gondola," said Anzoleto, in a low voice, "I fear lest our words should be overheard and repeated to the Count. This covering of silk and velvet is very thin, and these palace barcarolles have ears four times as large and deep as our public gondoliers."

"Let me go up with you into your chamber," said he to her when they had been left on the bank at the entrance of the *Corte Minelli*.

"You know that it is contrary to our custom and agreement," replied she.

"O! do not refuse me," cried Anzoleto, "you will arouse fury and despair in my soul."

Terrified by his accent and words, Consuelo did not dare refuse; and when she had lighted her lamp and drawn her curtains, seeing him gloomy, and as it were lost in his thoughts, she clasped the neck of her betrothed in her arms: "How unhappy and inquiet you seem to me this evening!" said she to him sadly. "What is the matter with you?"

"You do not know, Consuelo! Do you not imagine?"

"No! on my soul!"

"Swear, that you do not guess! Swear it, on the soul of your mother and on your Christ to which you pray every morning and every evening."

"O! I do swear it to you, on my Christ and on the soul of my mother."

"And on our love?"

"On our love and our eternal happiness."

"I believe you, Consuelo; for it would be the first time in your life that you ever told a falsehood."

"And now will you explain to me—?"

"I will explain nothing. Perhaps I shall soon be obliged to make myself understood.—Ah! when that time shall come, you will already have but too well understood me. Woe! woe to us both on the day when you know what I now suffer!"

"O my God, by what horrible calamity are we then threatened! Alas! it is then under the stroke of I know not what curse that we are obliged again to enter this poor chamber, where we never until now, had any secret from each other! Something told me truly, when I went out this morning, that I should re-enter it with death in my soul. What can I have done not to enjoy so beautiful a day? Have I not prayed to God sincerely and ardently! Have I not driven away from me every thought of pride! Have I not sung the very best that I could! Have I not suffered from the humiliation of Clo-

rinda! Have I not obtained from the Count, without his knowledge and without his being able to refuse, the promise that she shall be engaged as *seconda donna* with us! What evil then have I done, once again, to suffer the sorrows which you announce, and which I already feel, since you experience them?"

"In fact, Consuelo, did you think of having Clorinda engaged?"

"I am resolved on it, if the Count be a man of his word. That poor girl has always dreamed of the stage; she has no other existence before her—"

"And you think that the Count will discharge Rosalba, who knows something, for Clorinda, who knows nothing!"

"Rosalba will follow the fortunes of her sister Corilla; and as for Clorinda, we will give her lessons, we will teach her to make the most of her voice, which is pretty. The public will be indulgent to so handsome a girl. Besides, if I should not obtain for her admission for any thing more than *tercera donna*, it would at least, be an admission, a *début* in the career, a commencement of existence."

"You are a saint, Consuelo. You do not see that this stupid creature, in accepting your benefits, and although she ought to feel herself too happy to be third or fourth, will never forgive you for being *prima donna*?"

"What do I care for her ingratitude! No matter, I know very well already about ingratitude and ingrates."

"You!" said Anzoleto, bursting into a laugh and embracing her with his old brotherly effusion.

"Yes," replied she, delighted at having drawn him out of his anxious state of mind. "I have hitherto had always before my eyes, and shall always have engraved upon my soul, the image of my noble master Porpora. Often have there escaped from him before me, words of deep and bitter feeling which he thought me incapable of understanding; but they sank far down into my heart and there they will always remain. He is a man who has suffered much and whom sorrow consumes. By himself, by his sadness, by his concentrated indignation, by the sayings which he has uttered before me, he has taught me that artists are more dangerous and more wicked than you think, my dear angel; that the public is frivolous, forgetful, cruel, unjust; that a great career is a cross heavy to bear, and glory a crown of thorns! Yes, I know all that; and I have thought of it so often, and have reflected so much upon it that I feel strong enough not to be much astonished, and not to allow myself to be dismayed when I shall myself have experienced. That is why you have not seen me too much intoxicated to-day by my triumph; that is also the reason why I

am not discouraged at this moment by your black thoughts. I do not yet understand them; but I know that with you, and provided you love me, I shall have strength enough not to fall into a hatred of the human race, as has my old master, who is a noble old man and an unhappy child."

On hearing his friend speak, Anzoleto likewise recovered his courage and his serenity. She exercised a great power over him, and every day he discovered in her a firmness of character and rectitude of intention which supplied all that he wanted in himself. The terrors which jealousy had inspired in him were dispersed from his recollection after a quarter of an hour's conversation with her; and when she questioned him anew, he was so ashamed of having doubted a being so pure and so calm, that he assigned other motives for his agitation.—"I have but one fear," said he, "and that is, lest the Count should find you so superior to me, that he will consider me unworthy to appear before the public at your side. He did not make me sing this evening, although I expected he would have asked us for a duet. He seemed to have forgotten even my existence. He did not even notice that in accompanying you, I played the harpsichord very prettily. In fine, when he announced to you your engagement, he said not a word to me of mine. Why did you not notice what was so strange?"

"The thought did not come into my head, that he could possibly wish to engage me without you. Does he not know that nothing could induce me to do it, that we are betrothed, that we love each other! Have you not told him so positively!"

"I have told him so; but perhaps he thinks I flatter myself, Consuelo."

"In that case I will speak of my love for you, Anzoleto; I will tell him, so that he cannot doubt it. But you deceive yourself, my friend; the Count did not think it necessary to speak to you of your engagement, because it is a thing arranged, concluded, since the day that you sung at his house with so much success."

"But not signed! and yours will be signed to-morrow; he told you so."

"Do you believe I will sign first! O! no! you have done well to warn me. My name shall be written only below yours."

"Do you swear it?"

"O! fie! Are you going again to make me swear a thing you know so well! Truly you do not love me this evening, or you wish to make me suffer; for you seem to believe that I do not love you."

At this thought Consuelo's eyes filled, and she sat down with a little pouting air which made her charming.—"It

fact I am a fool and a blockhead," thought Anzoleto. "How could I imagine for an instant that the Count would triumph over a soul so pure and a love so perfect? Is he not experienced enough to see at first sight that Consuelo is not game for him; and would he have been generous enough this evening to allow me to enter the gondola in his stead, if he did not know that by her side he would only have played the part of a ridiculous coxcomb? No! no! my lot is assured, my position impregnable. Let Consuelo please him, let him love her, let him make suit to her, all that will only serve to advance my fortune; for she will know how to obtain every thing she wants without exposing herself. Consuelo will soon know more than I do in such matters. She is strong, she is prudent. The pretensions of the dear Count will contribute to my profit and my glory."

And completely abjuring his doubts, he threw himself at the feet of his friend and gave himself up to the passionate enthusiasm, which he experienced for the first time and which for several hours jealousy had repressed in him.

"O my beauty! O my saint! O my *diavolessa!* O my queen!" cried he, "pardon me for having thought of my own affairs instead of prostrating myself before you to adore you, as I ought to have done the moment I was alone with you in this chamber! I left it this morning scolding you. Yes! yes! I ought not to have entered it again except upon my knees! How can you still love and smile upon such a brute as I am? Break your fan upon my face, Consuelo. Place your pretty foot upon my neck. You are greater than I by a hundred cubits, and I am your slave forever, counting from this day."

"I do not deserve all these fine words," replied she, yielding to his embraces; "and as for your distractions, I excuse for I comprehend them. I see well that the fear of being separated from me and of seeing divided a life which can be but one for us two, was alone sufficient to infuse such doubts and such sorrows. You have wanted faith toward God; that is a great deal worse than if you had accused me of some baseness. But I will pray for you and I will say: 'Lord, forgive him as I forgive him.'"

In expressing her love with freedom, with simplicity, and mingling with it, as ever, that Spanish devotion full of human tenderness, and ingenuous feeling, Consuelo was so beautiful, fatigue and the emotions of the day had diffused over her so delicious a languor, that Anzoleto, who was moreover excited by the kind of apotheosis from which she descended and which displayed her to him under a new aspect, felt at last all the delirium of a

violent passion for this little sister hitherto so peacefully loved. He was one of those men who are enthusiastic only for what is applauded, desired and disputed by others. The joy of feeling in his possession the object of so many desires which he had seen excited and gushing forth about her, awakened in him unbridled passion; and for the first time, Consuelo was really in danger in his arms.—"Be my love, be my wife," cried he at last in a smothered voice. "Be mine entirely and forever."

"When you please," replied Consuelo, with an angelic smile, "to-morrow if you wish."

"To-morrow! and why to-morrow!"

"You are right, it is past midnight, we can be married to-day. As soon as it is day light, we will go and find the priest. We have neither of us any relations and the ceremony will not require long preparations. I have my chintz dress which I have not yet worn. Only think, my friend, when I was making it I said to myself, I shall not have any more money to buy a wedding dress; and if my friend should decide to marry me one of these days, I should be obliged to wear to the church this which would already have lost its freshness. That is a bad sign, they say. So, when my mother came in the dream and took it away from me to replace it in the wardrobe, she knew very well what she was doing, poor soul! So all is ready; to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, we will swear fidelity to each other. You waited, naughty boy, so as to be sure that I was not ugly!"

"O! Consuelo," cried Anzoleto with anguish, "you are a child, a very child! We cannot be married so from one day to another without its being known; for the Count and Porpora whose protection is still so necessary to us, would be very much irritated, if we took such a determination without consulting them, without even giving them notice. Your old master does not like me too well, and the Count, as I know, does not like married cantatrices. We must therefore gain time to induce them to consent to our marriage; and we should require some days to prepare if we were married in secret, it would be such a delicate and mysterious affair. We cannot run to San. Samuel where all the world knows us and where there only needs the presence of one old gossip to acquaint the whole parish within an hour."

"I had not thought of all that," said Consuelo. "Well, what were you talking about just now? why, wicked one, did you say to me 'Be my wife' when you knew that it was not yet possible? It was not I who spoke of it first, Anzoleto! Although I have often thought

that we were old enough to be married, and though I had never considered the obstacles of which you speak, I had made it my duty to leave that decision to your prudence and must I say! to your inspiration; for I saw very well that you were in no hurry to call me your wife, and I bore you no grudge on that account. You had so often said, that before marrying, we ought to be sure of the lot of our future family, by securing some resources for ourselves. My mother said so too, and I think it reasonable. Therefore, every thing considered, it would be too soon. Both our engagements with the theatre must be signed, must they not? We must even have secured the favor of the public. So we will talk about it again after our débuts. Why do you turn pale! O my God! why do you clench your hands so! Are we not very happy! Do we require to be bound by an oath in order to love and depend upon each other!"

"O Consuelo, how calm you are, how pure and how cold!" cried Anzoleto with a sort of rage.

"Me! I cold!" cried the young Spaniard stupefied, and coloring with indignation.

"Alas! I love you as one may love a woman, and you listen to me and answer me like a child. You know of nothing but friendship, you do not understand love. I suffer, I burn, I die at your feet, and you talk to me of priest, of dress, and of theatre."

Consuelo, who had risen impetuously, reseated herself confused and trembling. She remained silent a long while; and when Anzoleto wished to draw from her fresh caresses, she repulsed him gently. "Listen," said she to him, "we must explain and must understand each other. You consider me too much of a child; indeed, and it would be an affectation on my part not to confess to you that now I comprehend you very well. I have not travelled over three quarters of Europe with people of all kinds, I have not been so well acquainted with the free and savage manners of wandering artists, I have not guessed, alas! the badly hidden secrets of my poor mother, without knowing that which, moreover, every girl of the people knows very well at my age. But I could not bring myself to believe, Anzoleto, that you would tempt me to violate an oath made to God between the hands of my dying mother. I do not care much for what the patrician ladies, whose talk I sometimes hear, call their reputation. I am of too little consequence in the world to attach my honor to the greater or less degree of chastity people may choose to suppose in me; but I make my honor to consist in keeping my promises, in the same way as I make

your to consist in knowing how to keep yours. I am not so good a catholic as I should like to be, I have had so little religious instruction! I cannot have such beautiful rules of conduct and such beautiful maxims of virtue as those young girls of the *scuola*, brought up in the cloister and instructed from morning to night in divine science. But I practice as I know and as I can. I do not consider that our love becomes impure by becoming more passionate with our years. I do not count the kisses which I give you, but I know that we have not disobeyed my mother, and that I will not disobey her to satisfy an impatience so easy to be restrained."

"Easy!" cried Anzoletto, pressing her with fervor to his breast; "easy! I knew that you were cold."

"Cold, as much as you choose," replied she, disengaging herself from his arms. "God, who reads my heart, knows if I love you."

"Well then throw yourself into his bosom," said Anzoletto with vexation; "for mine is not so well assured a refuge and I fly for fear I should become impious."

He ran towards the door, thinking that Consuelo, who had never been able to part in the midst of a quarrel, however trifling, without endeavoring to calm him, would be eager to detain him. She did in fact make an impetuous movement to rush towards him; then she restrained herself, saw him go out, ran also to the door, put her hand upon the latch to open it and recall him. But recollecting herself by a superhuman effort, she drew the bolt; and overcome by a struggle which was too violent for her, fell in a dead faint upon the floor, where she remained without motion until the morning.

XIV.

"I confess to you that I am distractedly in love with her," said about that same time Count Zustiniani to his friend Barberigo, towards two o'clock in the morning, on the balcony of his palace, in the dark and silent night.

"That is to advise me to be careful not to become so," replied the young and brilliant Barberigo; "and I submit, for your rights have preference over mine. Still, if Corilla should succeed in recapturing you in her nets, you will have the goodness to give me notice, and I can then attempt to make myself heard!"

"Do not think of it, if you love me. Corilla has never been to me more than an amusement. — I see by your face that you are laughing at me."

"No, but I think that rather a serious amusement which leads one into such expenses and so great follies."

"Say that I carry so much ardor into my amusements that I spare no expense to prolong them. But this is more than a desire; it is, I think, a passion. I have never seen a creature so strangely beautiful as this Consuelo; she is like a lamp which pales from time to time, but which at the moment when it seems about to be extinguished, throws forth a splendor so vivid, that the stars, as our poets say, are eclipsed by it."

"Ah!" said Barberigo with a sigh, "that little black frock and that little white collar, that dress half poor and half devout, that head so pale, calm, without brilliancy at first sight, those simple and frank manners, that astonishing absence of coquetry, how all that is transformed and becomes divine, when she is inspired by her genius for song! Happy Zustiniani who hold in your hands the destinies of that growing ambition!"

"Why am I not assured of the happiness which you envy me! I am on the contrary terrified at finding in her none of those feminine passions with which I am acquainted and which are so easy to put in play. Would you believe, friend, that this girl has remained an enigma for me, after a whole day of examination and inspection? It seems to me, from her tranquility and my stupidity, that I am already so distracted about her as not to see clearly."

"Certainly, you are more distracted than need be, since you are blind. I, whom hope does not trouble, I can tell you in three words what you do not understand. Consuelo is a flower of innocence; she loves the little Anzoletto; she will love him still for several days; and if you oppose this attachment of childhood, you will give it new strength. But if you do not appear to care for it, the comparisons she must make between you and him will soon cool her love."

"But he is handsome as Apollo, the little scamp. He has a magnificent voice and he will be successful. Corilla was quite crazy about him. He is not a rival to be despised with a girl who has eyes."

"But he is poor, and you are rich; unknown, and you are all powerful," returned Barberigo. "The important point is to know whether he is her lover or her friend. In the first case Consuelo will be disabused all the sooner; in the second, there will be a struggle, an uncertainty in her feelings which will prolong your torments."

"Then I must desire that which I fear horribly, that which overpowers me with rage even to think of! What is your opinion?"

"I believe they are not lovers."

"But that is impossible! the boy is a libertine, audacious, fiery: and then the morals of such people!"

"Consuelo is a prodigy in all things. You have not much experience, notwithstanding all your success with women, stand Zustiniani, if you do not see in all the movements, in all the words, in all the looks of this girl, that she is as pure as the crystal in the bosom of the rock."

"You transport me with joy!"

"Take care! that is folly, prejudice! If you love Consuelo, you must have her married to-morrow, in order that before a week her master may make her feel the weight of her chain, the torments of jealousy, the tediousness of a pettish, unjust, and unfaithful overseer; for the handsome Anzoletto will be all that; I observed him sufficiently yesterday between Consuelo and Clorinda to be able to prophecy her wrongs and her sufferings. Follow my advice, friend, and you will soon thank me. The bond of marriage is easily broken among people of that condition; and you know that with those women, love is but an ardent fancy which is excited only by obstacles."

"You drive me to despair," replied the Count, "and yet I feel that you are right."

Unfortunately for Zustiniani's projects, this dialogue had an auditor, upon whom they did not count, and who lost not a syllable. After quitting Consuelo, Anzoletto, again siezed with jealousy, had come to prowl about the palace of his protector, in order to be sure that he was not arranging one of those abductions, so much the fashion in those days, and whose impunity was almost guaranteed to the patri-cians. He could hear nothing further; for the moon, which began to mount obliquely above the roofs of the palaces, cast his shadow more and more clearly upon the pavement, and the two young lords, perceiving thereby the presence of a man under the balcony, retired and shut the window.

Anzoletto stole away, and went to reflect at leisure upon what he had just heard. It was enough to teach him what to expect and to profit by Barberigo's virtuous counsels to his friend. He slept barely two hours towards morning, and then ran to the *Corte Minelli*. The door was still bolted, but through the cracks of that badly closed barrier, he saw Consuelo, still dressed, stretched upon her bed, asleep, with the paleness and immobility of death. The freshness of the morning had drawn her from her fainting fit, and she had thrown herself upon the couch, without having strength to undress. He remained some instants contemplating her with an anxiety full of remorse. But soon impatient and terrified at that lethargic sleep, so contrary to the wakeful habits of his friend, with his knife, he softly enlarged a crack, through which he could

pass the blade and push back the bolt. He did not succeed in doing this without some noise; but Consuelo, overcome with fatigue, was not awakened by it. Then he entered, reclosed the door, went and knelt down at the head of her bed, where he remained until she opened her eyes. On finding him there, Consuelo's first impulse was a cry of joy; but immediately withdrawing the arms which she had thrown around his neck, she recoiled with a movement of affright.

"Then you fear me now, and instead of embracing, you wish to fly from me!" said he with sadness. "O! I am cruelly punished for my fault! Forgive me, Consuelo, and see if you ought to mistrust your friend. I have been here a long hour looking at you asleep. O! forgive me, my sister; it is the first and the last time in your life, that you shall have reason to blame and to repel your brother. Never more will I offend the holiness of our love by unworthy passion. Leave me, drive me away, if I depart from my oath. See, here, upon your virgin couch, upon your poor mother's bed of death, I swear to respect you, as I have respected you up to this day, and not even to ask you for a single kiss, if you so require, until the priest has blessed us. Are you satisfied, dear and holy Consuelo?"

Consuelo answered only by pressing the blonde head of the Venetian, against her heart, and bathing it with her tears. This effusion solesed her; and soon after falling back upon her hard little pillow, "I confess to you," said she, "that I am annihilated, for I have not been able to close an eye the whole night, we parted on such terms."

"Sleep, Consuelo, sleep, my dear angel," replied Anzoleto; "recall to your mind that night, when you permitted me to sleep on your bed, while you prayed and worked at this little table. It is now my turn to guard and protect your slumbers, sleep again, my child; I will look over your music and read it quite low, while you sleep an hour or two. Nobody will think of us until the evening, if at all to-day. Sleep, then, and prove to me by this confidence that you forgive and believe in me."

Consuelo replied by a blissful smile. He kissed her forehead and installed himself before the little table, while she enjoyed a refreshing slumber, intermingled with the sweetest dreams.

Anzoleto had lived too long in a state of calmness and innocence with this young girl, to make it difficult for him, after one day of agitation, to resume his accustomed style. In fact, this fraternal affection was, so to speak, the normal condition of his soul. Besides, what he had heard the preceding night, under Zustiniani's balcony, was of a nature to strengthen his

resolutions: "Thanks, my fine lords," said he to himself; "you have given me a lesson of morals after your style, by which the little scamp will know how to profit neither more nor less than a roué of your own class. Since possession quenches love, since the rights of marriage bring satiety and disgust, we shall know how to preserve pure, that flame which you think will so easily be extinguished. We shall know how to abstain from jealousy, from infidelity and even from the joys of love. Illustrious and profound Barberigo, your prophecies give advice, and it is good to go to your school!"

In thinking thus, Anzoleto, overcome by the fatigue of an almost sleepless night, slumbered in his turn, his head in his hands, and his elbows on the table. But his slumbers were light; and the sun beginning to decline, he roused himself to see if Consuelo still slept. The fires of the sunset, penetrating through the window, reflected a magnificent purple light upon the old bed and the beautiful sleeper. She had made with her mantilla of white muslin, a curtain attached to the feet of the filagree crucifix, which was nailed to the wall above her head.—This light veil fell with grace about her form so supple and admirable in its proportions, and in that rosy half light, drooping like a flower at the approach of evening, her shoulders inundated by her beautiful dark hair upon her white and clear skin, her hands joined upon her breast like a saint of white marble upon a tomb, she was so chaste and so divine, that Anzoleto cried out in his heart: "Ah! Count Zustiniani! why can you not see her at this instant, and me by her side, the jealous and prudent guardian of a treasure which you will covet in vain!"

At that moment a little noise was heard without, and Anzoleto recognized the plashing of the water at the foot of the building in which was the chamber of Consuelo. Very rarely did gondolas land at this poor *Corte Minelli*; besides, a demon kept the divining powers of Anzoleto wide awake. He climbed upon a chair and reached a small opening made near the ceiling, upon that side of the house which was washed by the waters of the *Canaletto*. He distinctly saw the Count Zustiniani issue from his bark and question the half naked children, who were playing on the bank. He was undecided if he should awaken his friend, or keep the door bolted. But during the ten minutes which the Count lost in asking and searching for Consuelo's garret, he had time to compose himself to a devilish sang-froid, and to go and partly open the door, so that one might enter without obstacle and without noise; then he re-seated himself before the little table, took a pen and pretended to be writing notes. His heart

beat violently, but his face was calm and impenetrable. The Count did in fact enter upon tiptoe, taking a curious pleasure in surprising his protégé, and felicitating himself on the appearances of misery, which he considered the best possible condition to favor his plan of corruption. He brought Consuelo's engagement already signed by himself, and did not think that with such a passport, he should receive a very austere welcome. But at the first aspect of that strange sanctuary, where an adorable girl, slept the sleep of angels, under the eye of her respectful or satisfied lover, poor Zustiniani lost countenance, entangled himself in his cloak, which he carried draped upon his shoulder with a conquering air, and made three steps, all cross wise, between the table and the bed, without knowing whom to address. Anzoleto was revenged for the scene of the previous night, at the entrance of the gondola.

"My lord and master!" cried he raising himself at last as if surprised by an unexpected visit, "I will awake my betrothed."

"No," replied the Count, already recovered from his confusion and pretending to turn his back upon him for the sake of looking at Consuelo more leisurely, "I am too happy to see her thus. I forbid your waking her."

"Yes, yes, look at her well," thought Anzoleto, "It is all I ask."

Consuelo did not wake; and the Count, lowering his voice and assuming a gracious and serene aspect, expressed his admiration without restraint. "You were right, Zoto," said he with an easy air;—"Consuelo is the first singer of Italy, and I was wrong to doubt her being the most beautiful woman in the universe."

"Your lordship thought her frightful, nevertheless!" replied Anzoleto, maliciously.

"And no doubt you have accused me, to her, of all my rudeness! But I intend to make her pardon it, by so complete an amende-honorable, that you will no longer be able to injure me by recalling my sins."

"Injure you, my dear lord! ah! how could I, even if I had the inclination!"

Consuelo moved a little. "Let us leave her to wake without too much surprise, and clear off that table so that I can there unfold and read the instrument of her engagement. Here," said he, when Anzoleto had obeyed his order, "you may run your eyes over this paper, while waiting for her to open hers."

"An engagement before the trial of the débuts! But that is magnificent, my noble patron! And the débuts immediately before Corilla's engagement has expired?"

"That does not trouble me. There is

a forfeit of a thousand sequins with Corilla; we will pay it; no great matter!"

"But if Corilla excites cabals?"

"We will put her under the leads,* if she cabals."

"Dio Santo! nothing troubles your lordship."

"Yes, Zoto," replied the Count, in a stiff tone, "we are just so; what we wish for, we wish in spite of all obstacles."

"And the conditions of the engagement are the same as for Corilla! For a debutante without name, without glory, the same conditions as for an illustrious cantatrice, adored by the public?"

"The new cantatrice will be more so, and if the conditions of the old do not satisfy her, she has only to say the word and have her salary doubled. Everything depends upon herself," said he, raising his voice a little, for he perceived that Consuelo was awake: "her fate is in her own hands."

Consuelo had heard all this in a half sleep. When she had rubbed her eyes and assured herself that it was not a dream, she slipped to the side of the bed, without thinking much of the strangeness of her situation, gathered up her hair, without caring for its disorder, wrapped herself in her mantilla, and came with an ingenious confidence to join in the conversation.

"Signor Count," said she, "this is too much goodness, but I shall not have the impertinence to profit by it. I do not wish to sign this engagement, without having tried my powers before the public; it would not be delicate on my part. I may displease, I may suffer *fiasco*, be hissed. Though I might be hoarse, troubled, or very ugly on that day, your word would be pledged, you would be too proud to withdraw it, and I too proud to take advantage of it."

"Ugly on that day, Consuelo!" cried the Count, looking at her with inflamed eyes; "ugly, you? Here, see yourself as you are now," added he, taking her by the hand and leading her before her mirror. "If you are adorable in this costume, what will you be, covered with precious stones and irradiated by the splendor of your triumph?"

The Count's impertinence made Anzoleto almost grind his teeth. But the cheerful indifference with which Consuelo received his insipid compliments, immediately calmed him.

"My lord," said she, pushing aside the piece of glass which he brought near her face, "be careful not to break the remains of my mirror; I have never had any other and I value that, because it has never de-

*Horrible cells, close under the roof of the prisons in Venice, where convicts were exposed to all the heat of summer, and all the cold of winter.

ceived me. Ugly or handsome, I refuse your prodigalities. And, besides, I must tell you frankly, that I will not be engaged if my betrothed here, is not engaged also. I wish for no other theatre and no other public than his. We cannot be separated, because we intend to be married."

This blunt declaration rather stunned the Count, but he recovered himself quickly. "You are right, Consuelo," replied he: "it never was my intention to separate you. Zoto will make his debut at the same time with you, only we cannot perceive that his talent, although remarkable, is very inferior to yours—"

"I do not believe that, my lord," replied Consuelo quickly, coloring up, as if she had received a personal affront.

"I know that he is your pupil, much more than that of the professor whom I gave him," replied the Count smiling. "Do not deny it, beautiful Consuelo. On learning your intimacy, Porpora cried out, 'Now I am no longer astonished at certain qualities which he possesses, and which I could not reconcile with so many faults.'"

"Many thanks to the Signor professor," said Anzoleto with a forced laugh.

"He will come round, the good and dear master," said Consuelo gaily. "Besides, the public will give him the lie."

"The good and dear master is the best judge and the first connoisseur on the earth, as regards singing," replied the Count. "Anzoleto will still profit by your lessons and he will do well. But I repeat that we cannot fix the basis of his engagement, before having tested the feeling of the public towards him. Let him therefore make his debut and we will satisfy him according to justice and our good will, on which he ought to rely."

"Let him make his debut then and so will I," returned Consuelo; "we are at the orders of the Signor Count. But no contract, no signature before trial, I am determined."

"You are not satisfied with the conditions which I propose, Consuelo! Well, dictate them yourself; here, take the pen, crase, add; my signature is at the foot."

Consuelo took the pen. Anzoleto grew pale; and the Count who observed him, in his satisfaction bit the end of his lace band which he had twisted between his fingers. Consuelo made a great X upon the contract, and wrote upon the blank which remained above the signature of the Count: "Anzoleto and Consuelo will engage themselves on such conditions as it shall please the Count Zustiniani to impose after their debuts, which shall take place the coming month at the theatre of San. Samuel." She signed rapidly, and passed the pen to her lover. "Sign

without reading," said she to him, "you can do no less to prove your gratitude and your confidence in your benefactor."

Anzoleto did read in a twinkling, before signing; the reading and signature were the affair of half a minute. The Count read over his shoulder. "Consuelo," said he, "you are a strange girl, an admirable creature, in truth. Come both of you and dine with me," added he, tearing the contract and offering his hand to Consuelo, who accepted it, but at the same time requested him to go and wait with Anzoleto in his gondola while she made a little toilette.

"Decidedly," said she, as soon as she was alone, "I shall have the means to buy a wedding dress." She put on her chintz, re-arranged her hair, and bounded down the stairs, singing in full voice a phrase brilliant in power and freshness. The Count, by excess of courtesy, had chosen to wait with Anzoleto on the staircase. She thought him further off and almost fell into his arms. But disengaging herself quickly, she took his hand and carried it to her lips, after the custom of the country, with the respect of an inferior who does not wish to forget her proper distance: then turning, she threw herself upon the neck of her betrothed, and joyous and playful leaped into the gondola, without waiting for the ceremonious escort of her somewhat mortified protector.

To be Continued.

"ASSOCIATION EXPLODED." The Courier announces for the second time that the "Ohio Phalanx" has broken down—how truly, we know not; and its heart is rejoiced by assurances from the Pittsburg Gazette, that the Trumbull County Phalanx, another attempt to realize Industrial Association in Ohio, is so burthened with debt (mainly incurred for its land) that it will soon be compelled to break up. All this may be true, though we doubt it. Whereupon the Courier proceeds to remind its readers that the *Sylvania* (Pa.) and Ontario Union experiments have failed, and thence moralizes, a-la-Courier, on the absurdity and impossibility of Association. This sort of argument was current, a little over two centuries back, with respect to the Colonization of what are now the United States; and forty years ago with regard to the Steamboat. It did not daunt the Pilgrim Fathers, nor stifle the genius of Fulton; we hear not its triumph now.

As the Courier never hears of any attempt at Association unless it is reported to be in trouble, we may be allowed to inform it that there are at this moment at least thirty such attempts in progress, in nine different States, from Massachusetts to Wisconsin, and there are doubtless others of which we have no knowledge. Not one of them is or ever has been commenced under circumstances which have induced or could induce a scientific Associationist to predict its success, except as a bare possibility. Every one within our knowledge has commenced without a tittle of the means necessary to ensure success, wanting almost every

thing, and weighed down with a heavy mortgage on the land it occupies, We believe there has been no single instance of failure which would not have been averted if the enterprise could have been commenced on a decent piece of land, paid for. Yet it has all along been proclaimed by the advocates of the system that a capital of \$100,000 is *indispensable* to ensure success and that commencements with little or nothing can only succeed through a combination of energy, capacity, fitness, endurance and good fortune, which can very rarely be realized and must not be counted on. Every beginning has been made in the face of such declarations, a hundred times repeated.

The Courier winds up as follows:

"We trust the failures which have already occurred will prove sufficient to open the eyes of all to the futility of the scheme. That the leaders of the project, who have invested whatever of capital, reputation or character they possessed, in it, should give it over, is scarcely as yet to be expected. They will doubtless charge the unquestioned failures that have occurred to accident or defective arrangements; but the number of their dupes must daily decrease with each successive explosion: and men will gradually but surely become convinced that upon *industry, honesty, and economy*, and not upon any new mechanical arrangements, must they depend for success in life."

The French Princess, who, in a time of famine, wondered why people *would* starve, declaring that *she* would eat plain beef, or even bread rather than starve, was not up to this touch of the Courier. Why, right here in this City of New-York to-day, there are many thousands of human beings, anxious, eager for work on any terms which will yield them a bare subsistence, and unable to find it. Many thousands more are hard at work, from morning to midnight, for wages which barely keep the breath of life in them and their helpless children. There are very many families of six to eight persons, of whom all that are able, work faithfully whenever they can get work, whose entire weekly income is less than three dollars on the average, out of which they must pay a City rent and City prices for their food, clothing and medicine. Man! if you have no heart, have at least sufficient respect for others' feelings, not to heap insult on human misery by your cant about industry and economy! Give the poor a real Education, work to do, and fair wages for doing it—*secure* these to all who need them—and you will have done just what the Associationists are arduously struggling for, under the fire of your deadly enmity and incessant misrepresentations. If you know or can devise any better way than their's, of securing the great end they aim at—opportunity and a just recompense to all—just go to work and promote it in your own way—they will not oppose nor malign you for differing from them, but bid you God speed. But if you will do nothing to remove the mass of human misery which Want of Employment and of just Reward occasion, you ought at least not to hinder those who are trying to do something, in the best way they know; nor should you insult the misfortunes of the destitute by commending to them that 'industry' which they have no opportunity to practice. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

In philosophy there is no native land but Truth.

REVIEW.

The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, by A. J. DOWNING. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 1845. pp. 594.

This is by far the most valuable contribution to its special branch of Horticulture that America has produced. Mr. Downing speaks with the enthusiasm as well as with the knowledge and judgment of a real artist. In the collection of his materials, he has drawn not only from his own extensive experience and from the best European sources, but has had the assistance of the most eminent Pomologists in this country. There are names in the list of gentlemen whose aid he acknowledges, which bring before us golden and purple recollections, visions of fruits which in themselves are argument enough against the doctrine that the earth is accursed and the mother of no good thing. If any man believes that social harmony is impossible, we will agree to silence his most obstinate assertions, with some of the pears named in Mr. Downing's Catalogue. No one whose soul such flavors had ever approached, could refuse to assent to the most glowing anticipations of the Future of Mankind.

The Stranger in Lowell. Boston: Waite, Peirce and Company. 1845. pp. 156.

Most sincerely do we tender to this little volume the welcome which the author, JOHN G. WHITTIER, so gracefully bespeaks for it,—a welcome in "the hearts of his personal friends." It is full of a gentle yet deep humanity,—the sentiment of a poet who sees the better aspect of all things, and is guided ever by an instinctive faith that wisdom and magnanimity cannot quite fail of their ends. If not enlightened by the philosophy of Universal Unity, it is not far removed from it; with a distinct sense of right and wrong in particular cases, it displays a mind singularly free from prejudices, and a heart alive to every kindly feeling. Loving the beauty of the outward world, and reproducing it most vividly in his clear Saxon sentences, a gushing sympathy with Man, lights up all the pictures of the author; he regards the glories of Nature only as the proper environment of the human form, and reckons no landscape complete without the life of the human affections.

As we read, we marked many passages to be extracted, but long before we had finished, we discovered that our limits were too narrow to print even a tithe of them. We commend the volume to our friends, confident, that whatever minor errors of opinion it may contain, they

will feel that they too have a claim to be reckoned among the personal friends of the author.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

HYMN.

FROM NOVALIS.

When in anxious, troubled hours,
Heavy griefs our spirits bear,
And, as faint our wonted powers,
Almost our sad hearts despair;—
Thinking how God's well beloved
Must with pain and sorrow cope,—
Gloomy clouds all round us move,
Pierced by no clear shining hope.

Then the blessed Lord bends down,
And his love draws very near,
On us longing to be gone,
Holy angels minister,—
Bringing life and strength again,
Courage that can ne'er be moved,
And our prayer is not in vain,
For the Rest of the Beloved.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

The following lines by Mr. Simmons, in Blackwood, for this month, will be read with universal interest:—

Take back into thy bosom, Earth,
This joyous May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever Mirth
Gave to be reared by Sorrow.
'Tis hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
To Summer's face returning—
To say, We're thankful that His sleep
Shall never more be lighter,
In whose sweet tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!
But all the more intensely true,
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental Love—each hue
And grace of golden Nature,
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of Anguish;
The more the laurels clasped his brow,
Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that like the Nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.
So never to the Desert worn
Did fount bring freshness deeper,
Than that his placid rest this morn
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, 'mid woodlands, by his bed,
The wren shall wake its ditty;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to hearts regretting,
Around that spot admiring Thought
Shall hover unforgetting.
And if this sentient, seething world
Is, after all, ideal,
Or in the Immaterial furled
Alone resides the real,

Faded One, there's wall for thee this hour
Through thy loved Elve's dominions,
Hushed in each tiny trumpet-flower,
And drooped Ariel's plinions;
Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,
To plan with fad endeavor,
What pretty buds and dews shall keep
Thy pillow bright for ever.

And higher, if less happy, tribes—
The race of earthly Childhood,
Shell miss thy Whims of frolic wit,
That in the summer wild-wood,
Or by the Christmas hearth, were hailed
And heaped as a treasure
Of undecaying merriment
And ever-changing pleasure.
Things from thy lavish humor flung,
Profuse as scents are flying
This kindling morn, when blooms are born
As fast as blooms are dying.

Sublimar Art owned thy control,
The minstrel's mightiest magic,
With sadness to subdue the soul,
Or thrill it with the Tragic.
How, listening Aranu's fearful dream,
We see beneath the willow,
That dreadful THING, or watch him steal,
Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.
Now roaming in the ancient groves,
We watch the woodman felling
The funeral Elm, while through its boughs
The ghostly wind comes knelling.

Dear Worshipper of Dian's face,
In solitary places
Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,
To meet her white embraces?
Is there no purple in the rose
Henceforward to thy senses?
For thee have dawn and daylight's close
Lost their sweet influences?
No!—by the mental light untamed
Thou took'st to Death's dark portal,
The joy of the wide universe
Is now to thee immortal!

How fierce contrasts the city's roar
With thy new conquered Quiet!
This stunning hell of wheels that pour
With princes to their riot—
Loud clash the crowds—the very clouds
With thunder-noise are shaken,
While pale, and mute, and cold, afar
Thou liest, men-forsaken.
Hot Life reeks on, nor recks that One,
—The playful, human-hearted—
Who lent its clay less earthiness,
Is just from earth departed.

Though thou say'st thou lov'st me not,
And although thou bid'st me blot
From my heart and from my brain,
All this consciousness of thee,
With its longing, its blest pain,
And its deathless memory
Of the hope, — ah, why in vain?
That thy great heart might beat for me;—
Ask it not, — Love fixed so high,
Though unrequited, cannot die,
In my soul such love hath root,
And the world shall have the fruit.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Nicholas has imprisoned the advocates of Temperance in Poland, because he found that breaking the chains of a brutalizing lust awakened desires for universal liberty. The instinct of tyrants is infallible. Despotism is best supported by habits of effeminacy alternating with drudging toil in the people. In so far as man is degraded, he loses consciousness of his rights, and, therefore, courage to exercise them. A drunken nation makes passive slaves; a temperate nation must have self-respect, and dignity. And in confirmation of this view, it has well been said, that Father Mathew with his pledges, and medals, and benedictions, has done more to set Ireland free, than O'Connell with his monster meetings for Repeal. The latter may fail in his attempts to "bring back Parliament to College Green," but the former has already made tens of thousands of Ireland's poorest children self-governors. Intemperance is a servitude, not only to universal appetite, but to the Capitalist, (shall we call him!) who, having money enough or credit enough, to hire a rum-hole and stock it with decanters and glasses, sells ruin "blue," red, or yellow, to his guests, with hospitable deference to their taste. Never did a feudal lord in his castle wield so unsparring a power, as does the dram-seller from his counter. The baron rented soil and hut, and took in payment from his serf, a portion of the corn and fruit, fowls from the poultry-yard, and calves from the barn. But the keeper of the bar-room sends out his bond-men to hunt for work where they can find it, and bring him all the profits; pawning clothes and tools, even, to enrich their master. The baron, in wrath against a rebellious villain, might sometimes brand him, or put out his eyes: the bar-room keeper habitually stamps upon the full front of his most willing slave, the bloated imprint of his ownership, and daily makes him blind, and deaf, and helpless, and then casts him out like a dead dog in the gutter. The Temperance Pledge was truly a Declaration of Independence.

A new era is opening in the Temperance Reform. The Pledge was well as a sign of a grand united effort to cast off universal vice. The evil was so common that it demanded a common struggle to

exterminate it. But the Pledge was negative, after all, in its action. *Negative* movements are good as a protest and first defence against evil. They are a break-water and dyke to shut out the sea's incursions. But they need to be followed by *positive* movements to reclaim the waste sands, and fill up the quagmires. So in addition to the Pledge of total abstinence, we now begin to see on all sides, *mutual obligations of assistance* among those reclaimed from intemperance. The Washingtonian Societies, the Orders of Sons of Temperance, of the Rechabites, &c., are most promising indications, that a new sentiment of brotherhood is spreading among those, who, having learned by painful experiences to pity each other's degradation, now long to secure each other's progress. Beautiful is every movement which aids to substitute benevolence for indifference, coöperation for isolation. The winter of barren individualism, quite necessary, doubtless, in its season, is passing away; and loosened streams and opening buds announce, that a warmer sun of love is bringing a spring-time of social sympathy. The healthful state of society is where a public conscience surrounds and upholds every man. And these movements in the Temperance Reform, are evidences of the wide awakening feeling, that every man is guardian of every fellow man. It was Cain who asked—"Am I my brother's keeper?" It is to us all, that God, looking on our brethren, sunk in the living tomb of drunkenness, declares—"their blood cries unto me from the ground." We are all verily guilty together.

Something effective has actually been done to check the transmission of the *Custom* of intemperance. The next generation will not see, as the last did, drunkards praying at the funeral of drunkards; sots on the bench passing sentence on fellow sots. The christening, the marriage, the death-bed, the parish ordination, and the citizens' ball, the church's fast, and the nation's holyday, will not rival each other in their display of variously colored decanters,—ironically called cordials. Our children will not hold it to be an insult to toast each other in cold water, and will not feel guilty of meanness by not sending a guest tipsy to bed. Custom is changing; and the question now is, how can we permanently keep the ground that has been gained? How prevent the return of future ages to the brutal modes of excitement, from which their ancestors have suffered so much.

Doubtless, something will be accomplished, if communities generally can be led to withhold *all licences*. Strange, indeed, that sophistry can so blind the public mind, as to make any one doubt whether,

when we punish the criminal, we have a right to punish the criminal maker.— Strange, that the maker and vender of intoxicating drinks should feel that his rights are infringed, by preventing him from enriching himself by manufacturing paupers for the State to support. Certainly, if any body of men on earth deserve to be put in penitentiaries, they are those who can quietly, systematically, as a respectable, regular business for life, fill their money drawers with coin, which they know must cost the agony of wives, the hunger of children, and the remorse and ruin of once upright brethren. If any body of men should have justly laid at their door the sin of arming the ruffian's hand, of goading to frenzy the lusts of the licentious, of aggravating every bad passion of every bad man, civilized and savage, the earth round, they are the distillers and wholesale and retail dealers in ardent spirits. The devil has no such faithful recruiting sergeants.— And yet, forsooth, it is a violation of a freeman's prerogative, that he should not be permitted to deal out by the glass or the cargo, the waters of death called *Agua Vitæ!* Poisoners, whose philters are instantly fatal to the body, shall be hung; but genteel, rich, Christian poisoners, whose drugs, slowly for years corrode at once soul and body, and make their victim disgusting in deformities, and fiendish in deeds, shall be honored! Verily, such gross absurdity would disgrace Bedlam! Society will at last open its eyes to the duty of taking care that not an article of food or drink is vended, which is injurious to health. No man ever received from God, or Nature, or his Race, the right to turn the elements given for man's blessing, into his curse. To vitiate thus the products of earth, is a monstrous wrong. The Grape is a child of the Sun, given originally for man's good. It is an outrage upon the Creator, to degrade it to purposes of lust.

But no change in the License Laws, no prohibitory statutes, will alone avail permanently, to prevent intemperance. If we would thoroughly cure this evil, we must remove its causes. Let us, then, for a short space, consider the *Radical Causes and the Radical Cure of Intemperance*. The view though condensed, shall be comprehensive.

I. The causes of Intemperance are of three kinds, Physical, Mental, and Moral. Let us regard each in turn.

1. Among the *physical* causes may be mentioned first, a weak, unstrung, and feeble organization, which, wanting the stimulus of warm blood, of a free circulation, and of quick transmissions of nervous energy, predisposes the individual to desire artificial excitements. What pity may we well feel for the flabby, lymphat-

ic, half grown, puny creatures, called men and women, of whom earth is full!— What wonder that such morbid abortions are tempted to kindle within their sluggish systems some sparkles of genial life, by transient exhilaration!

Next to a state of half-health, may prevalent habits of life be spoken of, as a predisposing cause of intemperance. Foul miasms from dirty streets, ill-ventilated, and ill-lighted houses, deficient and bad food, absence of baths, irregular hours, producing alternate feverishness and torpor, which all but force the sufferers from these abuses to periodical stimulation.

Overwork and idleness come next in the enumeration of the physical causes of intemperance. Incessant, monotonous drudgery, produces an exhaustion of the muscular and nervous system, for which the natural cure is some powerful excitant. The sense of weariness and weakness which follows excessive labor, is almost insufferable. And blame for the drunkenness so common among the working classes of all countries, may fairly be referred back to the task-masters, who compel this violation of natural laws, by the repugnant toil they impose.

Closely connected with this cause, is the last which can now be mentioned. It is the want of sufficient rest and relaxation. How much that word Re-creation means! Can we not learn from the observation of children, what a surplus of bodily vigor joy can give! Had men more play, they would be too full from within of animal spirits ever to feel the need of external excitement.

God's Elixir of Life is wondrously compounded of sunlight, and pure air and water; of the perfume of flowers, of music, and the continual change of hours and seasons. We drive each other to quaff the fiery fountain which bubbles up from hell, by robbing one another of the exhaustless animal joy, which our Creator would pour upon us from all living and moving things. To drink to fullness of the nectar which Nature distills, is to be intoxicated with health. Drunkenness is the exact opposite of this.

2. Among the *mental* causes of Intemperance, may be placed first, the want of habits of observation and reflection. The active brain sends forth along the nerves of motion, a constant, invigorating impulse, and gathers up from the sensitive nerves ever-varying impressions. But a dull brain makes the body heavy and inelastic. An uneasy sense of latent mental power makes the uncultivated man struggle against the brutal lethargy which he finds creeping over him. He delights in the quickening of his thoughts, which stimulants for the moment produce.

Closely connected with this cause, a second may be found in the *mechanical*

nature of most kinds of labor. A slight effort of mind is required to gain skill in a branch of industry; but afterwards, there follows but a series of repeated experience. No new lessons are learned, no new volitions made. Nature, gently, by her living laws, would stimulate the mind to ever-fresh discoveries, and fresh inventions, which bring serene delight. But routine baffles the powers of thought; attention flags amidst unvarying toil; and reason is dizzied by a perpetual recurrence of the same petty details. Is it wonderful, that men so gladly escape from their noisy work-shop of life, on to the high grounds of fancy and wit! Exciting drinks seem to set free their prisoned talents, open wide prospects, and break up the plodding crowd of common thoughts. Sad is it to be obliged to confess, that in our present modes of labor, multitudes find their only hours of anything like a poetic or ideal state of mind, when met to talk with boon companions.

And this brings up to view a third mental cause of intemperance. It is the want of constant, free intercourse with other minds. Conversation is one of the most delicious stimulants which life affords. A new mind opened to us, is better than a novel. Our own familiar thoughts reflected from another's experience, seem to gain a new gloss and brightness. Images and echoes multiply the charm of sights and sounds. But how little opportunity, life, as now arranged, allows for habitual intercourse of mind with mind. Untaught, dull from drudgery, prejudiced and proud men meet in society, oppressed with false shame and taciturn habits. Drink breaks down the barriers, brings them to an intellectual level, and quickens self-confidence, while disarming criticism. Men filled with facts and suggestions, have a conscious wealth of mind; it is a delight to them; and they feel small temptation to seek the feverish visions of intemperance, which mock their less cultivated fellows with a show of thought. They drink too often of living springs to be deceived by a mirage.

3. Among the *moral* causes of Intemperance, come first, that most prolific one, unhappy homes. How many a woman has been led to drown the degrading consciousness, that she has given her life to one unworthy of her, in the delirium of intoxication! Disappointment and despair in heartless marriage are too intolerable. And how many a man is driven to the club or the hotel, by the sneer, and the scowl, and petty usurpations, of a wife! The dreariness of a home, where indifference or hate are the *Penates*, may well account for, though they cannot excuse, a resort to temporary self-forgetfulness. Deprived of the most longed-for sources of constant excitement in reciprocated

love, how easy is the surrender to a transient joy. When home, too, is merely the place, as it too often is, among the poor, where the weary partners come to pour out upon each other, or upon their children, the boarded spleen of the day, and to aggravate by recriminations, care and anxiety already too oppressive, how tempting seems the careless revelry of the gin-shop and bar-room.

A second, and a very common moral source of intemperance, is the want of pure and ennobling public amusement. Even the savage shows in his passion for festive meetings, how strong is our instinct to seek social pleasures amidst a multitude. The civilized man manifests this tendency yet more. The mere presence of a crowd, gathered to behold a spectacle, is a powerful excitement, no matter how trifling is the occasion that summons them together, nor how wanting in genius and grace are the people. But most of our public gatherings are of a kind that leave a feeling of vacuity. The show and treat are poor. It is no wonder, then, that artificial stimulants are brought in to waken an enthusiasm, which the scene itself cannot give. There is a rude address to the senses in our amusements, rather than a delicate appeal to the imagination and taste, and through them to the judgment and heart. We jostle each other in selfish scramble, because unaccustomed to refined joy. There is so little in the modes of the meeting to call out courtesy and high bred disinterestedness, that the chief thought is of selfish indulgence. The fit accompaniment of our holidays is the booth. And it need excite no surprise, that at the end of a day of pleasure, the heads of many are lighter than their heads.

The last among the many moral causes of intemperance, which can now be spoken of, is the prevalence of arbitrary social distinctions. Whole classes labor through life under an irritating sense of degradation, which constantly undermines self-respect, and prepares the way for low indulgence. But space permits only the suggestion of this widely operating cause.

Indeed, the whole object of our rapid survey has been to hint this most obvious yet frequently forgotten truth, that *as our nature is complex, so the causes of one seeming vice are complex. The vice itself is not simple, but compound.* That which we call Intemperance is the hideous result of multiplied and varied transgressions of the divine laws, depriving us of the natural joys, which God has eternally and absolutely connected with obedience. Deny men the excitements which our Creator intended should stimulate our whole nature, and just so far you open temptations to the discovery and use of artificial ex-

citements. Destroy the harmony and relative proportion of these natural pleasures, and you prepare the way for unnatural excesses. And this thought, that the only sure way of preventing men from degenerating into the brutal, is by keeping them erect, in the full exercise of the human faculties, introduces us at once to the second branch of our subject.

II. The *Radical Cure* for Intemperance will be found only by organizing social life;—

1. That labors, neither monotonous nor exhausting may alternate with each other, amidst beautiful scenes and healthful influences, and be suitably relieved by manly games and graceful processions;—

2. That intelligent and instructive intercourse may accompany and pervade both industry and amusement, converting the field and work-shop, the feast and drawing-room, into the High School, which Providence designed them to be; and—

3. That the free action of all social affections, in due proportion and relation, may be secured amidst a *Family of many Families*, united in one desire to make Society a fit tabernacle for indwelling God.

In other words, we can cure this vice of Intemperance, only by curing the radical vices from which it issues. THE PROBLEM OF LIFE IS TO MAKE LIFE PERFECT. With nothing less can our nature be content. In no other way, except by Integral Goodness, can evil be exiled. From Eden lost, to Eden found again, is man's pilgrimage. Meanwhile, however, some feeble approximations can be made to the prevention of intemperance, even in existing society. And with a few plain, practical suggestions upon this point, these remarks shall conclude.

1. The system of mutual guarantees which has already commenced in several of the Temperance associations may be extended indefinitely. If Sons of Temperance and Rechabites can aid each other in sickness, why should they not still more give aid in health, to ward off that pressure of anxiety and toil, which so constantly induces sickness? If they can be guardians of a brother's family, when that brother dies, why should they not manifest fraternal interest while the brother lives, and unite their families in friendly intercourse? This feeling of mutual obligation, which is spreading so fast through our communities by means of the Temperance and Odd Fellow Societies, must, if sincere, reform the whole tree of social relations, break down the barriers of caste, exalt distinctions of character above those of circumstance, and make the essence of good manners consist in their manliness. May the bonds of brotherhood each hour grow stronger. Temptation to vice will proportionately disappear.

2. The funds collected by the weekly and monthly subscriptions of these societies may be turned to the objects of erecting buildings or procuring apartments, where there may be libraries and reading rooms, galleries of curiosities, and inventions; and in which lectures may be given at due seasons, and classes formed for study. In such a building, may be also assembly rooms, where the families of members may gather for innocent recreation. Music, panoramic shows, exhibitions of pictures, &c., may suitably be interchanged with more festive scenes.

3. Much may be done by all friends of Temperance, by improving the style of arranging our towns, and of building our houses. What barbarism it is to heap people in together like brutes in their stalls! Even pigs love fresh air and clean straw. But our cities are built apparently on the faith of the proverb, "that children fatten on dirt." There should be free room for gardens behind all houses, without exception: and ornamental shrubbery and shade trees in front. Why do not our Temperance Societies form themselves into city, town, and ward Horticultural Societies? But why, above all, do not all friends of cold water manifest their faith in its external as well as internal virtues, by arranging plans for public and private baths!

4. We suggest to friends of Temperance one pregnant question: *How will you prevent the exhausting, degrading, stupifying labor, which now drives so many to the bottle?* But truth commands us, in closing, now to say to our brother reformers of Temperance, "Do you not see how universal is the problem of preserving men pure and healthful in body? Temperance in one thing demands temperance in all things. You must prevent excess by producing harmonious indulgence. And this can be done only by so uniting men in all the business, interests, and pleasures of life, as to make them habitually conscious that they are living members of a Social Body, whose soul is Divine Love."

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS IN GERMANY.

We love Germany hardly less than if we had been cradled upon the Rhine. We love her sons;—their sturdy honor, their generous enthusiasm, their chivalric reverence, their bravery, their tenderness, their deep free hearts and indefatigable heads. Germany belongs to the whole world. Leibnitz and Kant, Herder and Jean Paul, and all her host of scholars and thinkers are not the special property of any nation or any territory. They are our's and all men's. Their "Vaterland" is broader than the horizon which bounds their birth places. Their native country, so to say, their Germany, extends into

wide regions, where their Teutonic accents are unknown. More subtle and rapid than the winds that blow from their famous mountains, their Thoughts have travelled wherever a mind could receive them; on the furthest shores torches quick-shooting into the night, reply to the clear beacon-fire that they have kindled. However imperfect their wisdom, they have been the teachers and friends of every man who has longed to know the end and significance of life, and to penetrate beneath the outer husks of things.

In these times and in our America, where all is movement, and ideas seem to rush into deeds, we are something more than curious to know what is doing in Germany, or rather what is thinking there. What verdict does the Civilization of this nineteenth century, with its Pauperism, its Commercial Feudalization, and its false Democracies, receive from those weariless abstractionists, as most of our German friends are? Under what forms does the New World, of which no simple-hearted man is now without some presentiment, dawn upon them? Which of the present commands of Humanity are they receiving and laying to heart?

We have long been aware that the doctrines of Universal Unity were not without zealous apostles in Germany. Good books upon various branches of social science have been published, and some of the most respectable journals have given their testimony to the weight of the facts and arguments of which the Associative school makes use. We have too abundant rumors that Communism,—the most natural of intellectual reactions,—finds numerous adherents and even occasions alarm to the authorities.

For some months we have had lying in our portfolio, more exact intelligence as to some of these matters, waiting to be presented to our readers. We presume that though thus in fact not new, it will not be without interest to them. It is extracted from that excellent journal the "*Deutsche Schnellpost*," of New York.

It seems that not far from the first of last November, the King of Prussia took the lead in the formation of a "Central Society for the benefit of the lower classes." For this society and for the Berlin philanthropists generally, the correspondent of the *Schnellpost* has no reverence whatever. He says their benevolence is no better than hypocrisy and Protestant Jesuitism.

A meeting was held at Cologne on the 10th of November for the formation of an auxiliary society. Here the influence which presided at Berlin was subordinate, and at the first stage of the proceedings a warm discussion arose as to the name of

the Society. The words "lower classes" were rejected. The Society was called the "Union for mutual aid and improvement." In its rules the tendency of society to ascend into the next stage beyond civilization,—called guaranteeism, appears in a striking manner.

For the improvement of the material condition of its members, the Union contemplates,—Arrangements for diminishing the effects of misfortunes by means of funds for mutual aid, hospitals, &c. 2. Arrangements to ensure food and homes to those who are temporarily without labor. 3. Provisions for mediation between laborers and employers. 4. Arrangements by which the individual can attain independence, such as Saving's Banks, the purchase of land and buildings to be rented on reasonable terms to laborers, &c. 5. Arrangements for an economical and comfortable mode of life, for example, common kitchens and dining halls, the erection of spacious and wholesome dwellings, the purchase of the necessaries of life at wholesale, and distribution of them at retail at cost, especially in the winter. 6. Arrangements for supplying the products of labor immediately to those who wish for them, for example, permanent halls of industry, in which manufactured articles can be exposed for sale, like provisions in the market. By this means the laborer will be protected from speculators and forestallers, and can expect a more just compensation for his exertions, than is possible under the present relations of things. 7. Arrangements which will make it possible for the workman, without property, to support the competition with the power of capital, for example, funds to be loaned upon work done, establishments for the provision both of materials and tools, the union of single laborers for a common purpose, &c.

For "Culture," the Union adopts the following means. 1. Arrangements whereby the beneficent effect of intercourse between men of all classes of society, and all professions, can be produced. 2. Arrangements for direct improvement, such as trade-schools, and also higher trade-schools for instruction after the age in which trades are usually begun to be practised; together with schools for the development of peculiar talents and for education in special trades and branches; conversations and lectures upon useful subjects, collections of books, models and tools; reading rooms, the disseminating of useful writings, &c.

The formation of this Society naturally excited great interest not only in Cologne, but throughout the whole province. Social equality, the *right of all to Labor*, and the *duty of Society to furnish it to every one*, became common words. The government interfered to prevent the proce-

edion of the undertaking, and what has been its ultimate fate we are not informed. At any rate we may be sure that the ideas thus planted, will sooner or later bear abundant fruit. And indeed, as we learn from a more recent number of the *Schnellpost*, notwithstanding the opposition of the government, the discussion of those questions which are everywhere commanding the attention of the most advanced minds, is carried on with vigor, especially in Westphalia. The men most active in it, are the educated classes. According to the *Bremen Gazette* from which the account of the *Schnellpost* is taken, many crude and erroneous views are mingled with the truth which is at the bottom. These time will remedy. Meanwhile we know that Germany is not unconscious of the mission of the age and is not likely to be silent respecting it.

The movement in Cologne,—the only one which has a directly practical tendency, contains, as we said above, the germs of that order of society, which lies between complete association of all interests and all classes, and the unfortunate state called civilization. This tendency appears universally, though our eloquent declaimers upon social progress, of which they know about as much as they do of the man in the moon, never take any notice of it. Technically speaking, we call this coming order of society, Guaranteeism. Its distinguishing feature is the application of the principle of mutual guaranteees,—imperfectly developed indeed in the Cologne "Union," to the various relations of life and business. It makes of society a grand fraternity for universal mutual insurance, and in this way produces union, peace, security, and *real* benevolence, instead of the discord, strife, uncertainty and selfishness, which are the soul and very heart's-blood of civilization. We consider all steps towards such a state of things wherever taken, as advances towards the sublime and happy destiny of the race, and accordingly shall take every occasion to advocate them to the best of our ability. Such institutions as the Brook Farm Phalanx, and the other associations formed in this country are, be it understood, at present only attempts at Guaranteeism. But this is only a transition. It is the territory through which, for want of means, we are compelled to pass.

Were it in our power to apply more completely the laws of harmonic Society, and to establish true Association, this intermediate process might, we are convinced, be spared. Guided by the light of SCIENCE, we might now proceed to realize in human Society the forms of Divine order, and setting them in practice, before the world, do more for the progress of man, than all the imperfect means

now in use can effect in a century. Meanwhile we shall not cease to reiterate to the world the truths that through Divine Providence have been revealed, and to hail with unspeakable joy, every wave and every breeze which seem to bear Humanity towards that Life for which it was created. While like the great German Poet, we would fain extend our arms so as to embrace the countless millions of our brethren, there is, thank God! a faith in the Providence whereby all things are corrected, which never fails in our hearts. We know that the Children of the Infinite Father shall at last, errors retrieved and sins forgiven,—dwell in unity together throughout the beatified earth, and enjoy the fullness of the blessings which have been prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

This recent invention bids fair to produce important results, if not a great revolution in the business of publishing.—We have before us a handsome quarto newspaper, printed by this process at Ipswich, England. It is called the Ipswich PHONO-PRESS. The London Art, Union, and other English journals, have presented specimens of this new mode of printing, but the Phono-press we are informed, is the first regular publication ever made by the Anastatic process. Viewed in another light, this is an interesting paper, being, as its name indicates, a *Phonetic* newspaper, or a production of the beautiful art of writing and printing by sound, of which we gave a notice in a former number. We received this paper from Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, teachers of Phonography, in Boston, to whom it came by the last steamer. The account contained in it of the method of Anastatic Printing, has been transcribed from a true, into our false orthography, and so we present it to our readers.

"The ink used for the writing or drawing to be printed, must be of a greasy nature. The paper on which the writing has been made is then sponged at the back with diluted nitric acid; it is next placed with the writing downwards upon a plate of zinc which is laid upon the press and passed under a roller. The pressure causes the acid to come into perfect contact, and the result is, that the zinc is acted upon by the acid, in every other part, except where it is touched by the oily ink. The writing is thus transferred to the plate which now presents a slightly raised surface. Gum water is then rubbed over the plate, and afterwards a solution of phosphorus applied, which have the effect of preventing the ink, which is afterwards used, from adhering to the parts, intended to remain white when printed. The printing is effected in the same way as by types, except that the pressure is given by a roller."

Our border is executed with pen and ink, as well as the Phonography, but the letter-press part of the Dictionary (which has been commenced in the Phono-press,) is transferred from an impression in com-

mon types. Among the many purposes to which the process is applicable, the following may be mentioned: The reproduction of scarce printed books, without the cost of setting up type, reprinting further editions of the literature of the day, from a reserved copy, after the type is broken up, including an easy mode of making corrections and additions; and to printing illustrated publications, the type being set up in the ordinary manner, and embellished by pen or pencil sketches, or by wood cuts from foreign or other publications, placed in blank spaces and transferred to the metal plates at the same time; and this with such rapidity that the illustration of any interesting event may be published in a few hours after its occurrence.

Artists, decorators, engineers, authors and lawyers may multiply copies of their productions, [we hope the lawyers wont avail themselves of the art. Eds. H.] without the cost and risk of setting up type.

Phonographic reports of sermons and speeches may be furnished to various parties, at a considerable distance, and at a little cost, in a short space of time, after delivery.

From the same paper, we have copied an account of another new and valuable invention.

"At a recent meeting of the Ipswich Philosophical Society, specimens relating to Mr. Frederick Ransom's important patents, were laid before its members, and a description given of the process employed in the formation of artificial stones. The specimens were numerous, and gave ample evidence of the accomplishment of the Herculean task of making stones, which, when contrasted with the natural productions, the approximation was in some cases so great, as to render it difficult to say which was the best. This resulted from the materials being absolutely the same in both instances; and the success has arisen from copying nature and following in her foot-steps. Silice, the best of materials, is used as the great and chief ingredient, and is dissolved by soda, in a high pressure boiler. The soluble silicate of soda makes a thick silicious paste, which is the cementing power and bond of union: this is worked up with sand, or with pieces of granite, or with particles of hur stone; and forms, according to the varying proportions and quantities of the respective materials, articles of different textures and qualities, from the coarse sand stones to the most compact slabs of slate and marble. The silicious paste envelops and very firmly binds the materials, so as to allow them, in their moist state, to be moulded into any form or cast, so as to take any impression, however delicate; and the subsequent application of heat, in a stove or kiln, sets and hardens the mass, by vitrifying the silicious paste; thus uniting, by an indissoluble bond, the materials employed. Some ornamental slabs, images, and figures, with coarse sand stones applicable to common purposes, and much harder and superior to bricks, were exhibited.

"The members present were much gratified, and felt a pleasure in congratulating Mr. Ransom on the successful results of his labors, which redound so much to his credit and to that of his native town. It is only doing justice to Mr. H. B. Webster, the talented Secretary of the Ipswich Philosophical Society, to state that Mr. Ransom is much in-

debted to him for much chemical information; and, in fact, for suggesting to him the means which, by being carried out with unwearied assiduity, have terminated in prospective good.

W. H. CHANNING ON ASSOCIATION.

Rev. WM. H. CHANNING yesterday delivered his closing Address previous to his annual Summer vacation—in which he briefly re-stated the conclusions arrived at in his two last discourses, and showed the connexion existing between those conclusions and the broader view of the same question he was now about to take. In fact, there is but one question—the struggle between Capital and Labor; and it is the mutual and inseparable interest of the capitalist of the North and the Slaveholder of the South to cooperate in perpetuating black Slavery there and white Serfhood here. He showed most clearly and most eloquently the actual condition of white serfs in England, and their rapidly approaching condition in this country, to be even in many respects worse and more appalling than that of the Slaves at the South. He dwelt most powerfully on the strange fact that the Slave Power—which is of all things the deadliest and most bitter enemy of freedom, equality and all the great rights of Humanity—should look for its most efficient and constant support to that party which calls itself the *Democratic*. It is a paradox whose equal is not to be found in the history of the world; and yet it is notoriously true. Pregnant and startling extracts were made from the declarations of Pickens, McDuffie, Calhoun, and other leading Slaveholders, in which they unqualifiedly took the ground that in all well-established societies the capitalist ever had and always must own the laborer, whether white or black, and that the institution of Slavery, standing as it does in place of a titled and privileged nobility, is the safest foundation and surest guarantee for free institutions!

The great questions of production and distribution, overproduction, the increase of pauperism and crime, the accumulation of all wealth in the hands of the capitalists, the degradation and brutalization of the laboring classes, the inevitable tendency of the present course of things, were then briefly but most powerfully reviewed,—the clear and devout earnestness of the man seeming to shed an electric glare upon the bare skeleton of Society as he traced out as with the point of his finger its horrible and monstrous misproportions. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the article condensing Sismondi's views of political economy, in the May number of *Blackwood*,—an article which has already been noticed and copied from in our columns—and recommended its profound, sad and appalling truths to especial attention. He contended that the same spirit and the same destiny is at work throughout the civilized world—the total subversion of Man and the destruction of his simplest and most fundamental rights, the right to the soil and the right to the product of his labor. In Great Britain, which is to be regarded as the matured example of what this spirit will inevitably produce elsewhere, these rights are already in a state of subversion. The Cotton lords and the Land lords monopolize all the soil and all the labor of that people. And it is fast becoming so in this country too.

We congratulate ourselves on the minute divisions and ownerships of our soil; and yet this is a most dangerous fallacy. A majority of all the land in our State is covered by bond and mortgage, and these bonds and mortgages, are all in the hands of a few capitalists and companies, and the farmer is liable at any time to be swept from his farm by foreclosure and himself and his wife and children turned paupers upon the world. As to the unequal division of capital and the Serfhood of labor, he referred to two or three striking instances. The master-workman, proprietor or capitalist *owns* the labor of his journeymen—the more expert and skillful can alone find employment, while the inferior workmen are forced to bring themselves in competition with each other and to put their labor up at auction to the highest bidder. Our families, too, who inhabit their splendid mansions and luxurious parlors—are not their servants, their slaves, confined below, out of daylight, fed on the remains of the master's table—suffocated in smoke or frozen in garrets!

These things, which are only beginning as it were to show themselves in this country, have already reached a full and rank maturity in Great Britain. There, since the full development of the commercial spirit, which was at first beneficial in its action by its reflective stimulus upon industry, and thus making the laboring men feel their own value and importance—crime and pauperism have increased and are increasing to a frightful extent; and, although abstractly the British nation boast that they are *free*, yet these rights—the rights by which producers can alone prolong even their existence without the consent of others—are *not* theirs: they have *not* the right to labor nor the right to possess the fruits of their labor. They are degraded, miserable, starving slaves, paupers and criminals. Such has been the result of boasted civilization with them!—such will and must be the result of the present system every where! We are rushing with railroad speed towards a horrible abyss, and there is nothing in the present tendency of things to change or retard our course.

What, then, is the remedy? Since it is proved that when men's interests and their duty to their race conflict, duty is yielded to interest—since the law of love is powerless, when brought in contact with selfishness—the only remedy that remains is, to make interest and love compatible; to establish a brotherhood of love and equality, whereby the interests and happiness of all will be promoted. This can only be done by elevating Labor from its present abject condition of Serfhood, and making it the joint recipient of its joint product. Individualism is the great barrier to Progress, which must be broken and Man induced to labor as a Whole, for the elevation and redemption of that Whole, before any true reform can begin. The doctrine of Association is termed visionary:—most truly is it a vision—a bright and glorious vision, like the sun at noon-day! Wo to him who sees not this vision—who shuts up his heart and will not understand! God rules the universe by the law of love—shall Man hope to accomplish his destiny by the law of selfishness and hate? They who proclaim the truths of Association, will hereafter be regarded as the prophets of a better time—as the ministers of that faith which alone can res-

cue mankind from his horrible depravity and wretchedness, and preserve our mighty Babel from swift destruction.—*Tribune*.

A VISIT.

We reached Maysville in the morning. It is a city of about three thousand inhabitants, lying on the banks of the Ohio and growing fast. The water being very low, several steamers were aground within a few miles above the city. After breakfast, I took passage for Cincinnati. A few miles below Maysville, on the Ohio side of the river, there is a small Fourier Association. The Society settled upon an estate of six hundred acres, but on account of many falling back who had signed for shares, they have been obliged to sell all but two hundred acres. On this farm they have established a saw-mill, flouring and other mills, and though battling with the difficulties of infancy, I believe from what I could learn that they will succeed. It is becoming, or will soon become, in my opinion, a serious question whether some such form of social life, is not the only hope of a temporal salvation for the poor. Every body admits the necessity and even beauty of Association for the protection of one another from the hand of the robber, the knife of the assassin, and the more glaring and occasional evils of all kinds; but they seem never to have thought that these are the least of evils—that man desires the hands of kind, true friends to protect himself against Poverty, Misfortune, and grinding Want, which drive so many to become assassins and robbers, to prey upon their fellows often for scanty bread. These are the fiercest common enemies, the greatest curses of all societies; and some bond or union that will relieve men from these, will at once strangle the grim fiends that all are willing to guard against. The poor man has little to fear from the thief or the assassin, but without some gentle hand to minister to his imperious wants, he is just the person to become either. In God's name, what does a man want of that society, which only aims at evils which never beset him? I have ever thought it the essence of Christianity to assist the destitute and sorrowing. One of the two commandments upon which it is declared "hang the law and the prophets" is "to love your neighbor as yourself!" The great Master, eating with publicans and sinners, which many of his professed followers would scorn to do now, condescended to make it his chief business to sympathise with and help the distressed. How can that commandment be followed, or the works of the Master imitated, as society now exists! Answer, ye God's-men and World's-men, since ye approve the example of Christ! Without examining minutely, or knowing the rules of these new societies, I believe them worthy at least a generous trial, and aiming at a great, good, and I hope, feasible end.

Truly yours, c. d. s.—*Ibid*.

POVERTY. It is not necessary to recapitulate the horrors I have witnessed in the regions of poverty. It is said that the eras of pestilence and famine are passed, but so will not those say who have visited the dwellings of the operatives of our great manufacturing towns, when the markets are glutted, and the mills and manufactories are closed. Pes-

tilence still rages fiercely as ever, in the form of typhus, engendered by want. In the mission I have called myself to, I have stood upon the mud floor, over the corpse of the mother and the new born child—both the victims of want. I have seen a man (God's image) stretched on straw, wrapped only in a mat, resign his breath, from starvation, in the prime of age. I have entered, on a sultry summer's night, a small house, situate on the banks of a common sewer, wherein one hundred and twenty-seven human beings, of both sexes and all ages, were indiscriminately crowded. I have been in the pestilential hovels of our great manufacturing cities, where life was corrupted in every possible mode, from the malaria of the sewer to the poison of the gin-bottle. I have been in sheds of the peasant, worse than the hovel of the Russian, where eight squalid, dirty, boorish creatures were to be kept alive by eight shillings per week irregularly paid. I have seen the humanities of life desecrated in every way. I have seen the father snatch the bread from his child, and the mother offer the gin-bottle for the breast. I have seen too, generous sacrifices and tender considerations, to which the boasted chivalries of Sydney and Edward were childish ostentation. I have found wrong so exalted, and right so debased,—I have seen and known of so much misery, that the faith in good has shivered within me.—*Douglass Jerrold's Magazine*.

The Illinois Legislature have incorporated the Willamautic Brass band! with the privilege of issuing notes of course.

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June 28, 1845.

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

NUMBER 7.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Your letter, inclosing the Circular of the Central Executive Committee, was this morning received, and I hasten to say in reply, first, that the plan of PROPAGATION therein disclosed meets my most hearty approval, and shall command all the aid within the compass of my limited means.

To inform you of the means, in a pecuniary point of view, of one who, from the earliest dawn of reason has questioned the correctness of the Social State which he found existing around him; and who, for years past, has been satisfied as to the absolute falsity of that state; would be an unnecessary work. I have learned to know that it is utterly impossible for any one, whose mind has taken such a course of inquiry, to stoop to the immoral and irreligious practices which the present social order makes necessary to the acquisition of wealth. Poverty is the certain lot, then, of all such persons, while they remain under the present order of isolated, antagonistic interests, excepting only those who may have inherited or bequeathed wealth,—among which exceptions I am not classed. Nor do I regret that poverty is my present lot; for, had I inherited wealth, or in any way been possessed of riches, I should, in all probability, have inherited also that awful apathy of soul and indifference of mind, which most of the possessors of this world's goods now manifest for the well-being of their fellow creatures. Awful, indeed, is the apathy and indifference of that moral and spiritual death, which bears not the thunder-tones of the great and mighty voices of Truth now reverberating throughout the length and breadth of this land, and the whole civilized world! The Son of Man, in this His Spiritual Advent to our earth, is "opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, and raising the dead," spiritually, as, during his advent in the flesh, eighteen

centuries since, He did materially;—and, not to recognise the Divinity of the "Word made flesh," (Divine Truth in the science of Association,) will now, as then, expose the institutions of civilized society to all the calamities which befel those of the Jews, even to swift destruction;—while on the other hand, a living faith in the Divine Order which is now presented to the world, for its redemption and salvation from the diabolical hatreds and infernal strifes of competition and antagonism, will lead directly into the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, and into the possession of all the joys and blessings, both spiritual and material, so abundantly promised in the Eternal Word. Therefore it is, that I am content with poverty; for it is given to rejoice that my "name is written in heaven," along with that innumerable host of hopeful, faithful workers, who have labored for the elevation of the race in times past and present.

Although my means of contributing to the grand work you propose are thus limited, still something can be done. There is a small band of believers in this city and vicinity, each of whom will add his "mite," so that, it is hoped, a sum may be raised not altogether unworthy your acceptance.

I cannot express to you the satisfaction I feel in contemplating the benefits which must result from the efficient prosecution of the plan proposed by the Central Executive Committee. It revives the sinking hopes of a speedily regenerated race, sinking because of the numerous partial and exceedingly imperfect attempts at Association, which are springing up on every hand, only to meet the mortification and distress of failure from a want of the necessary and indispensable means, both spiritual and material:—"Devoted Men, Science, Capital." Most timely, then, is this plan set on foot, which is to teach and gently lead the infantile energies of the human soul, which are to increase until the great body of human-

ity shall be endowed with "power from on high," and nerved with Omnipotence. I greatly rejoice in the work you have begun; and I am fully persuaded that the effort will be sustained by many, very many willing hearts and able hands.

The arrangements for the future conduct of the "Harbinger," also afford much pleasure. We shall strain every nerve to extend its circulation in this quarter. Indeed your letter and circular has inspired us with joyous hope and confidence that the day of our redemption draws nigh, and that the regenerated earth will ere long resound in full chorus, with the "Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Your brother in the bond of Unity.

Messrs. EDITORS,—The great truth that the poor and needy are neglected and forgotten by the rich and proud, who live by extorting from them a large share of the fruits of their labor, is most solemnly set forth, and oft repeated in the word of God. It is no less clearly set forth in Prophecy, that a better condition is in reserve for them in the future.—"For the needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever." I rejoice in this prophecy, and long and pray for that happy period to come, when its actual fulfillment shall light up the countenances of the long neglected, and broken-hearted poor, with gratitude, joy, and gladness.

The poor expect relief from never-ceasing toil, and corroding anxiety; they expect to be allowed the privilege of enjoying the common bounties of Providence, bestowed as a reward of their industry. Instead of having a small pittance doled out to them, merely sufficient to sustain animal life, they expect enough to afford them the means of enjoying the comforts and conveniences of life.

A great change is going on in this place in relation to a social reform. I have been here but a few months, and

my acquaintance is somewhat limited, but I have conversed with a number of our best laborers and mechanics, and I find that there is an intense longing after a social condition more congenial with the spirit of universal justice, and benevolence, — a state wherein their nature, physical, intellectual and moral, can be developed in due proportion, — and to the vigor of manhood.

I have some facts on hand connected with the factory system as it is carried on in this place, which, if you desire, I will furnish you at some future time.

Heaven bless you in your labor of love and mercy.

I wish you to send me the first Number of the "Harbinger" if possible, as I wish to have the volume entire.

Yours in the bonds of love.

On the 24th of June last, the Ohio Phalanx again dissolved. The reason is the want of Funds. Since the former dissolution, they had obtained no accession of numbers or capital, worth considering. The members I presume will now disperse. They all I believe, retain their sentiments in favor of Association; but they have not the means to go on.

I have been again in the Western Reserve lecturing. Among other places, I lectured at Ravenna, about the middle of June, to the Annual State Convention of Universalists. I think that body of Christians will, before long, generally embrace Association. There is a growing feeling in the Western Reserve in favor of the cause.

The Trumbull Phalanx, near the town of Warren Ohio, numbers about two hundred and fifty persons. They have eleven hundred and twenty-two acres of land, mostly however covered with timber. They have two water powers on the Eagle Creek, and one grist mill, two saw mills, one turning machine, an excellent shingle cutter, and a first rate carding machine. Also, they are erecting and have by this time, in a considerable state of advance, an Ashery and a Tannery.

They did not obtain all their lands or farms from one person; but neighboring farmers put in farms: hence they are able to give security on unincumbered real estate, worth, I think, at least three thousand dollars, to secure a loan of fifteen hundred dollars, if any person would accommodate them with that sum. Such an amount of additional capital, would, in my opinion, guarantee their success. Their total liabilities are about eleven thousand dollars. They have invested or paid about eight thousand. I mean that eleven thousand dollars is the unpaid balance against them. Their crops are good. They are industrious. Most of

them are Disciples, (members of what is generally called the Campbellite Church). Next in number are the Universalists. They have also among them, some Methodists and Presbyterians. There is much harmony among them, — although in religious matters they thus differ. The balance of money yet to be paid by them, is to be met by instalments, running over a period of many years, so that the terms are easy. If they had the fifteen hundred dollars which I have mentioned, my firm conviction is, they could discharge all the other liabilities from the avails of their machine and industrial operations. In consequence of their location, there is a large extent of country to the East, North and West, which must deal at their mills, or go a very great distance to arrive at other water powers. This is an immense advantage to the Phalanx. Their soil is very good: drinking water plenty and excellent.

In Pittsburgh there is much feeling on the subject of Association: and yet very few persons, who have means, are willing to embark in it. The time has not come for them. Mechanics here have, at this period, busy and profitable times; I ought rather to say, such mechanics as are concerned in building or furnishing houses. The city is fast arising from its ruins.

Truly and respectfully yours.

Enclosed you will find two dollars, for your "Harbinger." I have received, and read with pleasure and profit, your three numbers, and desire it continued to me. The style, spirit, and morals of your paper meet my approbation. I see in it Christianity, as distinguished from sectarianism, the elements of a system which aims at government by the influence of the Christian virtues, instead of the heathen vices. Many great men, whose distinction secured them a hearing throughout Christendom, have been fully sensible of the power of love to rule the passions and subdue the wicked propensities of mankind, but the counter influences, the necessity for degrading, servile, repulsive toil, has engendered the malignant passions, and choked the growth of virtue.

In the present order of society, the strength of our attachments to the circle, or sect, or country of our choice, is dependent, in a great measure, upon our aversion to an antagonist circle, interest, sect, or country. We deplore the decay of patriotism, and thousands look to a foreign war as the only effectual restorative of that virtue.

The intelligent everywhere are forced to admit that there are great, and radical defects in the present social organization, but they believe them to flow from the unalterable laws of our nature. They

are as incredulous upon the subject of social equality, as those of former times were upon that of political equality. — These sceptics cannot believe that man is capable of necessary exertion, without the stimulus of antagonistical ambition. Strife is, in their opinion, a necessary stimulus.

The reformation which your paper advocates, must precede the Christianization of the world. The great and capital error, that there must be sameness to secure harmony, must be exploded. What we regard as discordant elements in society, may, and with a proper organization will be, concordant and harmonious. Thousands and scores of thousands in the present day are disgusted, and sickened at the scenes of fraud and force by which the millions are oppressed, who have no hope of escaping this side the grave from such revolting scenes. Could such men but see one ray of hope, could they see their beloved Christianity in its proper dress, operating in the spirit of universal love, and charity, they would become powerful auxiliaries in the work of reform.

The cry that the church is in danger, arising from a fear, that love and charity is to be substituted as the bond of Christian union, for names, and forms, and creeds; and that the state is in danger, from an attempt to control men by attractive rather than repulsive influences, must cease to excite alarm, when these things are understood.

These reflections are produced by a consideration of the subject of your paper, and penned in haste, which you will I trust, excuse. I am but little acquainted with the writings and movements of the reformers, but I find many things said by them in harmony with my own views, and I have high hopes that much good will flow from their philanthropic labors.

Yours respectfully.

I am poor, but I am a fast friend of Association, and I will give you all the assistance in my power. I have to work hard as the hardest for my daily bread, and I am willing to work. I long to be engaged in practical Association. Sometimes I am almost in an agony to see with what disadvantage people, and hard laboring people too, have to get along through this toilsome life; the drudgery they have to undergo, — the poor compensation they get; then to see how blind they are to their own sad condition; it seems to me sometimes, that they have a kind of self-willed blindness, that is determined not to see their condition, and when, if they do see it, they will not acknowledge it. O! what infatuation the present state of society has brought mankind into.

There is no relief from this thralldom, this serfdom, this Egyptian bondage, this degrading condition of society, in which man has no rest, no real rest, day nor night, but in Association, as set forth by Charles Fourier. No day passes but I have occasion to refer to the advantages of Association over the present isolated state of society. But this form of society will make rapid progress, when once an Association can be commenced and carried on agreeably to the plan laid down, but our people are in such haste to realize the golden hopes, that they rush together without the proper materials for this noble building, and so cause a complete failure, which is very much to be regretted and should be discouraged everywhere. I am too much in haste to write, but accept my good wishes. — I can only say, "Go ahead," — You must prosper.

I do not wonder at your enthusiasm in regard to Association. I have not had yet a sufficient opportunity to study it as thoroughly as such a system requires, but, as far as I am acquainted with its revelations, they come nearer to my ideas of social reorganization than any other that I am acquainted with.

I believe that I have a sufficiently good knowledge of the mere external developments of Association, the body, as it were, of the doctrine, but before I make any decisive judgment, I wish to examine well into its mystical and spiritual bearings, which, constitute the soul, without which, the fairest bodily proportions must be torpid and waste away by a slow rot, like an idle hulk.

One thing I am sure of, and that is, that if the experiment of association is to be fairly tried, it must be in Massachusetts. Nowhere else in the world, I believe, can so many true spirits be gathered. In——, the trial has failed, as any one might have foretold without any claim to the praise of being a prophet. There was not a single philosophic mind, nay, not a philosophic idea even, among the experimenters. They looked upon Fourier, I suspect, as the Messiah of bread buttered on both sides, and of rest earned, as it never can be, without labor. They saw no further than the mere husk of Fourier's doctrine, and as a necessary consequence, the only harvest they reaped from their experiment was one of husks, and those too of a bitterish sort, I fancy. No system of reform can succeed when its idea rises no higher than to an amelioration of the condition of the human larder, and when its apostles may correctly enough be defined as a society for giving regular employment to spits and tin-kitchens in reduced circumstances. The reorganization of society looks to

quite other ends and to quite other means for the attaining of them. Without a substratum of *soul*, no scheme even for the bettering of the body will last long. With that foundation, all the forces of Nature make strong league together to keep its timbers from rotting. Such a scheme must be entered into reverently and Godwardly, and by men of some sort of divinity about them, whether of patience, humility, faith, love, charity and creative and constructive faculty.

FARMERS' NOONING.

BY EDWARD H. COGGINS.

The harvesting hours have come once more,
And though hard be our labor, we've toiled
before,

And scythe and rake we'll merrily wield,
Till shorn of its green is the harvest field.

A deluge of heat the sun pours down,
And sweat-drops roll from our temples brown;
Yet are we as free from the chains of care
As the breeze that floats to our bosoms bare.

And here we are taking our noon tide rest,
As the sun shapes his course towards the
glowing west,
The shadows fall cool, and on fluttering wing
The gay bobolink 'gins his carol to sing.

Old Simon is taking a nap at his ease
Where he thought that no urchin would come
to tease;

But his features are twisted about so queer,
That he sorely must feel that straw in his ear.

And Lizzie is tripping it down the lane, —
Her basket is filled with good cheer again;
With a day-dawn cheek, and a soft blue eye,
And silken hair, she is hastening nigh.

To the shadowing wood near by she'll go
To the spring where the spotted lillies grow;
She'll gracefully bend o'er its flowery brink.
And bring us away a cooling drink.

So cheerily passes the Farmer's Noonday;
From his fields anxious care is driven away;
Princes might envy his peaceful lot,
Or barter their crowns for the joys of his cot.

THE SAILOR AND HIS BRIDE. The Boston Transcript tells a good story, in which a venerable and lamented pastor of a Baptist church and an honest Jack Tar and his wife, were the principal actors. The sailor with his chosen partner went to the house of Dr. — to be married, and were accordingly "made one," with all the solemnity proper to the occasion. At the conclusion of the service, Jack told the Dr. that he understood that seventy-five cents was the lawful fee, but that as he hadn't a brass cent to bless himself with, he should defer payment to a more convenient opportunity, adding a promise that he would honestly pay the minister, with one proviso, — that if his wife proved to be a good woman and a true help meet, he should reward him generously for the "splicing," but if she turned out "to be good for nothing," the minister would not hear from him again. Dr. — was so much pleased with the straightforward manner of the tar, that he

drank his health and that of his bride in a glass of wine, and saw them depart with a fatherly blessing. Time passed away, and the Dr. had almost forgotten the circumstance of the wedding, when one day a cart was seen to stop before his door, and a man began to unload and deposit in his house a whole cargo of oranges and lemons. The Dr. had not ordered the fruit, and he forthwith proceeded to stop the process of delivery. The man affirmed that all was right; but when the Dr. persisted that there must be a mistake, the man asked him if he remembered having married such a couple at such a time. The question renewed the good Doctor's recollection, and he at once knew that the honest tar himself stood before him. "It is all right," said the sailor. "I told you if my wife proved good for any thing, I would not forget your fee. She has proved as good a slip as ever put out on the sea of matrimony. You may as well take the cargo, and save your thanks for the sailor's wife."

ANCIENT FURNITURE. There is at present a great rage in some parts of the country for collecting specimens of ancient furniture. In Providence, if we may judge from the statements of the Journal, the fever runs high. The Journal thus satirizes this freak in the popular taste:

"As may readily be supposed, there is a great variety in the antique furniture, which has thus been seized upon and made to renew its age, and great difference in the degree of antiquity claimed for different articles; but fashion, which regulates everything, for a long time held the *Mayflower* furniture in the highest estimation, and it is almost beyond calculating the number of chairs, and tables, and sofas, "that came over in the *Mayflower*," which are scattered through the houses of our city. Nobody, with any pretensions to fashion, but has at least a chest of drawers that came over in the pilgrim vessel; and it requires a bolder man than we are, to express any doubt of their genuineness, in presence of their fair possessors. We know it is generally supposed that the *Mayflower* was a small vessel. Nothing could be a greater mistake: the *Mayflower* was at least a fleet. There are chairs enough in Providence, that came over in that vessel, to load a seventy-four. But everything has its day. The *Mayflower* furniture is beginning to be rather common; and Roger Williams' furniture is at present most in demand. An ingenious mechanic, who has made a great deal of *Mayflower* furniture, informs us that articles warranted to have been in the family of Roger Williams are decidedly preferred at present. He has made four chairs and one table of this latter description, and he did us the honor to ask our opinion upon cutting down a four-foot bedstead — rather an umbrella article — into the first bedstead that Roger Williams slept upon after his landing at *Whatecher*. We suggested that it would hardly "do," at present; but he says we have no idea of the enlightened interest which the ladies take in every thing antique, and he feels quite certain that he could sell it at a handsome price, especially if he adds a little carving to one corner, and breaks off the top of one of the posts.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XV.

The Count seeing that Consuelo was insensible to the attractions of gain, tried to put in play the springs of vanity, and offered her jewels and dresses: she refused them. At first Zustiniani thought that she comprehended his secret intentions: but soon he perceived that in her it was only a sort of rustic pride and that she did not wish to receive any recompense before she had earned it by laboring for the prosperity of his theatre. Still he made her accept a complete dress of white satin, by telling her that she could not decently appear in his saloon in her chizt frock and that he required her, from consideration for him, to quit the costume of the people. She submitted and yielded her fine form to the fashionable semstresses who turned it to good account and did not spare the stuffs. Thus transformed after two days into a fine lady, compelled likewise to accept a string of pearls which the Count presented as payment for the evening when she sang before him and his friends, she was still handsome; if not as became her style of beauty, such as she was obliged to be in order that vulgar eyes could comprehend her. But this result was never completely obtained. At first sight, Consuelo neither struck nor dazzled any one. She was always pale, and her studious and modest habits took from her look that continued brilliancy which is acquired by the eyes of women whose only thought is to shine. The foundation of her character, as well as of her physiognomy, was serious and reflective. You could see her eating, talking of indifferent matters, being politely wearied amidst the vulgar stupidities of a life in the world, without imagining that she was handsome. But when the smile of a cheerfulness which allied itself easily to this serenity of soul, passed over her features, you began to find her agreeable. And then when she was more animated, when she became highly interested in outward action, when she was moved, when she was excited, when she entered upon the manifestation of her inward sentiment and into the exercise of her hidden power, she became radiant with all the fires of genius and of love; it was another dream; you were enchanted, impassioned, annihilated at her will, and without her even being conscious of the mystery of her power.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Thus what the Count experienced for her astonished and tormented him strangely. There were in that man of the world some fibres of an artist which had not yet vibrated and which she made to tremble with unknown movements. But this revelation could not penetrate sufficiently deep into the soul of the patrician to make him comprehend the impotence and poverty of those means of seduction which he wished to employ towards a woman entirely different from her whom he had been able to corrupt.

He had patience, and resolved to try the effects of emulation. He carried her to his box at the theatre, in order that she might see Corilla's success and that ambition might be awakened in her. But the result of this attempt was very different from what he anticipated. Consuelo left the theatre, cold, silent, fatigued, and not moved by the noise or the applause. Corilla had appeared to her to want solid talent, noble feeling, power of good stamp. She felt herself competent to sit in judgment upon her talent, factitious, forced, and already ruined at its fountain, by a life of disorder and egotism. She clapped with an impassive air, uttered a few words of measured approbation, and disdained playing the vain comedy of a generous enthusiasm for a rival, whom she could neither fear nor admire. For one moment the Count believed her troubled by a secret jealousy, if not of the talent, at least of the success of the prima donna.

"This success is nothing to that which you will obtain," said he to her; "let it give you only a presentiment of the triumphs which await you, if you are before the public what you have been before us. I hope you are not affrighted by what you see?"

"No, Signor Count," replied Consuelo, smiling, "this public does not affright me; I think of the advantages which might be drawn from the part which Corilla fills in a brilliant manner, but in which other effects can be produced that she does not perceive."

"What, you do not think of the public?"

"No: I think of the score, of the intentions of the composer, of the spirit of the part, of the orchestra which has its good qualities and its defects, the first of which must be taken advantage of, and the other must be covered by surpassing one's self in certain places. I listen to the choruses, which are not always satisfactory and which need a more severe direction; I examine the passages in which it is necessary to exert all one's powers, consequently those in which they must be favored. You see, Signor Count, that I have a great many things to think about, before thinking of the public,

which knows nothing of all these things, which can teach me nothing of them."

This security of judgment and this gravity of examination so surprised Zustiniani that he did not dare address to her another question and he asked himself with consternation what hold such a gallant as he could have upon a spirit of that class.

The appearance of the two debutants was prepared with all the tricks usual on such occasions. This was a source of difference and continual discussion between the Count and Porpora, between Consuelo and her lover. The old master and his strong pupil blamed the charlatanism of those pompous announcements and of those villainous little methods which we have so much surpassed in impertinence and bad faith. At Venice, in those days, the journals had no great part in such matters. People did not work so understandingly in the composition of an audience; they were ignorant of the profound resources of *catch-words*, of the romancing of biographical bulletins, and even of the powerful machines called clappers. There were strong parties, ardent cabals; but all these were arranged in coteries, and operated solely by the power of a public ingenuously infatuated with some, and sincerely opposed to others. Art was not always the moving power. Little and great passions, foreign to art and to talent, came then, as now, to do battle in the temple. But they were less skillful in concealing these causes of discord and in placing them to the account of a severe dilettantism. It was in fact the same vulgar human foundation, with a surface less complicated by civilization.

Zustiniani conducted such affairs as a great lord, rather than as director of a theatre. His ostentation was a more powerful lever than the cupidity of ordinary speculators. It was in the saloons that he prepared his public and warmed the success of his representations. His methods therefore were neither low nor mean; but he introduced into them all the puerility of his self-love, the activity of his gallant passions, and the clever gossip of good company. He went on demolishing, piece by piece, with a good deal of art, the edifice recently raised by his own hands to the glory of Corilla. All the world saw very well that he wished to build up another glory; and as they attributed to him the complete possession of the pretended wonder which he wished to produce, poor Consuelo did not even imagine the sentiments of the Count for her, while already all Venice said, that disgusted with Corilla, he was about to bring forward a new mistress in her place. Many added, "Grand mystification for his public and great damage for

his theatre! for his favorite is a little street singer who knows *nothing*, and has nothing but a beautiful voice and a passable face."

Thence arose cabals for Corilla, who, on her side, went about playing the part of a sacrificed rival, and invoked her numerous cortege of admirers, in order that they and their friends might do justice to the insolent pretensions of the *Zingarella* (little gipsy.) Thence also cabals in favor of Consuelo, on the part of women, whose lovers and husbands had been estranged or disputed by Corilla, or indeed on the part of husbands who hoped that a certain group of Venetian Don Juans might be attracted by the *débutante* rather than by their wives, or still further on the part of lovers refused or deceived by Corilla and who wished to be avenged by the triumph of another.

As regards the veritable *dilettanti di musica*, they were divided between the approval of the serious masters, such as Porpora, Marcellò, Gomelli &c., who announced with the *début* of an excellent musician, the return of good traditions and of good scores; and the dislike of the secondary composers, whose easy works Corilla had always preferred and who saw themselves threatened in her person. The musicians of the orchestra, who feared being obliged to return to scores long since neglected and to serious labor; all those attached to the theatre, who foresaw the reforms always resulting from a notable change in the company; in fine even to the scene-shifters, to the tire-women of the actresses and the hair dresser of the figurantes, all was in movement in the Saint Samuel theatre, either for or against the *début*; and it may truly be said that it occupied more attention in the republic than the doings of the new administration of the Doge Pietro Grimaldi, who had just succeeded peaceably to his predecessor the Doge Luigi Pisani.

Consuelo was affected and highly annoyed by these delays and these meannesses attached to her new career. She could have wished to appear immediately without any other preparation than that of her own powers and the study of the new piece. She understood nothing of all those thousand intrigues which appeared to her more dangerous than useful and which she felt she could very well dispense with. But the Count, who saw more nearly the secrets of the trade and who wished to be envied and not scoffed at for his imaginary happiness with her, spared no pains to secure partisans. He made her come every day to his house and presented her to all the aristocracy of city and country. Consuelo's modesty and inward dissatisfaction badly seconded his designs; but he made her sing and

the victory was brilliant, decisive, incontestable.

Anzoleto was far from sharing his friend's repugnance to secondary means. His success was by no means so well assured. In the first place the Count was not so ardent about it; then the tenor whom he was to succeed, was a talent of the first order, whom he could not flatter himself easily to efface from the memory of his audience. It is true that every evening he also sang at the Count's house; that Consuelo, in the duets, set him off admirably and that, pressed forward and sustained by the magnetic influence of her genius, superior to his own, he often raised himself to a great height. Then he was greatly applauded and highly encouraged. But after the surprise which his beautiful voice excited at the first hearing, especially after Consuelo had revealed herself, they felt strongly the imperfections of the *débutant* and he himself felt them with terror. That was the time to work with new ardor, but in vain did Consuelo exhort him to it, and give him rendezvous every morning at the Corte Minelli, where she insisted upon remaining, in spite of the prayers of the Count, who wished to establish her more conveniently. Anzoleto entangled himself in so many proceedings, visits, solicitations and intrigues, he was preoccupied with so many cares and miserable anxieties, that there remained to him neither time nor courage for study.

In the midst of these perplexities, foreseeing that the strongest opposition to his success would proceed from Corilla, knowing that the Count saw her no longer and did not trouble himself about her in any manner, he resolved to go and visit her in order to render her favorable to him. He had heard that she took very gaily and with a philosophic irony the abandonment and vengeance of Zustiniani; that she had received brilliant proposals from the Italian opera at Paris, and that, while waiting the check of her rival, which she seemed certain of, she laughed immoderately at the illusions of the Count and his friends. He thought that with prudence and falsities he might disarm this formidable enemy; and being dressed and perfumed in his best style, he penetrated to her apartments, on an afternoon, at the hour when the habit of the siesta renders visits infrequent and the palaces silent.

XVI.

He found Corilla alone, in an exquisite boudoir, still drowsy in her *chaise longue*, and in one of the most voluptuous *dishabilles* as they were called in those days; but the change in her features by daylight made him think her security on the score of Consuelo not quite so deep as

her faithful partisans were pleased to represent. Nevertheless she received him with a very cheerful air and tapping him maliciously on the cheek; "Ah! Ah! is it you, little cheat?" said she to him, making at the same time a sign to her servant to retire and close the door; "do you come again to entertain me with your nonsense, and do you flatter yourself you can make me believe, that you are not the most traitorous of all dealers in small talk, and the most intriguing of all aspirants after glory! You are a master coxcomb, my friend, if you thought to reduce me to despair by your sudden desertion, after such tender declarations; and you have been a master block-head to make yourself desired: for I forgot you entirely after waiting twenty four hours."

"Twenty four hours! that is immense," replied Anzoleto, kissing Corilla's heavy and powerful arm. "Oh! if I believed it, I should be very proud; but I know well that if I had deceived myself into believing you when you said to me—"

"That which I said, I would advise you to forget likewise; and if you had come to see me, you would have found my door closed against you. But what gives you the impudence to come today?"

"Is it not in good taste to abstain from prostrating one's self before those who are in favor and to bring one's heart and devotion to those who—"

"Finish: to those who are in disgrace! It is very generous and very humane on your part, my illustrious friend." And Corilla threw herself back upon her pillow of black satin, uttering piercing shouts of laughter, which were somewhat forced.

Although the disgraced prima donna was no longer in her first freshness, although the brightness of noon was by no means favorable to her, and the concentrated troubles of the latter days, had somewhat enervated the features of her beautiful face, flourishing in eubonpoint, Anzoleto, who had never before been so close in a *tête-à-tête* with so fine and so famous a woman, felt himself moved in those regions of his soul, to which Consuelo was not willing to descend, and from which he had voluntarily banished her pure image. Men corrupted before their years may still feel friendship for a virtuous and artless woman; but to excite their passions, they require the advances of a coquette. Anzoleto deprecated the badinage of Corilla, by the manifestation of a love which he had intended to feign, but which he began really to feel. I say love, for want of a more proper name; but it is profaning so beautiful a word to apply it to the attraction exercised by women, so coldly provoking as was Corilla. When she saw that the young tenor was

really moved, she softened and bantered him in a more friendly manner. "You pleased me, a whole evening, I confess," said she, "but at bottom I do not esteem you. I know that you are ambitious, consequently false and ready for all sorts of infidelities. I could not trust you. You played the jealous, that night in my gondola; you behaved like a despot. That would have refreshed me, after the stupid gallantries of our patricians; but you deceived me, wicked boy! you were in love with another, and you have never ceased being so, and you are about to marry—whom!—Oh! I know very well, my rival, my enemy, the *débutante*, Zustiniani's new mistress. Shame to us two, to us three, to us four!" added she excited in spite of herself, and pulling her hand away from Anzoletto.

"Cruel," said he, trying to repossess himself of that dimpled hand; "you ought to comprehend what passed in me, when I saw you for the first time, and not trouble yourself about my doings before that terrible moment. As to what happened afterwards, can you not guess it, and need we think of it ever again?"

"I am not to be satisfied with half words and reservations, you still love the Zingarella, and are to marry her."

"And if I loved her, what is the reason that I have not married her?"

"Because the Count opposed it, perhaps. At present, every body knows he wishes it. They even say that he has good reason to be impatient and the little one still more."

The blood mounted into Anzoletto's face on hearing these outrages heaped upon the being whom he revered above all.

"Ah! you are incensed at my suppositions," replied Corilla, "that is right, that is what I wished to know;—You love her; and when shall you marry her?"

"I shall never marry her."

"Then you go shares! You are certainly very high in the Count's good graces."

"For the love of heaven, Madame, let us talk no more of the Count, nor of any other person but you and me."

"Well, be it so," said Corilla. "So likewise at this hour, my ex-lover and your future wife—"

Anzoletto was indignant. He got up to go away. But what would he gain! excite still more the anger of this woman, whom he came to calm. He remained undecided, horribly humiliated and unhappy at the part he had undertaken.

Corilla burned with a desire to render him unfaithful; not that she loved him, but because it was one manner of avenging herself upon Consuelo, whom she was not sure of having accused justly. "You see well," said she, detaining him upon the threshold of her boudoir by a penetra-

ing glance, "that I am right in mistrusting you; for at this moment you deceive some one here, is it *she* or I?"

"Neither one nor the other," cried he, trying to justify himself in his own eyes; "I am not her lover, I never was. I feel no love for her; for I am not jealous of the Count."

"That is better still! Ah! you are jealous even to denying it, and you come here to be cured or diverted! many thanks."

"I am not jealous, I repeat; and to prove to you it is not vexation that makes me speak, I will tell you that the Count is no more her lover than I am; that she is virtuous like a child as she is; and that Count Zustiniani is the only one culpable towards you."

"So I can have the Zingarella hissed without afflicting you! You shall be in my box, and you shall hiss her, and on coming out you shall be my only lover. Accept quickly or I retract."

"Alas, Madame, you wish then to hinder my *début*! for you know that I must appear at the same time with Consuelo! If you have her hissed, I, who sing with her, I also must fall, a victim to your anger. And what have I done, unfortunate that I am, to displease you! Alas! I have had a delicious and fatal dream! I flattered myself for a whole evening, that you took some interest in me, and that I should grow under your protection. And here I am the object of your dislike and your hatred, I who have loved and respected you, even so far as to fly from your presence. Make me fall, destroy me, close the career against me! Provided here in secret, you tell me that I am not odious to you, I will accept the public mark of your anger."

"Serpent that you are!" cried Corilla, "where have you sucked the poison of flattery which your lips and eyes distill! I would give much to know and comprehend you; but I fear you, for you are the most amiable of lovers or the most dangerous of enemies."

"I, your enemy! and how could I ever dare to place myself in such a position, even if I were not overpowered by your charms! Have you any enemies, divine Corilla! Can it be that you have any here in Venice, where you are known and where you have always reigned without a rival! a love quarrel throws the Count into a state of sorrowful vexation. He wishes to drive you away, he wishes to put an end to his sufferings. He meets with a little girl, who appears to possess some powers, and who asks nothing better than to make a *début*. Is that a crime on the part of a poor child, who does not hear your illustrious name without terror, and who does not utter it herself without respect? You attribute to

this poor little girl, insolent pretensions which she has never entertained. The efforts of the Count to make her pleasing to his friends, the obligingness of those same friends who exaggerate her merit, the bitterness of yours who report calumnies to anger and afflict you, while they ought to restore calm to your beautiful soul, by proving your glory unassailable and your rival trembling; such are the causes of the prejudices I discover in you and with which I am so astonished, so stupefied, that I hardly know how to go to work to attack them."

"You know but too well, honeyed tongue," said Corilla, looking at him with a voluptuous tenderness, still mingled with suspicion; "I listen to your sweet words, but my reason still tells me to fear you. I would wager that this Consuelo is divinely beautiful, though I have been told the contrary, and that she has merit of a certain character opposed to mine, since Porpora, who is so severe, proclaims it loudly."

"Do you know Porpora! then you know his oddities, his manias, one might say. Enemy of all originality in others, and of all innovation in the art of singing, let a little pupil be very attentive to his ravings, very submissive to his pedantic lessons, and he, for one gammut properly vocalized, declares her preferable to all the wonders which the public adore. Since when have you been tormented by the crotchets of that old fool!"

"She is then without talent!"

"She has a fine voice, and sings decently at the church; but she can know nothing of the stage; and as for the powers she ought to display there, she is so paralysed by fear, that there is strong likelihood of her losing the few resources which Heaven has given her."

"She is afraid! I was told on the contrary that she was gifted with a rare impudence."

"O! the poor girl! alas! they do then wish to ruin her! you shall hear her, noble Corilla, you will be moved by a generous pity, and you will encourage her, instead of having her hissed, as you said just now in jest."

"Either you deceive me, or my friends have much deceived me with regard to her."

"Your friends have allowed themselves to be deceived. In their indiscreet zeal, they have been terrified at seeing a rival rise up against you: terrified by a child! terrified for you! Ah! those persons cannot love you much, as they appreciate you so little! O! if I had the happiness to be your friend, I should know better what you are and I should not do you the injustice to be affrighted by any rivalry, were it even of a Faustina or a Molteni."

"Do not believe that I have been

frightened. I am neither jealous nor malicious; the success of others having never injured mine, I have never troubled myself about them. But when I think that they wish to brave me and to make me suffer —”

“Do you wish me to bring the little Consuelo to your feet? If she had dared, she would already have come to ask your advice and your assistance! But she is so timid a child! and then they had calumniated you to her. They had said to her also that you were cruel, vindictive, and that you expected to make her fall.”

“Did they say that! Then I understand why you are here.”

“No Madame, you do not understand; for I have not believed it an instant, I never shall believe it. O! no, Madame, you do not understand.”

In speaking thus, Anzoletto made his black eyes sparkle, and bent his knee before Corilla with an expression of incomparable languor and love.

Corilla was not devoid of malice and penetration; but as it happens to women excessively in love with themselves, vanity often placed a thick bandage over her eyes and made her fall into the most palpable snares. Besides, she had a taste for gallantry. Anzoletto was the handsomest young man she had ever seen. She could not resist his honeyed words; and little by little, after having tasted with him the pleasures of vengeance, she became attached to him by those of possession. A week after this first interview, she was crazy about him, and threatened every minute to betray the secret of their intimacy by jealousies and terrible transports. Anzoletto, in love with her also, after a certain fashion, (without becoming unfaithful to Consuelo in his heart,) was very much terrified by the too rapid and too complete success of his enterprise. Still he flattered himself that he could overrule her long enough to answer his purpose, that is to say, to hinder her from injuring his début and the success of Consuelo. He displayed with her a consummate ability, and possessed the art of expressing falsehood with an appearance of diabolical truth. He knew how to enchain her, to persuade her, to subdue her; and he succeeded in making her believe that what he loved above all in a woman was generosity, sweetness, and a sense of right; and he traced for her artfully the part she was to play before the public with Consuelo, if she did not wish to be despised and hated by him. He knew how to be severe with tenderness; and concealing threats under praise, he pretended to consider her an angel of goodness. Poor Corilla had played all parts in her boudoir except this one, and this she had always played badly upon the stage. Still she submitted, in the

fear of losing the pleasure of his society, which under various pretexts Anzoletto knew how to render rare and wished for by her. He made her believe that the Count was still in love with her, notwithstanding his anger, and secretly jealous, while boasting of the contrary. “If he should discover the happiness which I enjoy with you,” said he to her, “there would be an end to my débuts and perhaps of my career; for I know by his coolness, since the day when you had the imprudence to betray my love for you, that he would pursue me eternally with his hate if he knew that I had consoled you.”

This was not very likely as matters then stood; the Count would have been delighted to know that Anzoletto was unfaithful to his betrothed. But Corilla's vanity was pleased, with being deceived. She thought also that she had nothing to fear from the sentiments of Anzoletto for the débutante. When he justified himself on that score, and swore by all the gods that he had never been more than a brother to that young girl, as he said what was materially true, he put so much assurance into his denials, that Corilla's jealousy was overcome. At last the great day approached and the cabal which she had prepared was destroyed. On her own account, she rather worked in an opposite direction, persuaded that the timid, and inexperienced Consuelo would fall of herself, and that Anzoletto would feel pleased with her for not having contributed to her fall. Besides, he had had the talent to embroil her already with her firmest champions, by pretending to be jealous of their assiduities, and compelling her to dismiss them somewhat rudely.

While he thus worked in the dark to destroy the hopes of the woman whom he daily pressed to his heart, the crafty Venetian played another part with the Count and Consuelo. He boasted to them that by adroit intrigues, interested visits, and bold faced falsehoods, he had disarmed the most formidable enemy of their triumph. The Count, frivolous and somewhat gossiping, was infinitely amused by the tales of his protégé. His self-love was gratified at the regret which Anzoletto attributed to Corilla on account of their rupture, and he encouraged the young man to cowardly perfidies, with that cruel levity which enters so much into the relations of the theatre and of gallantry. Consuelo was astonished and affected: “you would do much better” said she to Anzoletto, “to practice with your voice and to study your part. You think you have done a great deal in disarming the enemy. But one refined note, one properly felt inflection, would do much more with an impartial public than the si-

lence of the envious. It is of that public only that you ought to think, and I see with sorrow that you do not think of it at all.”

“Be easy, dear Consuelita,” replied he. “Your mistake is in believing in a public both impartial and enlightened. Those who know any thing are hardly ever sincere, and those who are sincere know so little, that a little boldness is enough to dazzle and to win them.”

To be Continued.

THE LABORER.

BY R. S. S. ANDROSS.

Ay! stand erect! nor bend thy knee, nor bow,
But speak thine own free thoughts, and with
an eye

Bold as an eagle's, cleaving the bright sky,
Hold upward thy proud way! Oh, why
should'st thou,

Whose iron arm hath made the mighty world
A realm of beauty, and subdued the wave,
O'er desert vales and mountain heights unfurled

The flag of Hope, why should'st thou, like a
slave,

Cringe to the nod of Pride, and bend thee low,
Even on the soil thy hand hath taught to
bloom

As a fair garden; wherefore should'st thou so
Bow down, and shut thy soul as in a tomb?

Oh, stand erect! throw fetter off and ban,
And speak thine own free thoughts—thou art
a MAN!

U. S. Journal.

EMIGRATION. Our excellent correspondent from Indianapolis asks — “Is it not wonderful, when people are well settled here, that they should emigrate to Oregon?” and we add, anywhere! It is. Yet, considering all things, by no means unaccountable or singular.

We had a friend, near the city, well settled in every respect. He had cleared up a farm; and had within it every means of comfort, and was surrounded with every convenience; for a M'Adamized road passed by it, and the church and school house, where he and his might worship, and the children be educated, were in sight. Yet, while thus situated, he took it into his head to move to Rock River, Illinois, where the nearest mill was five miles distant, the post office some fifteen miles off, and where there were few of the comforts of life, or the conveniences of civilization. “Wherefore do you go,” said we to him, as he came to bid us good bye, — “wherefore do you, at your age, part from old friends, and all the richer blessings of life?” “Oh,” replied he, “I am tired of doing nothing; I want the stir and excitement of a new settlement; I long to be in the woods, and to see the country around me fill up and grow.” And these, or a similar class of feelings, induce very many of our young and middle aged citizens to leave us, when doing well, and even after they had secured a competence. — *Chicagoland Gazette.*

WHAT THE NORTH DOES FOR THE SOUTH. The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, makes the following amusing summary of the means which the North furnishes to the South, original from

"They build our houses, they adorn them with every comfort and convenience of which we have ever conjectured. They educate our children, and cover our nakedness from head to foot, with hats and shoes, coats and shirts; we eat their flour, cheese, butter, apples, codfish, potatoes, pickles, pork and onions; we feed our cattle with their hay, drive their horses in their harness and their carriages with their whips; we walk with their sticks, ride on their saddles, write on their paper, wash with their soap, scrub with their brushes, sweep with their brooms, milk in their pails, cook in their pots, strike with their hammers, blow with their bellows, cut with their axes, sow with their seed, reap with their hooks, pull with their leather, whitewash with their lime, paint with their paint, march by their tunes, read by their lights, drink their Congress water and rum, smoke their cigars, — and last and best of all these blessings, we marry their pretty girls, who make the best of wives."

A GRATIFYING COMPLIMENT. We find the following in the New York correspondence of the New Haven Courier: "I understand that quite a scene was enacted in the Tribune office this forenoon. The assistant editors and compositors in the office, feeling grateful for the elegance and comfort with which Mr. McElrath, the 'fiscal partner,' has fitted up their various apartments, have presented him with a fine painting, by the celebrated Flemish master, Teniers. — Quite a *mass* meeting of the compositors was held, and G. G. Foster, Esq., the city editor, made a speech, which was received with tremendous applause by the *multitude*. He concluded by reading a letter which accompanied the picture, expressive of the 'grateful acknowledgment of those personal good offices which, from the high minded principal, make the self-respecting subordinate ambitious in respect to the whole, of which he is proud to form a part.' This little incident, by the way, is characteristic of the friendly spirit existing between all branches of labor in the Tribune office. The compliment was richly deserved by Mr. McElrath."—*Mirror*.

LETTER FROM BROADWAY. — NO. II.

TO THE HARBINGER:

You talk of the changes of the seasons — the fresh green of spring — the golden glow of summer — the purple ripeness of autumn, and the pied phantasm of her dying woods; — but the true barometer of the changing seasons is the fashionable side of Broadway. There are three or four thousand women in New York, more or less, who shape the whole aspect of social life in the Metropolis; who appear in new French millinery on a certain day, (the 16th of March,) and lo! it is Spring! who a few weeks afterward suddenly disappear, and it is Summer! — everybody has "gone out of town." By and by they are seen again, and behold, they have *three* flounces on their dresses instead of two; and straightway ten or fifteen thousand other women are in despair because their husbands don't earn money as easi-

ly as their "above Bleecker" neighbors. To be sure, they are comfortably, and even elegantly clad; but they "never have anything fit to wear," — they are "always dressed in such old-fashioned clothes, that they are ashamed to be seen," — they weep, they scold, until the poor, meek husband, with his second-hand hat and fustian trowsers, shuffles off to the groggery to "drink away care," and the wife proceeds to hunt up a good bargain, in calico, for herself — body and soul. . . . A new singer makes her appearance: these lady-patronesses of fashion, who know nothing in reality of music, and detest true genius in woman, as it makes their deficiencies more glaring in the strong light of contrast, vote the new candidate for favor, "vulgar," "without style," "not lady-like," — and there is an end of her. The would-be fashionables, of course, follow suit. Thus are reputations capriciously made or ruined; fortunes spent in most useless, absurd, and positively vulgar, extravagance — in the flirting of a fan — by an arrogant and heartless *coterie*, for the most part destitute of talent, education, or character, and who manage to keep their ascendancy simply by their impudence — a means always successful over the vain and weak-minded poor. In fact, these fashionable women are regular politicians, and have as many cliques and factions, as many rival claimants to the honor of the most extravagant hat or the highest-price dress, as Tammany or National Hall in the distribution of the honors and rewards of mass meetings and torch-light processions. Their course is generally ruin to their husbands in property, and to their sons and daughters in character and morals; while their influence is more pernicious than that of the great moral sores that fester around the heart of society. Such a class has always existed in England, where it is made almost magnificent by its extent, power, and usurped wealth; but here it is only mean and contemptible, and yet its dominion is one of the greatest curses that afflicts society. If its power could be broken, thousands of men and wives, who now live a quarrelsome, miserable life, leading to dissipation on the one hand, and prostitution on the other, would once more be happy. As it is, the honest man who earns by his labor a decent competence for his family, finds his domestic happiness cruelly sacrificed to the goddess of Fashion and Dress. O, what a broad, deep, all-pervading curse is this! how productive of every evil, every social calamity!

— I was told to-day, that Burgess and Stringer are about publishing in numbers, Douglass Jerrold's "St. Giles and St. James"; one of the most powerful works of fiction of the day. Jerrold is both a

wit and a philosopher, with broad and enlightened human sympathies, and all the elements of good within him. He must take the place of our beloved Hood. This work will create a new interest in this country, in behalf of England's suffering, starving, stealing pauper-criminals, and I hope, will not be without some effect in rousing public attention to the tendency toward a similar condition, so manifest here.

The *Broadway Journal*, after a suspension of a week, begins its languid and bloodless existence once more, having lost one of its editors, — "Harry Franco," — though *why* an editor, I could never discover. Men make such bitter mistakes in choosing their professions!

We have had a week of scorching, broiling weather. Nothing has been more common, in the middle of the day, than to see a little group of men gathered about an omnibus, deserted of its passengers. It was nothing — only a poor beast driven literally to death in the broiling sunshine, and lying down gladly on the red-hot pavements to "die with harness on his back." If we could put the cruel owners and drivers into the vacant traces, for a trip or two!

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

It is now almost certain that within a few months the Magnetic Telegraph, which is literally material Thought and flies as swift, absolutely annihilating space and running in advance of time, will be extended to all the great Cities in the Union — so that a net-work of nerves of iron wire, strung with lightning, will ramify from the brain, New-York, to the distant limbs and members, — to the Atlantic sea-board towns, to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, St. Louis and New-Orleans, — and that every commercial, political, or social event transpiring at either of these points, will be known at the very instant it happens, in all! When the Message of the President is read to Congress at Washington, the citizens of Cincinnati, New-Orleans and St. Louis will follow it, word by word and line by line; and the editors there will have the Message, together with their own leaders and commentaries, spread before their readers thousands of miles from the Capitol, while the Speaker is taking a chew of tobacco and turning up his wristbands, previous to putting the question of adjournment. The sales of stocks in Wall-street will be regularly reported as they transpire, in all these cities, and the capitalist on the banks of the Mississippi may stop as he goes to dinner to see how his 'fancies' have fluctuated since yesterday's Second Board. On the arrival of foreign advices at New York or Boston the Cotton-broker at Charleston, Mobile and New-Orleans will be informed of the state of the market in Liverpool, before our own citizens have had time to get an extra Tribune into their fingers. If a man is run over by an omnibus in Broadway and dangerously wounded, his wife in Louisville can be informed of the accident before he has re-

covered his senses, and may continue her solicitous inquiries every five minutes until he is fairly taken to the Hospital and pronounced out of danger. If a treacherous villain seduces his friend's wife and escapes, with as much of her husband's property as they can easily carry, or if a bank is robbed or a forgery committed—the fact is instantaneously communicated to every part of the Union, and, the culprits may hope in vain to escape recognition and detection. In short, all the ordinary services in conveying intelligence at present performed by the newspapers in regular course of mail, — or perhaps on extraordinary occasions pushed through a few hours in advance by expensive and uncertain private expresses, — will be completely usurped by the Telegraph, which will do the business in perfect ease and quiet—no puffing, no blowing, no foundering of express-horses, no exploding of locomotives—no breaking of necks nor running off Railroad tracks—and not a single second of time intervening between the event and the universal diffusion of the intelligence.

Here is certainly a most important and extensive revolution foreshadowed—and the shadow falls clearly from one simple and palpable fact. What will be some of the consequences of these changes in the method and time of transmitting intelligence?

First, The Post-Office Department will be despoiled of at least one-half its letter-carrying business; as full that number of letters are written by business men and others for the purpose of conveying intelligence to distant points in the shortest possible space of time. Well—if, by the use of a simple cypher, this intelligence can be sent at once by Telegraph, three, five, ten and twelve days in advance of the mail, what need will there be for sending it through the post? In fact, the whole body of our commercial correspondence, which forms so important an item in the Post-Office Department business, will be transferred at once and completely to the Telegraph-Office; and the Mail will become a still tolerably convenient but antiquated and dyspeptic institution—invalided in the public service and therefore maintained by charity at the public expense—employed by sighing swains and sentimental misses to effect exchanges of porcelain vases and doggerel verses, which—the ones broken and the others lame—will go jogging and jingling along, on rickety railroads and dilapidated Steamboats.

The next thing to be affected by the Telegraph will be the Railroad and Steamboat Companies. Probably two-thirds, and we think three-quarters or seven-eighths, of the travel in first-class Cars or in the cabins of Steamboats, is strictly on business, undertaken because there is a necessity for it, and at an expense which the travelers would gladly avoid. Now, then,—how much of this business can be transacted by means of the Telegraph, through which agents and principals, planters and consignees, producers and manufacturers, capitalists and lawyers, can converse with as much ease and secrecy as if they were face to face? Why, of course, nearly the whole of it! and thus will melt away a large portion of the receipts of our Railroad and Steamboat monopolies. But they will still be wanted for the conveyance of emigrants and the transportation of freight,

and may make shift to live, by moderate charges and faithful performances of services.

But the most important and thoroughly revolutionary result of the Telegraph will be upon the Daily Press. This will inevitably lose its character as the rapid and indispensable carrier of commercial, political and other intelligence. For this purpose the Newspapers will become emphatically useless. Anticipated at every point by the lightning wings of the Telegraph, they can only deal in local 'items' or abstract speculations. Their power to create sensations, even in election campaigns, will be greatly lessened; as the infallible Telegraph will contradict their falsehoods as fast as they can publish them—correct their Munchausen returns before the ink is dry in which they are written, and in short lay bare the actual state of the field at every point to every point at once; so that fraud and deception will be next to impossible, and altogether useless. The moment the votes are counted, for instance, on the Presidential ticket, in New-York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio and three or four of the Southern States (for the Presidential election is to be held every where on the same day, hereafter,) the final result will be instantaneously known throughout the Union, and weeks of doubt, hope, apprehension and agony prevented. We think the Telegraph-Office in New-York, in November, 1848, will be *rather* inconveniently crowded!

The Journals being thus deprived of their character as Newspapers—no second editions with Sales of Stocks and Review of the Market, for country circulation—no commercial department, in fact, at all, as it would only be a dead waste of time and paper—no "Important and Thrilling News from Bungtown" to be displayed in Six Line Pica, and pushed off in extras and by pigeon expresses—what must they do! Die they (or at least the best of them) cannot—decrease their circulation, they will not, for that would raise the price, and this is against the tendency of things, which is every where toward easy acquisition of comforts and necessities. The people have got over their ignorance, their lethargy—their chrysalis stupidity and darkness—and they must and will have newspapers. They could as well dispense with sermons and schoolmasters. What then are the newspapers to do? Why—the necessity for filling their columns with gossip and horrible accidents and unmeaning acres of disjointed incidents, being done away with, the whole class of *mere newspapers* will either go out of existence without saying a word, or submit to a total and awkward change of character; while the philosophical Press, which knows and feels the momentous changes that are going on beneath the surface of Society, and keeps itself within the mighty current of Progress, will feel its thousand hands untied and itself let loose to discuss at length and leisure, the vast questions which are beginning to present themselves like gigantic and distorted statues through the mist that still shrouds the Future. The fearful and dissolving criticisms upon the horrible abuses and corruptions of Society and the results of the present Social system, which ten or a dozen years ago, fell dead from the columns of *Le Globe* upon a world not then prepared to read or understand, or be interested in aught but

news and gossip, will now be revived and hurled with Cyclopan force against an already tottering Civilization. The true Synthesis of Science as a Unity will be discussed and discovered; and the interests and ends of Physics, Physiology and Zoology—embracing in a one, yet infinitely diversified individuality, all the interests, the progress and the destiny of Humanity—will form the "leaders" and the "articles" of the Daily Press. Thus the deeper thoughts and capacities of the world will at length be aroused, and the Press, become the arena of all great ideas and discussions, upon which hinge the centuries that are to bring us Paradise and the Future, will gradually lift the Public Mind to its own high standard.—*Tribune*.

REVIEW.

BOOKS FROM OUR FRIENDS. NO. II.

Poems, by CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1844. 12mo. pp. 116.

Most of these poems had refreshed us with their separate fragrance, before they were gathered into one bouquet. Welcome as showers and breezes in July, they went their round in manuscript or magazine, ministering serene influences to all of any kindred spirit with the author, and opening very sweet communion with his scattered friends. They are not flowers that fade. If they were culled from terrestrial meadows; if they do smell of the pine and the wild-rose and the water-lily; if they reflect the great winged shadows widening over the waving grain, and the stars dancing on the splashing ripples of the fountain; if they echo murmuring winds and waters, the medley orchestra of bird-warblings, and all nature's general hum, and are so far natural, like the field-flowers of a day; yet not the less are they fed by the sun and the dews of the spiritual sphere of which these are the correspondence, and their roots are planted in the depths of inner life, like the "Soul-Flower," of which he sings in one of them. (See page 21.)

It will be inferred that these poems are full of love of nature, and spirituality. We must dwell a little upon these qualities.

Mr. Cranch's love of nature is no sentimental weakness, no trifling away of life. Good childlike qualities it has, a bounding health, a roving curiosity, happy abandonment, quick discriminating senses, in short all that makes up the physical delight. But it goes deeper. The breath which makes his harp-strings vibrate is the Unity of nature; not merely the superficial unity of the parts with one another, but the unity of nature and the soul. The key to every unity lies in the living Passion, in the soul of man. That key he grasps by a poet's instinct, by a lover's feeling, if not by a scientific

formula. In nature he communes with the reflex of his soul, eye of the Divine Soul in whose image it was created; for it is to the pure original of that image, not to the dwarfed, faded, blackened copy in the human soul, that nature always speaks; she hails the freshest, truest, inmost part of us, and bids that feel itself, and grow and be strong. Every where else in vain doth the soul look for a full response to its best instincts. In the faces of men, in all institutions, in the limitations of creeds and systems, in the tendencies of society, in the examples and the confessions of the experienced, it meets flat contradiction, or poor pity. But in nature it finds the actual, the outward attuned to its own music, a ready sympathy and confirmation for its convictions, an answer to its expectations, a plain confession of her own kindred origin with them, which proves them true.

This is the source of his delight. He woos nature as a lover, as an artist, to whom every unity is a commanding conscience. Be it known, too, that he is an artist. He has left safer professional walks for the uncertainties, the patient studies, the long waitings and the disappointments of an aspirant after the slow rewards of art, of a painter of landscapes. The hazy scenery and background of his songs he knows how to put on canvass. May he realize his aspiration; and may Art in him contribute to the initiation of man into Universal Unity!

Where the love of nature is such a deep religion (and it can be,) with a poet, he may well presume from her pulpit to exhort the utilitarians in such terms as the "Field-Notes." So have we, walking in the meadows, had the saucy bobolink come circling round our head, flinging out his wild, rapturous, taunting strains, like showers of glittering diamonds, as if to reproach us with our studied, tame, unbirdlike, songless life:

..... "But for him whose cloudy looks
Are bent on law or ledger-books,
Prisoned among the heated bricks,
The slave of traffic, toil, and tricks;
For him who worshippeth alone
Beneath the drowsy preacher's drone,
Where creed and text like fetters cling
Upon the spirit's struggling wing;
For him whom Fashion's laws have tamed,
Till the sweet heavens are nigh ashamed
To lead him from his poisoned food
Into their healthy solitude;
Such as these we leave behind,
Blind companions of the blind.
Little know they of the baln,
And the beauty, wise and calm,
Treasured up at Nature's breast,
For the sick heart that needeth rest.
He who in childlike love hath quaffed
Of her sweet mother-milk one draught,
Hath drank immortal drops as bright
As those which (tales of old recite)
Untasted fell one starry night
From the fair bosom of heaven's queen,
Sprinkling the sky with milky sheen:

From the world's tasteless springs he turns;
His soul with thirst diviner burns,
And nursed upon the lap of Truth,
Wins once again the gift of youth.

"Him we will seek, and none but him,
Whose inward sense hath not grown dim;
Whose soul is steeped in Nature's tinct,
And to the Universal linked;
Who loves the beauteous Infinite
With deep and ever new delight,
And carrieth where'er he goes,
The inborn sweetness of the rose,
The perfume as of Paradise;
The talisman above all price;
The optic glass that wins from far
The meaning of the utmost star;
The key that opens the golden doors
Where earth and heaven have piled their
stores;
The magic ring — the enchanter's wand, —
The title-deed to Wonder-land;
The wisdom that o'erlooketh sense,
The clairvoyance of Innocence.

"These rich possessions if he own,
He shall be ours, and he alone."

The spirituality of our poet is of the still, contemplative sort; breathings, aspirations, rather than active enthusiasm. There is in it a most delicate sensitiveness to all moral discord, a constant tendency to converse with the essences and souls of things through the outward form, to shrink from the outward when it is false and wrong, and to yield the mind up passively to every pure sweet influence, rather than to grapple with the wrong and boldly reestablish the right. The fine perceptions of a deep pure love, the genial glow of a refined humanity, the generosity, the candor, the humble confidence of a self-cherished youthfulness, and at the same time a quiet manliness, — these are qualities most genuine and unmistakable throughout his poetry. There is an almost feminine grace and delicacy in his thoughts, as becomes the organization of an artist. From this you would not expect great energy, strong determinations of will, or the kind of eloquence which excites the will in others. There is nothing in him which could by any possibility tyrannize over others. You feel that here is a gentle nature, a good sincere true brother, who had rather sit silent hours and days than impose the influence of his speech, and who would suffer all the consequences of inaction, rather than take the lead as some do wherever others are passive enough to let them. He would rather court the shade, than claim regard. "To be and not to seem" is so much the faith of these poems, that it might peradventure pass to the extreme and unconsciously become liable to this version: to feel and not to do; were it not that a consciousness of this very danger is clearly enough intimated in some of them. Indeed a sober earnest spirit of self-examination marks the progress of the poet's mind from childhood into wisdom, if you consult the date affixed to many of these verses. The temperament of the poetry is pas-

sive; and temperament is destiny, and from God. We find no fault with it. Were there not these still mirrors to reflect the beauty of the heavens to us, it might be lost to eyes so seldom lifted upwards as those of most men in this bustling sphere of selfish uses, not to say of vanities. And as to strength, may there not be as much in resisting superficial impulses, in avoiding what may be truly called temptations to action, when the action yielded to would be no true integral acting of the whole man, in waiting for one's hour to come, strong in the faith in the inward monitions of God, instead of consenting, as nearly all do, to do outwardly what they have not even begun to do inwardly? And after all, serenity is strength; — no wonder that the active wills, who must needs move every thing, complain of it.

Let it be confessed, however, that our poet is of the class in whom Beauty is first and strength secondary. All that we have said is best summed up and the difference solved in Fourier's happy classification of youths into two corporations, called the "Little Herds" and "Little Bands." To the former belong two thirds of the boys and one third of the girls, and their attraction and their sphere is the performance of all repulsive and most arduous tasks, the very fanaticism, so to speak, of industry. To the latter belong two thirds of the girls, and the more feminine, ideal, and poetic of the boys, and their sphere is that of taste and beauty. The former seek the Beautiful by way of the Good; the latter seek the Good by way of the Beautiful. These two orders of mind shall recognize and respect each other in a true society, whereas now their quarrel runs through every sphere of life.

We have said enough, we believe, to indicate the general tone and quality of this very modest volume of very genuine poetry. For any critical or profound analysis of it we have not room. Neither do we think it at all necessary to enter into any discussion of the poet's philosophy, to talk of the systems psychological or theological, whose influence may be traced, in here a line and there a line, or which even for the time being may have inspired a whole poem. There is that in a poet which is deeper than all systems, and which fears not to trust beauty, freedom, and truth from whatsoever source. The blue sky and white clouds which you see in the water are not the water; yet the water is not so jealous of its own position as to be unwilling to wear their colors; nay, it loves and mirrors all things which by legitimate course of Providence are found opposite to its surface. Therefore when Mr. Cranch wrote poems in the "Dial,"

and dedicated his volume to Mr. Emerson, and wrote somewhat in the tone, which has been called transcendental, he did, we presume, a very sincere thing, and which he probably will never be ashamed of. He wrote from his own experience; he welcomed, accepted, and admired what spoke to his experience in others, he was willing to be identified with them so far as color, tone, and language went, well knowing, doubtless, that it was better to seem to imitate a few original and great examples, than to imitate Mr. Monotonous Every-body, as every body else does. For in society imitation is so universal, that only the original are called imitators; just as wines are so universally adulterated, that any one would reject the genuine article should he happen to taste it. As it is, we are prepared to say that Mr. Cranch's Transcendentalism, or whatever you may choose to call it, has given us some of the most perfect little gems of poetry which have yet been mined in America. Take for instance the one we are about to extract; *ENOSIS*. The word is Greek, and signifies the "making into one," the tendency to unity. And if this appears to dwell too much upon one side, and to lean to that falsely called doctrine of absorption, the loftier Pantheism, which is so much the religion of poets, you may see how carefully he shrunk from any weak onesidedness, and even generously afforded to forego the appearance of superior strength which onesidedness so often gives, by considering merely the titles of several of his poems; as "In-world," "Outworld;" "Silence and Speech;" "Color and Light;" "Beauty and Truth."

"ENOSIS."

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one."

We trust our readers will appreciate our good purpose, and coincide with us in taste, if our paper should borrow somewhat hereafter from this volume. We take leave of it now with warmest wishes for the author's future perseverance in paths which have opened so encouragingly before him; with a hope that an increasing demand for it will not let this volume be so scarce in bookish places as it has been; with the hope, too, that the artist will not lead the poet off from doing greater and better things than these. But of this we have a pledge happily just received, and which will be found by reference to our poetic column.

The Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture. No. I. July, 1845. Edited by JOHN S. SKINNER. New York: Greeley and McElrath, Tribune Buildings. 8vo. pp. 64.

There is ample room for this new agricultural Journal, without interfering with the claims of its widely-circulated and most valuable contemporary, the American Agriculturist. We have regarded this last named work from the commencement of its publication, as an honor to the city in which it is edited, and of great available utility to the practical farmer,—thus forming a new link in the chain which binds town and country together.

The present Journal is established on a very liberal scale, and in the hands of its accomplished Editor, who brings a wide experience, great familiarity with men and with affairs, and an ardent enthusiasm for the advancement of cultivation, to its management, we are sure that it will always be worthy the attention of intelligent readers, who are in any way connected with the varied and extensive interests of agriculture.

This number is quite attractive in its external appearance, while the abundance and variety of its contents afford a rich feast to the numerous and daily increasing class of readers, who regard the cultivation of the soil, both as the noblest practical art, and a most interesting subject for scientific investigation.

The plan of this work embraces 1. The Farmers' Library, in which it is intended to publish the best standard treatises on agriculture, including those which by their cost or the language in which they are written, are out of the reach of men who live by following the plow. These will be accompanied by explanatory notes from the Editor, on all those points which may be obscure to the inexperienced reader. 2. The Monthly Journal of Agriculture, which will comprise selections from the highest class of British, French,

and German periodicals, original articles, communicated and selected accounts of experiments, improved processes and discoveries in Agriculture, new implements, &c.

We cannot name a publication in which so great an amount of valuable matter is presented on such moderate terms. We hope its circulation will be equal to its merits, for it cannot be read without pleasure and improvement, and we will cheerfully warrant every subscriber that he will never complain of not getting even more than the worth of his money.

The "Library" will be supplied by Redding and Co. in Boston, free of postage.

The Bustle. A Philosophical and Moral Poem. Boston: Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, 1845.

We had laid this book aside as altogether unfit to be spoken of, until we saw it favorably noticed in one or two papers. We are surprised that any reputable publisher should attach his name to such a mass of disgusting garbage. We can only account for it by supposing that Mr. Marsh must have issued it without having read it. Any man who could knowingly and deliberately put such a book into circulation, deserves a severer punishment than any merely critical tribunal can inflict upon him.

Evelyn: or A Heart Unmasked. A Tale of Domestic Life. By ANNA CORA MOWATT, author of "Fashion" a Comedy; "The Fortune Hunter," &c. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber and Company, 1845.

We reckon it our duty as impartial chroniclers of the phenomena of literature, occasionally to take note of the smaller fry which venture out of the shallow waters of manuscripts handed about in friendly circles, into the ocean of print, and there sometimes succeed in making as great a splashing as fish of much more respectable dimensions. Most numerous and least tolerable among these are the writers of romances, whom the modern system of cheap publication arms with a fearful facility of inflicting themselves upon the public. They are thus enabled to send their insane progeny into the world almost without limitation as to their number, and to gratify to the utmost the melancholy appetite which they have themselves created. Mrs. Mowatt belongs to this class of writers. Without taste, without talent, without a sufficient sense either of the great, the good, or the beautiful, she modifies the vapidty of her narrative by the most ardent condiments. Into a mess of insipid sentimentality she flings a due proportion of seductions and suicides, and the nauseous mixture, without either wit or wisdom to palliate it, is swallowed with no slight satisfaction by the admiring world.

It is not an insignificant fact that pub-

lishers can find their account in sending out works of this character. That is certainly not a very admirable state of society in which such representations of "Domestic Life," can be conceived, still less admirable, in which they can be a source of profit. We fear it must be confessed, that the morals as well as the mind of society at large are considerably stultified.

Time works Wonders: a Comedy in five Acts. By DOUGLAS JERROLD, Boston: Saxton and Kelt. 1845, pp. 66.

We are sorry to speak with severity of any thing from the pen of Douglas Jerrold. A man who raises his voice earnestly and magnanimously in behalf of Humanity, commands thereby our most tender indulgence towards any merely literary weaknesses into which he may happen to fall. Nor is the play now in our hands altogether without token of the deeper impulses which give their color to Jerrold's best productions, but as a work of art, it is on a level with modern dramatic literature generally. Its plot has no invention, its dialogue no spirit, and its characters no point. But this, to our mind, is almost a necessity in a play written for the stage in its present condition. The drama is dead, utterly defunct, its mission ended, its account closed, and its temple, the theatre, given over to monkeys and magicians. All attempts to revive it are as futile and foolish as attempts to sail around the North Pole. They are attempts at what is, in the nature of the case, impracticable. This whole subject however, merits more extended and careful discussion. We shall take an early occasion to express our views fully upon it.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TO MY FRIEND.

*On the Death of his Sister.**

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Thine is a grief, the depth of which another
May never know,
Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee — sadly folding
Thy hand in mine, —
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.
I never knew, like thee, the dear departed,
I stood not by

*Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died on the 6th of 6th mo. last. She was the colleague, counsellor and ever ready help-mate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her, "never perhaps were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-
hearted

Lay down to die.

And on thy ear my words of weak condoling
Must vainly fall :

The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor world's
common

And heartless phrase,

Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come

Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart ap-
proveth :

Our Father's will,

Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought :

Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel, —
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
wholly

What He hath given ;

They live on Earth, in thought and deed, as
truly

As in His Heaven.

And she is with thee. In thy path of trial
She walketh yet,

Still with the baptism of thy self-denial
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of
harvest

Lie white in view !

She lives and loves thee, and the God thou
servest

To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle ! — England's toil-worn
peasants

Thy call abide ;

And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy
presence,

Shall glean beside !

AMESBURY, 12th 7th mo.

For the Harbinger.

A GLIMPSE OF LIGHT.

If thou hast not forsaken
A heart that once was thine,
Come touch my soul and waken,
O muse divine,

Thoughts of more deep seclusion,
Words of more glowing wings
Than came amid the intrusion
Of outward things.

Too long, too long, I've wandered
From thy sweet image far ;
Thy gleams of light have squandered,
O heavenly star !

So tender was thy shining,
So blessed were thy beams ;
Rare golden threads ran twining
Amid my dreams :

From hours of pain and pleasure,
From beauty and from truth,
I might have snatched a treasure
Of fadeless youth.

A spell was lying on me :
The wheat sprang up with tares :
The world pressed down upon me
Its weary cares.

I saw the diamond sparkling
Where in the ore it lay,
Compelled to leave it darkling
And haste away.

Knowing I might have risen
To a horizon higher,
I lay within my prison,
Quenching desire.

So oft, through all my dreaming,
Life seems so very tame, —
It almost is mere seeming,
The poets flame.

But in this sweet still hour
My better faith flows free :
The amaranthine flower
Again I see.

And all bright-winged fancies,
And all sweet thrills of love,
And thoughts with bold advances
Dart from above.

C. P. C.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ASSOCIATION IN THE WEST. — THE INTEGRAL PHALANX.

We have received the first number of a new paper, entitled "The Ploughshare and Pruning Hook," which the "Integral Phalanx" propose to publish semi-monthly, at the rate of one dollar per year. The following extract from the "Editor's Introductory" will show the general spirit and purpose of this new laborer in the broad field of Association.

"We design to show you the Destiny of Man, by unfolding an Order of Society, which is, and from the beginning was prepared for him ; wherein he may enjoy perfect peace and rest, at the same time that he is in the highest possible activity of all his faculties of body and mind ; and that, in this Order, he will be brought into Unity with Nature, in all his works of Art and Industry, — into Unity with universal Man, in true Society, — and into Unity with God, in true Religion.

"We are enabled to do this by means of

discoveries made in the science of Universal Unity, made known to the world through the labors and researches of Charles Fourier, of France. To this bold discoverer in the regions of Science were made known the Laws of Universal Order: that those laws are a Unit, and are, therefore, one and the same in each and every sphere of Movement: that the laws of organization, of planetary worlds, and of the movement of entire systems of worlds, are one and the same with those of the least atom, plant, and insect, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms of Nature: that they are also the laws of Social organization and movement; and that thus, by Universal Analogy in the operation of the Divine Laws, is discoverable a Divine Order of Society, destined for Man from that primeval morn of creation, when

'The Morning Stars sang together,
And the sons of God shouted for joy'—

the discovery and application of which laws is, of course, our high privilege and duty."

The present number, if issued as a specimen, and if followed up with the same vigor and earnestness, that are here exhibited, we cannot entertain a doubt of its efficiency and success. It opens with a vindication of Fourier's religious principles, and quotes for this purpose from his reply to the *Gazette de France*,—an able and interesting article which was first published in this country, in the *New York Phalanx*. In this essay, the coincidence between the principles of Fourier and the doctrines of Christianity is clearly pointed out; and full justice is done to the deep religious spirit, which is at the foundation of his system. We do not suppose, however, that any statements, forcible and just as they might be, would arouse the attention of our popular religious bodies to the doctrine of Association; the great work of applying the principles of Christianity to the relations of society, is entrusted only to those high hearts, which are aspiring after a purer manifestation of religion, than the present church affords; and they who believe that our existing institutions are in accordance with the spirit of Christ, can scarcely be made to comprehend the power of the religious feeling which prompted Fourier to search out the material conditions of a divine order and harmony upon earth.

Among other interesting articles, we find one on Association, on Concentration of Action, on the Columbian Phalanx, on the Integral Phalanx, besides several short notices, which, taken as a whole, make up a paper of more than ordinary attractiveness. We trust the numerous readers of the *Harbinger* in the West will be led also to patronize this native growth of their own soil.

In regard to the views expressed in the article on Concentration of Action, we have never wavered in the conviction that one successful attempt to embody the principles of Association, would guarantee the complete triumph of the movement in the United States. But the conditions of success are not easy to

be attained. A rare combination of fortunate circumstances must exist, before a new Association can be established, with any rational hope of prosperity. Abundance of capital, a favorable location, scientific knowledge, practical skill are all indispensable; but still more indispensable, are true-hearted men and women, deeply convinced of the sacredness, the religiousness of the movement,—perceiving in it the only hope of social regeneration and human progress,—ready and rejoicing to make any personal sacrifice for the good of the cause,—filled with an enthusiastic faith and zeal, and at the same time, aware of the material conditions that are essential to success,—firm, even to an iron persistency, in attachment to their main principles, and exercising the blindest tolerance in case of all minor differences,—with a resolute devotion to productive industry, though at present unattractive, which can be called forth only by the consciousness of laboring for universal ends, and in accordance with divine laws. For this reason, we have never encouraged a disposition to rush prematurely into Association. We have never given much favor to the wishes of individuals who clearly sought to engage in the work for personal ends; nor have we desired the celebrity which our movement might gain by a multitude of well-meant but ill-judged attempts at practical organization.

The reasons presented for the establishment of the Integral Phalanx are to our minds quite conclusive, and we feel great confidence that its affairs will be managed with the wisdom and fidelity which will insure success. We earnestly desire to witness a fair and full experiment of Association in the West. The physical advantages which are there enjoyed, are far too great to be lost. With the fertility of the soil, the ease with which it is cultivated, the abundance of water power, and the comparative mildness of the climate, a very few years of judicious and energetic industry would place an Association in the West, in possession of immense material resources; they could not fail to accumulate wealth rapidly; they could live in a great measure within themselves, without being compelled to sustain embarrassing relations with civilization; and with the requisite moral qualities, and scientific knowledge, the great problem of social harmony would approximate, at least, towards a solution. We trust this will be done by the Integral Phalanx. And to insure this, our friends in Ohio should not be eager to encourage new experiments, but to concentrate their capital and talent, as far as possible, on that Association, which bids fair to accomplish the work proposed. The advantages possessed by the Integral Phalanx

will be seen from the following statement:

"To say that our prospects are not good, would be to say what we do not believe; or to say that the Phalanx, so far, is not composed of the right kind of materials, would be to affect a false modesty we desire not to possess. One reason why our materials are superior is, that young Phalanxes, generally, are known to be in doubtful, difficult circumstances, and therefore, the inducement to rush into such movements merely from the pressure of the evils of Civilization, without a full conviction of the good of Association, is not so great as it was. We are composed of men whose reflective organs, particularly that of 'caution,' seem to be largely developed. We believe in moving slowly, cautiously, safely; giving our Phalanx time to grow well, that permanence may be the result. The members already enrolled on the books of the Phalanx, are, in their individual capacities, the owners of property to an amount exceeding *one hundred thousand dollars*, clear of all incumbrances; and they are all persons of industrial energy and skill, fully capable of compelling the elements of earth, air, and water, to yield them abundant contributions for that HARMONIC UNITY, with which their souls are deeply inspired.

"In view of all these advantages, we can, with full confidence, invite the accession of numbers and capital, and assure them of a safe investment in the Integral Phalanx."

We shall look with interest for the appearance of the "Ploughshare and Pruning Hook," and hope that it may tend to unite the friends of Association in mutual understanding and true harmony.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Those who have been especially concerned in social and political matters, have not conceived that they could be brought into the sphere of positive sciences, or that unvarying principles and methods of social and political organization, could be discovered and applied. The words "Social Science," "Political Science," have been used often enough, but they have had no meaning, except by courtesy.—Like metaphysics, Politics has been permitted to be called a science, just as every strolling lecturer on this or that subject, dubs himself as "Professor," without opposition, because no one cares to deny his claim to the title.

It is nevertheless, somewhat astonishing, that the most important of human interests, should thus be consigned to chance and expediency, and that a systematic inquiry into the true laws of Society, has not been undertaken. Thought has been busy enough in other departments; the adventurous mind has gone successfully into the remotest, and most inaccessible regions. But society, its first and nearest concern, has been overlooked, and suffered to get on as it might. Its guidance has been committed to expediency, and mere empiricism, and accordingly it has come to a pass, where those excellent conductors, are in some doubt, as to what is to be done. Doubtless we have had wise statesmen, and admirable leaders of all sorts. The world is largely their debtor.

Their error has been, that they have trusted in their own wisdom and ingenuity, and have invented laws and constitutions themselves, instead of seeking for that code, which the Divinity has established, which has its foundation in the soul, which will produce public order and private happiness and security, without armies or galls, or any of the poor machinery by which we are so wretchedly protected.

But the time rapidly approaches, when men will not be so managed. Already they begin to make demands, which put their leaders sadly at fault. Considering the present state of the world, one can hardly help asking how it happens, that it has not before suspected itself to be on the wrong track, and endeavored to discover some better and safer method of proceeding. Now, however, this endeavor cannot be delayed. Neither the stupidity and selfishness of politicians, nor the blindness of philosophers can any more be endured. We speak warmly. The condition of the masses every where is our justification. When the great majority of human beings are plunged in degradation and misery, growing constantly more intolerable, and those who are at the head of affairs, either overlook the facts entirely, or at best know no palliative for these evils, it is not a time for complimentary phrases, or soft dilutions of the truth. It is rather our duty to speak boldly out and call things by their right names.

When we have in our hand the remedy for the disease, it will not do to treat the quacks, by whom the patient is surrounded, with any useless civility, or to delude them with the notion that they are skilful practitioners. We care not for the loud proclamations of national prosperity, and the success of republican institutions, which garnish the manifestos of governors and form the climax of official rhetoric.—Grant that this nation is not so badly off as France or England; grant that with us the laboring population is not reduced to starvation, and that human misery has not reached its limits: what then?

The country is not any the less sick to the very heart, and unless we look to it in season, will fall into a condition as wretched as that of England. The causes which have done the most to bring England where she is, are busy here in the United States, and unless it is prevented, will produce the same result.

Talk of national prosperity! Look at your galls and poor houses; look at your manufactories and mechanics' shops, where labor is cheated of its rights, and man made into a machine; look at your cities overflowing with vice and wretchedness; look at your system of commercial swindling and periodical bankruptcy, bringing slowly and surely on the last scourge of

civilization, a monied feudalism; look at your three millions of slaves; look at your repudiating states and corrupt general government, and at least be silent! The success of republican institutions. A universal system of demagoguism, gaining its base ends by bribery, by lying and unblushing intrigue! What a spectacle is one of our presidential elections! What tricks, what devices, what foul slanders, what limitless falsehood, what unbounded corruption! One can hardly remember it without becoming sick and despairing.—And then our republicanism, our boasted equal rights, and high sounding democracy! What empty words! Republicanism consists in the supremacy of the private over the public interest, equal rights resides in chartered monopolies, and democracy lolls in its coach and four, with liveried menials to attend upon its lazy pride. And if we turn from our own country, to those where civilization and civilized polity have existed longest and had their extremest success, the case is infinitely worse.

No man with his eyes half open, can hesitate to admit that society is universally in a rather unhealthy state, and needs to be amended.

In the words of our motto, "Relief can only come from the the application of Christian principles," but this application must be scientific, and not empirical, or arbitrary, else it will be no better than no application at all. This *Science of Christian principles* it is the especial aim of this journal to publish and defend, and we invite to it, the most serious and unprejudiced attention of all friends of their country and their race.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE. The Associative movement in the United States, is in a more encouraging condition, at the present moment, than it has ever been, since the idea of a true social destiny, as taught by Charles Fourier, was first announced to the attention of the public. The primary effervescence which is always produced by the agitation of new ideas, we may now trust is well over; the foam and scum which have been brought to the surface, are passing away; and a deep, calm, healthy interest in the doctrines of Association, has now taken possession of many of the soundest and most vigorous minds among our thinking men. We make this assertion from personal knowledge of facts, as well as from inferences to be drawn from manifold indications of public sentiment. The tone of superficial, flippant remark, which at one time, was very common, is now seldom heard. The ridicule which attends all new discoveries, from the stirrup-iron to the steam-boat, has about subsided. Men are beginning to appreciate the earnest-

ness and depth of our movement, to look upon it with respect and fear, and to watch it as a significant symptom among the varied phenomena of the age. This is all that could be wished for just now. We would arouse inquiry, induce attention to the astounding facts which illustrate the character of our social institutions, and thus lay a firm foundation for progress. We have been much struck with the prevailing tone of the newspaper press in regard to the Harbinger, and would fain interpret it as an unconscious testimony to the importance of our cause. We came forward without pretension. We had no external claims to public attention or confidence. We were not in the interest of any religious sect, or political party, or partial reform movement. We have spoken on every subject that we have touched on, with the most perfect freedom and independence. We have truckled to no prejudice, courted no man's favor, flattered no existing abuse, feared no evil consequences from transparent sincerity of expression, and dealt in no soft, silken phrases to smooth over the harshness of honest truth; yet we have been met with a courteous welcome everywhere, and in some instances with an enthusiastic greeting, which shows that our words fall upon hearts not dead to the social corruption in which they live, nor to the hope of a future, in which the devil shall no longer reign in the likeness of a God. Brothers! we return your salutations. We are laboring for a common end, we are seeking the same truth, we shall yet meet in the truest relations of harmony.

THE TRUE AMERICAN. Since our last notice of this paper, we have seen one or two numbers of it, though, by reason of some adverse circumstance, we have failed of receiving them regularly as issued.

We admire the noble, intrepid spirit which it displays, the masculine vigor of its style, and the burning eloquence with which it sets forth principles of immortal truth. It is grateful to be assured that there are such souls in the midst of our corrupt and effeminate civilization, as speak out here with reviving power. The whole tendency of modern society is to degrade man; once there were giants on the earth; now man is dwarfed, mutilated, monstrous; absorbed in a base, petty individualism; enervated in body and mind; greedy of gain, lustful of pleasure, contemptible in selfishness; his religion mechanism, his morality mummery, his God an idol. Not for these vile ends was human nature so magnificently endowed. The spirit is finely touched, and for fine issues. But a debasing social organization has crippled the true development of man. Great

souls are so rare that when they do appear in fitting vision on the grand panorama of the ages, our first instinct is to regard their advent as a violation of the orderly course of nature. With joy and reverence, then, we hail the expression of true manfulness, which the reforms of the present day are calling forth. We need nothing but men, men worthy of the name, conscious of their duty, true to their nature, to bring down to the dust the crumbling institutions which defy God and humiliate man, and to introduce the holy era of harmony, justice, and universal love. We see the germs of truth and greatness in Cassius M. Clay's American; may it not falsify the hopes which it has awakened.

¶ We notice the candid and friendly remarks on Association in a recent number of *The Montreal Pilot*, by the Editor of that paper. He may be assured that whatever favorable impressions he has received from any of the very imperfect attempts at practical Association that he has witnessed in this country, there is no one which as yet does any thing like justice to the principles, which they are intended to illustrate and embody. At present, and probably for a long time to come, men must judge of Association by its aims and purposes, rather than by its actual results. It is true, indeed, that the tree is known by its fruits; but this test cannot be applied to the seedling: give to that the benefit of free air, a genial sun, and all the blessed influences of the sky; and in hope and religious patience, wait for its slow development.

¶ The article in another column, on the *Magnetic Telegraph* by G. G. Foster, one of the Editors of the *New York Tribune*, and we are most happy to add, a regular contributor to the *Harbinger*, will be read with interest. The results which Mr. Foster anticipates from the use of the *Magnetic Telegraph* are not at all exaggerated or improbable. To all believers in Universal Unity they will be full of pregnant suggestions. The time is coming, and such inventions as that of Professor Morse do more than announce it, when all the nations and tribes that make up Humanity, shall be united and sympathetic as members of one body. The immense advances which the Natural Sciences and their applications are universally making, all contribute to this great end.

We suggest also to all doctors and students of what is called intellectual philosophy, whether they are, and have not long been falling behind their less ambitious brethren in the career. The philosophy of the Human Soul, if books upon the subject are to be taken as evi-

dence, has not got on much for some time past, while the physical sciences have been setting up the most magnificent trophies everywhere. We shall be told that it is owing to the greater difficulty of metaphysical investigations, but we beg leave to question this assertion. It is the method of our philosophers which is at fault. It is difficult to reach even the most accessible places, if we start on wrong roads, and follow guides which cannot help leading us astray.

MANY UNITED IN ONE. — "E pluribus Unum," our National watch-word, — where has it such fulness of meaning as in the Associations, which are seeking by a system of United Interest to enable *All to work for Each and Each for All*? Who then so well fitted by their faith, hope and effort, to commemorate our national birth-day, as Associationists?

So felt the members of the North American Phalanx; and in this spirit they called a meeting on their domain for the 4th. The day was splendidly bright and fresh; the attendance was as large as their present accommodations enabled them to receive; and without boasting, it may be confidently said, that there were few if any meetings throughout our land, more earnest, rational and happy, than was this simple, unpretending, yet most effective celebration.

The "Order of Services," to apply the common name to the spontaneous and almost unpremeditated conduct of the occasion, very felicitously combined *Work, Thought, and Social Pleasures*, and so fulfilled the conditions of a good and well-spent day.

As soon as the moisture was off the grass, a group went down to the beautiful meadows to spread the hay; and the right good will, quickness, and thoroughness, with which they completed their task, certainly illustrated the attractiveness of combined industry. Others meanwhile were gathering for the dinner, the vegetables, of which, by the consent of the whole neighborhood, they have the supply unsurpassed in early maturity and excellence, and still others were busy in the various branches of domestic labor.

And now, the guests from New York and the country around having come in, and the hour for the meeting being at hand, the bell sounded, and men, women, and children assembled in a walnut grove near the house, where a semicircle of seats had been arranged in the cool shade. Here addresses were given by W. H. Channing and Horace Greeley, illustrating the position, that *Association is the truly consistent embodiment in practice, of the professed principles of our Nation*.

After some hour and a half thus spent, the company adjourned to the House,

where a table had been spread, the whole length of the hall, and partook of a most abundant and excellent dinner, in which the hospitable sisters of the Phalanx had most satisfactorily proved their faith in their works. Good cold water was the only beverage, thanks to the temperance of the members. A few toasts and short speeches seasoned the feast.

And now once again, the afternoon being somewhat advanced, the demand for variety was gratified by a summons to the hay-field. Every rake and fork were in requisition; a merrier group never raked and pitched; never was a meadow more dexterously cleared; and it was not long before there was a demand that the *Right to Labor* should be honored by fresh work, which the chief of the group lamented he could not at the moment gratify. To close the festivities the young people formed in a dance, which was prolonged till midnight. And so ended this truly cheerful and friendly Holy-day.

Watertown, Jeff. Co., Wisconsin.

THE GREAT RAILROAD EXPLORATION, &c. Our little town has been honored with a visit from the 'Whitney Exploring Expedition.' The party, consisting of the 'Projector' and eight young men, lodged with us last night, and left here this morning *en route* to Prairie Du Chien. They go to-day to Fond Du Lac, where I learn they spend to-morrow (the Sabbath,) with Gov. Dodge. They have chartered for the transportation of themselves and baggage, from Milwaukee to Prairie Du Chien, two wagons; one with steel springs and box, like your city furniture wagons, the other a common lumber wagon. Several others are expected to join them at Galena and at other points, and at Prairie Du Chien arrangements are made to supply them all with Indian ponies, and outfits for the prosecution of their journey westward.

The party seem to be in the finest spirits, — have each of them a coarse broad-brimmed straw hat, and with the exception of the *Hero*, guns of various calibre, with all the implements of sportsmen, and long-legged boots, India Rubber coats, blankets, &c., according to their various tastes. The beards of the 'boys' are now of a little more than a week's growth, and they 'are bound not to shave until they get back.'

Thus far their road has been lined with a plenty of comfortable *public houses*: but to-day they expect to strike fire and cook their first meal from game, &c. that they may find along the road. I was greatly amused to hear the remarks of different 'woods mongers,' who have been here for years, — have travelled and tented for months, and who are *at home* in the wildest parts, — as they examined the equipments of the party.

One of these was a good-natured son of the 'Emerald Isle,' who was one of the very first of those who forced themselves as far West as this, — who had tented months, and lived upon fish and game with salt, even from the other side of the borders of civilization.

The examination afforded Pat a great deal of merriment. He looked upon the

company and their 'traps' with an air of conscious superiority that could be equalled only by the 'look' of a company of old 'salts' at a 'fresh,' just getting on his 'sea legs.'

After a very minute survey, Pat turned on his heel, — thrust his hands low down in his pockets, — and giving a very knowing nod, his whole appearance indicating a better knowledge of "pioneering" than of the English language, he broke forth, "It'll never do, this. They'll never go far, faith, these big bugs. They'll not camp down mor'n two or three times, and that'll be an end of their *explosion*" — (exploring.) As is the case with every stranger, the party were greatly astonished at the appearance of Watertown. It is situated in the interior, about fifty miles from Milwaukie, upon Rock River. Two years ago there was only about a dozen of buildings here of every kind. Now there are above one hundred and thirty. Some sixty will be erected the present summer. There are here, a large fine flouring mill, two hotels, two saw-mills, four stores, and mechanical and other operations in the same proportion. There is scarce a residence here that has not at least two families in it.

It is really startling to see what a tide of emigration is pouring in and through this place. From five to fifteen loads of emigrants pass here daily, who are pushing to every part of the Territory.

I passed a few days since, a short distance from this place, a farm of two hundred acres, with more than one hundred acres of crops on the ground, altogether looking as well as any farm I ever saw. Its owner landed in this Territory about four years ago, with but twelve and a half cents in his pocket. He has paid all by hard labor. There are scores of similar instances in this immediate vicinity. The thousands of poor in your city need not be poor if they will come here and work.

Yours, H. W. P.
N. Y. Tribune.

MARRIED BY CHANCE. The Count de M. lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by every thing which could give enjoyment to life, — except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him, — her fortune pleased him, not less perhaps than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, &c, to justify the union. The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case, — he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother-in-law, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would, or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever, — he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he

found was hard, — it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters, — in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the chateau de——."

"Which, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours; twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable, — he knows not during twenty-four hours, whether he is a married man or a single one, — whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returned, he had carried the letter of acceptance, and Count de M. is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country. — *French Paper.*

INDIRECT LOSS OF PROPERTY BY WAR. War not only demands for its support vast sums of money, but dries up the main sources of a nation's wealth. Its victims are mostly men in the vigor of life. It cripples almost every species of business. It cuts the sinews of enterprise in every department of gainful industry. Fields lie untilled; factories stand still; the shop and the counting-room are deserted; vessels rot at the wharves; every kind of trade is interrupted or deranged; immense masses of capital are withdrawn from use; the entire energies of a nation are turned into the channel of war, and its resources overwhelmed in this mighty vortex of ruin.

THE WORKING MEN OF N. ENGLAND. Were it not that we believe the time must come sooner or later, when the workingmen of New England will be compelled to open their eyes to their true condition, we should utterly despair that they would ever throw off the apathy which at present chains them, and awake to the defence of their rights. So little interest is felt, or at least manifested by them, so few appear to care for anything further than simply obtaining a few cents more per day for their labor, it is disheartening. The time will come when the evils now gathering, will burst upon the astonished workingmen in tremendous fury, and when their unwilling eyes will open to the fact of their true position, and when they shall also discover the sad mistakes which their supineness and indifference have caused them to commit. Heaven grant it may not be amid the horrors of a civil revolution and blood!

TO OUR EXCHANGE PAPERS.

We have more than once requested that our exchange papers should be directed to "The Harbinger," **BROOK FARM, West Roxbury, Mass.** Here we ply the scissors, and here we wish for our exchanges. Our worthy and patient publishers in New York, Messrs. Burgess,

Stringer, and Co., are not a little annoyed by the shoal of papers that are poured in upon them, and we trust, O brother editors, who offend in this way, you will at once take care to have this wrong set right.

☞ All communications for the Harbinger, as well as all letters on business, may be directed as above, to the "Editors of the Harbinger," **BROOK FARM, West Roxbury, Mass.**

☞ We are sorry to find that some of our Boston subscribers fail to receive their papers seasonably through the Post-Office. Your papers have all been regularly sent, and are now lying in the Boston Office, as we have ascertained by personal inspection. Inquire particularly for the Harbinger, and you will be served.

☞ Our thanks are due to the friends who have favored us with their communications. We are proud to number among our contributors some of our best American poets. We shall be happy to hear from the distant advocates of the Associative movement, and to give extracts from their correspondence, as in the present number.

☞ In our next number, we shall discuss the subject of Licentiousness in our Cities, and the Means of its Cure. We have no faith in the idea, that this horrible ulcer which is eating out the very vitals of society, is to be passed over in decorous silence.

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THOMAS HOOD.

When a true, good man dies, the angels which have spiritual relations with the destiny of the living, weep. This is an all-important fact, which it is a matter of life and death for our souls to know, so that we may be ever and perpetually renewing our *certainty* of the Divine World, and its sympathy for our mortal one. But the mere, simple fact, — which is all we need, — has been so overlaid and be-commonplacéd by maudlin poets and writers of epitaphs, obituaries, and other inanities, that one, to get the real good of it, must forget that he has ever seen it before. Yes, yes, — the angels weep when a good man dies, — let us never forget that. They weep, not for him, now glorious like themselves, and united to the symmetrical group from which his soul was a dismembered fragment, — but for us who remain with so much more sterility, and coldness, and heartlessness, in the world, and so much less of life and the light of love to resist its darksome horrors, and cheer us on our way. Yes, — when a strong, good man dies, all the Heavens weep for those who are left behind.

Hood was a man for all the world to love, to twine their hearts around. He was a Wit, only because wit is the lightning of love, — the sweet summer lightning which hurts not, — and, because he was all full, — brain, heart, and soul, — of love. He astounded with his innocent ignorance, his infantile wiles and graces, with which he unconsciously won your heart. His capacity for loving was only limited by the Human Race; he loved them all. From the brilliant flashes of his pen came most musical thunder; never angry, growling, and deep, but pure, and clear, and joyous as a bird. In all his swift throwing of keen shafts, never wounded he any man's or woman's bosom. Evils, abuses, corruptions, — the gigantic shadows which stalk the world,

blighting every thing, and poisoning every thing with their presence; with these he held fierce, uncompromising war; sometimes with heavy and sober weapon, hurled with admirable aim against the head of his enemy, but more frequently with the lighter but not less effective armor of satire and wholesome mirth. For twenty long and dreary years, while his frame was racked with the sharpest pangs of disease, and his brain distracted by the cares and curses of poverty, his pen was an ever-flowing, an ever-sparkling fountain of cheerful thoughts, noble aspirations, frolicsome humor, and contagious gaiety; every thing that could expand the withered heart of the poor, and lighten the burden of labor. Wherever there was suffering, hunger, misery, there came the gentle soul of Tom Hood, exuding the golden nectar of sympathy. But most of all did he groan in spirit over the oppressions and horrors which beset the path of Woman. To his exquisite spirit, Woman, no matter how deformed with unhealthful labor, or how attenuated and distorted by sleepless nights and foodless days, was ever arrayed in the angelic hues and lineaments, which are hers by the gift of God, and of which a miserable, a barbarous, a degraded, and brutalized society could alone even have had the heart to despoil her. Nor could even her fearful fall, when, tortured by despair, and driven by the whip of hunger, and want, she yielded to glittering temptation, daunt his dauntless sympathy. The surpassing tenderness and pity that poured itself out over the poor suicide, dragged from the wintry Thames, filled all his heart, and was ever ready to flow forth at the slightest sound of woe.

During his life, although every body drank in every word that fell from his pen, as eagerly as the flowers drink in the silver dew, and felt both heart and brain well nourished thereby, yet he was never *profitably* popular to himself. True, his "Comic Almanac," and his "Whims and Oddities" had a "tremendous run;" but the proceeds somehow

found means to miss *his* pocket, and he lived and wrought on in absolute poverty, while contending daily and hourly with an exhausting and agonizing disease, which he *felt* was dragging him resistlessly to the grave, with his great tasks all unfinished, his bright destiny unfulfilled. Can there be imagined a greater misery than this? Does it not almost conjure up the picture of the chained Titan, upon whose vitals "Heaven's winged hound" fed constantly? Alas! how bitter must this cruel destiny have been, when even in the record of his last days, kept by the hand of idolizing affection, we read that his great agony at the unfulfillment of his work on earth, wrung from his lips the oft-repeated exclamation, 'O, I cannot die! I cannot die!' It was not the pains of dissolution from which he shrank; these he had calmly endured by the hour, and month, and year, without a murmur. But it was the incompleteness, the mutilation in which he must leave the intellectual fabric he was sent to build, — it was the thought that this half-constructed temple was alone to mark his passage across the field of time.

But in the forty-first of his painful years came the irresistible mandate, and he yielded back his gentle spirit to God. And now it begins to be discovered that he was, not merely a very popular author, but perhaps the greatest of living authors. Beside his suddenly-expanded fame, our Bulwers and D'Israeli dwarf themselves to pigmies. Strange as it is, yet true it also is, that the pretentious cavalcade of Zanoni, and Last Barons, and Roman Tribunes, and philosophic highwaymen, and Young Dukes, and other most exquisite characters, to whose wonderful exploits and experiences, the Literature of the Age devoted many large and imposing volumes, for which the writers were knighted and sent to Parliament, feasted, fêted, and fooled to the top of their bent, — are now overtopped and outshadowed by an humble maker of Comic Almanacs, — a manufacturer of

quips and quidities,—a mere writer of common metre versicles, such as

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!
O! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, Stich, Stich,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
O! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work, work, work,
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so black, I sometimes think
My shadow is falling there!

"Work, work, work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime.
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work, work, work!
In the dull December light,
And work, work, work,
When the weather is warm and bright,—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woe of want,
And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love, or Hope,
But only time for Grief;
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in the briny bed
My tears must stop for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch!
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

But the secret of the immense popularity of this man, and the wide-spread lament that follows his death is, that while other popular writers of England, write to the world as it is,—trim all their characters, speeches, and incidents to the present system, and the classes who are at present alone permitted to read or sit in judgment upon authors; Hood wrote to the mighty and struggling heart of England, of Humanity. This homely "Song of the Shirt," as well as "The Bridge of Sighs," touched a cancer, whose roots lay coiled around the life-strings of working, slaving, starving, England, and a thrill ran through it, half shudder, half extacy, mingled with a consciousness and a prophetic hope that, now the core of the disease had been probed, remedies must and would be discovered. And so they must and will; fainting hearts, hope on, trust on! while, although he already sleeps in death, yet is his name become sacred to you and yours, with that of stalwart Carlyle, and the Corn-Law Rhymer.

We of course, have not even attempted to furnish either a biography or a critique of Hood: our only purpose has been to record the thoughts we have of the man, of his mission here on earth, and of the way in which, so far as he was permitted, he has fulfilled it. To others we leave the more difficult, and perhaps far higher task of combining and perfecting his personal and literary history, willingly confessing our own incapacity to perform it; but to none do we yield in the deep love we bear the glorious memory of Thomas Hood.

Had Hood been less of a wit, less of a philanthropist, he would have been recognised as one of the most exquisite of English Poets. In addition to the two pieces to which we have already alluded, and which instantaneously acquired a popularity scarcely realized by any single poem, long or short, of the century, there are the "Dream of Eugene Aram,"—a most wildly powerful poem; and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,"—a worthy remembrancer of Titania and Oberon, and their exquisite court of Shaksperian exhalations. And the following, which we rescue from an old English magazine, where it appeared anonymously many years ago, seems to us to be possessed of the very Spirit of Poetry and Nature:

O lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie:

There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find,
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume.
There's crimson buds, and white and blue,—
The very rainbow show'rs
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the East,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run.
Morn opens like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinnest into flowers!

We close our brief and imperfect notice with a tribute to Hood's memory, by Mrs. S. C. Hall:

..... And, after he was laid in his grave, the bells tolled on; another and another passed away,— names highly honored in Art,— Calcott, Smirke, Phillips, the gentle and highly gifted Duncan; and now one whose name has long been a household word, but whose death has been anticipated for months, nay, for years—the noble poet—yet strange to to say, better known as the annual "jester"—THOMAS HOOD! Truly, the man who, year after year, furnished abundant food for mirth, and yet could imagine "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and depict such realities as "The Song of a Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs," must have been formed in no common mould! He, too, is gone "home!"

I remember the first time I met him was at one of the pleasant *soirees* of the painter Martin; for a moment I turned away,—as many have done,—disappointed, for the countenance, in repose, was of melancholy rather than of mirth; there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, which, in public, was seldom relieved by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the occasional sparkle of the observant eye; and it was a general remark among his acquaintances, that he was too quiet for "the world." There are many watchers to be found in society, who think there is nothing in a man, unless, like a sounding-board, he makes a great noise at a small touch,—who consider themselves aggrieved, unless an "author" open at once like a book, and speak as he writes; this vulgar notion, like others of the same stamp, creeps into good society, or that which is so considered, and I have seen both Hood and Hood "set," as a pointer sets a partridge, by persons who glitter in evanescent light, simply by repeating what such men have said. Mr. Hood, perhaps, liked this celebrity,—this setting and staring, this lion hunt,—so different from the heart-worship paid to veritable greatness. Mr. Hood did not: he was too sensitive, too refined, to endure it; the dislike to being pointed at as the "man who was funny," kept him out of a crowd, where there were always numbers who really honored his genius, and loved him for his gentle and domestic virtues. It was only among his friends that his playful fancy

flourished, or that he yielded to its influence; although, strictly speaking, "social" in all his feelings, he never sought to stimulate his wit by the false poison of draughts of wine; nor was he ever more cheerful than when at his own fireside he enjoyed the companionship of his dear and devoted wife. He was playful as a child; and his imagination, pure as bright, frolicked with nature, whom he loved too well ever to outrage or insult by slight or misrepresentation. And yet he was City born, and City bred,—born in the unpoetic district of "the Poultry;" though born as it were, to letters, for his father was a bookseller; and the son was remarkable for great vivacity of spirits, and prone to astonish good citizens, guests at his father's, no less than his fellow-pupils when at school, by the shrewdness and brilliancy of his observations upon topics of which it was thought he knew nothing. He finished his education at Camberwell; and even at that early age being in very precarious health, was advised to try the effects of a sea voyage upon his constitution. The sea suited him not. I can well imagine its boiling turbulence,—its fitfulness,—its glittering brightness, and its fearful storms, finding no sympathy in the gentle bosom of the author of "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

He passed some years, on his return, with relatives in "Bonny Dundee;" and, manifesting a great talent for drawing, was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver. But he trifled with the pencil, while he labored with the pen; his future destiny was pointed out by the light of genius. And what rare talents did he not possess, blended with the gentleness and kindness of the sweetest of poetic temperaments; how full his sympathies! how honest his heart; how great and true in all things! Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was free from all bitterness and harshness of spirit, feeling intensely for the sufferings of others; he was in every way unselfish; prone to the very last to turn his own sad sufferings into jests, and forcing those who wept over his agony, fierce as it was, (until the last dull sleep, which continued from the Tuesday to the Saturday of his death,) to smile at the wittiness of his conceits, mingling as they did with a touching consciousness of his situation, and the solemn belief in that **HEREAFTER** which, in all faith and humility, we believe, to the full extent of knowledge, he now enjoys.

But what a sad picture, and by no means a solitary one, do the last months of this **GREAT MAN'S** life display! "The Song of a Shirt" was knocking at every heart in Great Britain, while its author was panting for breath, and trying to enlist the forces of his friends in the launch of the Magazine that still bears his name. And his friends stood by him: they gathered willingly beneath the banner, which, had it been raised by a strong arm, instead of one trembling with pain and the unsteadiness of departed health, would have battled the breeze nobly, and waved for years triumphantly above,—as a shelter to—his home. A little longer, and the difficulties of his position increased; one illness succeeded another, and "l'Envoi" to the end of each "periodical labor," induced the mingling smiles and tears of his admirers. He wrote wit while prop-

ped by pillows; and the chapters of a novel, doomed to remain like his life, a great fragment, were produced between the intervals and beatings of heart disease.

Alas! what those endure who *write* for bread! But it is all over with him now: the *gold* has been refined and the *crucible* is broken; the toilworn body has been bowed in death that the *soul* might escape into life; the mortal ceremonies have been burst; the winged child is borne into the true life; the life of eternity! Those who love him best rejoice at his release from labor; never remunerated in proportion to the pleasure it gave, never in a way at all commensurate with the enormous profit it produced; seldom, perhaps, thought of by those whose hearts it opened. Latterly his dear friends had been agonized by his terrible lament, "I cannot die,—I cannot die!" such friends were thankful to lay him, on the 10th of May, in a calm grave at Kensall-green. It will not, we are sure, be long before a monument is raised to his memory; and there are hearts enough in England to remember that his widow and two children have but the hundred a year to subsist on,—bestowed by Sir Robert Peel, whose letter, in words which did him honor, conveyed the request that he might be permitted to make the personal acquaintance of one whose works he had long admired and appreciated. In this generous wish and hope he was destined to be disappointed,—but

Honor and glory to a great statesman with a good heart! Such men are worthy almoners of genius!

THE ANARCHY OF LABOR.

The *Courier* of Monday has an Editorial on the subject of Association so different in tone and temper from those usually appearing in that paper, that we feel impelled to give it respectful and earnest attention, though an extraordinary pressure on our columns for some days past and to come will compel us to study brevity.

The *Courier* disclaims any intention of 'insulting' the destitute, by counseling them to study industry and economy. We accept the *Courier's* disclaimer, and then ask it to look at these facts:

Our City of New-York is now enjoying an unusual degree of thrift and prosperity, growing and expanding on all sides, increasing in population, in business, and in wealth. Her Working Classes are probably as well employed as ever before, and far better than they can hope to be through any five years to come. Their labor, thanks to our excellent Tariff, is not to any considerable extent exposed to depressing Foreign competition. Our Prisons are so organized as very slightly to interfere with our honest Mechanic labor. A rapid yet continual increase of buildings, ships, &c. gives employment to carpenters, masons, joiners, laborers, &c. to an extraordinary extent. And yet, it is our deliberate estimate, the result of much inquiry, that the average earnings of those who live by simple labor in our City,—embracing at least two-thirds of our Population,—scarcely if at all, exceed *one dollar per week* for each person subsisting thereon. On this pittance, and very much less than this in many thousands of instances, three hundred thousand persons within sight of

Trinity steeple, must pay City rents and City prices for food, buy their clothing, and obtain such medical attendance, religious consolation, mental culture, and means of enjoyment as they have. Is this the condition which God intended for the mass of human beings!

—The *Courier* says:

"We think the *Tribune* is greatly mistaken in its alleged facts; nothing like the suffering it so graphically depicts exists among us: wages are higher now,—so contractors tell us,—than they have been for months or years, and very few who really wish work, go without it. The matter, at all events, even if founded in truth, is greatly over-wrought with a view to effect," &c.

We wish our cotemporary had extended its inquiries to other classes beside 'contractors,' who, though very worthy men, doubtless, are not so likely to know whether the wages of working men are adequate to their labor or are adequate to their comfortable subsistence as the laborers themselves would be. We do hope the *Courier* will pursue this inquiry much farther, and favor us with the results in a more specific and tangible shape. It is doubtless true that the aggregate demand for labor in our City is very good just now,—unusually so, that many receive better wages as well as steadier employment than they formerly did. This, then, is a time exceedingly favorable to the *Courier's* position. But what is the actual condition of the laboring mass of our citizens? We have not all the facts necessary to show this before us,—we wish we had, and will thank some member of each trade or avocation to send us a clear statement of the condition of his own craft,—how many, as near as may be, are employed, and how many as near as may be, are vainly seeking work,—what is the highest, what the lowest, and what the average weekly earnings of workmen therein,—how these compare with the prices formerly paid, &c. &c. Let us have the whole truth. Meantime let us state a few of the facts within our own knowledge:

1. There is hardly a day in which we do not receive applications from printers and others, entreating work on any terms which will keep starvation at bay. The facts within our possession warrant the estimate, that there are at no time less than twenty thousand persons vainly seeking work in this city.

2. We are assured by the President of the Journeymen Shoemakers' Association, that the wages of his fellow craftsmen in our city, have fallen lower and lower, until now the great mass of them work at rates which will hardly keep soul and body together,—not averaging over five dollars a week. There are a few, employed on nice custom work, who do better, but the above is true of the great majority.

3. In our own trade (Printing,) the average earnings of the journeymen of our city, including those who do not work because they cannot get work, must fall short of \$6 per week, or \$300 per annum.

4. The regular pay of Day Laborers in our city is, if we mistake not, \$1 per day. Rainy days, severe cold weather, &c. are of course excluded. It would be a liberal estimate to say that the willing laborer has employment four days per week, and earns \$200 per year. Out of this he has to pay rent, buy food, fuel,

clothing, medicine, &c, for his family, often including six or seven children too young to labor.

5. There are probably fifty thousand women in our city dependent on their own efforts for subsistence. One half of these are engaged as Teachers, House Servants, &c, and so can live while they have employment. The other half are employed as Seamstresses, Book-Folders, in Manufactures, &c, at wages averaging less than *two dollars per week*. Thousands cannot by steady industry earn a *dollar and a half* per week. On this they barely exist while they have employment; and when that fails they must starve or do worse. Hundreds are annually driven to infamy and ruin by absolute destitution.

6. Though the ignorant and simple fare worst, the capable and educated suffer also. Hundreds of young men crowd in here from the country, sanguine of finding employment as clerks, artisans, &c. spend their last dollar in fruitless efforts, or are cheated out of it by fraudulent Intelligence Offices, or mock employers, and have to borrow or beg the means of getting home again. We have in our eye an excellent young man, native here, just graduated at College with honor and esteem, most capable and worthy, and having a strong family interest, who has for three months vainly and steadily sought *any* reputable means of gaining a livelihood.

7. To an observing eye, Anarchy is written all over our Industry and modes of life. Four times as many persons as are really needed, are engaged at three times the needful cost in supplying families with Milk, Fruits, Vegetables, Groceries, &c. and in the various departments of Retail Trade. All these must live by their business, and the sum of their subsistence and profits is of course an indirect tax on Productive Labor. Ten times as many persons as are needful, are employed in conveying passengers and their baggage to and from steamboats, &c; so that while they obtain a bare living, the public pay three times what they should for the service. And measurably so through all departments of human effort.

Such are some of the Social Evils which Association proposes to remedy, by substituting accordant for discordant interests and efforts. It aims to increase the reward of Productive Labor, by taking away or diminishing the occasion for non-productive avocations. It does not rail at the lawyer, the doctor, the grocer, the retailer of any kind; yet it aims to dispense with their vocations and place them and all men in better positions than they now occupy. Association proposes to demonstrate the practicability of a better Township or Municipality than those now existing, — a union of Capital, Labor, and Skill in a joint stock partnership, securing constant employment and just reward to all. By the system of Association, when perfectly carried into effect, it is firmly believed that these Rights will be secured to all mankind, viz:

1. A thorough Education, Intellectual and Physical, whereby each person, male or female, shall be instructed in many different branches of Industry, so as not to be dependent on one only. Now the great majority can only earn a living in one way, and thousands are suffered to grow up in ignorance of any way.

2. Adequate Employment at all times. In Association, there never could be a season when any should be idle because they could not obtain work. The capitalist, the cunning or skilful workman, would have larger annual dividends; but the mere worker would always have work, either in doors or out, according to the season, and would be sure of the just reward of his labor.

Added to these, the laborer would have in Association

3. Immense Economics, not otherwise attainable. His rent and fuel would cost him little, and the farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, blacksmith, &c. &c. would exchange their products directly, and without the intervention of traders. The Working Classes of this City are now paying twice as much for their provisions as those who produce them receive for the same. All the immense difference will in Association be saved to Productive Industry.

4. Labor will be rendered vastly more effective by Association. The time now wasted by the farmer in running to the store, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the doctor, &c. &c. will be saved; steam or water will always supply any amount of power and save manual effort; there will always be a force on hand for an extra effort in any department of industry that may need it; while no time need be lost by reason of inclement weather. The death of the father or mother would not deprive the children of a home, nor of their accustomed spheres of industry or education. Such are a few of the immediate, palpable advantages of Industrial Association.

The Courier says, in reference to our remark, that no perfect Association has yet been commenced, or can be without a capital of \$100,000, that "poor people" could do very well on such a capital *without* Association. — How many "poor people?" And if they could do so securely on any plan, paying the capitalist a fair interest on his investment, it is a pity the means are not forthcoming. We will be less tenacious of Association, if any other means can be devised to secure to all the poor, a thorough Education, opportunity to labor, and the just recompense of such Labor.

The sum of \$100,000 is what we deem necessary to purchase the land, erect the dwellings, &c. provide the best of all needful implements for 2,000 persons or 400 families, being about an average township. We presume there is no township of 2,000 inhabitants, of which the present valuation is not far more than \$100,000. This sum is intended to secure to so many human beings, the amplest opportunities for Education, Industry, Subsistence, &c, in perpetuity, with annual interest to the capitalist, and to the laborer every facility to acquire wealth as well as knowledge and skill. In our present Society, property worth \$100,000 often fails to give employment and subsistence to a dozen human beings, and rarely secures it to five hundred, — never with any assurance of permanency.

The object of this suggested capital of \$100,000 is, of course, to form a model Association, and demonstrate the practicability of the system. That accomplished, capitalists will not hesitate to advance capital to purchase lands, &c. for future Associations, holding the property in fee, or on mortgage, so as to be secure against

any considerable loss, until all who need or desire it, shall be permanently and comfortably located on the soil, and enabled to earn an ample livelihood, without soliciting from time to time, opportunity to work. At present, while our Cities are crowded, the earth is not one-fourth tilled at all, and that which is, is not quite half-tilled. This State alone, under a new system of Associated Industry, affords ample room for twenty times its present population. The laborers now anxiously seeking work and famishing for want of it in Cities, are all needed to subdue, cultivate and beautify the earth, and will be demanded there, if the chasm between Capital and Labor can any how be bridged.

The Courier says: in Association the capitalists will only pay the laborer in cash or products a certain sum, as now. Not so. The laborer will pay the Capitalist so much, annually, as interest on, or dividend to Capital; and, while he pays this, he is thoroughly independent. Quite a difference.

The Courier says it has no plan for the relief of the destitute, but the old plan: Industry, Honesty, and Economy. This is very good so far as it goes; but we still think preaching Industry to the thousands who can find nothing to do, is heaping insult on misfortune, while a Lecture on Economy to the hodmen, who can but earn five dollars a week, to support his wife and seven children; the seamstress, who can at best make but six shirts a week, at twenty cents each; the widow, who supports three ragged children, on the profits of an apple stand, yielding her from one to two shillings profit a day; is rather a superfluous performance. Give the poor a practical Education in childhood, and Employment afterward; teach them how to do something, and secure them something to do, that they can live by, and then if they won't work, there is no more to be said. But since the natural right, of all men to the Land, as a field for employment, and a source of subsistence, has, in the progress of Civilization, been cut off, we insist that the Right to Labor should be acknowledged and respected. Society has no right to starve an able and willing man to death, nor even into the Poor House. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

THE MARRIAGE.

Bind the white orange flowers in her hair;
Soft be their shadow, soft and somewhat pale,
For they are omens. Many anxious years
Are on the wreath that bends the bridal veil.
The maiden leaves her childhood and her home,
All that the past has known of happy hours
Perhaps her happiest ones. Well may there be
A faint wan color on those orange flowers,
For they are pale as hope, and hope as pale
With earnest watching over future years;
With all the promise of their loveliness,
The bride and morning bathe their wreath
with tears.

O, my friend! we ought not to be anxious what the many will say of us, but what the *One* will say, that hath knowledge concerning both good and evil, namely, Truth.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XVII.

Anzoleto's jealousy of the Count, had slept amidst the distraction occasioned him by the thirst of success and the love of Corilla. Happily, Consuelo had no need of a more moral or vigilant defender. Preserved by her own innocence, she still escaped from the bold attempts of Zustiniani and kept him at a distance, precisely by the little attention she paid to them. At the end of a fortnight, this Venetian rousé had discovered that she had as yet none of those worldly passions which lead to corruption, and he spared no pains to bring them into existence. But as, even in this respect, he was no further advanced than on the first day, he did not wish to ruin his hopes by too much eagerness. If Anzoleto had thwarted him by constant watching, perhaps spite would have induced him to hurry matters; but Anzoleto left him a free field, and Consuelo mistrusted nothing. All he had to do was to make himself agreeable, and wait until he became necessary. There was therefore no kind of delicate attentions, of refined gallantries, which he did not contrive to please her. Consuelo received all these idolatries and persisted in attributing them to the elegant and liberal manners of the Patriarchate, to the passionate dilettantism and natural goodness of her protector. She experienced for him a true friendship, a holy gratitude; and he, happy and troubled at this reliance of a pure soul, began to be terrified at the sentiment he would inspire, when he should at length wish to break the ice.

While he gave himself up with fear, and not without pleasure, to a sentiment altogether new to him, (consoling himself somewhat for his ill success with the opinion entertained by all Venice, of his triumph,) Corilla felt a sort of transformation take place in herself likewise. She loved with ardor, if not with nobleness; and her irritable and imperious soul bent under the yoke of her young Adonis. It was, indeed, the wanton Venus, smitten by the beautiful hunter, and for the first time humbled and fearful before a favored mortal. She condescended even to feign virtues which were not in her, which, however, she did not even affect without feeling a sort of voluptuous and sweet tenderness: so true is it, that idolatry withdrawn from self to be directed towards another, elevates and ennobles at times, those souls which are least susceptible of grandeur and devotion.

The emotion which she experienced,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

reacted on her talents, and it was remarked at the theatre, that she played pathetic parts with more nature and sensibility. But as her character and the very essence of her nature were, so to speak, broken, as it required a violent and painful internal crisis to produce this metamorphosis, her physical strength failed in the struggle, and it was daily perceived, by some with a malicious joy, by others with serious terror, that she was losing her powers. Her voice became weaker every day. The brilliant caprices of her improvisation were betrayed by a shortness of breath and by uncertain intonations. The displeasure and terror she felt on perceiving this, completed the work of weakening her; and at the representation which preceded Consuelo's début, she sang so false and missed so many striking passages, that her friends applauded her feebly, and were soon reduced to the silence of consternation by the murmurs of her opposers.

At last the great day arrived, and the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation. Corilla, clothed in black, pale, agitated, more dead than alive, divided between the fear of seeing her lover fall, and that of seeing her rival triumph, placed herself at the back of her little dark box on the stage. All the *ban* and *arriere ban* of the aristocracy and beauty of Venice displayed their flowers and jewels in a triple glittering semicircle. The *petits-maitres* filled up the wings, and, as was then the custom, a part of the stage. The Dogressa showed herself in front of the curtain, with all the grand dignitaries of the republic. Porpora directed the orchestra in person, and Count Zustiniani waited at the door of Consuelo's box, until she had finished dressing; while Anzoleto, arrayed as an ancient warrior, with all the queer coquetry of the age, almost fainted behind the scenes, and swallowed a great goblet of Cyprus wine to steady himself upon his legs.

The opera was the production, neither of a classic nor of an innovator, neither of a severe ancient, nor of an audacious modern. It was the unknown work of a stranger. To escape the cabals, which his own name, or any other celebrated name, would not have failed to excite among rival composers, Porpora, desiring above all, the success of his pupil, had proposed, and put in study, the score of *Ipermestra*, the lyric début of a young German, who had not in Italy, nor in any other part of the world, either enemies or partisans, and who was named quite plainly, Mr. Christopher Gluck.

When Anzoleto appeared on the scene, a murmur of admiration ran through the house. The tenor, to whom he succeeded, an admirable singer, who had made the mistake of delaying his retreat until age

had thinned his voice and disfigured his face, was but little regretted by an ungrateful public; and the fair sex, who hear more frequently with their eyes than with their ears, were charmed to see, in place of that great red faced man, a youth of twenty four, fresh as a rose, blond as Phœbus, made as if Phidias had had a hand in it, a true sou of the lagunes: *Bianco, crespo, e grassotto*.*

He was too much agitated to sing his first air well; but his magnificent voice, his fine points, some new and happy strokes, were sufficient to secure to him the prepossession of the women and of the natives. The débutant had great powers, great promise; he was applauded with three rounds, and recalled twice upon the stage, after having retired behind the scenes, as is the custom in Italy, and at Venice more than elsewhere.

This success restored his courage; and when he reappeared with *Ipermestra*, he was no longer afraid. But the whole effect of this scene was for Consuelo; they saw, they heard nobody but her. They said to each other: "There she is; yes, that is she!" "Who?" "The Spaniard?" "Yes, the débutante, *l'amante del Zustiniani*."*

Consuelo entered gravely and coldly. She looked around upon the audience, received the salutes of applauses from her protectors, with a reverence free from humility and from coquetry, and uttered her recitative in a voice so firm, with an accent so grand, and a security so victorious, that at the first phrase, cries of admiration arose from all parts of the house. "Ah! the traitor has deceived me," cried Corilla, casting a terrible glance at Anzoleto, who could not refrain, at that instant, from raising his eyes towards her, with a badly disguised smile, and throwing herself to the bottom of the box, she burst into tears. Consuelo sang a few more bars. Then the voice of old Lotti was heard saying in his corner — "*Amice miei, questo e un portento*."*

She sang her grand air of début, and was interrupted ten times; they cried encore! recalled her seven times upon the stage; there were roars of enthusiasm. In fine, the fury of Venetian dilettantism displayed itself in all its impetuosity at once transporting and ridiculous. "Why do they cry out so?" said Consuelo, entering the wing only to be called out again by the vociferations of the pit, "one would say they wished to stone me." From that moment, they thought only secondarily of Anzoleto. They treated him well, because they were in a mood for satisfaction; but the indulgent coldness with which they allowed to pass, the de-

* White, curly and fleshy.

† Zustiniani's mistress.

‡ My friends, this is a prodigy.

fective portions of his singing, without consoling him immoderately at those in which he retrieved himself, proved to him, that if his person did please the women, the expansive and vociferous majority, the masculine public, held him cheap and reserved their tempests of excitement, for the prima donna. Among all those who had come with hostile intentions, not one ventured a murmur, and the truth is, there were not three who offered any resistance to the current, and the invincible necessity of applauding the wonder of the day.

The score had the greatest success, although it was not listened to, and nobody thought of the music itself. It was an entirely Italian music, graceful, somewhat pathetic, and one which did not prophecy, they say, the author of *Alcestis* and of *Orpheus*. There was not a sufficiency of striking beauties to shock the audience. After the first act, the German maestro was called before the curtain with the débutant, the débutante, and even Clorinda, who, thanks to the protection of Consuelo, had snuffed through the second part with a mealy voice and a common accent, but whose beautiful arms had disarmed the world: Rosalba, whom she replaced, was very meagre.

At the interlude, Anzoleto, who watched Corilla stealthily, and perceived her increasing agitation, thought it best to visit her in her box, in order to prevent some explosion. As soon as she saw him, she flew at him like a tigress, and dealt him two or three vigorous buffets, the last of which terminated in so hooked a manner as to draw several drops of blood, and leave a mark, which red and white paint could not afterwards conceal. The maltreated tenor put a stop to these sallies, by a heavy blow of his fist, in the pit of her stomach, which made the cantatrice fall half suffocated, into the arms of her sister Rosalba. "Infamous, traitor, *buggiardo!*"* murmured she, with a stifled voice; "you and your Consuelo shall perish by my hand alone."

"If you have the ill luck to make one step, one gesture, any trouble whatever this evening, I will poniard you in the face of all Venice," replied Anzoleto, pale and with shut teeth, making glisten before her eyes, his faithful knife, which he could dart with all the dexterity of a man of the lagunes.

"He would do it as soon as say it," murmured the terrified Rosalba, "Be quiet; let us go, we are in danger of death here."

"Yes, that you are, and do not forget it," replied Anzoleto; and retiring, he closed the box door with violence and fastened them in with a double turn of the key.

Although this tragi-comic scene had

* *Liar.*

passed after the Venetian style, in a mysterious and rapid half-voice, yet, when the débutant was seen to run quickly across the wing to regain his box, with his face hidden in a handkerchief, they imagined some little quarrel; and the hair dresser, who was called to re-arrange the curls of the Greek prince and to plaster over his wound, reported to all the band of choristers and hangers on, that an amorous cat had struck her claws into the face of the hero. The said hair-dresser understood this kind of wounds, and was by no means a novice in such adventures of the theatre. The anecdote made the round of the stage, leaped, I know not how, over the foot lights, spread itself from the orchestra to the balconies, and thence to the boxes, whence it redescended, somewhat magnified on its route, even to the lowest recesses of the pit. The connection of Anzoleto with Corilla was still unknown; but some persons had seen him earnest about Clorinda, and the common report was, that the *seconda donna*, jealous of the *prima donna*, had destroyed an eye and broken out three teeth of the handsomest of all tenors.

This was very heart-rending to some, (of the ladies, I should say,) and a delicious little piece of scandal for the larger number. They asked each other if the representation would be suspended, if the old tenor Stefanini would appear to finish the part, with a roll of music in his hand. The curtain was raised, and all was forgotten when they saw Consuelo reappear, as calm and sublime as at the commencement. Although her part was not extremely tragic, she made it so by the power of her acting and the expression of her singing. She drew tears, and when the tenor again came on, his slight scratch only excited a smile. But still this ridiculous incident prevented his success from being as brilliant as it might have been; and all the honors of the evening remained with Consuelo, who was again recalled and applauded with frenzy at the end.

After the opera they went to sup at the Zustiniani palace, and Anzoleto forgot Corilla, whom he had shut up in her box, and who was obliged to break the door in order to get out. Owing to the tumult which in the interior of a theatre always succeeds so brilliant a representation, her retreat was not perceived. But on the next day this broken door, coinciding with the scratch received by Anzoleto, put some persons upon the track of the intrigue he had till then concealed so carefully.

Hardly was he seated at the sumptuous banquet given by the Count in honor of Consuelo, and while all the Abbés of Venetian literature were retailing to the *triumphatrice* sonnets and madrigals improvised from the day before, a valet slip-

ped under the plate of Anzoleto, a little billet from Corilla, which he read by stealth and which ran thus: "If you do not come and see me immediately, I will search you out and make a scene, were you at the end of the world; were you in the arms of your thrice cursed Consuelo." Anzoleto pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing, and went out to write this answer with a pencil on a piece of ruled paper which he tore from a roll of music in the anti-chamber. "Come if you will; my knife is always ready and with it my contempt and my hate." The despot knew well that with a nature like hers, fear was the only check, threats the only expedient of the moment. But, spite of himself, he was gloomy and absent during the feast; and as soon as they rose from the table he stole away and ran to Corilla.

He found that unfortunate girl in a state worthy of pity. To convulsions had succeeded torrents of tears; she was seated at her window, dishevelled; her eyes black and blue from her sobbing; and her dress which she had rent in her rage, fell in shreds over her panting bosom. She dismissed her sister and maid; and spite of her condition, a ray of joy animated her countenance on finding near her, him whom she feared never to see again. But Anzoleto understood her too well to try to console her. He knew well that at the first appearance of pity or repentance, he should see her fury again awakened and breathing vengeance. He chose to persevere in his part of inflexible harshness; and although he was touched by her despair, he overwhelmed her with the most cruel reproaches, and declared that he had come to bid her an eternal farewell. He brought her to throw herself at his feet, to drag herself upon her knees even to the door, and to implore his forgiveness in the anguish of mortal suffering. When he had thus broken and debased her, he feigned to allow himself to be softened; and overcome by pride and I know not what fiery emotion, at seeing this woman so beautiful and so haughty, roll before him in the dust like a penitent Magdalen, he yielded to her transports and plunged her into fresh intoxications. But in familiarising himself with this subdued lioness, he did not forget for a moment that it was a ferocious beast, and he maintained even to the end, the attitude of an offended master who forgives. The dawn began to break, when this woman, humbled and debased, resting her arms of marble upon the balcony wet with the cold morning dew, and veiling her face under her long black hair, began to complain in a soft and caressing voice, of the tortures which her love made her experience.

"Well! yes," said she to him, "I am

jealous; and if you absolutely will have it so, I am worse than that, I am envious. I cannot bear to see my glory of ten years eclipsed in an instant by a new power which rises, and before which a forgetful and cruel public sacrifice me without care and without respect. When you have known the glory of triumph and the humiliation of a fall, you will not be so exacting and so austere towards yourself as you now are towards me. I am still powerful, you say; loaded with vanities, success, riches, and superb hopes; I shall visit new countries, subdue new lovers, charm a new people. If all that were true, think you that any thing in the world could console me for being abandoned by all my friends, driven from my throne, and seeing another idol ascend upon it before my eyes? And this disgrace, the first of my life, the only one of all my career, it is inflicted upon me before your eyes; what do I say! it is inflicted by you; it is the work of my lover, of the first man whom I have idolized, whom I have madly loved! You still say that I am false and wicked; that I have affected before you a hypocritical grandeur, a lying generosity; it is you who have so wished. Anzoleto, I was offended, you ordered me to be tranquil, and I have restrained myself; I was suspicious, you commanded me to believe you sincere, and I have believed in you; I had rage and death in my soul, you told me to smile, and I have smiled; I was furious and despairing, you ordered me to keep silence, and I have been silent. What could I do more than impose upon myself a character which was not mine, and assume a courage which I could not maintain? And when this courage deserts me, — when this punishment becomes intolerable, — when I became crazed, and my tortures ought to break your heart, you trample me under your feet, and would abandon me in the mire into which you have plunged me! O, Anzoleto! you have a heart of brass, and as for me, I am as small a matter as the sand of the seashore, which allows itself to be tormented and whirled about by the ever-moving waves. Ah! scold me, strike me, abuse me, since such is the necessity of your strength; but pity me at the bottom of your soul; and by the bad opinion you have of me, judge of the immensity of my love, since I suffer all this, and ask still to suffer it."

"But listen, my friend," continued she with more softness, and twining her arms about him, "that which you have made me suffer is nothing to what I experience in thinking of your future lot, of your own happiness. You are lost, Anzoleto, dear Anzoleto! lost without retrieve. You do not know it, you do not imagine it; but I see it, and I say to

myself: 'If at least I had been sacrificed to his ambition, if my fall had helped to build up his triumph! But no! it has only hastened his fall, and I am the instrument of a rival who puts her foot upon both our heads!'"

"What do you mean to say, insensate!" returned Anzoleto; "I do not comprehend you."

"You ought to comprehend me, nevertheless! you ought at least to comprehend what has happened this evening. Have you not seen the coldness of the public succeed to the enthusiasm which your first air excited, after she had sung, as, alas! she always will sing, better than I, better than all the world, and, must I tell you? better than you, a thousand times, my dear Anzoleto. Ah! do you not see that the woman will crush you, and that she has already crushed you at the commencement of your career? You do not see that your beauty is eclipsed by her ugliness; for she is ugly, I maintain; but I know that ugly women who please, excite more furious passions and more violent attachments in men than the most perfect beauties of the earth. You do not see that she is idolized, and that wherever you are beside her, you will be effaced and pass unnoticed! You do not know that to be developed and commence its flight, theatrical talent requires praises and success, as much as the child who comes into the world, requires air to live and grow; that the least rivalry absorbs a part of the life to which the artist aspires, and that a formidable rivalry is a vacuum produced about us, is death which pierces our soul! You may see it clearly by my sad example: solely the apprehension of this rival whom I did not know, and whom you wished to prevent me from fearing, has been sufficient to paralyze me for a month: and the nearer I approached the day of her triumph, the more my voice became extinguished, the more I felt myself decaying. And I hardly believed that triumph possible! What will it be now, when I have seen it certain, brilliant, unattackable! Do you know that I can never again appear in Venice, and perhaps not in Italy upon any stage, because I shall be discouraged, trembling, struck with impotence? And who knows where this recollection will not reach me; where the name and presence of this victorious rival will not come to pursue me and put me to flight? Alas! me! I am lost; but you are lost likewise, Anzoleto. You are dead before having lived; and if I were as wicked as you say, I should rejoice at it; I should urge you to your ruin; I should be avenged: instead of which I say to you with despair, if you appear only once more with her in Venice, you will have no success in Venice; if you follow her

in her travels, shame and nothingness will travel with you; if, living by her receipts, sharing her opulence, and shielding yourself under her renown, you drag along at her side a pale and miserable existence, do you know what will be your title with the public? 'Who,' they will ask on seeing you, 'is that handsome young man we perceive behind her?' 'Nothing,' will be the answer, 'less than nothing: it is the husband or the lover of the divine cantatrice.'"

Anzoleto became dark as the stormy clouds which cover the eastern sky. "You are foolish, dear Corilla," replied he; "Consuelo is not so formidable as you have pictured her to-day in your excited imagination. As for me, I have told you I am not her lover. I certainly shall never be her husband, and I will not live like a poor-spirited bird under the shadow of her broad wings. Let her take her flight. There are both air and space in the sky for all those whom a powerful flight raises above the earth. Here, look at that sparrow; does he not fly as well over the canal as the heaviest cormorant over the sea? Come, a truce to these vagaries: the day drives me from your side. Adieu, till to-morrow. If you wish me to return, resume that sweetness and that patience which have charmed me and which become your beauty so much better than the cries and ravings of jealousy."

Anzoleto, absorbed nevertheless in black thoughts, retired to his lodging, and it was not until he was in bed and ready to go to sleep that he asked himself who could have accompanied Consuelo home on her leaving the Zustinian palace. This was a care he had never before left to any person. "After all," said he, as he thumped the pillow with his fist to settle it under his head, "if destiny decrees that the Count shall attain his ends, it is the same to me whether it happens sooner or later."

XVIII.

When Anzoleto awoke, he felt re-awakened also the jealousy which Count Zustiniani had inspired. A thousand conflicting sentiments divided his soul. First, that other jealousy which Corilla had excited in him of Consuelo's genius and success. This penetrated deeper into his bosom in proportion as he compared the triumph of his betrothed with what, in his disappointed ambition, he called his own failure. Then the humiliation of being supplanted in reality, as he already was in public opinion, with that woman henceforth celebrated and all-powerful, whose sole and sovereign love he yesterday flattered himself he was. These two jealousies contended in his bosom, and he did not know to which to

yield in order to extinguish the other. He had to choose between two courses: either to withdraw Consuelo from the Count and from Venice, and seek fortune with her elsewhere, or to abandon her to his rival, and go far away to try alone the chances of success which she would no longer counter-balance. In this uncertainty, which became more and more perplexing, instead of going to recover his calmness by the side of his true friend, he plunged himself anew into the storm by returning to Corilla. She added fuel to the fire by demonstrating to him, more forcibly than before, all the disadvantages of his position. "No one is a prophet in his own country," said she to him; "and it is already a bad sphere for you, this city in which you were born, where all the world has seen you run in rags upon the public square; where every one can say (and God knows that the nobles like to boast of all their benefits, even imaginary, conferred on artists,) 'It is I who protected him; I first perceived his talent; I recommended him to this one; I presented him to that one.' You have lived too much out of doors, my poor Anzoletto; your charming face must have struck all the passers by, before any body knew that there was a career before you. How can you expect to fascinate people who have seen you rowing on their gondolas, to gain a few pence, in singing to them some stanzas of Tasso, or doing their errands to earn your supper! Consuelo, ugly and leading a retired life, is here a foreign wonder. She is besides a Spaniard; she has not the Venetian accent. Her pronunciation, which is beautiful, though somewhat singular, would still please them were it detestable: it is something of which their ears are not tired. Your beauty made three-quarters of the little success you had in the first act. In the last, they were already accustomed to it."

"Say that the beautiful scratch which you gave me under the eye, and which I ought not to forgive in all my life, contributed not a little to deprive me of this last, this trifling advantage."

"Important on the contrary in the eyes of women, but trifling in those of men. With the first, you will reign in the saloons; without the last, you will fail on the stage. And how can you expect to interest them when a woman contends with you! a woman who overpowers not only the serious dilettanti, but who also intoxicates by her grace and the illusion of her sex, all those men who are not connoisseurs in music. Ah! to strive with me, there needed great talent and science in Stefani, Saverino, and all those who have appeared with me upon the stage."

"In that case, dear Corilla, I should run the same risk in showing myself be-

side you as I do beside Consuelo. If I should have the fancy to follow you to France, you have given me a good warning."

These words which escaped from Anzoletto were a ray of light to Corilla. She saw that she had hit the mark more nearly than she yet hoped; for the thought of quitting Venice had already taken shape in her lover's mind. As soon as she conceived the hope of drawing him with her, she spared nothing to make the project pleasing to him. She humbled herself as much as possible, and placed herself below her rival with a boundless modesty. She even resigned herself to say that she was not a sufficiently great singer nor handsome enough to excite transports in the public. And as this was more true than she thought when saying it, as moreover Anzoletto perceived it, and had never deceived himself as to Consuelo's immense superiority she had no trouble in persuading him. Their partnership and their flight were almost determined upon at this interview; and Anzoletto thought of it seriously, although he kept a loop-hole always open by which he could escape from the engagement on occasion.

Corilla, seeing that there remained in him a ground of uncertainty, persuaded him strongly to continue his débuts, flattering him with the hope of better success in the other representations; but very certain, at bottom, that these unfortunate attempts would disgust him completely both with Venice and Consuelo.

On leaving his mistress, he went to visit his friend. An invincible need of seeing her urged him thither imperiously. It was the first time that he had ended and begun a day without receiving her chaste kiss upon his forehead. But as, after what had passed with Corilla, he would have blushed at his versatility, he strove to persuade himself that he went to seek in her the certainty of her unfaithfulness and the complete undeceiving of his love. "Without doubt," said he to himself, "the Count must have profited by the opportunity and by the vexation occasioned by my absence, and it is impossible that such a libertine as he, could have been with her at night in a tête-à-tête, without the poor child's succumbing." Still, this idea brought a cold sweat upon his face; at the thought, the certainty of Consuelo's remorse and despair almost broke his heart, and he quickened his pace, expecting to find her drowned in tears. Still an inward voice more powerful than all the others, told him that so sudden and shameful a fall was impossible for so pure and noble a being; and he slackened his pace in thinking of himself, of the odiousness of his conduct, of the selfishness of his ambi-

tion, of the lies and reproaches with which he had filled his life and his conscience.

He found Consuelo in her black dress, before her table, as serene and as holy in her attitude and in her look as he had always seen her. She ran to him with the same confidence as usual, and asked him with anxiety, but without reproach and without mistrust, respecting the employment of the time passed away from her. "I have been suffering," replied he with the deep depression caused by his inward humiliation. "This blow which I gave myself on the head against a scene, and of which I showed you the mark, in saying it was nothing, occasioned nevertheless such a concussion of the brain that I was obliged to leave the Zustiniani palace for fear of fainting, and I have had to keep my bed all the morning."

"O my God!" said Consuelo, kissing the wound made by her rival; "you have suffered and you still suffer!"

"No, rest has done me good. Think no more of it, and tell me how you managed to return all alone last night!"

"All alone! Oh no, the Count brought me home in his gondola."

"Ah, I was sure of it!" cried Anzoletto with a strange accent. "And without doubt,—he must have said fine things to you in that tête-à-tête?"

"What could he have said that he has not already said a hundred times before the world? He spoils me and would make me vain, if I were not on my guard against it. Besides, we were not tête-à-tête; my good master was also kind enough to accompany me. Oh the excellent friend."

"What master! what excellent friend!" said Anzoletto reassured and already absent.

"Why, Porpora! Now what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking, dear Consuelo, of your yesterday's triumph, and you, are you thinking of it?"

"Less than of your's, I swear to you."

"Mine! Ah! do not mock me, my beautiful friend; mine was so dim that it much resembled a failure."

Consuelo became pale with surprise. Notwithstanding her remarkable firmness, she had not had sufficient sang-froid to appreciate the difference between the applauds which she and her lover had received. There is in this kind of ovations, a trouble of which the most experienced artist cannot divest himself, and which often produces an illusion in some, sufficient to cause them to mistake the support of a clique for the clamors of success. But instead of exaggerating the love of her audience, Consuelo had been terrified by so frightful a noise, had hardly under-

stood it and could not distinguish the preference awarded to her over Anzoleto. She scolded him ingenuously for his requirements of fortune; and seeing that she could not persuade him nor conquer his sadness, she reproached him sweetly with being too greedy of glory, and with attaching too much value to the favor of the world. "I have always told you," said she to him, "you prefer the results of art to art itself. When you do your best, when you feel that you have done well, it seems to me that a little more or less of approbation can neither add to nor diminish your inward satisfaction. Recollect what Porpora said to me the first time I sang at the Zustiniani palace: 'whoever is penetrated with a true love of his art can fear nothing'—"

"You and your Porpora," interrupted Anzoleto, with temper, "can very easily satisfy yourselves with these fine maxims. Nothing is so easy as to philosophize on the evils of life, when you know only the goods. Porpora, although poor and oppressed, has an illustrious name. He has gathered so many laurels that his old head may whiten peaceably under their shade. You, who feel yourself invincible, are inaccessible to fear. At the first leap you raise yourself to the highest round of the ladder and blame those who have no legs, for their dizziness. That is not very charitable, Consuelo, but decidedly unjust. And besides, your argument is not applicable to me; you say that we should despise the approval of the public, when we have our own; but if I have it not, that inward testimony of having done well! And can you not see that I am horribly dissatisfied with myself! Did you not see that I was detestable? Did you not hear that I sang miserably?"

"No, for it was not so. You were neither above nor below yourself. The emotion which you experienced hardly at all diminished your powers. Besides it was quickly dissipated, and those things which you know well, you rendered well."

"And those which I do not know!" said Anzoleto, fixing upon her his great black eyes, hollowed by fatigue and trouble.

She sighed and remained for an instant silent, then she said, embracing him:—"Those which you do not know, you must learn. If you had been willing to study between the rehearsals, as I said! But this is not the time to make reproaches; it is, on the contrary, the time to repair all. Come, let us take only two hours a day, and you shall see how soon we will triumph over the obstacles which oppose you."

"Will it then be the work of one day?"

"It will be the work of some months at most."

"And I play to-morrow! I continue to appear before an audience which judges me by my defects much more than by my good qualities."

"But which will quickly perceive your progress."

"Who knows! If they take an aversion to me?"

"They have proved to you the contrary."

"So? Then you think they have been indulgent to me?"

"Well, yes, they have been, my friend. In those places where you were weak, they were kind; where you were strong, they did you justice."

"But, in the mean while, I shall have a miserable engagement."

"The Count is magnificent in all things and does not spare money. Besides has he not offered me more than enough to maintain us both in opulence?"

"That's it! I shall live by your success!"

"I have lived long enough by your favor."

"But it is not money that I refer to. If he does engage me at a small salary, that is of little consequence; but he will engage me for the second and third parts."

"He has no other *primo uomo* at hand. For a long while he has relied and depended upon you. Besides he is all in your favor. You said he would be opposed to our marriage. Far from that, he seems to wish it, and often asks me when I shall invite him to my wedding."

"Ah! indeed! That is very well! many thanks, signor Count."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Only Consuelo, you were very wrong not to hinder my débuts, until my faults, which you were so well acquainted with, were corrected by better studies. For you knew my faults, I repeat."

"Have I wanted frankness? Have I not often warned you? But you have often told me that the public did not understand; and when I knew the success you had at the Count's, the first time you sang in his saloon, I thought—"

"That the people of the world knew no more than the vulgar public?"

"I thought that your good qualities would be more striking than your faults; and it has been so, it seems to me, with one as well as with the other."

"In fact" thought Anzoleto "she says truly, and if I could put off my débuts,— But then I run the risk of seeing a tenor called into my place who would not yield it to me."

"Let us see," said he, after making

several turns in the chamber, "what are my faults?"

"What I have told you very often, too much boldness, and not enough preparation; an energy more feverish than sustained; dramatic effects, which are the work of the will, rather than of emotion. You were not penetrated by the sentiment of your part as a whole. You learnt it by fragments. You saw in it only a succession of pieces more or less brilliant. You did not seize either the gradation, or the development, or the summary. In a hurry to show your fine voice and the facility which you possess in certain respects, you exhibited the whole extent of your powers almost on your entrance upon the scene. At the slightest opportunity, you searched for an effect and all your effects were alike. At the end of the first act, they knew you and knew you by heart; but they did not know that that was all, and so expected something prodigious for the end. That something was not in you. Your emotion was expended, and your voice had no longer the same freshness. You felt this, you forced both the one and the other; the audience felt it likewise, and remained cold to your great surprise, when you considered yourself most pathetic. The reason was, that at the moment they did not see the artist inspired by passion, but the actor striving for success."

"And how then do the others!" cried Anzoleto, stamping his foot. "Have I not heard them all, all who have been applauded at Venice during the last ten years? Did not old Stefanini scream when his voice failed him? And yet they applauded him with transport."

"It is true, and I have not understood how the people could be deceived. Without doubt they recollected the time when he had more power, and did not wish to hurt his feelings in his old age."

"And Corilla, too, that idol whom you overthrow, did not she force her positions, did not she make efforts which were painful to see and to hear! was she excited in good faith when they raised her to the skies?"

"It was because I considered her methods factitious, her effects detestable, her playing as well as her singing, void of taste and grandeur, that I presented myself so tranquilly upon the stage, persuaded like you, that the public knew not much about it."

"Ah!" said Anzoleto with a deep sigh, "there you put your finger upon my wound, poor Consuelo."

"How is that, my well beloved?"

"How is that, do you ask me? We deceived ourselves, Consuelo. The public does know. The heart teaches what ignorance conceals. It is a great child, who needs amusement and emotion. It is

contented with what they give it, but show it something better and then it compares and understands. Corilla could charm it last week, although she sang false and wanted breath. You appear, and Corilla is lost; she is effaced, buried. Let her reappear and she would be hissed. If I had made my *début* after her, I should have had a complete success, as I had at the Count's, the first time I sang after her. But beside you, I was eclipsed. It ought to be so, and it always will be so. The public had a taste for tinsel. It mistook paste for precious stones: it was dazzled by it. You show it a fine diamond, and already it does not understand how it could have been so grossly deceived. It can no longer endure false diamonds, and holds them at their true value. This is my misfortune, Consuelo, to have been brought forward, Venetian glass-ware, as I am, beside a pearl from the bottom of the ocean."

Consuelo did not understand all the bitterness and truth contained in these reflections. She placed them to the credit of the love of her betrothed, and answered to what she considered soft flatteries, only by smiles and caresses. She pretended that he would surpass her, if he would only take pains, and raised his courage by persuading him that nothing was easier than to sing like her. She had good faith in this, having never been retarded by any difficulty, and not knowing that labor itself is the first of obstacles, for whosoever has not the love of it united with perseverance.

END OF VOLUME I.

REVIEW.

Satanstoe, or the Littlepage Manuscripts, a Tale of the Colony. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER, author of "Miles Wallingford," "Path-Finder," etc. 2 vols. New York: Burgess, Stringer, and Co. 222 Broadway. 1845.

It has become a serious matter to review Mr. Fennimore Cooper's books for two reasons. In the first place, the numerous and successful applications of the law of libel which that gentleman has made to sundry editors, whose manners had not the European perfection, for which Mr. Cooper cherishes a profound and unwavering admiration, are a perpetual terror to all venturous critics, and in the second place, the later productions of our "American Walter Scott," are so unspeakably dull, that only the most omnivorous and senseless appetite can succeed with them. For our own part we confess that since a desperate attempt at the "Monikins," a book of which the publisher doubtless retains quite clear recollections, though it has been forgotten by the public, we have failed in every

book of Mr. Cooper's that we have undertaken, though indeed we have not had courage for them all,—until the present, and this we have got through with, only by unflinching resolution. We were attracted to it by the announcement made in the Preface, that it bore upon the anti-rent excitement which has appeared within the last year or two, in several parts of the State of New York, a subject, worthy as it seems to us, of more serious attention than it has yet received.

If we understand Mr. Cooper's preface aright, "Satanstoe," is one of three novels which he designs to give the world upon this subject; the next in the series is to be called the "Chainbearer;" what title the third will rejoice in we are not informed.

As a work of Art, "Satanstoe" cannot be reckoned a very brilliant ornament to American Literature. It contains the stereotyped characters and incidents which under various disguises, appear throughout Mr. Cooper's Romances. The same hero and heroine, the same dangerous situations and hair-breadth escapes, which in our earlier days we learned by heart, out of Lionel Lincoln, the Pioneers, and the Red Rover, are here with slight modifications served up again. We entreat Mr. Cooper, and ask his admirers — we have faith that such *rarae aves* may exist, — to join in our petition, to invent something new, and to allow the old machinery to remain unused for a period. We should like to see his talent for dramatic description, which is really good, employed upon novel materials though we fear that we shall never be so gratified.

The purpose of "Satanstoe," which name by the way, is no concoction of Mr. Cooper's, but belonged to a neck of land in Westchester County, the birth-place of the hero, — is to show in what manner the large estates, which are the immediate cause of the anti-rent outbreaks, came into the hands of their owners. It sets forth the trouble and expense it cost to obtain them, and the small returns that for a long time they made upon the original outlay. Saving a little declamation in the preface, we find hardly any thing that touches directly upon the question, nor any very lucid conception of the principles that underlie the controversy on both sides. We cannot suppress a doubt as to whether it will have a very wide effect upon the public sentiment, or check to any remarkable extent the "deep inroad of the great enemy of our race," — by which we presume Mr. Cooper means the Devil.

We have no sympathy either with the rebellious movements of the anti-renters, or with their lawless invasion of the rights of property. We favor no illegal or revolutionary measures; we are opposed to

all destructive operations whether in the church, the state, or society. There are doubtless laws which act unequally upon different classes, but the legal violation of the rights of the one party, confers upon it no authority to attack those of the other. A false tenure of land cannot be amended by refusal to pay the rent, or by tarring and feathering the officers of the law. Public order must be preserved; that is the first and most essential thing of all.

But on the other hand, what shall we say to the growing dissatisfaction with these, so to say, feudal tenures of land? Is no account to be taken of it? Is it to be smothered by the strong hand as coming solely from "the great enemy of the race"? This is impossible. Our agrarian friends have too true a principle beneath their errors to be thus summarily disposed of. The truth is, that *land* should be held not by *individuals*, but by *communities, in joint stock proprietorship*. By this means, and by this only, the rights of individuals can be secured, and the old conflict between the wealthy and those who are not so entirely done away. In a word, Association of interests, furnishes the solution of this question, a question becoming daily more threatening. Let the interests of the Land-holder and the tenant be *associated, united*, and we shall hear no more of oppression on one side or of hatred and violence on the other; both parties will find their advantage in the combination. But while their interests are *dis-sociated* and apart from each other, the quarrel will only be perpetuated, whatever modifications it may assume.

The Fireside Library of Popular Reading. Natalia and Other Tales. Boston: Jordan and Wiley, 121 Washington St. 1845. pp. 96.

We have here in a neat form two or three tales that have long been familiar to us, among them that delicate fantasy of Fouqué, Aslauga's Knight. For an afternoon, in a rail-road car or steamboat, no pleasanter book could be put into one's pocket.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TO A PINE TREE.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Far away on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance, and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'er-maddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop vale-ward,

In the calm, thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer, asleep 'neath thy glooming,
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of Ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the storm snatcher thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To teap down on the eager Atlantic
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lasty father of Titans past number;
The snowflakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the grandeur of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects, that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
And thence preys on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growing low with impatience.

Elmwood, July 16, 1845.

For the Harbinger.

LES ATTRACTIONS SONT PROPOR- TIONELLES AUX DESTINES.

AFTER NOVALIS.

Responsive to our longing,
In the great Future thronging,
Lost joys to Man belonging
Beckon him to his home;
There Faith no more benighted,
There Love to Love, joy-plighted,
There sundered hearts united, —
There all that buds shall bloom.

Give me thy hand, and giving,
Brother! for brethren striving,
Turn not while thou art living
Thy loving eye from me!
Within one temple kneeling,
One Hope its home revealing,
One Blessedness both feeling
One Heaven for me and thee!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON DURING THE LAST WINTER.

Of the host of ephemeral concerts by which gay crowds were refreshed or bored during the winter evenings, no mention would be seasonable. But there are always some things in a Boston musical season, which it is never too late to

speaking of. The performance of *great* music, the acknowledged master-pieces of art, wakes something in the soul of the hearer which he is sure to hear from again and again, as long as he lives. If you have seen Niagara, you never can go away from it; it follows you. If you have heard Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, — heard them, that is, as they would be heard, — every deep vibration of your life after will be somewhat to their tune; they will play invisible accompaniment to all your experience; — not they alone, but they more than other influences in proportion to their depth. Bostonians have had their share, of late years, of these golden opportunities. Some things have been heard which it is always profitable to think about and talk about; music of which criticism is forced to become an humble interpreter, and which to interpret is simply to recall. If we could only tell what it is to us after we have heard it, felt it, and deeply entered into the spirit of it, we should not only know that our interpretation was not fanciful or arbitrary, but we should by the very act, be led into a very deep and inexhaustible study of our own passional existence. It is very well, though it sometimes misleads, to inquire what a composer meant or was thinking of when he transfused himself in the fluid heat of creation into some determinate and indissoluble form of symphony, sonata, or oratorio; but if we could only analyze, only describe at all the emotion which trembled through us, when we heard it first, or when we remember it since, that indeed were something! Performance, execution, too, is something. If it was an era when Beethoven wrote his symphony, so, too, is it when kindred spirits enough among performing artists can be brought together, and can really get inspired with the thing so as to bring it out in a way that the composer himself would be as delighted to hear, as an Orpheus to meet his lost Eurydice; so seldom do these providential coincidences come: perhaps sometimes not once in the composer's life, so that he never fairly hears his own.

The most note-worthy features in the music of Boston last winter were (1) the Chamber Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association; (2) the Concerts of the Boston Academy, whose staple was Beethoven's Symphonies, as usual; and (3) Handel's Oratorio of "Sampson," by the Handel and Haydn Society. There may have been more of the same high order, which we were not fortunate enough to know. We will take up one at a time.

1. THE CHAMBER CONCERTS OF THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. This was a series of eight Concerts, of which the music consisted almost wholly of the Quartette of stringed instruments. It marks

a real progress in musical taste. For the first time in our city, a truly musical and constant audience assembled to enjoy music of that form which may be called the quintessence of music. The instrumental "Quartette," the most refined and intimate of musical pleasures, the purest and favorite form of musical communion, among the real musicians in Germany and every where, was a thing almost unknown to our people. Now and then, in the most private way, the elements of a Quartette have been assembled, and perhaps some three or four who could feel entirely with the performers, have had the rare privilege to enjoy with them their exquisite feast. On this occasion, the best musical talent among us was exercised for the instruction and edification of some hundred and fifty of the best musical listeners. The result was most successful; a taste was truly formed for it, which will always call for it again. In the nature of the case, the audience must be small and select, since the music is not on a scale sufficiently grand for great halls, nor must its sphere be disturbed by the presence of incongruous and unsympathizing elements.

We had the Quartettes and Trios, with piano accompaniments, of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Kalliwoda, &c. These great writers have entrusted their most choice ideas to this form of art. The Quartette of the four stringed instruments of the violin family is to the full orchestra, what a most perfect outline engraving is to a painting, the charm is always intrinsic, in the idea itself, and the perfect correspondence of the form thereto. No original sin or weakness in that can escape detection; for all orchestral coloring, all borrowed aid of external accompaniments are wanting. There stands the music in its naked beauty or deformity. If the theme spring from a genuine inspiration of true feeling, if it be developed and treated in both scientific and instrumental conformity with the laws of art, you have the highest pleasure which music can give, you quaff the very essence of the thing; it goes like a live cordial through all your veins and nerves, and the electric feeling roused in you lights up the Aladdin's lamp of the imagination, and you may expand it into infinite orchestras for yourself. The grand exterior environment does not so expand and fill the soul as the inmost naked presence of majesty divine.

This we felt most especially on hearing the miraculous quartets of Mozart. The very soul and life of the man were there audibly present to us. Mozart, more than any one, gives us, so to speak, the naked soul of music. While you hear, you are in the celestial world, disembodied, or with only sound for a body, which one

would suppose to have been the case with the composer. Surely, no terrestrial dweller ever had so fine an organization: the material envelope which separated him from the world of spirits, was the thinnest possible, and even that transparent. Others have had qualities not his, and have written what he could not; but no one ever lived more fully and entirely in music, breathing it as the one native element. Consequently, while his personality is so very distinct, while there is so much confession of the private heart in all his melodies, they at the same time transport you into an element of which no soul knoweth the riches and the depths. To know what Music is, distinguished from other spheres, as Poetry, Painting, &c., a little communion with Mozart will help you more than the profoundest distinctions of Aesthetic philosophy.

On one of the evenings, the feast was wholly of the three most royal wines: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Haydn, sunny and genial; Mozart, tender, mystical, and sad; Beethoven, strong, inspiring, proud and tender at once, full of new longings, born of new triumphs. There are four great branches from the primal unitary Fount of Love; four cardinal affective passions in man's nature; the four Social passions in every man, which suffer not his soul to detach itself and crumble away, as it were, from the Soul of souls, but hold it fast in living unity and glowing correspondence with the source and with all that are derived thence. These are, (1) *Friendship*, or the sentiment of Humanity, which draws us to persons, one or more, only as representatives of Man as a whole, and finally, as we learn to embrace so much, to the love of universal humanity; (2) *Love*, which, completing our half-soul by union with another, makes us capable of love universal; (3) *Paternity*, or the Family tie; and (4) what Fourier calls *Ambition*, spite of the world's vile inversion of that holy passion, which draws us ever upward, to find in divine, eternal order that delight which alone can preserve the permanence of all the others; which reverences all things and persons in their place, confounds no everlasting and true distinctions, and is ambitious only to find its place, that it may feel the whole harmony of which it is an humble, though indispensable note, not for selfish distinction for distinction's sake. How strikingly these great composers illustrate three of those passions. Mozart certainly is Love. Haydn plays in the sphere of calm, pure, domestic joys: a home-like actuality is in his strains, a child-like innocence and trust. While Beethoven is the aspiring Promethean spirit, struggling for release from monotony and falseness, sick of the actual, subduing every sincere sadness by heroic

triumphs in art, which are like tears brightening into joys of most rapturous, inspired visions of a coming Era, which shall consummate the Unity of all things. As for Universal Friendship, the pure, unlimited, humanitarian sentiment, the grand choruses of Handel, hailing the advent of the Son of Man in his "Messiah," are the culminating expression of what is uppermost in all his music.

We have here barely room to thank the four artists by whose excellent performance this memorable music was brought out. Mr. Herwig led the Quartette with great spirit, taste and feeling. We think he never played so well as here in his true sphere among kindred spirits. Mr. Lange's accompaniments upon the piano were justly the theme of universal praise. We have had among us pianists, perhaps, who were greater proficient in the difficult wonders of the new school; but for the rendering of the great classic compositions with feeling, force and truth, to say nothing of all the minor elegancies of a finely finished style, we never have had his equal. Especially to the works of Beethoven we have never heard such justice done. Every note told full of meaning; and that peculiar characteristic of Beethoven's movement, that grand, continual, undulating swell, the sound subsiding and again growing to the loudest climax of universal accord, was clearly appreciated and brought out in his whole performance.

We shall take another occasion to speak of the spirit and purposes of the Association, under whose auspices these Concerts were conducted. Of the Academy, and Beethoven's Symphonies, next.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

MORAL REFORM.

The reform of criminals is a sign that society is awakening to a new sense of the true relations between men, and to a new conviction, that love is the only justice, even to the base.

The Temperance Reform is a higher sign of social regeneration; because it is an effort, partial, indeed, yet earnest, to prevent crime, by removing one class of temptations.

The Moral Reform merits like praise, as being designed to remove another class of temptations.

Statistics of all prisons show, that a

large majority of criminals have been both intemperate and licentious; though it would be difficult in most cases to determine, how far crime was the cause or the effect of drunkenness and lust. So necessarily does excess in one way, tend to produce irregularity of life in all ways. In fact, these debasements are but concomitant symptoms of one disease; and we must look beneath the skin to the vital organs, would we comprehend its nature. Yet it is a good rule in moral as in physical pathology, to study symptoms, and, so far as possible, to relieve symptoms. The cure of crime, however, will be found to need first, the negative course of removing the bad influences which lead to unmanliness; but second and chiefly, the positive course of securing opportunities for upright action. We must drain off impurities breeding miasm, and let in fresh air and sunlight.

We have seen in a former number the complex nature of Intemperance, and have considered briefly the changes in all modes of life, which the Temperance Reform, if it is to be made thorough, involves.

Licentiousness is a yet more complex vice; and the process of eradicating it is proportionably more difficult. Let us take a comprehensive, though necessarily a rapid view of the whole subject.

I. And first, in regard to the *extent* and *degree of malignity* of this social disease among ourselves, there prevail two entirely opposite opinions. The one party boast of the purity of our nation; the high regard for woman; the dignity and self-dependence of our women; the simplicity of manners; the influence of religion; the strength of home ties, &c. The other party assert, that our dangers are peculiarly great; that our over-confidence, and the consequent unreserve of intercourse; the absence, among us, of time-hallowed customs of established limits in the courtesies of life, of rank, caste and form; the rapid transmission of influences by our imitiveness; the general level of intelligence, which breaks down the barriers between those differing in circumstances; our habitual restlessness, love of excitement, and passion for travelling, make our communities liable, above those of all other people, to the insinuating temptations of licentiousness. Then, again, as to facts, there are very different estimates; and data from which to form an accurate judgment, are not easily come by. According to one party, we are improving; according to the other, we are rapidly retrograding.

The truth is, that in this department of life as in all others, the war between Ormuzd and Ahriman, which is so fierce at every point throughout this generation, is waging with a zeal and energy proportioned to the importance of the victory.

The relations between Man and Woman are the very citadel of society; and the angels and devils who possess it, will easily command all outposts.

An observer cannot but see, that there is on the one side quite a new conviction of the dignity of chasteness, and of the sacredness of marriage, in the physiological works and much of the literature of the times; and above all, an entirely unexampled unanimity in the claims of woman to full justice. But on the other hand, there is little doubt that not only is prostitution increasing in an alarming ratio in our cities; but what is far more significant, that licentiousness is beginning to show itself in forms among us, which indicate that this corruption has strongly entrenched itself in the *manners of whole classes*. There are not a few men and women, whose plan of life is *not to marry*, but to form chance connections. Many journeymen of the various trades, it is said, live in this way; and their companions are engaged as seamstresses, as domestics, or in some of the branches of mechanic labor. The French Griset system has already entered among us to a degree which few suspect. As to the increase of assignations among the so-called higher classes, in relation to which so many reports are rife, charity certainly would not "believe all things."

But to leave the confessedly uncertain details of this disgusting subject, let us sum up such evidence as exists, by saying, that there is undoubtedly a reaction from the primness of ancient Puritan and Quaker times; that the American people, even if pure in their days of simplicity and poverty, when population was thin, are so no longer; and therefore that the attempts at moral reform, in which so many are now enlisted, are timely. The poppy seed of light novels, scattered broad cast over our land for the last few years, are already springing up rankly, because the soul was ready for such a crop; and the next generation will be made drunk with the opium of voluptuousness, if we do not unite to kill the poison plant.

II. Let us then, in the next place, glance at the proposed plans for removing this evil, which, whether it is increasing, stationary, or retrograde among our native population, will certainly be augmented by every ship load of returning travellers and of emigrants, and let us form a conjecture at least as to their probable success.

These plans are of two classes. The first aims at exterminating this vice by legal restraints and penalties; the second by the force of moral convictions and appeals. A word or two as to each.

1. On this subject of legal restraints, when directed against certain kinds of

vice, we greatly need some skilful satirist's aid to dispel prevalent sophistries. The public seem fairly insane upon the subject. One of the popular delusions in regard to *license laws* we exposed by saying,—that use big words about the "rights of freemen" as long as you will, it still is a simple judgment of common sense as well as of sound conscience, that no man can possibly have the *right to poison*, and therefore that society has no right to license him to poison. Its duty is to prevent him utterly. If he chooses to do so, he must assume the responsibility and bear the consequences. In relation to Licentiousness, a still more astonishing delusion prevails. Professional gentlemen, visiting splendidly furnished houses of ill-fame, hospitably opened by elegantly dressed women, who have gained fortunes to retire upon, and to educate their daughters with, are indignant at the violation of *right*, implied by the proposal of making it a penal offence to keep a brothel. Doubtless the owners of such houses too are "sympathizers." A receiver of stolen goods in a dark shop in Centre street shall be sent to the Tombs; a receiver of stolen women, entrapped into these glittering hells on whose doors is written "Thou shalt in nowise go out," shall receive the thanks of the rich merchants, distinguished members of the bar, clerks, students, dandies, who throng her saloons. Bah! what idiots we are. Are human beings not worth as much as old coin, furniture and clothes? Shall Society protect one and not the other? And so again as regards penalties on seduction, adultery, &c., shall we consign the counterfeiter, the mere passer of bad bills to the penitentiary for years, and let the wholesale manufacturer of *counterfeit promises* go unscathed. Is there any dealer in false pretences so perfidious, as he who deals in *pretended affection*? any swindler so base, as he who exchanges a heart of stone for a heart of flesh?

It is said in answer, "women are as great libertines as men, and in all such sins there are two consenting parties." Very well; let penalties, when this can be *shown to be true*, fall on both parties. Furthermore, let helpless innocent young men be protected by all means! But as a general statement the above assertion is an abominable and contemptible lie. *Women are far more affectionate, far less animal, than men.* And man foully uses woman's fondness to degrade her. No women except the poor creatures whose profession is self abandonment, give themselves up bodily, where the heart is unmoved. Even prostitutes often exhibit most touching signs of longing for devoted love. But men, by the thousands, like beasts of prey, absolutely hunt for

victims to gratify their merely brutal instincts. If the pillory and branding iron and convict garbs and stigmas of disgrace are ever on earth deserved, it is by the fiends in human shape, who thus abuse the holiest relations of life.

But two other sayings in regard to the proposed imposition of legal penalties upon licentiousness, deserve more consideration, though their truth discloses a hideous corruption in our societies. It is said (1) "No effective laws will ever be passed against crimes of this character, for the reason, that a majority of the legislators are more or less criminals themselves." (2) "Such laws if passed will be a dead letter, because the persons who should execute them, magistrates, lawyers, constables are accessories and participants in the very offences they are called upon to punish." Would that such words were slanders.

We cannot hope then to have any efficient legislation for the restraint of licentiousness, till the moral sentiment of the people is changed.

Still let every effort be made to have the highest penalties decreed against all falsehood, treachery, violence, brutality, in the treatment of women by men, or of men by women, when such cases occur. If legal penalties are of any worth, as an expression of social conscience, let them be directed chiefly against abuses of *persons*. Persons surely are not of secondary interest to property. All efforts thus to shape legislation will aid too the growth of a humane moral feeling.

2. This brings us to the second class of plans now advocated for the removal of licentiousness. Their common characteristic is an attempt to awaken a new moral conviction of the magnitude of the evil and to give it direction. Societies are formed all over the land, which hold annual public meetings; presses are enlisted, pledged to advocate on physiological, social and religious grounds, the cause of purity; preachers of many denominations have cast off the filmy shackles of mock delicacy, and are learning to apply right names to bad deeds, in the ears of the offenders slumbering in their pews before them. So far, so good. Let the press be unmuzzled; let the pulpit fulminate.

There has been much outcry against such indiscretion, and loudest from those who feel most aggrieved, in having their pleasant indulgences interfered with by the awakened suspicions of society and of friends. And unquestionably one great evil has accompanied this reform, especially as it has been carried on. Into many an innocent heart, simple, ignorant pure, has the startling knowledge of existing evils been cast, like a garment foul with the plague into a healthy house.

Images of vice vitiate the imagination, and thence the heart. Yet this evil is incidental apparently to the social state. It is the Divine Law, that moral, like physical disease, shall be contagious. We are made sick together, we must become healthy together. Knowledge of evil is bad, very bad. But when evil exists, the only tool with which to exterminate it is knowledge. Let the exposure of the vice then, which now, masked and rouged, goes mincing and stealthily through our social circles, be complete. It will cause less injury than "making believe" that there is no such vice. A few simple ones are now kept pure by their ignorance; but alas, more simple ones are lost by their ignorance. Away with concealments. Let not the hurt of the daughter of our people be slightly healed. Let there be no crying of peace, peace, where there is no peace. Only be it understood, that mere exposure and protest will not cure the evil.

Meanwhile two modes of calling into full expression the moral convictions of the community may be used. They would prove more effective than those more commonly employed.

1. In every city and town let there be in some form or other, varying according to the population and the degree of social intimacy prevailing, a SENATE OF WOMEN, who shall practically enact and enforce laws of manners, and declare who is, and who is not worthy of confidence. We are prepared for all the uproar about gossip, and mischief makers, and scandal mongers, &c. &c., which such a suggestion will awaken.

Good friends, listen one moment. In all our communities there either are or are not already Laws of Manners prevalent. Where there are no such laws, the bad will of course be unrestrained: the good are never gainers by inaction. Where there are such laws, they are either arbitrary, capricious, accidental, or deliberate and wise. Usually, they are of the former description, and verify to the full, the "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." We exclude a woman with a ragged dress, but admit men without even a rag of reputation. We are supercilious to the poor, honest laborer; we are all "becks and nods and wreathed smiles" to the rich voluptuary. Let us in the name of decency be a little more select in our society. We have never too much of the only genuine aristocracy, the reverence for the really best, the true nobles of character and intellect.

Now women are, and from their very nature must be, the legislators and the executive in the world of manners.— Their laws are too often capricious; let them be just. And one sadly neglected

branch of justice is this: to reverse the popular estimate of men, and to pronounce an abandoned man to be far more degraded, more dangerous, more despicable, than an abandoned woman. A Senate of Women could pass and enforce such a law of manners to-morrow, in every town in the Union. "How!" By simply not taking the arm of corrupt men in the street or ball room, not shaking hands with them, and avoiding scrupulously all contact with them whatever, by not recognizing their civilities except with the most distant coldness; by never inviting them to their houses, and by leaving the rooms which they enter; by setting the mark of their contempt upon them, in a word,—"How can a matron," we may well ask, "dare to allow a licentious man to speak to a daughter or to any young protégé!" So far as regards men, the Senate may practically say, "A man who is false to one woman shall be odious to all women;—false once, false always."

But then in relation to women they may go further. "I might honor a lady who should walk side by side with a degraded prostitute through crowded Broadway; but I should be tempted to despise a lady who could walk there with a fashionable profligate," said a preacher once, and his words were words of soberness. When one of the truest, warmest, purest hearted women in this country received to her house, to her very room even, a girl who, finding herself unredressed in her wrongs, took somewhat summarily justice into her own hands, every generous man in the community approved the truly sisterly deed. It was wise as it was womanly so to treat a fallen daughter of Eve, and it had its great reward in the salvation of the poor victim of despair. Let all women treat their abandoned sisters with like compassion, and give their scorn to the workers of their ruin. If they would but do this simple act of justice, one year would show a moral Reform that few men dream of.

2. But men could lend aid to this Senate of Women in enforcing purity. The Temperance Reform gives a hint as to the mode. *Why should not young men bind themselves together by a PLEDGE OF CHASTITY.* Of course "men about town" would simply sneer at the green fool who could propose such a project. But they do injustice even to the memories of their own early days. In all our cities there might be formed a corps of the bravest, manliest, most honorable, and in every way most high minded young men, who, seeing the tendencies to corruption, would link hands in a sacred crusade against licentiousness in all its forms.

Effeminacy is in various ways eating up our people. Subtle taints run through

families, showing the virus in diverse diseases. Our hope is in a nobler, healthier, more firmly strong, more nervous, more full-blooded generation. From our young men must this great movement of reform begin. Now, in college, in counting rooms, in boarding houses, they are each other's corrupters,—the older initiating the younger into vice. Why not reverse the process? Let it be pronounced *unmanly*, as it surely is, to give way to lust. The old Germans knew no disgrace more damning to a young man than loss of chasteness. There should be a holy feeling of virginity in man as in woman. Surely the reality is as sacred in the one sex as the other. So great an evil as popular licentiousness demands great remedial measures. And would that we could see hosts of our youth in the professions, and trades, in commercial ranks, and agricultural labors, in city and country, pledged to purity. This would be the commencement of Reform at the fountain head. One truly chaste generation would renovate the race.

But truth commands us in closing this head of the subject frankly to confess, that even were Preachers, and Presses, and Moral Reform Societies, and Senates of Women, and Young Puritans, to unite strongly, with Laws against Licentiousness to support them, we should still not hope to see this vice eradicated, so long as the Causes of it which pervade our civilized life remain. To this subject of the Causes and Cures of Licentiousness we shall in some future number recur.

NEW SYMPTOMS IN FASHIONABLE LITERATURE.

There is a necessity for all that man thinks. Once read well the tendencies of the age, once comprehend the movement which bears us all on, as the earth does, without our seeming to move, and it will not be hard to predict what thoughts, at least what tone of thought, will soon creep into all the productions, artistic or speculative, of the minds which are the most removed from popular sympathies by position or fashion, or by their own originality or eccentricity. All must take the color of the times at last. How strange it is to hear the breath of the new Era stealing in like a deep undertone through the music that was set to a wholly different key, through the thoughts of the most conservative and sceptical. In their very resistance to it, they adopt its language, subject their own old maxims to new definitions, and find themselves before they know it wholly changed by its influence. Nothing can resist light, when it once gets in.

This is eminently true now. The main body of all the literature wears the conservative uniform, and formally arrays

itself against social progress, inasmuch as it ministers chiefly to the tastes of those whose interests are opposed to change. Yet there is scarcely a book or a journal, whose pages are not in some way witnesses to the great fact of the dissolution of the old, and the preparation of another and a truer Order. The Genius of Reform has contrived to get a note in somewhere, and to temper the style of all of them. If not his presence, the shadow of his presence is upon them all.

Such was our feeling while looking over lately several new English books, from authors whose names have been hitherto associated with whatever was aristocratic and fashionable in their country,—a feeling, not only of confirmation and triumph, but of overwhelming religious reverence which almost wept over its own faltering faith, thus again to meet “the awful shadow of an Unseen Power,” which broods over the mind and conscience of the nations. “*Es geht an*” said Teufelsdröckh to the gaping astonished listeners in the beer-house as he snuffed the gales of Revolution from afar. “It works,” said Prospero watching his spells from behind the scene. Yes, it works! say the hopeful and prophetic hearts which, prompted by irresistible persuasion, have been laboring to convince the world what and where Humanity is, in the first place, and then what and whither its destiny hereafter, not in another world, but here. Of the books alluded to we will mention two.

The first is a Poem entitled the “Child of the Islands,” by the Honorable Mrs. Norton,—honorable indeed to her heart and understanding. It is an elaborate production, of five long Cantos in Spenserian stanza, one of the elegantly printed volumes of the day, and filled from first to last with the wrongs of the people. The all too faithful portraits of the poem are sustained by copious statistical notes. In her Preface she says the poem

“—has reference to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. * * * * * The Child of the Islands was chosen, not as the theme of a Birthday Ode, or Address of Congratulation, but as the most complete existing type of a peculiar class,—a class born into a world of very various destinies, with all the certainty human prospects can give, of enjoying the blessings of this life, without incurring any of its privations. I desired to contrast that brightness with the shadow that lies beyond and around. In the brief space of time since this poem was commenced, there has been great evidence of increasing attention to the sufferings, and to the *endurance*, of the lower classes. Much has been said,—and something has been done. Inquiries have been instituted; measures of relief have been passed; voice after voice, and spirit after spirit, among the noble-hearted and influ-

ential, have risen to support the cause of the helpless; till the reign of Victoria bids fair to claim a more hallowed glory than that which encircled the “Golden Age” of Elizabeth. The Feeble are calling on the Strong &c. I have chosen the Prince of Wales as my illustration, because the innocence of his age, the hopes that hallow his birth, and the hereditary loyalty which clings to the throne, concur in enabling men of all parties, and of every grade in society, to contemplate such a type, not only without envy or bitterness, but with one common feeling of earnest good will.”

As a poem, it is marked by great delicacy and purity, both of sentiment and expression, a fine sensibility to beauty of Nature and of Art, a good deal of poetic fancy, but more of observation and sympathy in the sphere of the every day relations and emotions of mankind. There are passages of great pathos contrasting the lot of the many and that of the few in England, with which we shall occasionally adorn our columns. But it is not so much the poetry, as it is the moral significance of the book, which claims attention here. It comes from a lady who might be supposed to have all the prejudices of high life, and is a noble confession of the great social fact, or rather the great social *lie*. Here is the sentiment of Humanity escaped from conventional fetters, and boldly telling the proud and powerful of the wrong which they have got to right. As to any ideas of a better organization of society, or of any reformatory measures beyond mere individual sympathy and justice, she sets forth none. Of true Social Science there is not a gleam in the whole book. It has nothing newer than kindness and charity to suggest. Still a true sentiment is the surest forerunner of true ideas and measures. If the English nobility have begun to *feel*; if they are so candid as to confess the wrong there is; if they have awakened to the consciousness that they are providentially occupying the position, which, makes them the only protectors of the poor and oppressed millions of their countrymen; and if they do not evade the responsibility of this, but are earnestly asking the question what can we do to discharge so high and difficult a duty; then indeed there is hope that they will be willing to learn, that they will lend a candid mind to the examination of statements which profess to contain, not merely ingenious expedients, but the very science of the Divine Order of Society, a science which explains the past and the present, and can with some certainty count the elements and determine the forms of that harmony into which the present is to be resolved; a science, which, without failing to recognize a providential necessity in all the phases of society which thus far have succeeded one another, . . . still save many practical

mistakes, and confirm and bend to an operative centre many vague, half-doubting hopes, and thus in no small measure hasten the reign of Peace and Justice on the earth. There are but two alternatives for that most wealthy and intelligent nations: either the establishment of just relations between the laborer and the employer, the organization of industry, which involves the science of every thing pertaining to the social life of man; or a revolution so fierce, so like a whirlwind, that men shall forget their very nature in it, and shall lose out of sight all traces of anything like order, or the possibility of order, and rush to an extreme as far beneath as our present civilization is above the barbarism of the dark ages. Which of the two will be chosen? Can any heart not practically atheist doubt?

Mr. D’Israeli also has written a novel, which he calls “Sybil; or the two nations.” By the two nations are meant the rich and the poor of England, “between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other’s habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food; are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws.” The work has all the writer’s brilliant qualities; the characters, the descriptions of quiet nature or of startling events, the historical and philosophical reflections with which it abounds, are, separately taken, admirable. But the end of the book is not so clear, although it is most decided in its condemnation of every English administration since the Revolution of 1688, and in showing up the grand result of all their legislative wisdom, (which he might have called the grand result of civilization everywhere in the nineteenth century), the fact, namely, of poverty increasing *with* the national wealth. His plot commences finely, but crumbles to pieces before you get beyond the middle, without answering the expectations it had raised, and without arriving at results to justify the introduction of some of the principal characters, and some of the best discussions which make it seem so hopeful at the outset. It does however hint at some things, which a fashionable and aristocratic novelist would hardly be expected to have thought about, still less to speak of freely in any tone but condemnation. Two of the principal characters are, the one a Chartist, the other an *associationist*; whether a disciple of Fourier does not appear, though he edits a paper which is called a “Phalanx”; but he has got so far as to declare that he “prefers association to gregariousness” and that there is “no community in England,

but only aggregation, under circumstances which make it rather a dissociating, than an uniting principle." He even sees the evils of the isolated household.

Accidentally drawn into conversation with these two men Egremont, the hero of the tale, who is a younger son of a noble house, of a free and generous nature, and just commencing his career in Parliament, finds all at once "a change come o'er the color of his dream." He cultivates their acquaintance, to which he is drawn by a double attraction. SYBIL, the daughter of the Chartist, a beautiful spirit whose whole soul is bound up in the thought of restoring the old religion and the rights of the people, so that she seems an impersonation of the purest idea of cathedral worship and of universal humanity, takes captive the romantic and warm-hearted young politician. The character of the father of Sybil is indeed almost sublime. That of the other never comes quite satisfactorily to light. Nor do the doctrines, which he is represented as so busily propagating. In fact the book disappoints you; fine auroral glimmerings, but followed by no sun-rise. The associationist hints, but never develops his idea. The great popular movement on which the story pivots, brings nothing to pass but a few small combinations for literature or pleasure among factory operatives, a few mass meetings and riots, but develops no symptoms of crystallization into any constructive and organized form. The young member waxes eloquent in Parliament about the rights of the people, but gets no farther than "Young England," which we suppose after all to be the result and crowning achievement of Mr. D'Israeli.

And what is "Young England?" So far as we can learn, it is a party of young men of rank, who conceiving themselves to be of the pure blood of the oldest nobility, charge all the evils of the times, all the poverty and misery of the multitudes upon the influence of an upstart nobility of commerce. They lament the revolutions which the last two centuries have wrought in church and state; and, like Carlyle in his "Past and Present," they look wistfully back to the good old times when England had its "three thousand monasteries, and chantries and chapels, and great hospitals; all of them fair buildings, many of them of exquisite beauty;" when "the monastics were easy landlords, their rents very low," their protection and charity over all the poor, "their revenue expended among those whose labor had produced it;" when too the safety of the cottage found its best guarantee in the untouched supremacy of the throne, when monarchy was something more than a name, and government was that which

did really govern. They are constant in their complaints about the third power which has risen up between the throne and the people; the great *money power*, whose independence, whose power to hold the monarchy in check on the one hand, and the laboring classes in poverty and degradation on the other, has been, according to them, the principal result of the boasted Revolution of 1688, a result only confirmed and carried farther out by all the subsequent Reform Bills. There is much in this, no doubt. They see the true meaning of liberty, or at least that it means something more than the liberty to starve, the liberty to produce by unabated toil, wealth which is all taken by the few, and "not enriches them," shirts which never clothe the laborer's back, but lie piled up by thousands in warehouses, to serve the speculations of the great lords of commerce. In a word they regret the old political Feudalism, in view of the increase of this more terrible Commercial Feudalism. They think that kings that govern, and a church respected, with a well fed and happy population, are better than political rights coupled with poverty. There is something in this so far as it goes. We do not fully understand all the catch words of this party, which recur so much in their books and speeches, such as "Dutch Finance," "Venetian Oligarchy," "mortgaging of the national industry," &c. But we suppose the amount of it is that since William of Orange was called over to take the throne, England has been governed by traders, bankers, and stock-jobbers; that her prosperity has been sought in the blind multiplication of wealth by whatsoever means, absorbing more and more of the living energy which ought to control and enjoy that wealth, into the condition of mere machines to produce it for the few; that the Turkey merchant, the West Indian planter, the Nabob of the East India Company, the loan monger after the revolution, and now the manufacturer, have controlled the policy of the country in turn; that all public measures have been managed by an invisible ministry of some dozen or twenty political manoeuvrers behind the throne, usurping power alike from the throne and from the people, who may well be likened to the oligarchy which Napoleon overthrew in Venice; and that the expenses of war and the national debt by which these money monarchs keep their power, has virtually mortgaged the whole industry of the population, diverting it from its legitimate end, which is their own support, to these more abstract political purposes, to the payment of the interest of this vast debt.

It is certainly encouraging that any portion of the younger aristocracy should so far have opened their eyes to the true state of things, and become ashamed of the empty, frivolous, selfish and absolutely vulgar life of the favored class. Such an attempt to revivify the spirit of old England, to inspire with loftier aims and a purer and broader sentiment of humanity the souls of the rising generation, is noble, and we can not doubt its sincerity. However just the satire which has been pointed at their affectations, at the "white waistcoats," and the "dandy novelist," and the unpledged politician oracularly

weighing and judging the administrators of the public weal; at their sentimental "Puseyism," sighing for the cathedrals and monasteries of a by-gone age, and their visionary attempts to call back the Past; they are still a hopeful omen to the minds of humanity. "Young England," whether it be a fact or only an abstraction, whether it be sincere or time-serving, is nevertheless a proof of the conviction which is growing upon all minds, that the present order of society has exhausted its good uses, and that the only question is whether it shall be Chaos or Combined Order next.

We hope the next wave from the literary ocean will roll still farther up the beach; and that the next new novel will not only preach the need of virtue and of charity among the powerful classes, but also of action and of organization amongst all classes; of a combined movement and an attempt to realize a Combined Order; that the new Social Science and visions of the life of man when he shall have realized the Unity of Man, will open mines of untold wealth to the imagination of the novelist, the poet, and the painter. We have had the frightful consequences of political economy and *Laissez faire* powerfully unfolded by Carlyle. In the novel of D'Israeli, there is not only evidence of an awakening virtue in a young and influential class, but glimpses of something like radically constructive ideas, hints of an organization needed which shall be something more than gregarious. In Eugene Sue, we have still more definite allusions to industrial association, while the plan of his last story is wholly inspired by the Phalansterian or Associative way of thinking. Polite literature is twice blessed when it takes this tone; it both gives and it receives. If it speaks so much more significantly to the earnest hearts of the people, it acquires more power to speak by that very effort. The strongest, most original, most imaginative, and most real novels of the day are those which have caught the inspiration of coming events, and are content to "let the dead past bury its dead." What may we not hope of that poet or novelist whose high mission it shall be to embody in his fiction the future harmonies of attractive industry, of the Unitary Home, of Integral Education, and of *Industrial* in place of war-like armies? Surely until now Imaginative Genius has scarcely had a theme, an object, or a hope, that was at all adequate to call out the slumbering energies of Genius.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

I.

Encouraged by the frankness of Consuelo and by the perfidy of Corilla, who still urged him to appear again before the public, Anzoleto went to work with ardor; and at the second representation of *Ipermestra*, sang his first act with much more purity. The audience appreciated this. But, as Consuelo's success increased in proportion, he was not satisfied with his own, and began to feel himself demoralized by this new proof of his inferiority. From that moment, every thing wore a sinister aspect to his eyes. It seemed to him that they did not listen to him, that the nearest spectators murmured humiliating observations respecting him, and that the benevolent amateurs, who encouraged him in the wings, appeared to pity him. All their praises had for him a double meaning, of which he applied the worst. Corilla, whom he went to consult in her box during the interlude, affected a frightened air and asked him if he were not ill.

"Why?" said he impatiently.

"Because your voice is husky to-day, and you seem depressed. Dear Anzoleto, cheer up; exhibit your powers which have been paralyzed by fear or discouragement."

"Did I not sing my first air well?"

"Not nearly so well as you did the first time. I was so troubled at it in heart, as to be almost ill."

"But they applauded me, nevertheless."

"Alas!—no matter; I am wrong to destroy the illusion. Go on, only try to clear your voice."

"Consuelo," thought he, "believed

she was giving me good advice. She acted from instinct and succeeded herself. But whence can she have the experience to teach me to overcome a reluctant public? In following her directions, I lose my advantages, and they do not give me credit for the improvement in my manner. Let us try! I will return to my first boldness. Did I not prove, in my debut at the Count's, that I could dazzle even those whom I could not persuade? Did not old Porpora tell me that I had strokes of genius? Courage, then, let this audience feel my strokes and be subdued by my genius."

He made great efforts, accomplished prodigies in the second act, and was listened to with surprise. Some clapped, others imposed silence to the applauses. The public at large inquired if that was sublime or detestable.

Yet a little more boldness, and perhaps Anzoleto would have carried the day. But this check troubled him to such a degree, that he lost his recollection, and failed shamefully in the remainder of his part.

At the third representation, he had recovered his courage, and being resolved to pursue his own course, without listening to Consuelo's advice, he hazarded the strangest caprices, the most impertinent extravagancies. O shame! two or three hisses broke the silence which had received those desperate attempts. The good and generous public, silenced the hisses and began to clap; but there was no possibility of deceiving one's self respecting this benevolence for the individual, and this censure for the artist. Anzoleto tore his dress on reëntering his box, and hardly was the piece finished, when he ran to shut himself up with Corilla, a victim to the most violent rage, and determined to flee with her to the ends of the earth.

Three days passed without his seeing Consuelo. She inspired him not with hatred, nor with coolness, (at the bottom of his soul tormented by remorse, he still cherished her, and suffered mortally at not

seeing her,) but with a veritable terror. He felt the domination of that being, who in public crushed him with all her grandeur, and in private reassumed at her liking, the possession of his confidence and his will. During his agitation, he had not strength to conceal from Corilla how much he was attached to his noble betrothed, and what empire she still had over his convictions. Thereat, Corilla conceived a bitter spite, which she had the art to conceal; she consoled with him, confessed him; and when she knew the secret of his jealousy, she struck a great blow, in privately giving the Count notice of her own intimacy with Anzoleto; thinking it certain that the Count would not lose so good an opportunity of informing the object of his desires, and so rendering Anzoleto's return impossible.

Surprised at seeing a whole day pass in the solitude of her garret, Consuelo became uneasy; and on the morrow of yet another day of fruitless expectation and mortal anguish, just at nightfall, she wrapped herself in a thick cloak, (for the celebrated cantatrice was no longer protected from evil tongues, by her insignificance,) and ran to the dwelling which Anzoleto had occupied for some weeks; a much better lodging than his former one, which the Count had assigned him in one of the numerous houses he owned in the city. She did not find him there and learnt that he seldom passed the night at home.

This circumstance did not enlighten her as to his unfaithfulness. She knew his habits of vagabondism, and thought that not being able to accustom himself to such a sumptuous abode, he had returned to some of his old haunts. She was about to take the risk of searching for him, when turning to repass the door, she found herself face to face with master Porpora.

"Consuelo," said he to her in a low voice, "it is useless to conceal your face from me; I have heard your voice and cannot be mistaken. What are you doing here, at this hour, my child; and what do you seek in this house?"

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

"I am searching for my betrothed," replied Consuelo, taking her old master's arm. "And I do not know why I should blush to confess it to my best friend. I know that you blame my attachment for him; but I could not tell you a lie. I am anxious. I have not seen Anzoletto since the day before yesterday at the theatre. I think he must be ill."

"He ill!" said the professor, shrugging his shoulders. "Come with me, poor girl; we must have a talk; and since you at last, determine upon opening your heart to me, I must also open mine to you. Give me your arm, we will converse in walking. Listen, Consuelo, and be deeply penetrated with what I am about to say to you. You can not, you ought not, be the wife of that young man. I forbid you, in the name of the living God, who has given me the feelings of a father towards you."

"O my master!" replied she with sadness, "ask of me the sacrifice of my life, but not that of my love."

"I do not ask it, I exact it," answered Porpora firmly. "That lover is cursed. He will be your torment and your shame if you do not abjure him on the instant."

"Dear master," returned she with a sad and caressing air, "you have told me so very often; but I have vainly tried to obey you. You hate that poor child. You do not know him, and I am certain that your prejudices will be overcome."

"Consuelo," replied the maestro more forcibly, "I have thus far made to you enough of vain objections and very useless prohibitions. I have talked to you as an artist to an artist. I saw nothing more in your betrothed than the artist. Now, I speak to you as a man, I speak of a man, I speak to you as a woman. That woman has wrongly bestowed her love, that man is unworthy of it, and the man who tells you so, is certain of what he says."

"O my God! Anzoletto unworthy of my love! He, my only friend, my protector, my brother! Ah! you do not know how he has helped me, and how he has respected me ever since I have been in the world! I must tell you." And Consuelo related the whole history of her life and of her love, which made but one and the same history.

Porpora was moved but not shaken.

"In all this," said he, "I can see only your innocence, your fidelity, your virtue. As to him, I see well the need he had of your society, and of your teachings, to which, whatever you may think of it, I know that he owes the little knowledge he possesses, and the little he is worth; but it is not the less true, that this lover, so honest and so pure, is the refuse of all common women of Venice, that he lives, in houses of debauchery, the

ardors with which you inspire him, and that he thinks only of making the most out of you, while he satisfies elsewhere, his shameful passions."

"Be careful of what you say," replied Consuelo with a stifled voice, "I am accustomed to believe in you as in God, O my master! But in whatever concerns Anzoletto, I have resolved to close my ears and my heart. — Ah! let me leave you," added she, trying to withdraw her arm from that of the professor, "you will kill me."

"I wish to kill your fatal passion, and by the truth I wish to restore you to life," replied he, pressing the young girl's arm to his generous and indignant bosom. "I know that I am rough, Consuelo. I know that I cannot be otherwise; and on that account I have put off, as long as possible, the blow which I am about to inflict upon you. I had hoped that you would open your eyes, that you would understand what was passing around you. But instead of being enlightened by experience, you throw yourself blindly into the depths of the abyss. I will not let you fall therein! You are the only being whom I have esteemed for ten years. You must not perish, no, you must not."

"But, my friend, I am not in danger. Think you that I lie, when I swear to you, by all that is sacred, that I have respected the oath made at the death bed of my mother! Anzoletto respects it likewise. I am not yet his wife, consequently I am not his mistress."

"But let him say the word, and you will be the one or the other."

"My mother herself made us promise it."

"And you came this evening to seek the man who neither will nor can be your husband?"

"Who has told you so?"

"Would Corilla ever allow him to?" —

"Corilla! what is there in common between him and Corilla?"

"We are but two steps from the dwelling of that girl. You sought your betrothed, let us look for him there. Have you the courage?"

"No! no! a thousand times, no!" replied Consuelo, tottering in her walk and supporting herself against the wall. — "Leave me some life, my master; do not kill me before I have lived. I tell you that you kill me."

"It must needs be that you drink this cup," replied the inexorable old man: "I fill here the part of destiny. Having made only ingrates and therefore unfortunates by my tenderness and kindness, I must speak the truth to those I love. That is the only good which can be performed by a heart dried up by misfortune and petrified by suffering. I am sorry, my poor girl, that you have not a gentler

and more humane friend to sustain you in this crisis. But such as I have been made, I must operate upon others, and I must enlighten by the glare of the thunderbolt, since I cannot vivify by the warmth of the sun. Therefore, Consuelo, let there be no weakness between us. Come to this palace. I mean that you shall surprise your lover in the arms of the impure Corilla. If you cannot walk, I will drag you. If you fall, I will carry you! Ah! old Porpora is still strong when the fire of divine anger burns in his heart."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Consuelo, paler than death. "Let me still doubt — Give me one day, only one day to believe in him; I am not prepared for such an infliction."

"No! not a day, not an hour," replied he with an inflexible tone; "for when this hour has passed, I may not find another opportunity to place the truth before your eyes; and the day which you ask for, the villain would profit by, to bring you again under the yoke of falsehood. You shall come with me; I command you, I require it."

"Well, yes! I will go," said Consuelo recovering her strength, by a violent reaction of love. "I will go with you, to prove your injustice, and the faith of my lover; for you deceive yourself unworthily and wish me to be deceived with you! Go on then, executioner as you are! I follow, and do not fear you."

Porpora took her at the word, and seizing her wrist in his nervous hand, strong as a clasp of iron, he led her to the house in which he lived, where, having traversed all the corridors and mounted all the staircases, he reached with her an upper terrace, whence could be distinguished, over a lower house which was completely uninhabited, the palace of Corilla, dark from top to bottom, excepting one solitary window, which was lighted and open in front of the black and silent façade of the deserted mansion. It appeared from that window, as if it could be seen from no direction; for a jutting balcony prevented anything being distinguished from below. On a level, there was nothing, and above, only the roof of the house which Porpora inhabited, which did not front in such a way as to look into the palace of the cantatrice. But Corilla did not know, that in an angle of that roof, was a ledge worked in lead, a sort of niche in the open air, whither, behind a large stack of chimnies, the maestro, with an artist's caprice, came every evening, to look upon the stars, to flee from his fellow men, and to dream over his sacred or dramatic subjects. Chance had thus revealed to him the secret of Anzoletto's loves, and Consuelo had only to look in the direction which he pointed out, to see her lover in

a voluptuous tête-à-tête with her rival. She turned away immediately, and Porpora, who, in the fear of some dizziness of despair, held her with a superhuman strength, reconducted her to a lower story, and led her to his study, the door and windows of which, he shut, in order to envelop in mystery, the explosion he anticipated.

II.

But there was no explosion. Consuelo remained silent and as it were stunned. Porpora addressed her. She did not answer, and made him a sign not to speak to her; then she rose, went and drank, by great goblets, a large flagon of iced water which was standing upon the harpichord, made several turns through the chamber, and returning, seated herself face to face with her master, without uttering a word.

The austere old man did not comprehend the depth of her suffering. — "Well," said he, "did I deceive you? And now what do you think of doing?"

A mournful shiver agitated the statue, and after having passed her hand over her forehead: — "I think of doing nothing," said she, "before I can understand what has happened to me!"

"And what remains to be understood?"

"All! for I understand nothing; and you see me occupied in searching for the cause of my misfortune without finding any thing which can explain it. What evil have I done to Anzoletto that he loves me no longer? What fault have I committed to make me contemptible in his eyes? You cannot tell me, since I myself, who read my own conscience, can see nothing there which gives me the key to this mystery. O! It is an inconceivable prodigy! My mother believed in the power of philters: this Corilla, can she be a magician?"

"Poor child!" said the mæstro, "there is indeed a magician at work here, but her name is vanity; there is indeed a poison, but it is called Envy. Corilla may have poured it out, but it was not she who moulded that soul so fitted to receive it. The venom already circulated in the impure veins of Anzoletto. One dose more made him a traitor, instead of cheat that he was; unfaithful instead of ungrateful, that he had always been."

"What vanity, what envy?"

"The vanity of surpassing all others, the vanity of surpassing you, rage at being surpassed by you."

"Is that credible? Can a man be jealous of the advantages of a woman? Can a lover hate the success of her he loves? then there are many things which I do not know, and which I cannot comprehend."

"You never will comprehend them, but you will verify them every hour of your life. You will know that a man may be jealous of the advantages of a woman, when that man is an artist full of vanity; and that a lover may hate the success of her he loves, when the theatre is the atmosphere in which they live. The reason is, an actor is not a man, Consuelo, he is a woman. He lives only upon diseased vanity; he thinks only of satisfying his vanity; he works only to intoxicate himself with vanity. The beauty of a woman does him an injury. The talent of a woman effaces or disputes his own. A woman is his rival, or rather he is a woman's rival; he has all the littlenesses, all the caprices, all the exactions, all the ridiculousness of a coquette. Such is the character of most of the men attached to the theatre. There are grand exceptions; but they are so rare, so meritorious, that we ought to prostrate ourselves before them, and do them more honor than to the most learned men of science. Anzoletto is not an exception. Among the vain, he is one of the most vain; this is all the secret of his conduct."

"But what an incomprehensible vengeance; what poor and inefficacious means! How can Corilla compensate him for his failure before the public? If he had frankly told me his sufferings, — (ah! there needed but one word for that,) I should have understood him, perhaps; at any rate, I should have pitied him; I would have retired to make room for him."

"The characteristic of envious souls is to hate others in proportion to the happiness of which they deprive them. And the characteristic of love, alas! is it not to detest in the beloved object, those pleasures which we do not furnish. While your lover abhors the public which covers you with glory, do you not hate the rival who intoxicates him with pleasure?"

"You there say something which is very profound, my master, and upon which I wish to reflect."

"It is something true. — At the same time that Anzoletto hates you for your success on the stage, you hate him for his pleasures in the boudoir of Corilla."

"It is not so. I could not hate him, and you make me see that it would be mean and shameful to hate my rival. There remains then the pleasure with which she intoxicates him, and of which I cannot think without shuddering. But why? I know not. If it be an involuntary crime, then Anzoletto is not so guilty because he hates my triumph."

"You are very ready to interpret matters so as to excuse his conduct and his sentiments. No, Anzoletto is not innocent and respectable as you are in suffering.

He deceives, he humiliates you, while you strive to excuse him. Moreover, I do not wish to inspire you with hatred and resentment; but with calmness and indifference. The character of that man carries with it the actions of his life. never can you change him. Make up your mind and think of yourself."

"Of myself! that is of myself alone! of myself without love and without hope!"

"Think of the divine art, Consuelo, would you dare to say you love that solely for the sake of Anzoletto?"

"I have loved art for its own sake likewise; I have never separated in my thought those two inseparable things; my life and that of Anzoletto. I do not see how there can remain any power in me to love any thing, when the necessary half of my life shall be taken away."

"Anzoletto was for you only an idea, and that idea gave you life. You will replace him by another idea more grand, more pure, more vivifying. Your soul, your genius, your being in fine, will no longer be at the mercy of a fragile and deceitful form; you will contemplate the sublime ideal freed from this terrestrial veil; you will soar into heaven and will live in a holy marriage with God himself."

"Do you mean to say that I will become a religieuse, as you formerly advised me?"

"No, you would thereby limit the exercise of your genius to one branch and you must embrace all. Whatever you do and wherever you are, on the stage as in the cloister, you may be a saint, a celestial virgin, the betrothed of the holy ideal."

"What you say presents a sublime meaning, surrounded by mysterious figures. Let me retire, my master, I need time to recollect and to know myself."

"You have said the word, Consuelo, you do need to know yourself. Hitherto you have not known your true self, in surrendering your soul and your future life to a being who is your inferior in every respect. You have not known your destiny, in not seeing that you were born without equal, and therefore without an associate possible in this world. You require solitude, absolute liberty. I wish for you, neither husband, nor lover, nor family, nor passions, nor ties of any kind. It is thus that I have always conceived your existence and comprehended your character. On the day that you give yourself to a mortal, you lose your divinity. Ah! if Mingotti and Molteni, my illustrious pupils, my powerful creations, had been willing to believe me, they would have lived without rivals on the earth. But woman is weak and curious; vanity blinds her, vain desires agitate her,

caprice carries her away. What have they gained from the satisfaction of this restlessness? storms, fatigue, the loss or alteration of their genius. Will you not be more than they, Consuelo? will you not have an ambition superior to all the false goods of this life? Will you not wish to extinguish all the vain desires of your heart in order to seize the most beautiful crown which has ever been granted as a glory to genius?"

Porpora spoke a long while, with an energy and an eloquence which I cannot translate. Consuelo listened to him, with her head bent and her eyes fixed upon the floor. When he had said all.—“My master,” answered she, “you are great, but I am not sufficiently so to comprehend you. It seems to me that you outrage human nature in procribing her most noble passions. It seems to me that you stifle the instincts which God himself has given us, in order to make a sort of deification of a monstrous and antihuman egotism. Perhaps I should understand you better if I were more of a Christian: I will strive to become so; this is what I can promise you.”

She retired, tranquil in appearance, but agitated in the depths of her heart. The great and austere artist accompanied her even to her home, continually indoctrinating, but not able to convince her. He did her much good nevertheless, by opening to her thought a vast field of profound and serious meditations, in which the crime of Anzoleto was buried as a particular fact, serving for a painful but solemn introduction to infinite reveries. She passed long hours in praying, weeping, and reflecting; and then fell asleep with the consciousness of her virtue, and hope in a God willing to teach and to save.

On the next day Porpora came to announce to her that there would be a rehearsal of *Ipermestra* for Stefanini, who was to take Anzoleto's part. This latter was ill, kept his bed, and complained of a loss of voice. Consuelo's first movement was to run to his lodging for the purpose of nursing him. “Save yourself that trouble,” said the professor; “he is perfectly well; the physician of the theatre has ascertained that, and he will go this evening to Corilla's without doubt. But Count Zustiniani, who understands what all this means, and who consents without much regret that he should suspend his débuts, has forbidden the physician to unmask the pretence, and has requested the good Stefanini to return to the stage for a few days.”

“But my God, what does Anzoleto mean to do? Is he so much discouraged as to quit the stage?”

“Yes, the stage of San Samuel. In a month he will leave for France with Corilla. Does that surprise you? He

flies the shadow which you cast upon him. He places his fate in the hands of a less formidable woman, whom also he will betray, when he has no more need of her.”

Consuelo became pale and pressed both her hands upon her heart ready to break. Perhaps she had flattered herself with the hope of bringing Anzoleto back, by gently reproaching him for his fault and offering to suspend her own débuts. This news was as the stroke of a dagger, and the thought of never again seeing him whom she had so loved, could not be realized by her mind.—“Ah! it is an ugly dream,” cried she, “I must go and find him and let him explain this vision. He must not follow that woman, it would be his ruin. I cannot, I will not let him rush headlong into it; I will restrain him, I will make him understand his true interests, if it be true that he can comprehend nothing else.—Come with me, my dear master, do not let us abandon him thus.”

“I would abandon you and forever,” cried Porpora indignant, “if you were to commit such a meanness. What, beseech that wretch, dispute his possession with a Corilla! Ah! Saint Cecilia, mistrust your Bohemian origin, and endeavor to stifle its blind and vagabond instincts. Come let us go: they are waiting for you to rehearse. In spite of yourself, you will have a certain pleasure this evening in singing with a master like Stefanini. You will see a learned, modest, and generous artist.”

He led her to the Theatre, and there for the first time, she felt all the horror of an artist's life, chained to the requirements of the public, condemned to stifle her own feelings, and repress her own emotions in order to obey the feelings and flatter the emotions of others. This rehearsal, then the dressing, and the performance of the evening were a horrible suffering to her. Anzoleto did not show himself. The day after the morrow, she had to appear in an opera buffa of Galuppi: *Arcifanfano re dei matti*. This farce had been chosen to please Stefanini, who was an excellent comic actor. Consuelo must needs exert herself to make those laugh whom she had before made weep. She was brilliant, charming, jocose to the last degree, with death in her soul. Two or three times sobs filled her breast and were vented in a forced gaiety, frightful to be seen by any one who could have understood it. When she returned to her box, she fell into convulsions. The public wished her to come forth again, that they might applaud her; she tarried and they made a horrible uproar; they were ready to break up the benches, to scale the barrier. Stefanini, who went to seek her, found her half dressed, her hair in disorder, pale as a spectre; she allowed herself to be led upon the stage, and there

covered by a shower of flowers, she was obliged to stoop in order to pick up a crown of laurel. “Ah! the savage, ferocious wild beasts!” murmured she, as she reëntered the wing.

“My beauty, said the old singer to her, as he led her by the hand, “you suffer much; but these little things,” added he, presenting a wreath of flowers which he had picked up for her, “are a marvellous specific for all our miseries. You will accustom yourself to them, and a time will come when you will feel your suffering and fatigue on those days only that they forget to crown you.”

“Oh how vain and little they are!” thought the poor Consuelo. Returned to her box, she fainted away literally upon a bed of flowers which had been gathered on the stage, and thrown pell-mell upon the sofa. The tire-woman went out to call a physician. Count Zustiniani remained for some instants alone by the side of his beautiful cantatrice, pale and broken like the beautiful jasmynes which strewed her couch. At that moment of trouble and intoxication, Zustiniani lost his reason, and yielded to the foolish desire of reanimating her by his caresses. But his first kiss was odious to the pure lips of Consuelo. She roused herself to repel him as if it had been the bite of a serpent. “Ah! far from me,” said she, excited in a sort of delirium; “far from me all love, all caresses, and all sweet words! no love! no husband! no lover! no family for me! my master has said it! liberty, the ideal, solitude, glory!” and she burst into such an agony of tears that the Count, terrified, threw himself upon his knees before her, and strove to calm her. But he could say nothing healing to that wounded soul, and his passion, which at that moment had reached its highest paroxysm, expressed itself in spite of him. He understood but too well in her the despair of the betrayed lover. He gave expression to the enthusiasm of a hopeful one. Consuelo appeared to hear him and withdrew her hand from his with a vacant smile, which the Count took for a slight encouragement.

Some men full of tact and penetration in the world, are absurd in such enterprises. The physician arrived and administered a calming remedy in the style which they called *drops*. Consuelo was then enveloped in her mantle and carried to her gondola. The Count entered with her, supporting her in his arms, and always talking of his love, even with a certain eloquence, which it seemed to him must carry conviction. At the end of a quarter of an hour, obtaining no response, he implored a word, a look.

“To what then shall I answer?” said Consuelo to him, rousing herself as it were from a dream; “I have heard nothing.”

Zustiniani, though at first discouraged, thought that no better opportunity could occur, and that this wounded soul would be more accessible at the moment than after reflection and the counsellings of reason. He therefore spoke again, and found the same silence, the same preoccupation, only a sort of instinctive earnestness in repelling his arms and his lips, which could not be mistakes, though it had not the energy of anger. When the gondola reached the landing place, he strove to retain Consuelo yet an instant in order to obtain from her a more encouraging word. "Ah! signor Count," replied she, with a cold sweetness, "excuse the weak condition in which I am; I have not heard well, but I understand. O! yes! I have understood perfectly. I ask you to allow me this night to reflect, to recover from the trouble in which I am. To-morrow, yes,—to-morrow I will reply to you without evasion."

"To-morrow, dear Consuelo, O! that is an age; but I must submit, if you permit me to hope that at least your friendship—"

"O! yes, yes! there is room for hope," replied Consuelo in a strange tone, as she placed her foot upon the bank: "but do not follow me," said she, making an imperious gesture to thrust him back into the interior of the gondola: "otherwise you will have no reason to hope."

Shame and indignation had restored her strength; but a nervous, feverish strength, which found voice in a frightful sardonic laugh as she ascended the stairs.

"You are very joyous, Consuelo!" said to her in the darkness, a voice which almost struck her to the earth. "I congratulate you on your gaiety."

"Ah! yes!" replied she, forcibly seizing Anzoleto's arm, and mounting rapidly with him to her chamber; "I thank you, Anzoleto; you have good reason to congratulate me; I am truly joyous; O! entirely joyous."

Anzoleto, who had heard her, had already lighted the lamp. When the blueish light fell upon their disfigured features, they were afraid, each of the other.

"We are very happy, are we not, Anzoleto!" said she in a harsh voice, and contracting her features with a smile, which brought a torrent of tears over her cheeks. "What do you think of our happiness?"

"I think Consuelo," replied he, with a bitter smile and dry eyes, "that we have had some pains in subscribing to it, but that we shall end by becoming accustomed—"

"You have seemed to me already well accustomed to the boudoir of Corilla."

"And as for you, I find you also well

accustomed to the gondola of the Signor Count."

"The Signor Count!—You knew then Anzoleto, that the Count wished to make me his mistress!"

"And it was not to hinder you, my dear, that I discreetly beat a retreat."

"Ah you knew that! and that was the time you chose to abandon me!"

"Have I not done well, and are you not satisfied with your lot! The Count is a magnificent lover, and the poor fallen débutant could not have contended with him, I imagine!"

"Porpora was right: you are an infamous man. Out of this house! you do not deserve that I should justify myself, and it seems as if I should be sullied by having a regret for you. Out, I say! But know beforehand that you can make your début at Venice, and re-appear at San Samuel with Corilla: never again shall the daughter of my mother tread those ignoble boards, they call the stage."

"The daughter of your mother the Zingara goes then to play the great lady at Zustiniani's villa, on the banks of the Brenta? That will be a beautiful existence and I am rejoiced at it."

"O my mother!" said Consuelo, turning towards her bed and throwing herself on her knees beside it, with her face buried in the covering which had served as a winding sheet for the Zingara.

Anzoleto was frightened and penetrated by this energetic movement, and by the terrible sobs which he could hear rending Consuelo's bosom. Remorse struck a heavy blow upon his, and he approached to take his friend in his arms, and to raise her. But she arose of herself, and repelling him with a savage force, she threw him towards the door, crying to him:—"Out of my room, out of my heart, out of my memory! to all eternity, adieu! adieu!"

Anzoleto had come to find her with a thought of atrocious selfishness, and it was moreover the best he could conceive. He had not felt strength enough separate from her, and he had discovered a middle course to conciliate all: this was to tell her that he was threatened in her honor by the amorous projects of Zustiniani, and thus to withdraw her from the stage. There was in this resolution, a homage rendered to the purity and pride of Consuelo. He knew that she was incapable of assenting to an equivocal position, and of accepting a protection which would make her blush. There was still in his culpable and corrupted soul, an immovable faith in the innocence of this young girl, whom he expected to find as chaste, as faithful, as devoted, as he had left her some days before. But how can we reconcile this religious feeling towards

her, with the arranged intention of deceiving her, of remaining her betrothed, her friend, and not breaking with Corilla! He wished to make this latter reënter with him upon the stage, and could not think of detaching himself from her at a moment when his success was about to depend upon her entirely. This bold and mean plan was nevertheless formed in his thought, and he treated Consuelo like one of those madonnas, whose protection the Italian women implore in the hour of repentance, and whose faces they veil in the hour of sin.

When he saw her so brilliant and apparently so gay at the theatre in her comic part, he began to fear lest he had lost too much time in maturing his project. When he saw her enter the gondola of the Count and approach with a burst of convulsive laughter, not comprehending the distress of that soul in delirium, he thought he had come too late, and rage seized upon him. But when he saw her raise herself above his insults and drive him away with contempt, his respect for her returned with fear, and he wandered a long time upon the staircase and the bank, waiting for her to recall him! He even ventured to knock, and implore her forgiveness through the door. But a deep silence reigned in that chamber, whose threshold he was never more to pass with Consuelo. He retired, confused and vexed, promising himself to return on the morrow, and flattering himself that he would be more fortunate. "After all," said he, "my project will succeed; she knows the Count's love; the job is half done." Overcome by fatigue, he slept late, and in the afternoon he went to see Corilla. "Grand news!" cried she, stretching out her arms: "Consuelo has gone!"

"Gone! and with whom, great God! and to what country!"

"To Vienna, whither Porpora has sent her to await his own coming. She cheated us all, the little mask. She was engaged for the Imperial theatre, where Porpora is to produce his new opera."

"Gone! gone without saying a word to me!" cried Anzoleto, rushing towards the door.

"Oh! it will do you no good to hunt for her in Venice," said Corilla with a malicious laugh and a look of triumph. "She embarked for Palestrina with the break of day, and is now far from here on the main land. Zustiniani, who thought himself beloved and was deceived, is furious; he is in bed with the fever. But he sent Porpora to me a short time since to ask me to sing this evening; and Stefanini, who is very tired of the stage and is impatient to go and enjoy the pleasures of retreat in his chateau, is very desirous to have you resume your

débuts. Therefore determine to reappear to-morrow in Ipermestra. As for me, I am going to the rehearsal: they are waiting for me. You can, if you do not believe me, take a turn through the city, and convince yourself of the truth."

"Ah! fury!" cried Anzoleto, "you have gained your point, but you tear my life from me." And he fell in a swoon upon the Persian carpet of the courtesan.

To be Continued.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O stream, forever fresh and full,
That gleamest through the plain!
For thee the punctual spring returns,
To steep thy banks with rain;
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.
O Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer on thy path
The dews of heaven are shed.
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering waters ran,
The dust alone remains.

Graham's Magazine.

LETTER FROM BROADWAY.—NO. III. TO THE HARBINGER.

I have the greatest pleasure in assuring you that the HARBINGER is received with great and increasing favor in New York, that its circle of readers (and I hope subscribers, although this does not always follow directly,) is weekly widening and deepening; for it is beginning to make its way among different strata of population from its own, which is a most desirable object. The plan of the paper has evidently been well chosen; adapted admirably to the important part it has to play, and to the characters and times among which it is to be played. The absolute dearth of every thing in periodical literature with any life or freshness in it, recommends the Harbinger very widely to a general perusal, among the better informed of those who dislike, or are indifferent to the peculiar doctrines it advocates. This is a great point gained; and already I see the good effects of this state of things in the conversations of literary circles, and even in fashionable society. At the theatre, in hotels, on steamboats, in the picture-gallery, every where,—common-place conversation is often interrupted by a discursive discussion of some topic in the Harbinger; and thus are the people becoming gradually familiarized to the presence of that which they will at last have the courage to examine. Last night I heard a fashionably dressed man and woman, on their way to the Alhambra, engaged in a most

deep and earnest discussion of the *practicability* of Association. Eloquent truths and fitly spoken, came to me between the waves of omnibus-rattle and villainous cigar-smoke! Is not this something? In fact, I begin to note a marked pervasion of all common things, with a new and creative spirit. It does actually sometimes seem to me as if the world had been divinely breathed upon anew, and as if some great and glorious miracle were again about to be performed.

Since my last we have had a great fire in New York. What do you think? Five millions worth of Silks, Teas, Wines, Furs, French Plate Glass, &c. &c., has been consumed, and the mercantile community lavish their sympathies upon the unfortunate sufferers. Half a score of human skeletons lie buried beneath the ruins, and a hundred poor families have been deprived of a bed to sleep on, or the few poor clothes they had. Well, let us do the rich men ample justice; the First Ward is very aristocratic and very wealthy. Fifty of its leading men contributed a thousand dollars for the relief of these hundred families; twenty dollars apiece. This was surely liberal, as times go: and especially, when it is considered that these poor burnt-out wretches have helped to enrich their employers, by working for one sixth or one tenth their fair proportion of the income of society, all their miserable lives.

This fire is a pregnant subject of reflection, and presents some thoughts on the architecture of cities, worthy to be discussed by a far abler pen than mine. To me it has appeared, ever since childhood, that the subject of architecture and building in cities, is less understood and more distorted from the true idea of harmony and symmetry, than almost any thing else I see about me. The tall, dark, and gloomy edifices and streets into which merchants all cram themselves to save a little space, which might easily be overcome by means of transportation; the poor, ill-provided, and worse ventilated tenements which the wealthy landlord erects for the poverty-cursed tenant,—and which he must take or have none, as all houses are alike whose rents are within his means; the filthy and inconvenient workshops of many trades; the magnificent, airy and costly edifices, in which impertinence peddles law and justice to ignorance; the grandness and extent of our pauper-houses and hospitals; the superlative quality and expensiveness of the churches, every where erected in honor of "the meek and lowly Jesus;" the vastness of our public prisons; all these grotesque yet painful contrasts in city architecture, have made me heart-sick. Yet one gets bravely over such squeamishness,

they tell me, but it takes me longer than the rest; for even now I never go about among the poor, and see in what utter squalidness of poverty they live, in what filthy and disgusting odors they breathe, and how uncomfortably, how miserably they eat and sleep,—without wishing for the power of converting all things into their realities, and thus restoring that universal harmony which is, after all, the only real fact extant.

It was a sublime and awful spectacle, the blazing City, as tall house after house fell crashing to the ground, and rousing whole clouds of fiery dust, which rained flakes of flame over the infuriate and choking crowd, and fell hissing into the water for miles down the Bay. When I first saw the flame darting its keen tongues into the still grey air of the cold dawn, I was two miles off in Broadway; and as I went towards the scene, it seemed like walking right into the perspective of a picture. Gradually the stillness and beauty of the canvass began to quicken into reality, as a laggard fireman hurried by with his coat upon his arm, or a drowsy watchman awakened from his morning nap to gaze with lack-lustre eyes. And now the street rapidly thickened with people; the anxious faces of friends stopped a moment to tell me that it was "a terrific fire," "the whole City must inevitably go," and other commonplaces of terror, and the crackling roar of the conflagration, the shouts of the engineers, the murmur of the frightened throng, filled ear and brain, while the eye drank in gigantic shapes of sublime and fearful devastation. The picture had become reality.

But the strangest, the most picturesque, and by much the mournfullest scene of any, was that on the Battery, by moonlight the next evening. In the broad line of that glorious promenade, where the dead smoke of the smothered conflagration kept up a never-ceasing war with the fresh sea-breeze, crouched a thousand people, men, women, and children, barricaded with beds, and broken boules, and disjointed tables, and creaking cradles, whom the last few hours had driven from their dens like rats from their holes, and left houseless and homeless, and yet very little worse off than they had been in their best. Nay, as I saw these weary and woe-begone women sitting upon their heels, weeping desolately over their pale, wan, and sickly children, whose faint lips moved gratefully in the fresh breeze, from the dancing water, and whose eyes seemed to be dimly inquiring their destiny of the golden moon, gushing down through the cool musical branches, I doubted if these poor creatures had not gained by the exchange of home for this calm bivouac beneath the starry night.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

Merrily sings the fluttering Bob-o-link,
Whose trilling song above the meadow
floats;
The eager air speeds tremulous to drink
The bubbling sweetness of the liquid notes,
Whose silver cadences do rise and sink,
Shift, glide, and shiver, like the trembling
notes
In the full gush of sunset; one might think
Some potent charm had turned the auroral
flame
Of the night-kindling North to harmony
That in one gurgling rush of sweetness came
Mocking the ear as once it mocked the eye,
With varying beauties twinkling fitfully.
Low hovering in the air his song he sings
As if he shook it from his trembling wings.
The Herald of Freedom.

For the Harbinger.

UNION OF ALL REFORMERS, FOR ONE GREAT REFORM.

The evils that afflict society have been criticised by the progressive spirit of the age, and organized efforts have been made for their correction.

Every prominent abuse of the human faculties, every prevailing vice, every oppressive and degrading relation that prevails, has caused the friends of humanity to array themselves in bands, for the purpose of resisting, and if possible of eradicating, some one or more of the evils that disgrace our age and country, and these bands have been justly entitled Reformers.

The Democratic Party is an organization of reformers, whose principles tend to perfecting our political system, by securing to each citizen the greatest amount of individual independence, but they have made but little progress, because their leaders, corrupted by place and power, have almost always found that their interests were hostile to the principles of their constituents.

The Abolition movement, sincere, ardent, heroic with attacks upon chattel slavery, has not succeeded, because those engaged in it have not perceived that it was only one of the many modes of oppression that the productive laborer has to endure, which every where condemn him to ignorance and want.

The Temperance reformers have done much real good, but they find a constant tendency to reaction, from the great inducements to accumulate wealth by a traffic injurious to society; from the too frequent profligacy of the rich, and from the despair of the weak, who fail in the universal conflict of interests, and from the merely animal education that is the lot of the mass.

The Peace Societies are built upon a noble foundation of justice and philanthropy, but must not expect success in establishing permanent peace, or its pa-

rent, justice, in the intercourse of nations, while the internal affairs of life are in all their ramifications, established upon the right of conquest. Why shall not the laws, which create motives in all men to obtain from all their fellow citizens, by cunning, or any force not expressly forbidden by the law, all their lands, houses, goods, wares, and merchandize, also stimulate nations to foreign conquest and warlike aggression!

The Moral Reform Society and its auxiliaries are engaged in a noble attempt, but are entirely unable to stem the headlong tide of depravity, which is the natural result of the false and corrupting relation that exists between capital and labor; continually increasing the power of the luxurious Idler to spread the allurements to infamy in the presence of half-starved and squalid industrials.

Associationists, a rapidly increasing band of Reformers, are also earnest in their endeavors to evade the evils of the age, and by constructing a township upon principles of scientific justice, they hope to lead the way to a brighter future for Humanity.

The National Reformers, who contend for the freedom of the public lands, are also striving for the right, and with most heroic energy; and if right gave might, they would have all the power their principles demand.

Still none of these reforms has any other rational hope of complete success, except by and through the union of all these reforms, in one grand, constructive, conservative, and radical movement.

There are several principles of our social polity, which are universally accepted as maxims of government, which touch the heart of each of these questions. Any one of these political maxims, if carried into full effect, would soon cure all the ills for which these several classes of reforms are seeking a remedy; as for example,

Tenures of Land. The feudal tenures of land were granted to the landholders for such considerations as would be the best guarantee for the cultivation of the land and the support of the cultivator. Were the same considerations exacted now, we should never hear a human being complain for want of employment, nor a people complaining of scarcity or high prices.

Taxation. It is an accepted maxim, that to repel invasion, the government has the right to draw the last grain of corn, the last dollar in money, and the last drop of blood in the nation. Now we, the people of these United States, are invaded by powers foreign to the principles of our social compact, namely; we are invaded by countless hordes of men and women, whose destiny, under the present system, is ignorance, want, vice, and

every manner of degradation. We are invaded by monopolized land and machinery, with all the social horrors that afflict Europe at this time, and which are sure to follow in their train. We are not only invaded, but subjugated by the common law, and other state mechanism, derived from Great Britain, which have no positive power except to do wrong, and only a negative power to do right. All these invaders of the Democratic principle can be conquered by the judicious and constitutional use of the taxing power, applied to check monopolies and secure an independent sphere of labor to each citizen, and a full and complete education to each child.

There is wisdom, there is virtue, there is philanthropy enough in the reformers of the present day, if they will come together in a loving and liberal spirit, to devise a peaceful, and thorough plan of national, state, county, and town, reform. Therefore, brethren in the cause of human progress, do not fail to attend the meeting for that great object, on the *second Tuesday in October next.*

For the Harbinger.

THE SCEPTICISM OF THE AGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

In the age in which we live, the elements of a new social and religious unity are floating, scattered throughout a great conflict of efforts and wishes, the object of which is just beginning to be understood, and the links of connection to be forged by some superior spirits only; and even they did not arrive at once at the hope which now sustains them. Their faith has passed through a thousand trials; it has escaped a thousand dangers; it has surmounted a thousand sufferings; it has been opposed by all the elements of dissolution in which it had its birth; and even now, combatted and repelled by the egotism, the corruption, and the cupidity of the times, it undergoes a kind of martyrdom, and issues slowly from the bosom of the ruins which strive to bury it. If the great intelligences and the great souls of the century have been obliged to struggle with such trials, how much more must beings of a humbler condition and a more common stamp have doubted and trembled in passing through this era of atheism and despair!

When we have heard raised above this hell of wailings and of curses, the great voices of our sceptically religious, or religiously sceptical poets, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Byron, Mickiewicz; expressions so powerful and sublime, of the dread, the ennui, and the sorrow with which this generation is stricken, have we not with reason attributed to ourselves the right of breathing forth our wail also; and of crying, as did the dis-

ciples of Jesus: "Lord! Lord! we perish!" How many of us have taken the pen to tell of the deep wounds our souls have received, and to reproach contemporary humanity with not having built for us an ark in which we could find a refuge from the tempest.

Above us, do we not find examples among those poets, who, from the energy of their genius, seem more in unison with the hardy spirit of the age? Did not Hugo inscribe "Necessity" upon the frontispiece of his most beautiful romance? Did not Dumas draw in his *Anthony* a beautiful and great soul in despair? Did not Joseph Delorme breathe forth a song of desolation? Did not Barbier cast a sombre glance over this world, which appeared to him only through the terrors of the hell of Dante? And we, inexperienced artists, who follow in their footsteps, have we not been fed upon the bitter manna which they have spread upon the *desert of mankind*? Were not our first essays plaintive chants? Have we not tried to tune our timid lyre to the pitch of their brilliant one? How many of us, I repeat, have answered to them from afar by a chorus of groans?

We were so many that we could not be numbered. And many among us who have again become attached to the life of the age, many others, who have found in pretended or sincere convictions, a countenance or a consolation, now look back and are terrified to see that so few years, so few months perhaps, divide them from their age of doubt, their time of affliction.

According to the poetic expression of one among us, who at least, has remained faithful to his religious sorrow, we have all doubled the cape of Tempests, around which the storm had so long kept us wandering and half wrecked; we have all entered the Pacific ocean, in the resignation of mature age; a few, sweeping along with full sails, filled with hope and strength; the greater number, panting and powerless, from having suffered too much. Well! whatever be the Pharos which has lighted us, whatever the port which has given us shelter, shall we have the bad faith to deny our fatigues, our reverses and our imminent danger of shipwreck? Shall a puerile self love, the dream of a false greatness, make us wish to efface the remembrance of the terrors we of the cries we uttered in our torments? Can we, ought we attempt it. For myself, I think not. The higher our claim to be sincerely and loyally converted to new doctrines, the more ought we to confess the truth, and allow to others the right of judging our past doubts and errors. It is solely on this condition that they can know and appreciate our actual

belief; for each of us holds a place, however small it may be, in the history of the age. Posterity will enregister indeed only the great names, but the shout we have raised will not fall back into the silence of eternal night; it will have awakened the echoes; it will have excited controversies; it will have impelled intolerant spirits to stifle its burst, and generous intelligences to soften its bitterness; it will, in a word, have produced all the good and evil which were its Providential mission to produce; for doubt and despair are severe maladies, which the human race must undergo to accomplish its religious progress. Doubt is a sacred, imprescriptible right of the human conscience, which examines, to adopt or to reject its belief. Despair is the fatal crisis, the fearful paroxysm. But, O my God! that despair is a great thing. It is the most ardent appeal of the soul towards thee; it is the most unimpeachable evidence of thy existence in us, of thy love for us, since we cannot lose the certainty of that existence and the feeling of that love, without falling at once into a frightful night, full of terror and mortal anguish.

I do not hesitate to believe, that the Divinity has a paternal solicitude for those, who, far from denying Him in the intoxication of vice, weep for Him in the horror of solitude; and if he veil himself forever from the eyes of those who discuss him with a cold arrogance, he is very near to reveal himself to those who seek him in tears.

In the strange and magnificent poem of the *Dziady*, the Conrade of Mickiewicz is sustained by angels, at the very moment when he rolls in the dust, cursing God who abandons him: and Byron's Manfred refuses to the spirit of evil that soul which the demon has so long tortured, but which escapes him at the hour of death.

This beautiful prayer must have been breathed by Barry Cornwall's heart, while sitting at his quiet fire-side, looking in the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his "golden-tressed Adelaide."

'TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.'

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Touch us gently, Time:

Let us glide down the stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three,
One is lost,—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time:

We've not proud and soaring wings;
Our ambition, *Our content*,
Lies in little things.

Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime,
Touch us gently, gentle time!

CLAIMS OF AGRICULTURE UPON THE
BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

To Merchants, Manufacturers and others
on the Calamities of Trade:

The vicissitudes attendant on trade have essentially aided in enforcing the claims and advantages of Agriculture upon the attention of the business community generally, upon the Manufacturer, Mechanic, Merchant, and "professional man," as upon the "natural born" Farmer himself.

Singular as it may seem to the unreflecting, the statistics of our cities and towns will prove that the operations of the trading world are subjected to more than lottery-like uncertainty, for whereas, in lotteries there may be not "two blanks to a prize," there is a still larger proportion of disaster resulting to persons whose fortunes are embarked in trade.

The history of the trading community, in almost any given district, conclusively proves the startling fact that full three quarters (aye, even a larger portion) of merchants and manufacturers are driven from their stores with shattered fortunes and mind depressed; aggravated by the reflection that in prosperity they had neglected to make suitable provision of agricultural property and knowledge, which would have provided a comfortable homestead, at least, for their declining years; thus guarding their families from being thrown upon the cold charity of the world, or from having recourse for a wretched and precarious livelihood to some revolting employment.

Though Farming holds out no decoying hopes of large fortunes to be *speedily* realised, it furnishes, if pursued with economy and industry, in the first place a certain shelter, with unfailing means of comfort and independence to those who apply their intellect as well as diligence in cultivating the soil; and in what branch of industry can intellect be more advantageously employed for promoting individual happiness and national welfare?

Far be it from our thoughts, in any wise to undervalue the importance of mercantile and manufacturing pursuits; too highly do we esteem them, as promoters of civilization and indispensable purchasers and consumers of the surplus fruits of Agricultural industry itself. The Merchant and Manufacturer, when just and liberal, as well as intelligent and enterprising, may be classed among the noblest of our race; for doubly honored should they be, who, daily beset with the multitudinous allurements of the world, and exposed to its most unexpected and trying vicissitudes, yet, in spite of all these, pursue the course of honor triumphantly through life. But surely a reasonable degree of attention to Agriculture and Horticulture; attention in storing the mind with valuable information on the theory and practice of arts which lie at the bottom of all earthly pursuits. Surely, surely, such attention cannot injuriously interfere with assiduous devotion to commercial and other industrial pursuits, but, on the contrary, afford, by diversity, that occasional recreation which gives power to prosecute them more vigorously.

The history of the whole trading community speaks volumes of admonition on the importance of making for your families, in days of prosperous adventure, some *certain substantial terra firma* provision, however small, for your families.

Even amid the turmoil with which we are surrounded in these large cities, the following startling assertions, made recently in public discourse by a distinguished citizen of New England, will scarcely fail to force their way to the anxious attention of every prudent business man. We respectfully wish it to be borne in mind, that it will be one of the leading objects of the FARMERS' LIBRARY, to aid in attracting the attention of such men toward the pleasures and advantages of rural pursuits, and to inculcate on all such the propriety of securing (while fortune enables them honestly to secure,) a comfortable little farm, however small, for "the family," where the trader, unfortunate in business, as a large portion of them sooner or later become, may spend the evening of his life, with the comforting reflection that, while he could justly do it, he had the prudence and intelligence to provide a homestead, beyond the reach of fraud or accident at home, or the disasters of the sea. For such men, as well as for those whose only business now is Agriculture, we design the "FARMERS' LIBRARY," and flatter ourselves that we may look to the trading community, to the prosperous Manufacturer, and the fortunate Mechanic, for such a share of patronage as will indicate that the comforts and amusements of Agriculture and Horticulture are daily appreciated in the intervals of business; and that they agree with us in the opinion, that nothing can be more expedient than to provide a *snug farm* as a retreat for wives and children, when driven from the city by enfeebled health, declining business, or, otherwise, total bankruptcy, — until circumstances lead him to occupy it himself, it may afford an honorable field of industry and intellectual employment for a son, who might otherwise be wasting his life and energies in town; or may be rented at a saving interest to a good tenant. To either of these, the "FARMERS' LIBRARY, and Monthly Journal of Agriculture," might be turned over, to excite in the one a fondness for agricultural science and literature, and so practically instruct the tenant as to secure certain improvement of his property and easy payment of his rent.

Let those who have not carefully reflected on these matters, now maturely consider the statements made by Gen. DEARBORN, in a Lecture delivered before the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. While contrasting Agricultural and Mercantile pursuits, he remarked that men should instil into their sons a *love of Agriculture*. He declared that he would prefer a cottage in the country, with five acres of ground, to the most splendid palace that could be erected in the city, if he must depend upon the success of merchandize to support it. He then went on to say, "that having been some fifteen years in the Custom-house, in Boston, he was surprised to find, at the close of his term, an entire new set of men doing business there. This induced him to look into the subject, and he ascertained, after much time and research, that ninety-seven out of every hundred who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, *failed*, or died insolvent. He then submitted his calculation to an old merchant of great experience, who confirmed it in every particular.

"The statement made by General Dearborn, appeared so startling, so appalling,"

says an intelligent observer, "that I was induced to examine it with much care, and I regret to say I found it true. I then called upon a friend of mine, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800, he took a memorandum of every person on long wharf, and that in 1840, (which is as long as a merchant continues business,) only five in one hundred remained. They had all in that time either *failed* or *died* destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union Bank (a very strong bank); he told me that the bank commenced business in 1798, that there was then but one other bank in Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the bank was so overrun with business, that the clerks and officers were obliged to work until twelve o'clock at night, and all Sundays; that they had occasion to look back a year or two ago, and they found that of the one thousand accounts which were open with them in starting, only six remained; they had in the forty years either all *failed* or *died destitute of property*. Houses whose paper passed without a question, had all gone down in that time. Bankruptcy, said he, is like death, and almost as certain; they fall single and alone, and are thus forgotten, but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who *fails young*. Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the Probate Office a few years since, and he was surprised that over ninety per cent. of all the estates settled there, were insolvent. And within a few days, I have gone back to the incorporation of our banks in Boston. I have a list of the directors since they started. This is, however, a very unfair way of testing the rule, for bank directors are the most substantial men in the community. In the old bank, over *one-third* had failed in forty years, and in the new bank a much larger proportion. I am sorry to present you with so gloomy a picture, and I trust you will instil into your sons, as Gen. Dearborn recommends, a love of agriculture, for, in mercantile pursuits, they will fail to a dead certainty."

Are the business men of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, more prudent, sagacious or successful than those of Boston? And whether they are or not, the foregoing extraordinary facts indicate the propriety with which we invoke the business community, to bestow more attention upon *Agriculture*, for recreation in the season of prosperity, and for sure refuge in adversity.

The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture, (consisting each number of not less than 100 pages,) of which the first number is herewith presented to the public, was established partly with a view to supplying Merchants and Manufacturers, as well as Farmers with every species of information connected with the culture and management of Farms and Gardens; and under a proper sense of the liberality with which well-meant enterprises of this sort are sustained by all enlightened communities, we confidently anticipate a reasonable share of that patronage, which will enable us to extend our usefulness in the broad field upon which we have entered. — *Farmers' Library.*

Science is a battle-field from which no one comes off without a wound. He that fears being wounded ought never to enter it, and he that cries when he is hit, is no brave man.

In the history of systems, the hour of triumph is often the hour of fall.

DR. BUCHANAN THE NEUROLOGIST.

New York, July 26, 1845.

TO THE HARBINGER:

The following article, about Dr. Buchanan and his wonderful discoveries, has been sent to me, marked, in the "South Western Farmer," Raymond, Mississippi, the editor of which paper has gotten hold, somehow, away down there in the cane-brake, of some capital ideas; and I don't know how I can do so much good with it in any other way, as by sending it to you. I do this for two reasons: first, to bear testimony to the talent, integrity, and truly noble character of Dr. Buchanan, who is well known to me; and, next, to show how far and how deep the new thoughts which are bursting forth in the heart of humanity, already begin to glow and burn. "Raymond, Mississippi," a little metropolis of cotton plantations, surrounded by negro slaves and brutal task-masters, whose streets echo more frequently to the crack of the negro whip, the cry of the lacerated victim, the vacant laugh of the midnight carousal, or the pistol-shot of a street brawl, than to any more humanizing sounds, has a Press which dares to talk without winking, about "Neurology, Mesmerism, Swedenborgianism, Socialism"! — where are we going? and what is about to happen?

But I ought to tell you, that this good, honest Editor is sorely bestead in his perilous course. The same paper from which I take the extract I send you, contains an appeal to his delinquent subscribers to pay up a portion of their dues, and thus save him from "sacrificing a home which he had purchased for the shelter of his family," — which, however, he is ready to do if they *won't* pay! Good fellow! brave fellow! may God reward you; for truly, you have fallen on an evil place, for the promulgation of such a creed as your's must be.

"THE NEW SCIENCE OF NEUROLOGY. The founder of this new science, Dr. Jos. R. Buchanan, of Louisville, Kentucky, has recently delivered in our village, nearly a dozen lectures; three of them public, and the remainder to a private class of some fifteen gentlemen. Having been well acquainted with Dr. Buchanan personally some five years, and still longer as a fellow inquirer after Truth, it was to us a matter of unaffected joy to hail his arrival in our midst.

"Many of our readers are desirous to keep up, if possible, with the history of the remarkable phenomena now exhibited in the scientific world; and although it would not be proper, in such a journal as ours, to give even an outline of Neurology, yet we feel that we should be unjustifiable if we passed over these lectures in perfect silence. A brief notice shall, then, be given.

"The term Neurology is derived from two words, signifying the science of the Nerves, or *Nerve Science*. While defining, we will mention, moreover, that An-

thropology means the science of Man, or Human Nature; in other words, *Man Science*: and that Psychology means the science of Spirit, or *Soul Science*.

"The connection, as discovered by Dr. B., between the brain and every part of the system, through the instrumentality of the nerves, is of such a nature, that each function of the human body is found to have a portion of the brain corresponding to that function; and, moreover, that by exciting any given organ upon the cranium of an impressible subject, a development of the function corresponding thereto, will be produced. To explain: By exciting the organs about the eyebrow, the perceptive faculties are invigorated in their action; by exciting the posterior organs, the passions are aroused; and, by exciting certain of the lateral organs, sickness of the stomach, relaxation of the system, and even perspiration can be produced at will. Some of these experiments, when made upon highly impressible subjects, are truly astonishing.

"To some minds, these discoveries may seem to be totally unconnected with practical life; but we regard them as possessing a high degree of importance. Indeed, it seems to us that every new discovered truth has its bearing, in a thousand ways, upon all other truths.

"It will certainly be for the benefit of the producers of wealth, the great toiling millions, to discover as early as possible, a Synthesis of Science. In other words, it is desirable—nay, it is to be longed for by every philanthropic bosom,—that some unitary principle should be evolved, whereby all the elements of human knowledge, which now seem diverse, may be united into one,—that all the fragments of truth, which now seem antagonistic, may become harmonized. The labors of the most learned and the most philanthropic men of the day have such an end in view. To gain that end, a thick wilderness, appalling to common minds, must be traversed,—must be worked through,—must be felled, and grubbed up, and overcome, sufficiently at least, for a foot path. The shortest and surest path, yet suggested by science, is the one in which Dr. Buchanan is now toiling, as a pioneer, to mark out. The old maxim "*Know Thyself*," lies at the foundation of all his labors; and, in his efforts to become acquainted with himself, with his race, with the whole structure of man, in all his aspects, he has discovered a clue to the howling wilderness, a key to the intricate labyrinth of Human Nature, whereby the elements, which analysis had separated, may be reduced to one in Synthesis. A hundred years ago, one of the most remarkable men of earth declared that Man was a Type of Creation. The science of man, then—that is, Anthropology—does necessarily include all science.

"The light which Neurology throws upon Anthropology, in each of its ramifications, is cheering; but we have been most struck with its bearing upon Psychology. A few streaks of the dawning light, in regard to this branch, were clearly beheld by our class,—an earnest of the rising orb, which cannot long be delayed in its glorious career.

"We are aware that many of our readers object to all such speculations as these, and regard us as a visionary enthusiast; but, willing as we are to please, we cannot stifle our deep convictions, in order to keep on good terms with the doubters.

Science presents herself, at the present day, in phases which appal the timid. Neurology, Mesmerism, Swedenborgism, Socialism,—all these are before the public,—personified in the light of brilliant intellects, whose shining cannot be hid. No man, by shutting his eyes, can shut off the effulgence which is now beaming from those luminaries.

"Be thou a spirit of health, * * * * *
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

"Such subjects are worthy of investigation by inquiring minds,—if it be for no other purpose than to refute the pretensions of their advocates, where those pretensions are untenable.

"There are some among our readers who will weigh these remarks, and who will be solicitous to investigate the science of Neurology. To all such we recommend Dr. Buchanan's work on the subject, which may be expected to appear in a year or more." N.

REVIEW.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke. By PARKE GODWIN. Part I. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845.

We shall not forget our first acquaintance with this delightful writer. We had been wearying our brain with Fichte and Schelling and the mystic Novalis, when by chance we fell upon a large volume of Zschökke. The relief was unspeakable. We were brought to nature and life once more. The human affections, which we had lost sight of, again assumed their just value. We apprehended that we were not machines for thought and imagination merely, but that it is "the human heart by which we live." From that time, Zschökke has been one of our prime favorites. Among all writers of tales we know no one who surpasses him in elevation and delicacy of sentiment, depth of feeling, or truth of perception. He writes from the heart,—not the heart of a sentimental dreamer,—not the superficial, moonlight aspiration after the "unfathomable somewhat" which is reckoned to be such great things in some regions, but from the heart of a man, who has red blood and not white. In him the human passions are real; he is a man of genuine feelings, and his words do not fail to touch these chords in others. He has withal a most gay humor which throws one oftentimes into the healthiest laughter. His satire too has never a touch of personal spite, though it hits fairly the mark at which it is directed.

Zschökke is not insensible to the inherent ridiculousness of many things in civilized life, to say nothing of its more positive faults. And indeed for our own part, profound as is our sense of the terrible vices which civilization brings in its train, making Christendom one great

leper, we sometimes think that the absurdity of the whole business is greater even than its moral depravity. Of his ideas upon these matters our author gives some expression in the "*Fool of the Nineteenth Century*," from which admirable story we shall give an extract in our next paper.

The translation is flowing and graceful, and does full justice to the original. From the Editor's Preface we extract these words:—

"Zschökke, it has been remarked, was greatly troubled with religious misgivings. He tried to read and reason them down; he found a temporary support in the philosophy of Kant; but it was all in vain. Only after he had engaged earnestly in patriotic exertion; only after he gave himself to deeds of active benevolence,—did these distressing feelings leave him, and the gospel of Christ reveal itself to his mind as truth Divine. He passed from the dark and tempestuous abyss, on which he had floated, up into the serene heaven of a living Faith, not through the narrow gateway of a wretched Logic, but along the broad and beautiful road of actual Work. When he ceased to wrestle with the grim spectres of the imagination, and addressed himself with true manly earnestness, to the great business of life, he found peace."

We trust that the public will display so just an appreciation of these tales, as to make the publication of the "*Complete Collection*," promised by the Editor, a matter of course. We can assure our friends that this volume is only a small draft upon the treasures of the author.

Prose and Verse. By THOMAS HOOD. Part I. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845.

We are happy to see the works of our beloved and departed friend,—for our friend he was, though we knew him only through his writings,—in this neat and convenient form.

The present volume contains "*The Pugsley Papers*," "*The Dream of Eugene Aran*," several short pieces in Prose and Verse, "*Literary Reminiscences*," "*Miss Kilmansegg* and her Precious Leg" and concludes with three or four exquisite little poems. These pieces are of various degrees of merit, but with all the faults criticism might find with some of them, they give evidence of the man; his wit, his exhaustless humanity, his gentle scorn for all meanness, the sweet poesy that had a perpetual abode in his soul, and the power that at will fills the mind of every reader with the awe and chill of tragedy without that vulgar sensation of horror which inferior mechanical artists produce. We hope that the publication here commenced may be followed up, until we shall have a reprint of all of Hood's works, at least all that belong properly to him. We shall hereafter make extracts from this volume.

The Parsonage of Mora, or Life in Dalecarlia. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by WILLIAM HOWITT. New York: Harper and Brothers, 89 Cliff Street. Boston, for sale by Redding and Co., 8 State Street.

With Miss Bremer's "Neighbors" a new luminary rose in our literary horizon, and all will remember the universal satisfaction with which it was received. Compared with the books that covered our tables, this admiration was hardly exaggerated. After the gas-lights and trumpery of Bulwer, and the machine-creations of James, any glimpses of honest nature and healthy sentiment were sure of a welcome. Faults enough there were in the book, but they were overlooked almost by common consent; our pleasure in our new Scandinavian friends would not permit more than one aspect of their character to be recognized.

We have since had many visitors from the same quarter, and can now perhaps speak more impartially concerning them. Of this latest comer it is to be said, that it is in no wise astonishing. It gives us the same picture of domestic life, with reprints, slightly varied, of characters Miss Bremer has already more than once introduced us to. The same quiet virtues, the same extravagant eccentricities, and the same atmosphere of overstrained sentimentality, which have appeared in her former writings, are here again produced upon the stage.

Miss Bremer's notions of life, though perhaps wider than those which most people are blessed with, are not the most generous possible. She is, let it be said, with all her truth and delicacy, essentially a *civilizee*. She does not understand that there are new and unknown social territories which Humanity has yet to conquer, and that civilization is only its temporary halting place, and a pitiful one into the bargain. Could her spiritual eye be opened to behold the Destiny of Man on Earth, her books would be written in a higher strain. She would then have the satisfaction of laboring directly for the progress of society, and we should be spared the weak speculations into which her mystical tendencies, unguided, so often betray her.

Pen and Ink Sketches, by a Cosmopolitan; to which is added Chatterton, a Romance of Literary Life. Boston: Wm. Hayden and Thomas M. Brewer, Atlas Office. 1845.

These agreeable sketches, with which all readers of the Boston Atlas are familiar, are reprinted in book form, in compliance with the public demand. They contain a variety of curious and interesting information with regard to English literati, derived mainly from the personal knowledge of the author. To commend them is unnecessary.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE SECRET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

There lay the maiden I had loved
Upon her bier she lay,
Near her, with bitterest anguish moved,
I sat the night away.
Her eyes were closed, her hands were cold,
Her warm heart was a stone,
Gone was the life from her sweet lips,
Her cheeks fresh glow was gone.

Then in the dim, uncertain light,
In order solemnly,
A band, in robes of flowing white,
Moving I seemed to see;
They were the angels that had dwelt
Long time around her heart;
In Heaven they sought the soul they felt
Was of themselves a part.

About her mouth, now shut in death,
A prayer-like smile arose,
Such as a Sabbath morning's breath
Might fling upon a rose.
One instant, — kneeling at her side, —
Could it be possible!
Some word of sense unknown, my bride,
As a last dear farewell,

Somewhat from yonder world to me
In holy trust had brought,
That from the bier's dark canopy
Her new-opened eye had caught, —
"O say" I cried, "by all our love,
Tell me how is it there,
For, save to truer joys above,
Thee hence, death shall not bear."

She answered neither yea nor nay,
She that kept naught from me,
Still, like an angel, there she lay,
After a victory.
O passing all astonishment
Is heaven, pure and fair;
In kindness was her silence meant, —
Patience! she waits me there.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn.
Like the sweetheart of the Sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf down and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON DURING THE LAST WINTER.

2. CONCERTS OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Of these the principal feature, as we have said, was the symphonies of Beethoven. One of these constituted the solid part, the meat, as it were, of each night's entertainment; while for dressings there was the usual variety of fanciful and taking overtures, in which of course Auber came in for a large share, with those popular children of his, *Zanetta*, and *L'Estocque* and the rest. Nor was there wanting "milk for babes" in the shape of occasional solos, songs, and some simple vocal pieces admirably performed by a well-balanced choir of about a hundred voices, under the conduct of Mr. Webb, who style themselves the "Musical Education Society."

We say *admirably* performed. The introduction of this choir should not pass without notice. Although it chose a very humble range in respect of the compositions which it brought forward, there was that in its execution of the simplest things which revealed for the first time, we fancy, to many the miraculous power there is in perfect proportion and mutual coöperation of parts. It was truly *concerted* music, in a higher degree than has been heard before among us. It was indeed an experience to hear that *Jubilate* of Beethoven so well sung. There was a most rare *ensemble* and a perfect blending among the voices; the sound flowed forth as one, and seemed all-pervading like the slowly lifted wind among pine groves, as it feels its way from leaf to leaf, testing the responsive quality of each, till the ever-growing, deep, sublime low murmur becomes universal, and they are all found true. The coöperation here was so complete that the mechanical effort effected its own delivery into a higher sphere of freedom, where every thing mechanical is forgotten; each separate voice became transfused with the whole; and what they essayed together coolly surprised themselves and all with a miraculous birth of spiritual beauty, an emotion in which all souls rose and blended. To have taken part in so rare a success must, we think, have been a great thing for each one of the performers. For though they seemed but average men and women, yet by this experience of succeeding in a common attempt to realize a unity with one another by the creation of beauty for the moment, all must have been refined and elevated, have felt that they had set foot each of them within the circle of a new element, and that their lives had risen a degree in moral pitch. To do a thing

well is to learn something, even in an individual effort; but such a collective success, and where the end is beauty, is nothing less than a positive revelation to all concerned in it. We trust this choir, inspired with their own success, will hold together and do greater things. May we not look to them one day for the production of Mozart's Masses! or are these exquisite foretastes of our private musical readings still to be disappointed of any public production and public acknowledgement of the treasures which it is sweet agony to know and not to share with all!

We waited with trembling expectation for Beethoven's Overture to "*Egmont*" to begin; so powerful a hold had it acquired upon us in a mere piano-forte arrangement, that to hear it announced for a full orchestra was like hearing that the friend had arrived, whose great soul you had long owned and loved through letters. It could not but be grand, however poorly performed, to one already imbued with it. What a perfect overture! how truly *Egmont*, and how thoroughly Beethoven's! An overture in the strict sense of the word; for it opens the gloomy page of history which follows in the play; it is a condensation of all that is to follow; it transports you to the place and time when such things could be facts; it colors your bright, every-day consciousness down to the sombre background which befits the stern apparitions that are to play before it; it sends the tremulous heart-beat, the vague involuntary apprehension through all your nerves, till you are prepared for scenes in which the very air quaked with fear. All the terror, all the love, the wild commotion, the swift fatality, the grotesque contrasts of breathless tragedy and uproarious mirth, with which Goethe has known how to form a living picture of the dread entrance of the Duke of Alva into the Netherlands in the times of Philip II, are reproduced and anticipated in this wonderful music, and thus become emotions with the hearer before they pass before his eyes and thoughts. Music enacts the drama within you. It drowns out of memory all that could distract you from the world into which Art would introduce you; effects your complete deliverance from the tyrannizing presence of actual things about you; steepens you, as it were, in the atmosphere of the play, and then it is the fault of the poet if you lose any of his poetry. This is the true function of an Overture. And in this Beethoven has succeeded as no other could. He has actually translated the whole play into that short piece of music; he had felt it till it became assimilated with his own essence, till it became fluid again, and he could create it anew in

a form of music. O! for a performance worthy of it.

We were disappointed; the public of course, were disappointed, who depended on the performance wholly for their conception of the piece. What a night-mare it gave one, to sit amid a dead, indifferent multitude, when music so intense, so deep, so grand, so crowded with the hurry and the passion of life, was actually being performed! Why was it? Because the orchestra did not understand it; had not attained to anything more than a mechanical execution of it, each playing his part for himself, without feeling all the other parts; and chiefly because it was played altogether too fast. This is the common mistake with all our orchestras, especially when they undertake Beethoven. It is true that the expression, the sentiment of the *Egmont* overture, is rapid, fearfully and fatally rapid, like the tragedy of *Macbeth*. It allows the mind no pause, but rushes to its consummation. It is a very natural and childish mistake to think to represent this rapidity by playing fast, by starting all the instruments on a steeple-chase, helter skelter, fast as you can, and all come out together. Even if they do get through it without breaking rank and file, it is an awkward business at best; the thought of the awkwardness fills them, instead of the great conception of the composer. Not so does *he* put energy and fire into his piece; not by such obvious, *simplistic* methods, (pardon a phrase of Fourier,) does he create in the hearer's mind the sense of rapidity; but by a subtler and deeper art; by an appeal to feelings, by quickening thought,—not fiddle-bows and elbows,—by a judicious poetic development of his theme. The swiftest time in music may check all motion of the hearer's imagination; as the hardest blowing or thumping of the instrument may utterly fail of power. There is a secret about these effects which Art can only learn by reverent and patient study of Nature. A poem may be written in slow, stately verse, which shall impart to the mind the speed of a race-horse or a whirlwind. No one would think of reading *Macbeth* any faster than is consistent with the ease and dignity of good delivery; and yet how swift the bloody drama sweeps you away, in its arms of Fate, to its close. Depend upon it, Beethoven, too, will bear a tempo moderate enough, even in his dizziest "*raptus*," to allow our dull, physical ears and nerves to catch the full sound of his mighty chords and weigh them one by one, ere they have flown by forever. His masses are too great to sacrifice any of the grandeur of their movement to a quickness that does not quicken; there is a certain repose about great things which will not let itself be run away with.

Undoubtedly, the time of this overture is rapid. But there are limits to all things. An object may fly past you so swiftly that you will not see it; nor is the ear less subject to such limitation. It is said that the rate of the different kinds of musical movement has become accelerated uniformly, and still tends constantly to gain; that which was once *Allegretto* is now *Andante*, &c. Hurry, we know, is the tendency of the times in all things; and why not, too, of measured time, in music? But whatever the bustle here below, the stars keep on their quiet round, and the Gods lose not their serenity. Art is the Olympus of this work-day world; its great master-spirits are stately and self-poised, and independent of the whirl. Caricature them not by making them march to the double quick time of your restlessness.

Besides the feverish spirit of the age, there is another reason why the musical chronometer keeps gaining. It is the fashion of Solo-playing. "*Virtuosos*" have it their own way; their aim is to astonish; their study to master the greatest difficulties, and bring out hitherto unknown capacities in their instruments. The music must be written accordingly; the public taste has been so long pampered by it, that now men go to concerts with set purpose to be dazzled and astounded, and not for any deep enjoyment, or lasting influence. The piano, for instance, must do the impossible, and represent a whole orchestra, speak through all its octaves at once. This cannot be done by simultaneous strokes with one pair of hands; the natural recourse is to lightning-like rapidity of successive strokes; swift runs, arpeggios, and tremolos, by taxing execution to the utmost, leave the ear so little space betwixt note and note, that a great breadth of tone results which you would scarce suppose one instrument capable of. But in the orchestra, and in great choirs, there is no occasion for such arts as these; there, great effects require not to be represented, because they actually exist; the spaces need not to be imitated in fresco perspective, as in some of our churches, because they stand there bodily. Certainly, a respect is due to great classical compositions; and when they come upon the stage, they should come to give law, and not to receive it; for are they not greater than all we have now! Is not Beethoven the source whence many an arrowy mountain stream, like *Liszt*, and many a shining mill-fall, like *Thalberg*, and many a jet-d'eau of *Ole Bull's* and *Paganini's*, to say nothing of numberless canals, derive their waters? Let them rush to glory as they will; but when they lead us to their spring, their master, we would see it well up calmly, strongly, as its own force impels, as it would if they

were not. Why must the grand old masters be whipped into unnatural speed by the fiddle-bow of every modern concert-master, and made to serve an end for which they never wrote, the gratification of a public before which they would not have condescended to appear!—But this episode has cost us another postponement of the Symphonies.

REED'S PUBLICATIONS. We have received from G. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, the first five numbers of "*Melodies Italianes*," for Flute and Piano, by Wm. Forde. The series will comprise twelve. Lovers of the flute, who want something short, not difficult, and yet more effective than many a labored string of variations, will do well to try them. The arrangements of Forde are favorites with flute-players. They are always faithful and in good taste. In the present case, the themes are well selected, and the few embellishments or variations in which he modestly indulges, are chaste and in good keeping, and flow naturally and gracefully out of the spirit of the piece. They make excellent parlor music, where no great virtuosity is sought.

"*Three Rondos*," by Louis Kufferath, easy and fingered, of a very graceful and pleasing character, for young performers, have also waited too long for a notice.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

MORAL REFORM. NO. II.

III. 1. The first cause of licentiousness is to be found in a vicious organization, derived from parents of low appetites and of defective intellect and affection. This subject can but be touched upon. But James P. Greaves told the simple truth, when he said once to a lady, with more good sense, certainly, than good taste, "Madam, reform must begin in the marriage-bed." The Shakers are teachers of lessons on this point, which all may hearken to. Were there more Virgin Marys among the mothers, there would be fewer Mary Magdalens among the daughters. Tens of thousands of children now inherit monstrous and morbid desires from impure parents. The race of man universally is degenerate, in the excess of sexual appetite. Unchastity is not confined to brothels; it enters our homes.

The cure must be something resembling

in kind, though more exalted in degree and more broad in its scope, than the plan suggested under the last head, in relation to the Pledge of Chastity. We need universally to be born anew upon the subject of the SACREDNESS OF BECOMING PARENTS. We need to be made universally and habitually to feel, as the very few scarcely ever now feel, that the transmission of existence is the most solemn and responsible function of earthly life. A race of parents thus inspired with a holy love, could not leave to their offspring the legacy of a predisposition to licentiousness. But how can we train and discipline such a race of parents in our corrupt society? Must we not withdraw from life as it now is, in order to make this fountain-head of purity a possible attainment? We need Associations of men and women, chaste as the Catholic celibates in spirit, yet without asceticism; whose first care shall be universal Health, Temperance, Purity.

2. The second cause of licentiousness, or rather, the second series of causes, is to be found in our modes of neglecting children. In the house, in the school, in the work-shop, children now corrupt each other. Even the children of the rich and refined, pour into each other's minds and hearts obscenities of word and example, which sow the misletoe on the most towering and noble natures. They are premature in knowledge, and hear and repeat what they should be strangers to. And how is it with the children of the poor, huddled and heaped in crowded dwellings, with foulness of speech and conduct, poisoning the very air they breathe? What possibility is there for delicacy? Again, in the intercourse of the street, of the school, of the playground, and the party, how much is curiosity whetted, and imagination fired by innuendoes, scandal, tittle tattle. Lastly, if one will but open his eyes to what is passing in places where children are brought together to labor, in large manufactories, or in the smaller branches of trade, he cannot but see how, as society is now constructed, the fresh simplicity of youth is blighted by promiscuous contact of those of different ages and of both sexes. In many a work-shop in our cities, the very playfulness of children opens the pathway to an ever-deepening career of degradation. Allusion is enough on so painful a theme. It is only wonderful that parents are so blind to the perils of their children, when the very scars of their own wounds in the thickets of youthful temptation, are scarcely healed.

There is but one cure for these prolific sources of vice. It may be found in obeying this maxim: "*Children should never, day or night, playing or working, at home or abroad, be left without a guardian.*" This rule is the result of most patient and

anxious observation of life. Children are social, they love to herd with each other; it is well they should do so. But they need, and they like to have, a leading mind among them, to quicken their imaginations, to suggest plans, to save them from tedium, and to be an arbiter and a conscience, as it were. The sportiveness of children is heightened, not impaired, by the presence of one older, if the person is sympathetic and genial. Society should be so organized, that children may have a band of Mentors, frequently changed, among them, who may see that the beautiful privacy which Nature has thrown around the sexual relations, may never even by allusion, be violated. *Let us preserve children innocent.* How can it be done in existing communities? It is mockery even to suggest it.

3. A third series of causes of licentiousness, is to be found in the modes of life of the young adult population, who are learning trades and living out at service. Think for a moment of the undeniable fact, that in all our cities and towns, everywhere, indeed, except on the farms, and even there to some degree, there are whole classes, to be numbered by the thousand and million, who, at the very season of life when the blood is warmest, the fancy most lively, the principles weak, the will strong, and experience slight, are sent away from home and all the natural restraints of life, to take care of themselves. Think of the host of apprentices, poorly housed, uncomfortably boarded, with no place of retreat, scarcely, and no elder friends to advise; working hard all day, needing amusement at night; slightly educated, having few mental incitements, &c., who crowd our cities. Think of the equal host of young seamstresses, milliners, book-folders, fancy workers, domestics, shop-tenders, who come from the country to town, to earn a living. Is it strange, that at the pleasure-gardens, at balls, private and public, at religious meetings, too, alas! such young people should form acquaintance, commence intimacies, carry on flirtations, first playful then serious, and be swept away in a vortex of excitement, to find themselves stranded and wrecked?

Add the consideration, that exhausting labors make amusements necessary; that the absence of mental culture on both sides, naturally produces frivolousness; that the hours of going to and coming from places of work, from church, &c., facilitates clandestine meetings; and finally, that poverty and small gains, and generally, uncertain prospects, aggravates the recklessness which is always too strong in youth, — and certainly, we may well be surprised, not that there is so much, but that there is so little, licentiousness.

There is a peculiar temptation to American youth, too, in the universal *passion for dress*, and respectable appearance, which our love of equality and social levelling stimulates. Many a girl has sold herself, that she might be decked out with garments which her scanty wages would not allow her to buy.

One last consideration is, that from the congregating of so many young operatives in all branches, in our cities, large classes of girls are liable to be thrown out of employment by every change in the markets. Alone, poor, tempted, idle, ignorant, how easily they are lured into vice. Young men, too, without employment in which to act off their surplus vigor and spirits, almost inevitably contract dissipated habits. Irregular occupation introduces many into irregular indulgence.

Now for all these temptations there is but one cure. It is such an arrangement of Society, as shall keep the young at home under the constant influence of wise elders; with high examples round them; amid incitements to intellectual effort and noble action; with pure amusements, strengthening and exalting games, always alternating with toil; under the atmospheric pressure of a pure public conscience in the community; and finally, with some prospect of honorable preferment clearly open. Young men, young women, so guarded and upheld, would not cast themselves away. Pure, holy marriage would hover before them, on their path of self-improvement, as a vision of Eden.

4. We have but a word to say, in relation to a fourth cause of licentiousness; we mean uncongenial marriages; because the discussion of this subject of Marriage opens so wide a field. But this is plain. Marriages are now too often mercenary, hasty, ill-sorted. And again, as life is now arranged, husbands and wives are separated necessarily for the great part of the day; their occupations, companions, interests, tastes, amusements, are different; and of course, year by year, the tone of their minds becomes more unharmonious, to say the least; more discordant, rather. Let any one look through his circle of acquaintances and answer, whether genuine unions, where heart, mind, and deeds are in concert between husband and wife, are not the *exceptions* in married life? What wonder, then, that unfaithfulness occurs? Nay! is it not wonderful that it is so rare!

This only can we now say, in relation to the cure of this most fatal, tragic, and disastrous cause of licentiousness. (1) Just in the degree in which you organize society in such a way as to secure for every woman and every man pecuniary independence, you destroy the temptation to mercenary motives in marrying; and

so put away that abominable form of legalized prostitution. (2) Just in the degree, again, in which you bring young people intimately together, in work, study and amusement, so that each one may watch the other's development, and all may understand thoroughly their respective capacities and tendencies, do you make uncongenial connections improbable.

(3) Just in the degree in which you unite husbands and wives, in all the scenes and times of business, culture, and recreation, do you increase the likelihood of their remaining one in heart and mind, every day linked more closely, as mutual educators and mutual guardians. (4) Finally, and chiefly, just in the degree in which *Woman is made the chief* in marriage relations and marriage arrangements, will purity pervade them. This will be considered by many a heresy; the truly enlightened will receive it as an axiom. MARRIAGE IS WOMAN'S WORLD, to rule, to glorify; it is a world she must redeem. The world over, where man has regulated marriage, woman has been debased; and by her fall man has ruined himself. Modern society is marked by no tendency so characteristic as the progressive elevation of woman. Secure her rights to education, free industry, pecuniary independence, and lastly, *legislation* over manners, and over marriage first of all, and we shall not be far from Paradise Regained.

Association will secure these four most important and desirable results.

To conclude, then, we would say to our Moral Reformers, we see no sure way of effecting the great change in manners, which you are aiming at, except by Social Reorganization, on the basis of United Interests. Association, we are confident, will utterly exterminate Licentiousness. And nothing else will. Many people have imagined, to be sure, that the result would be an increase of this evil. But a single word will disabuse them.

In Society, as now constructed, it is perfectly easy for men and women, married and single, to carry on illicit connections, year in year out, with inviolate secrecy. And just in the degree of the increase of population, does the facility for clandestine intercourse increase. Is it possible to keep up in a large city, an oversight of each other, which a person of even moderate cunning cannot avoid? *Secrecy*, the possibility of doing deeds of darkness in by-places, is the grand tempter in our isolated modes of life.

Now in any truly organized Association, every one must be more or less under the eye of the whole community.

But it is not chiefly in the way of restraint that organized action produces self-command and purity. Rather is it by the constant suggestion of generous motives,

—by the trust and confidence reposed in every man and woman, — by the sentiment of loyalty, kept ever fresh, — by the pride in preserving the corporate honor inviolate, — and by the constant incentive to worthy, disinterested deeds, that all will be turned away from courses at once dishonest and disgraceful.

How easy would it be for an Associationist, when insulted with the foul suggestions, which the penny-a-liners of the press concoct in their impure imaginations, to throw back the taunt upon our existing communities. To a New-Yorker it would certainly be easy to say, "neighbor, depend upon it, you never could construct, nor for a week hold together, an Association in which every eighth adult woman shall be a prostitute; and yet such by undeniable statistics, is the condition of that Christian, Commercial Metropolis."

But the subject is too sad for such recriminations. With Association begins a new world of purity and holy affection, of bright romance, of honor, courtesy, and generous devotedness.

TRADING AND FARMING.

Under the head of Miscellany, we have copied an article from the "Farmers' Library," (the work recently established by Greeley and McElrath, under the editorial care of John S. Skinner, and noticed in a late Harbinger,) on the claims of agriculture upon the business community. We hope that it may induce many of our readers to subscribe for the "Library," although they may not be personally engaged in agricultural pursuits; for we can assure them that they will find in this work abundance of matter which cannot fail to interest every inhabitant of the city who has ever lived in the country, or who hopes to retire from the turmoils of business to the freedom and quiet of life on a farm. There is a charm to almost every healthy mind in those descriptions of rural affairs, which awaken recollections of childhood passed in the presence of nature, which bring before us the green valleys and fair hill-sides, the pleasant blossoms of spring, and the wealth of the yellow harvest; we seem to live over again a life that has departed; and we long to be able to end our days in the midst of scenes from which our young hearts gained strength and joy, as we tasted the morning freshness with each new day. This charm is found in an eminent degree in the writings of Mr. Skinner, whenever he treats of country pursuits; he seems to tread his native soil with bounding step, and to win new life from its touch.

We hardly need bespeak the attention of our readers to the views which he presents on the risks and uncertainties of mercantile life. The facts which he ad-

duces are of the most startling character. We have every reason to believe that they are substantially correct. They will find proof and illustration in the experience of every one who is conversant with the business world, even if he should not perceive the inferences to which they lead. But what a commentary do they present on the existing arrangements of civilization! What a biting satire on the life led by the men who claim to lead the world! Do you not see that the principle of antagonism, which is made the life-blood of business bears the curse of God on its face! You labor like slaves in a cotton field for the attainment of wealth; you toil day and night without respite for this end; you lie down with dreams of a shrewd bargain in your brain, and the morning lashes you up to new efforts in your craft; your youthful cheek has lost its bloom before the time; your hair is gray from anxiety, not age; your face is haggard with the sharp wrinkles of thought; the worship of the almighty dollar is seen in every line and feature of your countenance; you take no pleasure in social intercourse; you read no book but your ledger; you have set your heart on making money, and this vile lust has petrified your soul, frozen your blood, poisoned your nature, and set a mark, worse than that of Cain, on your forehead, your language, your walk in the street, the tones of your voice, the very touch of your clammy hand. This, O unmitigated son of Mammon, is thy portrait. We need not go far at any time to see who it is like. The original may be seen in Wall Street or State Street whenever you choose to look for him. And what is the gain of thus selling the soul to the devil! Why, the being cheated out of the wretched price which was offered as an equivalent. Not even the acquisition of wealth is secured to those who are most devoted to the game of mercantile antagonism. The hard earnings of the laborer are wrung from his grasp; all the benefits of a wise and just distribution are lost; and the great mass of adventurers in the mercenary fight, who have lived by preying on others, become themselves the prey of the strongest or luckiest; and general disappointment and wretchedness are the inevitable effects.

Our friend Skinner recommends the pursuit of agriculture as the remedy of the evil. This, no doubt, is a wise suggestion. The cultivation of the land affords a solace which cannot be found in the dusty marts of the city. Far better would it be for multitudes of our young men if they preferred the sinewy toils of the farmer, to the effeminate calling of the trader. They would be happier, wiser, more manful, more in unison with

the true laws of their being, if they applied their ingenuity to turning a straight furrow or cutting a clean swarth, instead of trying to circumvent their neighbor in the game of buying cheap and selling dear. But there is another side to the picture. It must be confessed after all that life on the isolated farm, is not, so magnificent, by many degrees, as it is boasted to be, by amateurs, poets, and gentlemen editors of agricultural journals. Nor is the land, at present, a sure avenue to wealth, or peace of mind. Not many farmers are easy in their pecuniary affairs; they find money the hardest thing in the world to raise; they are crippled for want of capital; they load themselves with debts which lead to improvidence and despair; and thus their whole life becomes one of excessive toil, wearing exposures, perpetual anxiety, and hopeless slavery to the attainment of the material conditions of living. This is the case too often with those who have been familiar from their childhood with agricultural pursuits. No practical skill, no fruits of shrewdness and experience, no vigorous industry, can save them from the disastrous influences of the competition which is the life of business; they suffer in common with all classes in society, without knowing the cause of the evil; they are stung to death before they are aware of the insidious venom which is poured into their vitals from the poisoned weapons of social antagonism.

The case is still worse with those who retire from the city, without experience, without skill, without habits of labor, and without capital, in order to retrieve their shattered fortunes by the profits of farming. In the great majority of instances we are persuaded the experiment would end in deeper disappointment, in more hopeless ruin. If they have become imbued with a taste for the manners and habits of the city, they will find it a matter of no small difficulty to adopt the fashions of the country. If they have "loved to sit at good men's feasts, and live where bells do knoll to church," they will experience a gloom and loneliness in the solitary farm-house, which will grow more and more intolerable every day. The sameness of rural life will wear deeply upon their spirits; they will learn that land will not produce, except by constant toil; dependent on hired labor, they will be duped and vexed by their help in the worst way; weeds and worms will destroy the crops, on which they counted before they were grown; and dreadful pecuniary embarrassment will be the inevitable result.

We are not fond of taking so dark a view of any of the affairs of life. But with our eyes open, we cannot but see the truth. Nor must we shrink from it.

Let us know the worst. So long as the accursed principle of antagonism is made the basis of labor and of trade, there can be no healthy and pleasant relations in either. This principle makes the city a Babel, and the country a prison; it renders both the exchange and the farm detestable; it covers with its pestilent slime every fair and beautiful place on earth; and is gradually killing the souls of men in all the pursuits of modern society.

While we agree then with the respected Editor of the "Library" in his views of the tendency of mercantile pursuits, we cannot believe with him that the pursuits of agriculture provide the means of escaping from the evil. Isolation, antagonism, force, and fraud are thoroughly interwoven with all the business relations of the present day. No half-way measures will remove the impending ruin, with which God must visit the rash contemner of his inviolable laws. A removal from crowded streets to sweet fields will not renovate the diseased system. We should only change the place, but keep the pain. A merciful Providence is warning us in every way that we are in false relations. He sends upon us pecuniary distress, awful convulsions in commercial affairs, sickness of body and sickness of soul, a tormenting sense of satiety blended with a tormenting sense of want, in order to show us that we have departed from the fair and smooth paths for which he has made the foot of man. It is all too true, as we confess when saying our prayers each Sunday morning, with knees bended on velvet cushions, in an atmosphere breathing perfumes, and our dainty fingers glittering with diamond rings, "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep; we have followed the devices and desires of our own hearts; and there is no health in us." We must then return to the Lord, on whose ordinances we have trampled; we must organize our social relations, in solemn reverence before his law; his spirit of love must move upon our waters of strife; and then a creation of harmonious proportions will take the place of our present discordant chaos; the bliss of heaven will descend on earth; the morning stars will sing together, and all the sons of God will shout for joy; while the Lord will look upon every thing which he has made, and behold, it will be very good.

☞ The Boston Emancipator has the following just tribute to the poetical article of J. G. Whittier, which appeared in our paper of the 26th ult.:

"LAMENT FOR SOPHIA STURGE. The whole compass of literature does not contain a nobler or more deserved Funeral

Lament than the following, written on the decease of one of the best of women, by a poet of a kindred spirit, whose heart and soul speak out through his verse. Who can fail to reverence the religious faith and discipline in which such minds are trained to such excellence, however much they may vary from his own possessions."

The Editor of the *Emancipator* is requested to give credit to the *Harbinger* for the poem, which act of courtesy and justice was omitted, we presume inadvertently.

☐ We publish in another column a communication from a valued friend on a "union of reformers." The writer appears to suppose that action through the ballot-box may, provided different classes of reformers can be brought to move in concert, establish a state of general justice, abundance and happiness. His ideas are not very distinctly presented, but so far as we apprehend them, they do not altogether satisfy our judgment. We do not doubt that valuable improvements may and must be made in the laws, in proportion to the progress of intelligence, but we cannot anticipate through any efforts a very speedy or very extensive amelioration of them. With regard to a union of reformers, nothing would give us more satisfaction. If they can be combined in one grand movement, which shall have for its object the extirpation of the social causes of war, slavery, intemperance, licentiousness, and poverty, we shall indeed feel that the day of our redemption draws nigh. We trust that the plan of reform which our friend speaks of, will look to the protection of all the rights, the conciliation of all the interests, and the satisfaction of all the necessities of society, to the end that it may enlist all sane thinking men under its banner.

But to this end it must, to our minds, act more directly and efficiently than any alterations in the laws or in political relations. It must be social in its operation, and do its work by the power of resistless attraction.

☐ Our attention has been drawn to an article in the *American Review* for July, by John Quincy Adams, on "Society and Civilization." Among many things which to us seem altogether erroneous, and which result from the want of fixed principles of investigation, the venerable ex-president declares that "the great problem of legislation is, so to organize the civil government of a community, that in the operation of human institutions upon social action, self-love and social may be the same." We accept this statement as true, as far as it goes, and inquire what legislator has a solution of the problem, or even a notion of its real nature? Who knows the method of

thus harmonizing the individual with the general interest? We imagine that Mr. Adams's proposition is pregnant with a broader meaning than its author was aware, and that an attentive and impartial reflection upon it might lead to conclusions, which have not yet entered the minds of our leaders, political and philosophical. We fear that when questions of serious and permanent importance, like that Mr. Adams brings forward, are presented, not a few who make great figures in public affairs, will most wisely preserve a very profound silence.

There is a solution to this problem, a solution which answers all its conditions. It is found in the science of Association, which teaches the natural method of harmonizing in unity all the interests of society, and which preserving the individuality of each person, giving him even a greater degree of freedom than belongs to what Mr. Adams calls the "hunting state," combines him with all the other members of Society, as completely as the different muscles are combined in the human body.

☐ One of our correspondents, whose letter appeared in the *Harbinger* of the 26th ult., stated that the Ohio Phalanx had dissolved, and that the members were leaving the Domain. This, we learn, is not so. Mr. Grant, the former President, has withdrawn, but the body of the members remain. The difficulty has been want of means. We trust that the Association will withstand this difficulty, and persevere in laying the foundation of a future Phalanx.

THE BENEFITS OF CIVILIZATION.

We were most painfully impressed with a sense of the benefits of civilization, a few days since, on hearing a distressed wife and mother report the success of her husband for labor. He is nearly blind, and consequently unable to work at his trade, which is that of a cap-maker. He applied to the White Lead Factory for employment, having seen an advertisement for workmen at that establishment—"We would employ you if you were an *Irishman*," was the reply of the overseer. "Why not employ me, being an American?" he asked. "Because you cannot stand the labor; it will kill you in a week. *We use up an Irishman a month!*" was the reply. The manufacture of white lead has become a lucrative and extensive business in Boston, and its deadly influence upon the health of the operatives who perform certain portions of the labor, has become notorious. The colic, so deadly and so prevalent among the lead mines of the West, as some assert, is reproduced here in the most aggravated form: while the deleterious gases inhaled, destroy or sap the very fountains of physical vigor and sanity, "*use up an Irishman a month!*" What a blighting influence must be shed upon the noblest features of the human character by this

heartless competition for the "almighty dollar!" What wonder that the "dollar hunters" should growl like so many hungry wolves, when Reform seeks to take so potent a Devil by the horn! This incident is one of the faintest illustrations of the "tender mercies" of civilization. Could we look beneath the veil which hides the social and moral world of our large cities, the filth, corruption, misery and wrong which we should behold, would frighten the most obtuse conservative alive. But,—*nil desperandum!*—*Boston Investigator.*

A SUMMER IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Our eye, says the *Boston Traveller*, has just fallen upon an account of New England Summers, written *two hundred years ago*, by one who appears to have been a close observer of "times and seasons."

"The Summers be hot and dry, there being seldom any rains. I have known it six or seven weeks before one shower hath moistened the plowman's labor; yet the harvest hath been very good, the Indian corn requiring more heat than wet. In former times the rain came seldom, but very violently, continuing his drops (which were great and many) sometimes four-and-twenty hours together,—sometimes eight-and-forty—which watered the ground for a long time after; but of late the seasons be much altered, the rain coming much oftener, but moderately. I dare be bold to affirm it, that I saw not so much rain, raw colds and misty fogs in four years in these New England parts, as was in Old England in the space of four months the past winter."

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August 9, 1845.

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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VOLUME I

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

NUMBER 10.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

ARCHITECTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

SOCIAL CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHANGES IN ARCHITECTURE.

There are for buildings, as for Societies, methods adapted to each Social Period.

CH. FOURIER.

SECTION I.

Do not all the ideas which they apply daily to their wants, their pleasures, their conveniences, do they not each bear the character of the idea to which they owe their birth? Is not a book the sign of a plan which man has formed to collect his ideas as it were in one body? Is not a carriage the sign of a plan which man has formed for the rapid transportation of himself without fatigue? Is not a house the sign of a plan which man has formed to procure for himself a commodious life, under shelter from bad weather?

SAINT MARTIN.

Architectural arrangements vary with the nature and form of the societies of which they are the image. They reflect their internal constitution, or rather they are the faithful reflex thereof; they characterize it with marvellous exactness.

We might lay this down as a principle, and establish it *a priori*; but here we are going to give a sensible demonstration of it, by a rapid glance at the variations and the successive movements of architectural art in the different social periods

Transport yourself, first, into the bosom of a horde of savages; examine the *kraal* of a black tribe established upon the banks of a river in Africa, or the wigwams of a horde of Red Skins in the prairies of the great Savannas and virgin forests of America. There no culture, no industry, no landed property: carelessness and liberty form the salient characters of this period. Now see how the habitation of man is in conformity with these characters. It is nothing but a frail construction of earth, of moss, and branches, which he puts up without trouble and abandons without regret, whenever the chase or war command the settlement to move.

Fishing, hunting, and fighting, are the only elements upon which the activity of the savage develops itself. So the bones of fishes, which serve him for hooks, the bow and arrow, with which he reaches his prey in the middle of the forests; his offensive weapons, the tomahawk, javelin, and scalping knife, and the skulls of the enemies whom he has slain, compose, with the skins of quadrupeds, and feathers of birds, the only ornaments of his abode.

Such is the construction, such the decoration: All the characters of the period are there. The hut tells you the whole life of the savage. In this state of feebleness and infancy, humanity leaves no trace of its passage, its foot makes no mark upon the soil; it does not change the aspect of the places in which it has resided.

The roving Arab bears his house upon a camel's back, always ready, in his wandering life, to pitch his tent where he finds a gushing spring and pasture for his flocks. So complete is the correspondence, that when you pronounce the word, Arab, you figure to yourself the man of the desert, his horse, his camel and his tent. The gross Laplander winters in a smoky subterraneous cabin, and this architecture also is in harmony with his habits and his manners.

Then come the thick and battlemented towers of the feudal seignior, with heavy, massive walls, like his own warrior's cuirass; the strong-hold upon the summit of a rock, which it grasps with its foundations of stone and mortar, as a kite would with its claws: and below this towering manor, which proudly commands the country round, rise from the earth about the slope of the hill, like so many mole-hills, the miserable cabins of the vassals, the humble sandal to its giant foot.

Then there is the Cathedral of the middle age, powerful and mysterious assemblage of massiveness and of lightness, at once imposing and graceful, airy and severe; the cathedral which springs its sharp and brilliant ogives in the great

shadows of the naves, where cross capriciously their marvellous contours.— There are the thousand little columns which group themselves together and shoot boldly up to heaven, like sky-rockets of stone; the thousand sculptures, holy and satanic; the thousand figures, angelic and grotesque; virgins and monsters; cherubims and unclean animals; ambiguous creatures,—bristling all over the immense edifice, as it stands there indented with angles and squares, embroidered, pierced with loop-holes, fragile, sonorous, and trembling to the wind, dull and heavy in its mass, and squarely seated on its base. And above all this, the towers miraculously placed in the air, above the atmosphere of men, inhabiting a superior sphere, from whence issue, like voices from heaven, the voices of the bells, with melancholy and prolonged vibrations heard far around, and summoning the faithful to the worship of the Lord. This Cathedral, it is the powerful Theocracy which has taken its form and put on its robe of granite; this cathedral, which has its foot upon the houses of men and its head in the heavens, is made for the celebration of the mysteries of a religion of terror and of love, of paradise and of hell, as the hut of branches is made for the man of the Cape or the Floridas, the tent for the man of the desert, and the smoky cellar for the man of the Polar regions.

In the hut, humanity sleeps its first sleep, and makes its first experiment of life; then, when force and intelligence begin to come to it, it labors in the cabin, it makes war from the strong castle, it prays, hopes, trembles, and becomes inspired in the temple and the cathedral.

Art follows man step by step in his successive initiations: its plastic power gives sensible forms to all the progressive conquests which the intelligence and activity of man acquire over nature. Art sets its seal upon these conquests.

Matter is inert, the mind alone is active. The mind moulds and petrifies matter. The thought gives the form.

Man, both the individual and the race, paints himself, like God, in his works; and hence it is that there is an intimate relation, a perfect correspondence between the state of Art amongst any people, and the state of its manners and customs, in a word, between Art and social life.

Now the art which gives to man his dwelling, is the first of all arts, that around which all the others group, like vassals around their sovereign. Sculpture, Painting, Music, and even Poetry, cannot produce their grand effects except they be coördinated and harmonized in an architectural whole. Architecture is the pivotal art; it is the art which sums up all the others, consequently which sums up society itself: — Architecture writes history.

SECTION II.

Architecture writes history.

So, do you wish to know and to appreciate the civilization in which we live? Mount the belfry of the village, or the high towers of Notre-Dame de Paris.

First a spectacle of disorder strikes your eyes: Walls overreaching, choking, jostling one another in a thousand grotesque forms; roofs raised and lowered with every possible inclination; gable ends naked, cold, pierced with here and there a grated opening; tangled enclosures; constructions of every age and every fashion, which mask and deprive each other of air, of view, and of light.

Great cities, and Paris especially, are sad spectacles to any one who has the idea of order and of harmony, to any one who thinks of the social anarchy which is represented in relief, with such crude fidelity, by this shapeless mass, this confused intrenchment of houses, covered with their angular roofs, sloping, broken, huddled together, armed with their metallic lightning-rods, with their iron weather vanes, with their innumerable chimneys, which portray still better the incoherence and the isolation which reign there.

So, thanks to the absence of *ensemble*, of *harmony*, of architectural forethought and adaptation of parts, see how man is lodged in the capital of the civilized world!

There are in Paris a million of men, women, and unhappy children, who are cooped up in a narrow circle, where the houses crowd upon each other, raising their half-a dozen low, squat stories one above another: Moreover, six hundred thousand of these inhabitants live without air or light, in deep, slimy, sombre courts, in moist cellars, in garrets open to the rain, to winds, rats, insects; and from the bottom to the top, from the cellar to the leads, all is dilapidation, me-

phitic exhalation, misery and uncleanness.

This great foul fact is a necessity, since it is a reality, and whatever is, is fated. But observe, it is a necessity of your society which has realized this fact; it is an expression of the human combinations which have produced it, and not an absolute necessity springing from the natural order.

And since the effect is foul, deleterious, deadly to man, observe that the grand and primordial cause from which it was engendered, that the cause from which it derives the reason of its being, in short that the social principle is bad and subversive. Ye who reply to every criticism, to every denunciation which you hear made of evil, by that great word *Necessity*, ye who affirm that evil is a natural condition, a fatality, imposed upon man by the very essence of things, say if, here as elsewhere, the evil has its source in a false social combination, or in that overruling *Necessity* of which you speak, in that *Necessity* which is your unique, your impious, idiotic, bestial reply! — This poisonous atmosphere in which agglomerations of humanity are swarming, is it a fact of nature, or a fact of man? Is it from the divine hand, or only from mere human hands!

Say, is it an air that conceals malady and the germs of death, is it *such* an air that you breathe when you roam over the meadows, the woods, the glades of the forest, the banks of the rivers, and the borders of the sea? when you walk through the tall waving grass-fields, as they sparkle in the morning with the pearls and diamonds of the dew, as they raise the thousand heads of the flowers which form for them so rich and beautiful an ornament, as they exhale beneath the sun, a thousand sweet breaths, and say to you with a thousand perfumed voices, — that God has placed man on a favorable earth, that nature is propitious and good to him.

And if there are in the creation maleficent races, unclean species, has not man the power to vanquish and destroy them? and if there are fetid marshes, sterile deserts and torrid zones, is it not because man, neglecting the task assigned to him, and governing badly his domain, suffers himself to be encroached upon where he ought to create and command? And are not these great sores of nature an attestation of disorder, a punishment merited by man, a revelation of his social deviation, an index set up by the side of his dangerous route to warn him of the precipice, — a powerful voice, the voice of woe, the only voice by which nature can speak to man when he loses the true path of his destiny, and which cries incessantly in his ears: "Thou art going astray, thou art

on the wrong road; thou art not in thy law, thou art not in thy destiny;" — is it not a Sign, in short!

O! how good and helpful is this nature! and how has human thought perverted human thought, not to comprehend this great voice, so full of maternal solicitude! — What then? When at evening you return from these beautiful fields, do you not comprehend it in the vegetation so luxurious, in the sky so warm and colored, in the pure waters, in the soft and hazy distance, in the sweet perfumes? When you return from all this in the evening, with health in your body, and with life in your soul, and when you come back into your fetid cities, and breathe their foul air, their deadly miasmata, then do you not comprehend it!

And when you see dying around you your little children and your young girls of seventeen, you say: "*Evil is a necessity, the earth is given over to Evil, Man is for Evil, it is the will of God.*" — The will of God!! — O silence! silence, for you blaspheme God!

Did God make Paris, — or did men! — Behold! Answer! There is Paris:

All those windows, all those doorways, all those openings, are so many mouths that ask for air to breathe: — and above all that you may see, when there is no wind, an atmosphere of lead, dull and of a dirty blueish grey, composed of all the exhalations of that great filthy sink. — That atmosphere is the crown which the great capital wears upon its head; — it is in that atmosphere that Paris draws its breath; underneath there it stifles. — Paris, it is an immense laboratory of putrefaction, where misery, pestilence and disease labor in concert, where neither air nor sun can penetrate. Paris, it is a bad spot, where the plants dwindle and perish, where out of seven little children, six die before the end of the year.

The physicians who visited the houses, in the time of the cholera, and who penetrated into the dens of the poorest classes, gave accounts to make you shudder; but the rich have already forgotten all that. —

Think of the cholera, think of the solidarity of evil in Paris: Paris under its atmosphere of pestilence, Paris under its mantle of death.

London too has been like Paris; and St. Petersburg; and all the putrid habitations of men, cities and villages, but especially the great cities. —

Was it God who made the cholera, engendered in those filthy marshes, by which man, the helpless manager, earth's lazy sovereign, suffers the most beautiful regions of his domain to be invaded as by a great cancer; this cholera setting out from India to make the tour of the world, and write upon the globe, in letters of a

thousand leagues, traced across human populations with dead bodies, the word **SOLIDARITY**: solidarity of nations, solidarity of continents, solidarity of human races — Solidarity!

Was it God, or men who made the cholera!

Was it God who made Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Madrid! — Was it God, or men!

No: permanent misery, and periodic pestilence, and poisoned atmospheres, are the work of men: God never made those things. God made the cloud of gold in the heavens, the wild thyme in the meadows, and the bird in the woods; the flower in the fields, and the lily of the valleys.

To be Continued.

CIVILIZATION.

FROM "ZSCHÖCKE'S FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

Fragment from the Voyage of Young Pythias to Thule. (From the Greek.)

— But I tell you the truth, my friend, as incredible as it may appear. Consider, that in the rough country of the North, Nature itself repels men by its ungenial rigor, and forces them to resort to many contrivances to render life endurable. These we do not need in our country, where Nature is bountiful to mortals, so that we live both winter and summer in the open air, procuring without trouble, what is useful to the prolonging and pleasure of existence. But those, who half the year groan under the severity of winter, must consider how they may create within their heated houses an artificial summer. And since Nature repulses, and turns them upon themselves, they are more driven than we, to occupy their minds with vain dreams, beautiful schemes which they never prosecute, and the investigation of whatever is remarkable. By this means, they are full of knowledge, and learned in all things which serve for instruction or happiness; and they write great books about matters that we do not care for, and the names of which are hardly known to us. Indeed, for that purpose they institute schools and colleges.

But the weather, in the northerly parts of the world, is so ordered, that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one extreme to the other, without any middle state that is tolerable to the soul or body. For in summer they suffer under as great a heat, as they do in winter under deadly cold; one half of the year the day is eighteen hours long, and the other half only six. No less unsettled and dissolute are the minds of men, — as changeable as the weather. They lack all steadfastness of thought or purpose. From year to year they have new fashions in dress, new schools of poetry, and new sects of philo-

sophers. Those who yesterday overthrew tyranny, — having praised the blessedness of freedom with their lips, and abused its sweets in their lives, — on the morrow voluntarily return to servitude.

So among these barbarians, there is the greatest inequality in all things. A portion of the people, consisting of a few families, possess every comfort and unlimited wealth, and riot in excess; but the majority are poor, and mostly dependent upon the favor of the great. Thus, too, certain individuals are in possession of the treasures of knowledge, but the greater part of the inhabitants live in the darkness of ignorance. The nobility and priests not only tolerate such ignorance before their eyes, but because it conduces to their own advantage, they keep the multitude in the debasement to which they are already doomed by their poverty and indolence. Hence it is, that the rabble of every nation love the traditions of their forefathers in all usages and arrangements relating to the mind, while only in affairs of corporeal gratification are they inclined to variety. Still, they approve any novelty, be it right or wrong, if it brings them money or household distinction. For gold and ardent spirits among barbarians, prevail over custom, honor and the fear of God.

Among the inhabitants of Thule, freedom is unknown, and so much of it as they may have had in former times, has been taken away from them by the force or fraud of the great. They are governed by kings, who give themselves out as the sons of God, and the kings and their satraps are governed as much by mistresses and sweethearts as by their counsellors. The people are divided into castes, as in India or Egypt. To the first class belong the king and his children alone. To the second belong the so called Nobles, whose children, without regard to their own worthiness, choose the best offices in the army and state, as well as around the altars of God. What is incredible to us, is an old custom among these barbarians, for rank or birth is more thought of than all other kinds of merit. In the third class are ranged inferior officers, mechanics, merchants, common soldiers, artists, learned men, and ordinary priests. In the fourth class are servants or slaves, who can be sold or given away like other cattle. With some people, who have partly thrown off their primitive rudeness, the fourth and last class is wanting; there are some, also, where good princes, who have become sensible of the power of their nobility, make no laws but with the concurrence of a senate, selected from the several classes of inhabitants.

The kings, in the country of Thule, live in perpetual enmity with each other.

The weak are only safe through the mutual envy of the strong. But when the strong throw aside their jealousies, they make war upon the weaker states on the most trivial pretences, and divide them among themselves. Hence they cause the title of the Righteous to be added to them, — the Fathers of the country or heroes, — since such vain surnames are every where, and especially among barbarians, much esteemed. But, as often as the lower classes in any land, making use of their proper discernment, resist the preposterous claims of the higher classes, these princes and nobles put aside their own contests, and unite in the establishment of oppression upon the old foundations, always, of course, in a disinterested manner. Such a man is always looked upon by barbarians, as holy, since they believe that kings and the disposition of caste, are ordained by God himself.

Of the public disbursements, that for the maintenance of the court is the greatest, and next to that is the expense of the army, which, even in peace, is enormous. For the instruction of the people, for agriculture and all that concerns the happiness of men, the least is given. In most of the countries of Thule, where the working classes have the greatest number of duties and the fewest rights, they must satisfy the needs and cravings of the body politic, by paying all the taxes.

As far as their religion is concerned, they all affirm that it is one and the same, and all boast that their dogmas have one and the same author. But their modes of worship are manifold, as well as their opinions concerning the person of the founder of their religion. On this account, the different sects hate each other with the most perfect hatred. They persecute and scorn each other. Among the whole of them, there is to be found much superstition, which the priests encourage. Of the Divine Majesty they have the most unworthy notions, for they ascribe to him even human vices. And when kings lead their people to war with each other, the priests are appointed on both sides, to call upon the Supreme Being to destroy the enemy. After a battle has been fought, they thank the Almighty Governor, that he has devoted their adversaries to destruction.

Their books of history hardly deserve to be read; for they contain, commonly, no account of the nation, only of the kings and their advisers, — of successions, wars, and acts of violence. The names of useful inventors and benefactors are not reported, but the names of devastating generals are elevated above all others, as if they were the benefactors of the human race. The histories of these people, also, inasmuch as their manners differ from ours, are hard to be understood.

For with them, there is not at all times, nor at any particular time under all circumstances, the same conception of honor or virtue. In the higher classes, incontinence, adultery, dissipation, gaming, and the abuse of power, are deemed praiseworthy, or appear as amiable weaknesses, which in the lower classes are punished, as vices and crimes, with death and the dungeon. Against fraud and theft, the law has ordained its severest penalties; but if a great man cheats the government by his ingenuity, and enriches himself at the cost of his prince, he is frequently advanced to higher honors, or dismissed with a pension. As it is in respect to virtue and vice, so it is in regard to honor. The members of the higher classes require no other honor than that of birth, to merit preference; but the lower classes can seldom, by means of the highest virtue, attain the respectability of these favorites of chance. But the honor which consists in the accident of birth, can also easily be annihilated by a single abusive word. Still more odd, however, is the mode of redeeming that honor. He who has violated the honor of another, and he by whom it has been lost, meet in arms after a prescribed form, like two lunatics, and seek to wound each other. As soon as a wound or death is brought about, no matter to which of the two, they believe sincerely that their honor is again restored.

Above all things else, these barbarians have one common and universal characteristic. They are altogether greedy of gain, and to that end, risk both life and virtue. It is among their singularities, that they are excited to astonishment or laughter, if one works for another without a remuneration, or sacrifices his property for the benefit of the commonwealth. They talk a great deal of noble sentiments and magnanimous conduct, but these are only seen, except to be derided, on the stage. Yet the inhabitants of Thule quite resemble the actors, since they have great dexterity in the art of making anything appear other than it is. No one speaks freely to another what he thinks. For that reason, they call the knowledge of men the most difficult art, and prudence the highest wisdom.

Meanwhile, they cannot dissemble so much that their knavery or awkwardness shall not be detected. For since they live in perpetual contradiction to human reason, teaching one thing and doing another, feeling one thing and saying another, and often choosing the most repugnant means for the accomplishment of their ends, their unskilfulness is made manifest. In order to encourage agriculture, they burden the farmer with heaviest taxes and the greatest contempt; to stimulate intercourse and trade, they in-

stitute innumerable custom-houses, and prohibit an exchange of merchandize; that they may punish and improve fallible men, they shut them up together in a public prison, where they reciprocally corrupt each other with new vices, and from which they return accomplished rogues to society; to cherish the health of their bodies, they subvert the order of living; some are awake during the night, and sleep away the day; while others destroy the energy of their bodies by hot drinks and spices, which they buy in large amounts in the Indies, so that hardly a poor household is to be found which satisfies itself with the products of its own fields or flocks, without adding thereto the drinks of Arabia, the spices of the Indies, and the fishes of the most distant seas.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

The most embarrassed respecting the part he had to play, after Consuelo's flight, was Count Zustiniani. After having allowed it to be said, and given reason to all Venice to believe that the wonderful débutante was his mistress, how could he explain in a manner flattering to his self-love, the fact that, at the first word of declaration, she had abruptly, and mysteriously withdrawn herself from his desires and his hopes? Many thought, that, jealous of his treasure, he had hidden her in one of his country houses. But when they heard Porpora, with that austere frankness which was never inconsistent, say that he had advised his pupil to go and wait for him in Germany, there was nothing more to be done than to search for the motives of so strange a resolution. The Count indeed, to throw them off the track, pretended to show neither vexation nor surprise; but his disappointment betrayed itself in spite of him, and they ceased to attribute to him that good fortune on which he had been so much congratulated. The greater part of the truth became clear to all the world; that is, the infidelity of Anzoletto, the rivalry of Corilla and the despair of the poor Spaniard, whom they pitied and sincerely regretted. Anzoletto's first movement had been to run to Porpora; but he repulsed him sternly: "Cease to interrogate me, ambitious young man without heart and without faith," the indignant master had replied to him, "you never merited the affection of that noble girl, and you shall never know from me what has become of her. I will take every

care that you shall not find a trace of her, and if by chance you should meet with her some day, I hope that your image will be effaced from her heart and memory as fully as I desire and work to accomplish it."

From Porpora, Anzoletto went to the Corte Minelli. He found Consuelo's chamber already surrendered to a new occupant, and encumbered with the materials of his labor, was a worker in glass, long since installed in the mansion, and who transferred his workshop with much gaiety.

"Ah! ha! it is you, my boy," said he to the young tenor, "you have come to see me in my new shop! I shall do very well here, and my wife is very glad that she can lodge all the children below. What are you looking for? Did Consuelina forget any thing? Look, my child, search, it will not incommode me."

"Where have they put her furniture?" said Anzoletto, quite troubled and torn with anguish at the bottom of his heart, on not finding any vestige of Consuelo in this place consecrated to the purest enjoyments of his past life.

"The furniture is below in the court; she made a present of it to mother Agatha, and she did well. The old woman is poor, and will make a little money out of it. O, Consuelo always had a good heart. She has not left a cent of debt in the Corte, and she made a little present to every body when she went away. She took with her only her crucifix. But it was very queer, her going off so in the middle of the night and without telling any one! Master Porpora came this morning to arrange all her affairs; it was like the execution of a will. It gave pain to all the neighbors; but they consoled themselves at last with the thought that she is no doubt going to live in a fine palace on the Canalazzo,* now that she is rich and a great lady! As for me, I had always said she would make a fortune with her voice, she worked so hard! And when will the wedding be, Anzoletto! I hope that you will buy something of me to make presents to all the young girls of the quarter."

"Yes, yes," replied Anzoletto absently. He fled with death in his soul, and saw in the court all the gossips of the place making an auction of the bed and table of Consuelo; that bed on which he had seen her sleep, that table at which he had seen her work. "Oh, my God! already nothing left of her!" cried he involuntarily, wringing his hands. He felt tempted to go and poniard Corilla.

After three days he reappeared on the stage with Corilla. They were both out-

* Great canal.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

rageously hissed, and the curtain had to be lowered without finishing the piece. Anzoleto was furious, and Corilla impassible. "This is what your protection procures me," said he in a menacing tone, as soon as he was alone with her. The prima donna answered him with much tranquillity: "You are affected by very little, my poor child; it is easily seen that you know little of the public and have never borne the brunt of its caprices. I was so well prepared for the check of this evening, that I did not even take the pains of going over my part; and if I did not tell you what must happen, it was because I knew very well you would not have had courage enough to enter upon the scene with the certainty of being hissed. Now you must know what you have to expect. The next time we shall be treated even worse. Three, four, six, eight representations perhaps will pass thus; but during these storms an opposition will manifest itself in our favor. Were we the most stupid blockheads in the world, the spirit of contradiction and independence would excite for us partizans, who would become more and more zealous. There are so many people who think to aggrandize themselves by abusing others, that there are not wanting those who think to do so likewise by protecting them. After a dozen trials, during which the theatre will be a field of battle between the hisses and the applauses, the opposers will be fatigued, the refractory will look sour, and we shall enter upon a new phase. That portion of the public which has sustained us, without well knowing why, will hear us quite coldly; it will be for us like a new debut, and then, it will depend upon ourselves, thank God, to subdue the audience and remain masters of them. I predict to you great success for that moment, dear Anzoleto; the charm which hitherto has weighed you down will be removed. You will breathe an atmosphere of encouragements and sweet praises which will restore your power. Remember the effect which you produced at Zustiniani's the first time you were heard there. You had not time to consolidate your conquest; a more brilliant star came too soon to eclipse you; but that star has allowed itself to fall below the horizon, and you must be prepared to ascend with me into the empyrean."

Every thing happened as Corilla had predicted. In truth, the two lovers had to pay dearly, during some days, for the loss the public had sustained in the person of Consuelo. But their constancy in braving the tempest wearied out an anger which was too excessive to be lasting. The Count encouraged Corilla's efforts. As to Anzoleto, after having made vain

attempts to draw a *primo uomo* to Venice at so advanced a season, when all the engagements are already made with the principal theatres in Europe, the Count made up his mind and accepted him for his champion in the struggle which was going on between the public and the administration of his theatre. That theatre had too brilliant a reputation to lose it with such or such an individual. Nothing like that could overcome fixed habits. All the boxes were let for the season. The ladies held their levees there and met as usual. The true dilettanti maintained their dissatisfaction for some time, but they were too few in number to be cared for. Besides they ended by being tired of their own animosity, and one fine evening, Corilla having sung with power, was unanimously recalled. She reappeared, drawing with her Anzoleto, who had not been called for, and who seemed to yield to a gentle violence with a modest and fearful air. He received his share of the applauses and was recalled the next day. In fine, before a month had passed, Consuelo was forgotten, like the lightning which traverses a summer sky. Corilla excited enthusiasm as before, and perhaps merited it more; for emulation had given her more earnestness, and love sometimes inspired her with a more feeling expression. As to Anzoleto, though he had not overcome his defects, he had succeeded in displaying his incontestable qualities. They had become accustomed to the first and admired the last. His charming person fascinated the women; he was much sought after for the saloons, the more so because Corilla's jealousy increased the piquancy of the coquetry of which he was the object. Clorinda also developed her powers upon the stage, that is to say, her heavy beauty and the loose nonchalance of an unexampled stupidity, not without its attraction for a portion of the spectators. Zustiniani, somewhat to relieve his mind after his very deep disappointment, had made her his mistress, covered her with jewels, and pushed her in the first parts, hoping to make her succeed Corilla, who was definitively engaged at Paris for the coming season.

Corilla saw without vexation this competition, from which she had nothing to fear, either at present or in the future; she even took a malicious pleasure in bringing out that coldly impudent incapacity, which recoiled before nothing. These two creatures lived therefore in good understanding and governed the administration imperiously. They put into the index every serious score, and revenged themselves upon Porpora by refusing his operas, to accept and bring forward those of his most unworthy rivals. They agreed together in injuring all who dis-

pleased them, in protecting all who humbled themselves before their power. During that season, thanks to them, the public applauded the works of the decline, and forgot that true and grand music had formerly prevailed in Venice.

In the midst of his success and his prosperity, (for the Count had given him a very advantageous engagement,) Anzoleto was overwhelmed with a profound disgust and bent under the weight of a melancholy happiness. It was pitiful to see him drag himself to the rehearsals, hanging on the arm of the triumphant Corilla, pale, languishing, beautiful as an angel, ridiculous in foppishness, wearied like a man who is adored, crushed and destroyed under the laurels and myrtles he had so easily and so largely gathered. Even at the performances, when upon the scene with his fiery mistress, he yielded to the necessity of protesting against her by his superb attitude and his impertinent languor. While she devoured him with her eyes, he seemed, by his looks, to say to the public; "Do not think that I respond to so much love. On the contrary whoever will deliver me from it, will do me a great service."

The fact was, that Anzoleto, spoiled and corrupted by Corilla, turned against her the instincts of selfishness and ingratitude which she suggested to him against the whole world. There remained in his heart but one sentiment which was true and pure in its essence: the indestructible love which, in spite of his vices, he cherished for Consuelo. He could divert his attention from it, thanks to his natural frivolity; but he could not cure himself of it, and that love came back upon him like a remorse, like a torture, in the midst of his most culpable disorders. Unfaithful to Corilla, given to a thousand gallant intrigues, one day with Clorinda, to avenge himself in secret on the Count, another with some illustrious beauty of high rank, and the third with the dirtiest of the figurantes; passing from the mysterious boudoir to insolent orgies, and from the furies of Corilla to the careless debaucheries of the table, it seemed as if he had assumed the task of stifling in himself all recollection of the past. But in the midst of this disorder, a spectre seemed to dog his steps; and deep drawn sighs escaped from his breast, when in the middle of the night, with the boisterous companions of his pleasures, he passed in his gondola along the dark buildings of the Corte Minelli. Corilla, for a long time subdued by his bad treatment, and led, as are all mean souls, to love only in proportion to the contempt and outrages she received, began at last to be tired of this fatal passion. She had flattered herself that she could conquer and enchain that savage independence. She had worked for that

end with a violent earnestness, and she had sacrificed every thing to it. When she recognized the impossibility of ever succeeding, she began to hate him, and to search for distractions and revenge. One night, when Anzoletto was wandering in his gondola about Venice with Clorinda, he saw file off rapidly, another gondola, whose extinguished lantern gave notice of some clandestine rendezvous. He paid little attention to it; but Clorinda who, in her fear of being discovered, was always on the lookout, said to him: "Let us go more slowly. It is the Count's gondola; I recognize the gondolier."

"In that case we will go more quickly," replied Anzoletto; "I wish to rejoin him, and to know with what infidelity he repays yours this night."

"No, no, let us return!" cried Clorinda. "His eye is so piercing and his ear so quick! Let us be careful not to annoy him!"

"Row! I say" cried Anzoletto to his barcarole! "I wish to overtake that bark which you see before us."

Notwithstanding Clorinda's prayers and terror, this was the work but of an instant. The two barks grazed each other, and Anzoletto heard a half stifled burst of laughter come from the other gondola. "Well and good," said he, "this is fair play: it is Corilla who is taking the air with the Signor Count." In speaking thus Anzoletto leaped to the bow of his gondola, took the oar from the hands of the barcarole, and following the other gondola rapidly, overtook it and grazed it anew, and whether he had heard his name in the midst of Corilla's bursts of laughter, or whether a fit of craziness had seized upon him, he said aloud: "Dear Clorinda, you are without contradiction the most beautiful and the most beloved of all women."

"I was saying as much to Corilla," immediately replied the Count, coming out of his cabinet, and advancing towards the other bark with great ease; "and now that our promenades are finished on both sides, we can make an exchange as between people of good faith, who traffic in merchandize of equal value."

"The Signor Count does justice to my loyalty," replied Anzoletto in the same tone. "I am about, if he please to permit it, to offer him my arm, in order that he may come and take his property wherever he can find it."

The Count reached out his arm to rest upon Anzoletto's, with I know not what intention, mocking and contemptuous towards him and their common mistresses. But the tenor, devoured by hatred, and transported by profound rage, leaped with all his weight upon the gondola of the Count and made it upset, crying with a savage voice: "Woman for woman, Sig-

nor Count, and *gondola for gondola!*" Then abandoning his victims to their fate, as well as Clorinda to her stupor and the consequences of the adventure, he gained the opposite bank by swimming, took his course through the dark and tortuous streets, entered his lodging, changed his clothes in a twinkling, gathered together all the money he had, went out, threw himself into the first shallop which was getting under way, and steering towards Trieste, he snapped his fingers, in token of triumph, as he saw the clock-towers and domes of Venice sink beneath the waves in the dawn of the morning.

IV.

In the westerly ramification of the Carpathian mountains which separates Bohemia from Bavaria and which takes in those countries, the name of Boehmer-Wald (Forest of Bohemia), there was, a hundred years since, a very vast old manor-house called "Giant's Castle," in consequence of I know not what tradition. Although it had from afar the appearance of an ancient fortress, it was nothing more than a country seat, ornamented in the interior according to the style of Louis XIV, which was already superannuated at that epoch, but always sumptuous and noble. The feudal architecture had also undergone happy modifications in those parts of the edifice occupied by the lords of Rudolstadt, masters of that rich domain.

This family, of Bohemian origin, had Germanized its name on abjuring the Reformation, at the most tragic epoch of the thirty years war. A noble and valiant ancestor, an inflexible protestant, had been massacred on the mountain near his chateau by a fanatic soldiery. His widow, who was of a Saxon family, saved the fortune and lives of her young children, by proclaiming herself a catholic, and confiding the education of the heirs of Rudolstadt to Jesuits. After two generations, Bohemia being mute and oppressed, the Austrian power definitively confirmed, the glory and sufferings of the Reformation forgotten, at least in appearance, the lords of Rudolstadt silently practised the Christian virtues, professed the Romish faith, and lived upon their estate with a sumptuous simplicity, as good aristocrats and faithful servants of Maria Theresa. They had heretofore given proofs of their bravery in the service of the emperor Charles VI. But people were astonished that the last of this illustrious and valiant race, the young Albert, only son of Count Christian of Rudolstadt, had not taken arms in the war of succession which had just ended, and that he had reached the age of thirty, without having known or sought any other distinction than that of his birth and fortune.

This strange conduct had inspired their sovereign with suspicions of an understanding with her enemies. But Count Christian, having had the honor to entertain the Empress at his chateau, had made to her excuses concerning the conduct of his son with which she appeared to be satisfied. Respecting the interview of Maria Theresa with the Count of Rudolstadt, nothing had transpired. A strange mystery reigned in the sanctuary of that devout and beneficent family, which for ten years, no neighbor had visited with frequency; whom no business, no pleasure, no political affairs could draw out of their domain; who paid largely and without murmuring, all the subsidies of the war, showing no agitation in the midst of dangers and public misfortunes; who, in fine, did not seem to live the same life as the other nobles, and who were mistrusted, though no one could recall of their outward acts, other than good actions and noble proceedings. Not knowing to what to attribute this cold and retired life, people accused the Rudolstadts sometimes of avarice, sometimes of misanthropy; but as, at every instant, their conduct gave the lie to these imputations, they were reduced to accuse them of too much apathy and nonchalance. It was said that Count Christian had not been willing to expose the life of his son, sole inheritor of his name, in those disastrous wars, and that the Empress had accepted, in lieu of his military services, a sum of money sufficiently large to equip a regiment of hussars. Those noble ladies who had marriageable daughters, said that the Count had acted with much wisdom; but when they understood the resolution which Christian seemed to manifest of marrying his son within his own family, by making him espouse the daughter of Baron Frederick, his brother; when they knew that the young baroness Amelia had left the convent in which she had been educated at Prague, to inhabit Giant's Castle thenceforth, in company with her cousin, those noble ladies declared unanimously, that the family of Rudolstadt was a pack of wolves, each more unsociable, and more savage than the other. Some incorruptible servitors, and some devoted friends alone, knew the secret of the family and kept it faithfully.

This noble family was assembled one evening around a table loaded with a profusion of game and those substantial meats with which our ancestors were still nourished at that epoch in Slavonic countries, in spite of the refinements which the court of Louis XV. had introduced into the aristocratic habits of a large part of Europe. An immense stove, in which burnt whole oaks, warmed the vast and dark hall. Count Christ-

lea had finished reciting in a loud voice the *Benedicite*, to which the other members of the family had listened standing. Numerous attendants, all old and grave, in the costume of the country, with large Mamaluke trousers and long moustaches, pressed gently around their revered masters. The chaplain of the chateau was seated on the right of the Count, and his niece, the baroness Amelia on his left, *the side of the heart*, as he affected to say with an austere and paternal gallantry. The baron Frederick, his brother, whom he always called his young brother, because he was only sixty, seated himself in front. The canoness Wenceslawa of Rudolstadt, his elder sister, a respectable sexagenarian, afflicted with an enormous hump, and frightfully thin, placed herself at one end of the table, and Count Albert, son of Count Christian, betrothed to Amelia, the last of the Rudolstadt, came, pale, and gloomy, to install himself at the other end, opposite his noble aunt.

Of all these silent persons, Albert was certainly the least disposed, and the least accustomed to impart animation to the others. The chaplain was so devoted to his masters, and so respectful towards the chief of the family, that he hardly opened his mouth, except when requested by a look from Count Christian, and the latter was of so peaceable and reflective a nature, that he almost never experienced the necessity of seeking in others for a diversion from his own thoughts.

Baron Frederick had a character less profound, and a temperament more active; but his spirit was not a particle more animated. As kind and benevolent as his elder brother, he had less intelligence and inward enthusiasm. His devotion was of habit and acquiescence. His only passion was the chase. In that pursuit he passed all his days, returning every evening, not fatigued, for he had a body of iron, but heated, out of breath, and hungry. He ate for ten, drank for thirty, diverted himself a little at the dessert by relating how his dog Saphyr had pushed the hare, how his bitch Panthere had tracked the wolf, how his falcon Attila had made his flight; and when they had listened to him with an inexhaustible patience, he slumbered gently beside the fire in a great arm chair of black leather, until his daughter gave him notice that his hour for going to bed had struck.

The canoness was the most talkative of the family. She might even pass for a babbler; since at least twice a week she discussed with the chaplain for a quarter of an hour, the genealogy of the Bohemian, Hungarian, and Saxon families, which she had at her tongue's end, from that of the king's to that of the lowest gentleman.

As to Count Albert, his exterior had

in it something frightful and solemn for the others, as if each of his gestures were a presage, and each of his words a judgment. From a peculiarity, inexplicable to whomsoever was not initiated with the secrets of the household, as soon as he opened his mouth, which happened always once in the twenty-four hours, all the looks of the relatives and servants were directed towards him; and a profound anxiety, a mournful and tender solicitude, could be seen in all their faces, excepting however that of the young Amelia, who did not always receive his sayings without a mixture of impatience and mockery, and who, alone dared to respond to them with a familiarity, which was either disdainful or cheerful, according to her disposition at the moment.

This young girl, blonde, somewhat high in color, bright and well made, was a little pearl of beauty; and when her maid told her so, to console her for her ennui: "Alas!" replied she, "I am a pearl enclosed in my sorrowful family, like an oyster, of which this horrible Giants Castle is the shell." This is saying enough to show the reader what a petulant bird was shut up in that pitiless cage.

On that evening, the silence which weighed upon the family, especially during the first course, (for the two old lords, the canoness and the chaplain had a solidity and regularity of appetite, which never failed at any season of the year,) was interrupted by Count Albert.

"What horrible weather," said he with a deep sigh.

Each looked at the other with surprise; for if the weather had become dark and menacing during the hour they had all been within the chateau, and the heavy oak shutters had been closed, no one could perceive it. A profound calm reigned without as well as within, and nothing announced that a tempest was about to break forth.

Still no one pretended to contradict Albert, and Amelia alone contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, while the play of forks and the clashing of the dishes, slowly changed by the servants, recommenced after a moment of interruption and anxiety.

"Do you not hear the wind unchained among the firs of the Boehmer-wald and the voices of the torrent which rise, even to us?" resumed Albert in a louder voice, and with a fixed look directed to his father."

Count Christian replied nothing. The parson, who usually conciliated all, remarked, without raising his eyes from the piece of venison he was cutting with an athletic hand, as he would have cut a quarter of granite:—"In fact, the wind was in a rainy quarter at sunset, and we

may possibly have had weather for tomorrow's hunt."

Albert smiled with a strange air, and all again became gloomy.

But five minutes had hardly elapsed, when a terrible gust of wind shook the glass of the immense windows, roared several times by fits, while lashing up the waters of the ditch, as with a whip, and was lost in the recesses of the mountain, with a groan so piercing and so plaintive, that all their faces paled, excepting that of Albert's, who smiled again with the same indefinable expression as the first time.

"There is at this moment," said he, "a soul whom the storm drives towards us. You will do well, Sir chaplain, to pray for those who travel among our rugged mountains, under the stroke of the tempest."

"I pray at all hours, and from the bottom of my soul," replied the trembling chaplain, "for those who journey in the rough paths of life, under the tempest of human passions."

"Do not answer him, Sir chaplain," said Amelia, without paying attention to the looks and signs, which, on all sides, requested her not to continue the conversation; "you know very well that my cousin takes pleasure in tormenting others, by talking to them in riddles. As for me, I do not care to discover the solutions of his enigmas."

Count Albert appeared to pay no more attention to the disdain of his cousin, than she had affected to bestow upon his singular discourse. He put his elbow into his plate, which was almost always empty and clear before him, and looked fixedly at the damasked cloth, whose embellishments and rosaces he seemed to count, although he was absorbed in a kind of ecstatic dream.

To be Continued.

REVIEW.

A System of Latin Versification, in a series of Progressive Exercises, including Specimens of Translation from German and English Poetry into Latin Verse, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1845. pp. 327.

We have here the latest born of the numerous series of books which are numbered to owe their paternity to Dr. Anthon, or as Homer says, boast that he is their father. Dr. Anthon is certainly a prolific gentleman. As far as numbers go his literary offspring present a striking phenomenon. They appear with true Yankee velocity. While a real scholar

would yet be working in the collection of his materials, Dr. Anthon has the labor accomplished. He puts on the roof of his building while other men are still digging for their foundations. We hear that he is about to do this or that, and behold some fine morning all the newspapers announce that the Harpers have issued another of those profound, learned, and admirable works of Dr. Anthon, with such laudations as the leisure of the editors, or their acquaintance with the subject will permit. On all booksellers' shelves it stands ready; it is puffed unanimously, and sold irresistably, thanks to the sure machinery of the publishers, and great is the profit to the Messrs. Harper, and to Dr. Anthon, at least.

Meanwhile, amidst the general acclamations that greet the successive Avatars of the "great American Philologist," critics are not altogether wanting, who hold other opinions concerning his labors; grave reviewers are bold enough to utter doubts as to the immensity and accuracy of his learning; even booksellers in public advertisements, have charged him with both grand and petty literary larceny; and in private circles of scholars there is a singular unanimity of opinion, which, should Dr. Anthon be made aware of it, would add little to the serene complacency with which he seems to be, as it were, overshadowed and rejoiced forever.

Nevertheless, the work ceases not. The patient toils of European scholars furnish abundant materials,—granaries where all the world may be supplied; who shall deny to Dr. Anthon "the right of appropriation?" His subordinates ply their task of translating and copying; the presses of the Messrs. Harper groan without rest, as one after another, the "school and college classics" are ushered into the world. To be sure, not much is said of the German or other commentator, whose learning and labor form the staple of the book. As far as we know, his name is not always mentioned. Nay, it is sometimes not easy to find it even hinted at. But what of that? It is sufficient honor to him that literal translations of whole pages of his writing are thought worthy to be adopted by Dr. Anthon. Moreover, truth belongs to no individual. It is mine, it is yours, wherever it can be found. Beside it men are insignificant, and men's names ridiculous; let them be forgotten.

Sometimes Dr. Anthon appears in his own proper person, which it is impossible to mistake for any other. Whether he manifest himself in learning, in logic, or in rhetoric, there cannot be a doubt that it is he. In his Horace for instance, in his Classical Dictionary, in almost any of his works, the little rivulets which flow from him are always distinguishable from

the larger streams that come from other sources. Who that has read his Horace has not laughed aloud at the inanity with which it is variegated? We do not speak of his learning, but of what we have called his logic and his rhetoric. Of these we will not withhold one specimen from our readers, though many of them are no doubt familiar with it. It is from the article "Gigantes," in the "Classical Dictionary."

"As regards the general question respecting the possible existence in former days of a gigantic race, it need only be observed, that, if their structure be supposed to have been similar to that of the rest of our species, they must have been mere creatures of imagination; they could not have existed. It is found that the bones of the human body are invariably hollow, and consequently well calculated to resist external violence. Had they been solid, they would have proved too heavy a burden for man to bear. But this hollowness, while it is admirably well fitted for the purpose which has just been mentioned, and likewise subserves many other important ends in the animal economy, is not by any means well adapted for supporting a heavy superincumbent weight; on the contrary, it renders the bone weaker in this respect than if the latter had been solid. The inference from all this is very plain. Man never was intended by his Maker for a gigantic being, since his limbs could not, in that event, have supported him; and, if giants ever did exist, they must necessarily have been crushed by their own weight. Or, had their bones been made solid, the weight of their limbs would have been so enormous, that these lofty beings must have remained as immovable as statues."

We do not intend any minute or extended criticism of Dr. Anthon's productions. For such a criticism we have neither the space nor the materials, nor is our Journal the proper medium. We merely wish to incite the legitimate guardians of the territory on which he preys, to its defence. Our purpose is simply, in plain words, to say that Dr. Anthon is a humbug. It is time for a searching and scorching criticism of the several books that bear his name. It should be conducted as was the criticism of Heyne's Homer for example. Several scholars, whom circumstances have made particularly familiar with different books of Dr. Anthon's, should make common cause. We know half a dozen gentlemen who might together so demolish this cobweb reputation that not even those feudal lords of bookselling, the Harpers, could force his editions of the classics upon the public. We call upon them to do it as a duty. We urge it also upon the larger Reviews, whose office it is to keep the fair field of literature, and of classical literature especially, free from such Yankee invasions as Dr. Anthon makes upon it. We are not only weary of the incessant puffs which, as a matter of course, salute every new luminary in Dr. An-

thon's firmament, we are not only desirous, from a sense of justice, that their genesis and true character should be clearly and undeniably exposed, but we regard it as necessary to the cause of sound learning. If we would not have a race of emasculated, enervated, indolent, and cowardly scholars, other text books than those of Dr. Anthon must be put into their hands.

They give minute information where they ought to give only references, and translations of passages that should be left as exercises for the student. They put leading strings into his hands when he only needs to have the path pointed out to him, and inform him of what he has not yet desired to know. In this way the edge of the intellectual appetite is dulled, curiosity and interest are not excited, and the habits of self dependence and concentration, so absolutely necessary to a scholar, are not formed.

Dr. Anthon has one quality which we fear many of our professed scholars are more familiar with by hearsay than by experience,—he is industrious in his vocation. While they give no outward signs of activity, he works. While they lounge in the delights of elegant literature, he is delving in his study; while they seem content with their attainments, and labor not to leave monuments behind them, he is in some way or other keeping the name of scholarship alive. In a word, he *does* something; when we look for the evidences of what they are doing, they are not easily to be found. They criticise his performances, but where are the better ones which they ought to give us instead? His Classical Dictionary is a disgrace to literature, but it is the best in the English Language! His Horace is hardly fit to put into the hands of a student,—but what better one is at our command? and so of others of his books. After all, criticism alone cannot remove the evil we complain of. Give us books which shall of themselves force Dr. Anthon's into obscurity; nothing less can be completely effectual.

It must be confessed that American scholarship is at best a matter of sound quite as much as of substance. *Superficial*, is written all over it; we are dabbblers and dilettanti. We have men of respectable attainments no doubt, but there are fifty Germans, nay five thousand, who might put us all in their pockets. If we are to have classical literature at all, let us really have it. It is time for us to cease living upon the crumbs that fall from rich men's tables.

We have spoken with some severity of Dr. Anthon; we do not, however, think that he especially deserves severity. He is by no means singular in his modes of proceeding. Falseness, duplicity, glitter

without gold, show without reality are to be found in other places also. Trade on borrowed capital, dealing in counterfeit wares are by no means new inventions. They are practised throughout society. In politics, in religion, in commerce, in social life, they have long been employed. Dr. Anthon merely extends their use to classical literature. It would be well for those who criticise him to inquire whether other things which they have not hitherto suspected are not liable to a similar condemnation.

Travels in North America, by CHARLES LYELL, Esq. F. R. S., Author of "Principles of Geology." Two Volumes in One. New York: Wiley and Putnam. pp. 251, 221.

These volumes, although written with immediate reference to the science, in which their author holds so eminent a rank, will be found to contain no small amount of matter that will interest the general reader. Professor Lyell had ample opportunities for observation while in this country; his scientific reputation gave him free access to the best circles of society; and, without taking part in the controversies with which every foreign traveller is beset as he journeys from place to place, he had his eye open wherever he went, and seems to have made up his mind on the various subjects which attracted his attention, with more than ordinary fairness and candor. The tone of his book is that of a well-bred gentleman, free from vulgar prejudices, too familiar with the world to be easily surprised with new appearances, and interpreting the facts and impressions, on which he had occasion to pass judgment, in the light of a liberal and catholic spirit. His views of the society and institutions of this country are certainly highly favorable; more so, no doubt, than exact justice would warrant; and we cannot but feel, from time to time, that his habitual courtesy and unwillingness to give offence have led him to put the best construction on many ill-omened facts.

As a fair specimen of the author's general style and manner, we quote the following description.

"We spent several weeks at New York, and soon found ourselves at home in the society of persons, to some of whom, we had letters of introduction from near relatives in England, and others whom we had met at distant places in the course of our tour. So many American citizens migrate from north to south for the sake of mild winters, or attendance on Congress, or the supreme courts of law at Washington, or congregate in large watering places during the summer, or have children or brothers settled in the Far West; everywhere there is so much intercourse, personal, epistolary, between scientific and literary men in remote states, who have often received their university education far from home, that in

each new city where we sojourn, our American friends and acquaintances seem to know something of each other, and to belong to the same set in society. The territorial extent and political independence of the different States of the Union remind the traveller rather of the distinct nations of Europe than of the different counties of a single kingdom like England; but the population has spread so fast from certain centres, especially from New England, and the facilities of communication by railway and steam-boat are so great, and are always improving so rapidly, that the twenty-six republics of 1842, having a population of seventeen millions, are more united, and belong more thoroughly to one nation, than did the thirteen States in 1776, when their numbers were only three millions. In spite of the continued decline of the federal authority, and the occasional conflict of commercial interests between the North and the South, and the violent passions excited by the anti-slavery movement, the old colonial prejudices have been softening down from year to year, the English language, laws, and literature, have pervaded more and more the Dutch, German, and French settlements, and the danger of the dismemberment of the confederacy appears to all reflecting politicians less imminent now than formerly.

"I dined with Mr. Astor, now far advanced in years, whose name is well known to the readers of Washington Irving's 'Astoria.' He informed me that he was about to found a large public library in New York, which I rejoice to hear, as the scientific men and naturalists of this country can rarely afford to purchase expensive European works with numerous illustrations. I often regretted, during my short residence here, that the town of Albany, 150 miles distant, is destined, because it is the capital, to possess the splendid collection of minerals, rocks, and fossils obtained during the late government survey. The surveyors are now employed in arranging these treasures in a museum, which would have been far more useful and more frequently consulted if placed in the midst of this wealthy metropolis, having a population of 300,000 souls. Foreigners, indeed, who have only visited New York for commercial purposes, may imagine that all the inhabitants are exclusively engrossed with trade and money making; but there is a college here, and many large and flourishing literary and scientific institutions. I received numerous invitations to deliver lectures on geology, but had scarcely time to finish one short course, when I was reminded, by the breaking up of winter, that I could resume my operations in the field.

"It was now the second week of April, and already the willows on 'the Battery' were putting forth their yellowish-green leaves. The air was as warm as in an English summer, although a few days before the ground had been covered with snow. Such sudden changes are trying to many constitutions; and we were told that if we staid a second year in the United States, we should feel the influence of the climate, and begin to lose that freshness of colour which marks the newly-arrived Englishman. The greater sallowness of complexion here is attributed to the want of humidity in the air; and we ought to congratulate ourselves that there is no lack of that ingredient in the at-

mosphere of Great Britain. We continue to be surprised at the clearness of the skies, and the number of fine days and bright star-light nights, on this side of the Atlantic."—Vol. I. pp. 192–194.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review, August 1845.

The patronage enjoyed by this very ably conducted periodical is alike honorable to the character of the Magazine, and the intelligence of our mercantile community. It contains a vast amount of commercial, statistical, and financial information, embodied in a quite readable shape, which we might look for in other quarters in vain. In addition to the usual complement of mercantile articles, the present number contains a valuable memoir of Joseph Peabody, a man well-known and greatly respected in Massachusetts, as one of the most eminent and successful merchants in that State. There are besides several literary notices of recent works, written rather in a friendly than a critical spirit, but presenting a fair monthly record of current publications. Although this Magazine is devoted to the interests of commerce, it is not the blind apologist of the present system of trade, but perceives and defends the great improvement that would result from a more systematic organization of business. Here is a specimen of the freedom and truth with which it comments on existing abuses.

"The evils arising from want of organization appear most evidently, when we consider this great principle of modern society—freedom in the direction of industry. We have adopted the free trade principle in its fullest extent. We say, leave trade and industry to regulate themselves. We say to government, 'Laissez faire'—let us alone. These things will regulate themselves. Labor will go where it is wanted. Let the career be laid open to talent. Competition will develop energy. Interest will be the safest guide in deciding the direction of industry."

But is this so? It might be so, provided man was a being of reason, and calm calculation, only, with no passions to blind his judgment. We make laws to prevent truckmen from beating their horses unmercifully. Why so?—it is decidedly the interest of a man not to abuse his horse; why not leave it to that? Because we know that anger and brutish obstinacy are often stronger than interest; and something more is needed to protect the poor beast from ill treatment, than the calculating reason of his master. So, undoubtedly it is for the interest of the southern planter to treat his slaves well, and not overwork them. But this, we know, does not always protect them from his caprice, violence, and blind love of present gain. Just so as regards industry. Some departments of industry are crowded, and others comparatively neglected. We have, for example, in New York, about one thousand lawyers. Does any one suppose that these are all needed to do the legal business of the place? A fifth or a tenth part of the number would be sufficient. The profession is chosen by young men, not because lawyers are needed, but because it is a profession attractive to an ambitious spirit. A lawyer is a gentleman—has influence in society, and has the best opportunity for political distinction. But, as some five hundred of the number are not wanted, they

must be unproductive and unemployed. Yet all must be supported, and live expensively, like gentlemen. Consequently, the little work which they do must be paid in fees disproportioned to its actual value, and many of them are compelled by their situation to promote lawsuits, and make themselves business; and it becomes the interest of the whole body to increase, instead of diminishing, the expense and the amount of litigation."

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TO THE MOON.

BY W. W. STORY.

Gentle moon, so sad and tender,
Filling with thy silvery splendor
All the airy dome,

Turning from the stars white gleaming
To the dark earth 'neath thee dreaming,
From thy azure home, —

Misty wreaths of light thou pourest
O'er the dusk and shadowy forest,
And the sloping vales;
In thy smile the river shimmers,
And the dewy grass-blade glimmers,
And the dank mist trails.

Silence in the valley sleepeth,
Silence every hill-top steepe'h,
And the large trees sleep,
Saving when the light wind lifting
Through the hovering leaflets sifting,
Whispering doth creep.

Fire-flies glance along the meadow,
Lightning through the clinging shadow —
Living meteors;
And a ceaseless silvery ringing,
From the shrill cicadae singing,
Through the still air stirs.

Dark, austere, and light denying,
In the cold earth-shadow lying,
Half thy life thou grieve'st;
Half from out that darkness turning,
With a smile of patient yearning,
Peace to heaven thou givest.

First in pale green twilight hiding,
One faint star beside thee gliding,
Gleams thy cimeter;
Then when long the stars have waited,
That thou risest and belated,
Burning red as war, —

No companion to thee given —
Friendless through the open heaven,
Suffering yet serene,
Thou into my heart art looking,
Every evil thought rebuking,
By thy placid mien.

By the road-side as I wander,
Many a silent dream I ponder,
Many a vision dear;
While so friendly and abiding,
Through the passing tree-tops gliding,
Thou art ever near.

Then I dream how many a mortal,
Passing through night's silver portal
Linking day to day,
To thy spell, so mild and tender,
All their inmost souls surrender,
All their sorrows say.

Wounded hearts, whose grief thou healest,
And from out their sorrow stealest
All its pain and ache;
Hearts the bliss of love possessing,
That within thy silent blessing
Love's wild thirsting slake.

Yes, to thee each spirit turneth —
That which loveth, that which mourneth
Find in thee repose;
In the night's most ample bosom
Flowereth feeling's secret blossom
That in day doth close.

Night! so dim and so mysterious,
Night! so solemn and so serious,
From thy vastness swell
Wondrous tones that haunt my spirit,
And to shadowy regions bear it,
With a magic spell.

Memories of the past come o'er me,
Dreamy shadows pass before me,
Full of love and grief;
All my soul is like the ocean,
Yearning with a deep emotion,
Tremulous as a leaf.

As thy silvery light refineth
The dark earth on which it shineth
With ethereal fire,
So around the shadowy real
Hovers there a light ideal,
Clearer, purer, higher.

July 17, 1845.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON DURING THE LAST WINTER.—NO. III.

CONCERTS OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. We come now to the main achievement of the Academy, which was the production of several of Beethoven's symphonies. We had already had in former winters, the First, the Fifth (in C minor,) the Second, the Sixth or Pastoral, and the Seventh. These, with the exception of the *Pastorale*, were revived, with the addition of the Eighth, thus forming a goodly moiety of the immortal nine.

This was a bold undertaking for a New England city, and, considering all things, a successful one. To criticize these performances by the standard of European orchestras would be ungenerous. We have no sympathy with those who would forbid a thing to be attempted, because we cannot do it perfectly; who have so little faith in the intrinsic power of Beethoven's music, or in the capacity of a musical soul to receive it inwardly and deeply, even from an imperfect and approximate execution of it by an orchestra, that they would deny us these to us invaluable opportunities. To say the least, they are better than nothing. An oft-repeated performance by an indifferent orchestra will, if they persevere in the right spirit, bring out more and more of the true features, of the pro-

found meaning of the composition. The musicians grow by the study of it; their power increases with the magnitude of the task upon which they engage. It can hurt no one to try Beethoven. On the contrary hundreds have felt, by this experiment, that they have been unspeakably gainers. The Academy chose a generous course; for the sake of educating the public taste by a high standard, and creating a demand for the works of the great masters, they took the risk of failure and of criticism, and gave us studies, so to speak, of works which no one would have the presumption to suppose could be brought out here in the most masterly manner. What is the result! The orchestra have been criticized; but hundreds have acquired some true sense of the meaning and grandeur of these inexhaustible creations of genius; taste has been elevated; Beethoven is really known to many; and some of the symphonies have been studied and repeated till the orchestra have really got to feel them, and cooperate as one in the production of them. An enthusiasm has been generated both in the performer and in the hearer, at the expense, it may be, of some lame and awkward trials, which neither could have afforded to forego.

Some thought it was beginning at the wrong end; that Beethoven was many years in advance of our musical culture; that we should be prepared for him as the world was prepared for him by first acquainting ourselves with the less profound and difficult music which preceded him. Ah! if we only might be so prepared! They were great masters who paved the way for Beethoven; from Bach to Haydn there was a line of influences enriching the soil from which such a genius was to spring. But if we did not have Beethoven, would it be Bach and Haydn that would be given us to prepare ourselves withal! Any thing but that; the most modern of the moderns, all the opera trash of the day, all the dazzling superficialities of solo-players, and those who write "for effect." — these would be given us; and we might hear them forever, and never be the wiser, though the mere physical sense of music and the mere mechanical power of execution might be somewhat sharpened. The truth is, Beethoven's is the music of this age; it gives voice to the imprisoned soul and aspiration of this age. Spiritually and essentially, it can be better comprehended by unmusical Americans in Boston now, than it could in Vienna when it was born. It was prophetic of the great world-movement that now stirs so many hearts. The understanding of it is not a matter of mere musical refinement; the question only is: are our souls

ready for the soul that is in it! If so, it is the very music for our education; it will open our ears for us through our souls; it will inspire us, since it came from that which in the depths of our hearts most interests us. The child will study what it loves; and we apprehend it is our destiny in this age and in this land to love Beethoven.

It was an era in the life of every child who loved music, the first time he happened to hear any thing, were it only a waltz, of Beethoven played in its true spirit. It affected his mind as no music before had done, and opened a new world to him,—a new world within himself, too, which made him shudder with delight. It touched new springs, and swelled the breast with emotions which seemed as if they could only find room in another and a vaster sphere of being. Those wondrous chords, each an electric shock; that impetuous, nervous, almost angry accent; that defiant dashing out of the strong notes, which only made more affecting the tremulous melodies of a heart all melting with love, vainly disguising itself under this rude manner; that earnest pleading, as about some vast unutterable wrong, appealing to us, like a portrait whose eye is on every one who enters the room; and above all, that boundless yearning, compelling the very stars above to answer in sweetest melodies, as they shed glimmerings on the dark, heaving, yearning waves below;—all that, for which there are no words, made us long to know more of the man, and to listen to some of his fuller utterances of himself, to some of his great works in which he allowed himself full scope;—for he indeed had something to tell us! That opportunity was at last secured to us, by the performance and subsequent frequent repetition by the Academy orchestra, of one of his greatest and most characteristic works, the Symphony in C minor. From this dates the history of Beethoven in Boston. How this seized upon us, how it grew upon us, how it became a living bond of union between audience and performers, an initiation into a deeper life, how in spite of imperfect means and execution, the life and soul of it did contrive to get out and inspire the souls of all, which reacted on the performance, till absolutely it was performed well,—all this should be told, and taken as the true starting point before proceeding to the other symphonies. Without stopping, therefore, to criticize the orchestra at this late day, we will rather take advantage of the long summer hours, when there is a suspension of concerts, to recall at leisure the impressions left by that grand music. And we take the liberty to transfer to these columns some thoughts to which we gave expres-

sion a few years ago, touching the Symphony in C minor, prefaced by some necessary cautions on the general subject of musical interpretation:

Before we proceed, we would say something of the practice of interpreting music into words. For certainly it is quackery to pretend to have found the Key or story to a symphony, so that it must suggest just that or nothing, to one prepared to hear with the understanding. We have been told that Haydn always had some little romance or idyl in his mind when he composed a symphony; and we have frequently had music interpreted to us, almost note by note, by some ingenious and imaginative listener. But the truth is, no interpretation can suggest so much, that the music shall not suggest more; and such limitations of its meaning may sadly interfere with a simple, free and deep reception of its power and beauty. How can we hear the right key, if we have been warned to look for another! And then again, music in its very nature is the language of something which words cannot tell; yes of something which thought cannot comprehend in its narrow, rigid moulds. It begins where speech leaves off. When we have fairly entered its element, it alone is all sufficing; it explains itself, but it transcends speech and all this defining whim of the understanding. The charm and perfection of music is, that it sets you free, that it delivers you from thought, from care, from all too individual aim or consciousness, and bids your being melt and blend with its all-permeating sentiment. You listen and are transported. It has not addressed your thoughts; it has not spread a picture before your eye; but it has changed your state; it has warmed out into living, glowing reality, the dim mysterious inner world in you, and made it the thrilling element in which all the conscious phenomena of your more outward momentary being float. In a great piece of music, you see, you imagine almost every thing; it wakes a thousand different trains of thought with equal reason, it suggests a thousand scenes. In no two hearers' minds does it light up just the same phantasmagoria. One imagines this, another that; and each is right, if he does not impose his interpretation upon the rest.

Music is more or less suggestive to different hearers. The thoughts it awakens in each certainly help them to speak to each other of what they have heard, to compare notes, and recall passages, and telegraph mutually the joy they had in it by these poor signs. But then these thoughts, however decidedly suggested, were not the music; these the great ocean tossed up to each of us upon its surface, and these we could rescue and identify; but what do these tell of its great boundless roar, and swell, of its unfathomable depths?

And yet it is natural, it is almost inevitable, hearing music, to associate with it some more or less distinct train of ideas; and especially, if it have the unity and logical consecutiveness of a symphony, which is the evolving of a whole harmonious multifarious world out of one simple theme, one is tempted to trace a connected story, or allegory all through it. It is easy, if the principal theme awakes any definite emotion or idea, to use this as a key to all the mysteries which follow, and to recognise some new phase of its

history in each successive musical treatment. All this is well. Only this must be borne in mind: that our story is, after all, not precisely an *interpretation*, but only an allegorical *illustration* of the music. We can only say, "it seems to sing of this or that; it is as if I saw such scenes and splendors passing before me." Earnestly and significantly the mystic tones appeal to us; but never can we render back in any intelligible statement the whole which they have suggested; never can we feel that we have understood it all; always the sense thereof deepens, the more the music takes possession of us; and for every mood we bring to it, it answers something. To every hearer it imparts a separate, private revelation. Truly its sense is infinite. It kindles up our imagination to invent those little fictions, poems, or pictures, by which we illustrate it to ourselves, and coin its vagueness into some stamp of definiteness;—so does the purling of a brook whisper fairy tales to a poet dreaming by its margin;—but then is this the whole account of the stream of waters, or the stream of harmonies? have they not both something more to say? and is this anything more than one of the countless stories which they have in store! The most that can be done is, to weave a story or an interpretation which shall be entirely in the spirit of the music, and harmonize with it, so that the one shall predispose the mind for the other. With the inventor, therefore, if his story be a good one, be in the spirit of the music, it shows that the music has indeed deeply wrought upon him, even to the prompting of a creative activity in his own mind. With other hearers, to whom he offers his fiction as a key, it will, if not very good, prove an obstacle and a hindrance, interfering with that perfect freedom with which the soul hears music; but if it be a true allegory, inspired really by the music, the music having had more part in it than his own idiosyncrasy or idle, accidental thoughts, then the exercise of tracing through a fancied resemblance will bring them nearer to the music, and cause them to hear it more closely, while it will not preclude any suggestions which it may make individually to each of their minds. This is the true work of interpretation; the only true way in which music may be translated into thought. It must be a work of genuine poetic creation. What moved the composer to make a symphony, moves the interpreter to make a poem; out of one and the same spirit, they create in their several ways; and there will be a spiritual correspondence between the two products, so that the impression of the one will not disturb, but only illustrate that of the other. It is the office of the imagination to give form and figure to invisible *felt* realities. It moulds its recognition of a divine essence into an image, as of Jove or Apollo. It embodies the *vague* (which speaks directly only to faith or sentiment within us,) in a form appreciable to thought and sense; and this embodiment is no interpretation, but only a type and suggestion of the unutterable essence. Just the same relation must these interpretations hold to music. They are but parables, which hint of something more, namely the music. And music,—it too is a parable, and hints of what cannot be uttered.

After this we trust we shall not be understood to profess too much in the

brief and sketchy interpretation which we are about to give of the Symphony in C minor. It may be a very fanciful or a very superficial interpretation, but yet one which it will admit of. Since it took form in our mind, we have heard various other interpretations suggested by one and the other, outwardly so unlike, as to make it seem an arbitrary piece of business. But upon nearer examination, it was found that all these little dramas had a common key-note, and were but so many different fables, setting forth one truth. To one it seemed to preach resolution, moral heroism; and the answering themes in the first movement were two voices, one, as of one depending on the eve of some vast undertaking, the other, exhorting and encouraging; and the acme of the whole was in the triumphant march of the finale. Another calls it the "Sceptic in the honest and successful search for truth." Another, "Genius struggling with Nature for expression." And another, thinking all these too little and too definite, seems to hear, in its yearning, pleading, wild, upheaving ocean of harmonics, "innumerable spirits demand the crisis of their existence." Who does not see that here is at the bottom after all, one theme: *the great life-struggle*, to each one modified by his own experience; to one presenting itself in superficial, special incidents, to another generalized into a war of principles, a great life-tragedy. We all heard and felt it in those depths of our being where we are one; but as soon as we began to speak, the confusion of tongues arose. And now to these various testimonies we will add our own, and describe the symphony as it impressed ourselves. The truest account of it would be the impressions which it made upon the greatest possible number of independent hearers, carefully collated.

Beethoven had just reached the period of ripe manhood when he wrote it; that is to say, he was about thirty-seven; when all his tendencies were confirmed, when he had outgrown extraneous influences, and put all himself into his works. Imagine a man haunted, and drawn away from life's actual sympathies, by severe and tyrannizing ideals, filled with a high sense of art, with convictions of truth and beauty, which no one else could understand, and which led him to say, when he met a sympathizing spirit in the young Bettine: "When I lift my eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise the world, because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy." . . . "I have no friend—I must live all to myself; yet I know that God is nearer to me than to others, in my art." Imagine, too, a heart formed for the tenderest love, but for a love so great and earnest, that there were found none worthy of it (he had been disappointed in his affections.) Add to this, that already he was two-thirds deaf, and shut out from the world, and, in his childlike want of worldly tact, subjected to the management of his "evil principle," his two crafty and selfish brothers, who taught him the habit of suspicion;—and we see that the pressure of circumstances lay heavily here upon a soul of the greatest promise; and that, if ever the

* See Hach's Musical Magazine, where this idea is traced out in a most ingenious and satisfactory manner through all the modulations of the music.

great life struggle, the contradiction between the Ideal and the Actual, occupied the soul of an artist, and drove him to his art for a solution, it did with him. Such is the Symphony in question.

The subject is announced with startling distinctness at the outset, in three short emphatic repetitions of one note falling upon the third below, which is held out some time; and then the same phrase echoed, only one degree lower. This grotesque and almost absurd passage, coming in so abruptly, like a mere freak or idle dallying with sounds, fills the mind with a strange uncertainty, as it does the ear; for as yet the note is wanting, which determines the key of the piece. Still more is this vague apprehension increased, when on the ground-tone of C minor this little phrase, once boldly struck, as if by chance, multiplies itself in rapid, soft reiterations, which chase each other round from voice to voice throughout the whole band, first climbing the heights of the trebles, then again down darting through the unfathomable abyss of bass. It is as if a fearful secret, some truth of mightiest moment, startled the stillness where we were securely walking, and the heavens, and the earth, and hell, were sending back the sound thereof from all quarters, "deep calling unto deep," and yet no word of explanation. What is it? What can all this mean! What a world of earnest, strange, portentous voices we set ringing round our heads, when we chanced to stumble upon that seemingly unmeaning phrase of the three notes! Strange and unendurable suspense, dreading we know not what! Comes there no sign of hope! Yes,—when the burst of mingling echoes has once spent itself, there is a moment's pause, and then the distant mellow horns take up the three notes in a higher strain, and fall into another key, the warm and confident E flat major,—and on this basis the *counter-theme* is introduced, a strain of sweetest love and promise, an unlocking of the springs of good affection in the soul, as if to drown all doubt. How vain! for still the ground trembles; and even now those three dread notes are never silenced; they only sink down into the bass, and there, all too audible, though deep and muffled, shake away at the foundations, and contradict the upper melodies. These are the themes.

Beethoven, explaining the *time* of those first three notes one day to a friend, said: "So knocks Fate at the door." It is the dread necessity of the Actual, the limitation which meets us on all sides. It is long before the aspiring genius of man will recognize it to be a *necessity*. In vain do generous hopes and proud resolves intoxicate for a time, and banish the spectre from their charmed circle. In vain does man's genius come to his aid with glorious promises and sense of power. In vain the rising of the indomitable will, the calling on a latent immortal energy within. In vain the hours of poesy and love; the discovery so often, in the highest action of the mind, of an infinite relationship. All this is ours, and real. But so too is that vague, shadowy foe; that thing which men call Fate. It lurks in the commonest experiences of life; the child finds it in his play; strike your foot against any stone by the wayside, and the whole world rings to it. Many times we meet it, many times are baffled, ere we feel it is

one and the same power hemming us in on all sides. Vex yourself to madness with the strange problem, wrestle with the enemy till you are thrown down insensible; with returning consciousness, quietly and slyly he steals upon you from behind again,—for so we may interpret those passages of the music, where, after all the forces of the orchestra have spent themselves in a long, furious burst, there is a pause as of exhaustion, and the theme sets in again in a low tone from a single instrument. On every side the problem challenges us. In our thinkings and in our strivings, it cuts short the conclusion. In the sweetest and securest love-passages, in the bud of the rose, still it lurks, as in that sweet horn melody in the *counter-theme*. And such is life—this perpetual alarming pressure of a vague power from without; this struggle with we know not what; sweetened and relieved, however, by many a melody of love and hope: stern, mysterious demands sounding deep within us, like a last trump, while mingled strains of love and hope and pity flow forth to blend the sharp quick calls into a more human melody, winding gracefully around them, like beautiful innocence, flinging herself around the neck of the stern avenger to intercede for the condemned. It is in vain to describe how all this is worked up in the second division of the allegro. The whole movement seems to represent the genius of man in conflict with necessity.—man pleading and wrestling with the iron limitations which rise up against him, chafing with his half-fledged immortal wings against the bars of the Actual. Many details of beauty might be singled out; but who cares to see a single figure cut out from its relative position in a great painting, say the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo? Once the struggling forces seem exhausted, and the whole orchestra rocks and pants and groans, while the conflict renews itself by fits; and when the theme swells up again into a long, loud crash upon the dominant, it dies away in an earnest, prayer-like cadenza from the *oboe* alone, in which you seem to hear the Good Genius entreating: "Now, kind heaven, grant that this may be the last!" and you hope to hear it pass into the clear and tranquil, perfect key of C major. In vain! still the minor third! the conflict is renewed. Necessity prevails, and man must own it and be reconciled. There is peace even in *that*. To this consummation the musical conflict perseveres; after a sweet streaming forth of all the blended wind-instruments, the last sounding out of the mysterious three notes is with the consent of the whole orchestra.

And now has the difficulty been looked in the face. Soon must the solution come. Man's struggle with destiny, could he understand it, is nothing but his want of harmony with himself. He has a great lesson to learn: he must *renounce*. The Fate he dreads is only the moral law,—the law he does not love,—in terrible disguise. He must renounce and obey; be content to be faithful to himself, and not ask for the reward, which is in Heaven's keeping. This victory once gained over himself, and Fate and his will now are one voice. So sings the *andante*, stately and grave, yet full of tenderness, like the chorus in an old Greek Tragedy, chanting the moral of the piece, in the intervals of the action,

and celebrating the dignity and beauty of the law. It seems to be a lyric exposition, both of the appalling difficulties and of the absolute beauty of the principle of self-sacrifice, the terrors and the splendors of the cross. How wisely do the manly and yet tender tones of the violoncello discourse! With what sober certainty the theme is taken up and varied by the earnest, reedy sounds of the bassoon! How it is insisted and insisted upon with a heavenly authority, as if it were an angel speaking, and bidding us moreover listen to the starry spheres, and to all the winds, and woods, and waters, and satisfy ourselves that the whole heavens and earth are full of confirmation, that deep calleth unto deep, and the stars sing together of *this* truth also. In that strange passage, where there is a monotonous rustling for some bars, alternately in the violins and the basses, and which seems to have no meaning, save to effect as much novelty as possible, and carry our thoughts far away from all that has gone before, yet how strangely steals in, in a remote mysterious key, the same theme! as much as to say: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy voice reach me." There are passages of deepest grief and despondency heard ever and anon in the pauses of the discourse; the bitter price is weighed; and the prayer involuntarily escapes: "let the cup pass from me." But the sufferings are but for the present time; the safety and beauty of the principle shines out high over all; the truth is glorified; the soul is full of confidence. All this is, as it could only be, in the religious key of A flat major.

And since allusion has been made to the old Greek drama, in which Fate always plays principal part, I may trace some fancied analogy between what is thus far described of the symphony, and an idea once suggested to me concerning the "Eumenides" of Æschylus. In the first scene of that drama we have Orestes pursued by the Furies into the temple of Apollo. The Furies sleep while he prostrates himself before the statue of the god. What is this but man forgetting his daily persecutors, the tormenting cares of the Actual, while he gives himself up to his genius? (Apollo, god of genius.) Genius in its glowing hour rises above all earthly troubles; but not effectually, not permanently. It is a struggle, — and we have the music of it in the allegro movement. Apollo sends him to consult Minerva. Genius cannot save a man; he has need of wisdom. And would not the *andante*, if it could be translated and congealed into permanent marble, rise before us, pure, and calm, and lofty, in terrible beauty, MINERVA! goddess of Wisdom and of heroic Will.

What can be said of the wonderful music of the *Scherzo*, which comes next, — such impetuous, reckless strength, and yet such weakest tenderness, — such restlessness, and yet such sure and steady preparation and progress towards the acme of the whole, the glorious *Triumphal March*? It would seem as if the wisdom, which has been sung, were now to be embodied in some glorious deed; as if the artist were gathering up his strength to crowd all the lesson of his life, resolutely, into one soul-satisfying, complete revelation of art; with a Titan's strength to cast off the weight of the ideal which op-

pressed him, by action as ideal, and prove that, with all that Hamlet had, his also was the strength which Hamlet had not. Playfully and capriciously he dallies awhile in the *Scherzo*, as if with sense of abundant riches, with the light-hearted consciousness of having solved the riddle, yet earnest as before, starting and stopping suddenly, resolving and musing by turns, in a fever of preparation, yet sure of what is coming. He only waits the breeze; it is already rising; the sails flutter about in all directions, until the main current of the air shall fill them and decide the course. It is all a sort of loose sketching as in preparation for the glorious utterance in art which he has in mind, but which has not quite yet taken form. How the *basses* labor and tug in broken efforts; though baffled oft, they carry the point at last, for there is abundant strength, and the thing is fated, only wait the fulness of time! Hark! has not the happy moment arrived! The spell of inspiration is upon him, — a mysterious murmur comes from the depths of the orchestra, — then a light tilting movement of the upper melodies, as if ready to break away, — a swinging to and fro of the good ship, with her sails all set and filled, while only one rope holds her to the land; it snaps! and away she shoots triumphantly. It is the march, the magnificent *Finale*, which bursts forth in the key of C major, in the full noonday blaze of light, and carries with it such a swarming, crowding wealth of melodies and harmonies, and moves with such a mighty on-sweep, that all things open before it, and are swept on in its wake. Again and again, with grander energy and richer harmony the theme is repeated; thoughts innumerable keep crowding out, as if the uncontainable impulse never could exhaust itself; as if the composer never could get out the mighty thought which fired his soul. Again and again is the closing chord reiterated, as if he stamped upon the ground from very impatience, as if he could not consent to stop and leave so much unsaid.

And is this all! O no! the impression which Beethoven always leaves upon us is that there is *more, more!* A boundless striving to pronounce the unutterable, to embrace the infinite, is the sentiment of all his music; and the hearer, spell-bound, must follow the heaven-storming Titan, as far as his strength holds out.

And here I may add words which Bettine reports Beethoven to have said to her. If he did not say it in words, he certainly did repeatedly in his music:

"The mind," said he, "would embrace all thoughts, both high and low, and embody them into one stream of sensations, all sprung from simple melody, and without the aid of its charms doomed to die in oblivion. This is the unity, which lives in my symphonies, — numberless streamlets meandering on in endless variety of shape, but all diverging into one common bed. Thus it is I feel that there is an indefinite something, an eternal, an infinite to be attained; and although I look upon my works with a foretaste of success, yet I cannot help wishing, like a child, to begin my task anew, at the very moment when my thundering appeal to my hearers seems to have forced my musical creed upon them, and thus to have exhausted the insatiable cravings of my soul after the '*beau idéal*.'"

"And again," he said (what seems to con-

tain the whole moral of the symphony we have been reviewing): "Would you know the true principle on which the arts may be won? It is to bow to their immutable terms: to lay all passion and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach the divine presence with a mind so calm and so void of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth."

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE COLLECTIVE UNITY. NO. II.

Four distinct societies have existed on the earth; the Savage, Patriarchal, Barbarian, and Civilized. All the societies which now exist, or of which history has preserved a clear record, may be classed under one of these heads, or are mixtures of two or more of them, as in the instance of China, which is a compound of the Patriarchal, Barbarian, and Civilized mechanisms. One Society often preserves some of the characteristics of another, and this mingling gives a greater appearance of variety than is, in reality, the case. The southern portion of the United States, for example, has retained slavery, which is an institution of the Barbarian society, and has engrafted it upon the civilized social mechanism; it gives a peculiar character to the social organization of the South; yet the South is civilized, because the majority of its institutions belong to the civilized social order. We call the institution of Slavery "Barbarian," because it took its rise in that society. It did not exist in the Savage or Patriarchal states, which precede Barbarism. Every social institution or arrangement must bear the name of the society that gave it birth. Military conscriptions and despotism, which are two other characteristics of the Barbarian order, are retained in the European civilization, while they are not in that of this country, and slavery has been abolished in Europe, while it is retained among us. The abandonment of the weak and feeble, of the sick and old, — a characteristic of the Savage state, where it is an unavoidable necessity, and therefore excusable, — is found in both the European and American civilizations; our poor houses, which give a disgraceful asylum to only the smallest part of the destitute, can scarcely be called a reform of this characteristic.

A detailed description of these societies would be very important, as it would enlarge the views of men on social progress,

enable them to see clearly what systems of society have passed away, and that the present one, which they suppose to be true in its organization and eternal in its duration, is also to have an end, and give place to higher and happier ones.

We said that men believe in the permanency of the present social order; but a vague and indefinite idea of the advent of a better state of things on earth, of a social transformation, is beginning to be current with many minds, but it is as yet in a state of infantine formlessness, without life and positive conviction. It stimulates to no action. A clear view of the progressive development of human societies, and of the extreme imperfection and falseness of the present one, called civilization, which is but one degree above the most hideous and infernal society that can exist under any circumstances,—the Barbarian, in which the laboring classes who compose the majority of the male sex, and the women who compose half of mankind, are enslaved, bought and sold like cattle, and military despotism, or brute force is the law,—a clear view of this subject would dispel the vague sentimentalizing that is now becoming fashionable among "progressive minds," as they are called, and point out a clear path for those to march in, who have the will and the energy needful for real progress. We shall do this hereafter, if we find time and space, for we have the materials and guides for the work.

Every social system appears in a positive and definite form in its collective unity, that is, concretes itself in the immediate relations of men; and it is there that all must study it in order clearly to understand it. In a previous article, we examined the Savage horde and the Patriarchal clan, which are the collective unities of the savage and patriarchal societies; we will continue the subject by glancing at the Barbarian Collective Unity.

The two fundamental characteristics of the Barbarian social mechanism, are

1. The slavery of the laboring classes.
2. The slavery of woman.

Its means of action are brute force and military despotism.

The passion on which it is based, (by the passions we understand the springs of action, or motive powers in the soul,) is Ambition, in its subversive developments of injustice, usurpation, selfish love of power, false glory, &c.

In the Barbarian society commence the developments of Industry, that greatest and most important element of social organization, which gives man dominion over Nature, which feeds and clothes him, and enfranchises him from material dependence, and without which no ulterior progress is possible. But Industry in the early commencement of hu-

man societies, is horribly repugnant; there are no facilities for performing it, no tools, implements, and machinery, and it is without system or organization.—The earth is imperfectly tilled by the merest brutal toil, and a few necessary articles manufactured by the most painful labor. In such a condition of things it is utterly impossible to induce a free population to engage in it, and for this reason it is entirely avoided in the savage state, and exercised to but a small extent in the patriarchal, and that through craft, cunning, and a kind of semi-servitude, which is established by the leaders, who have to resort to numerous indirect modes to attain their ends, as they have no armies, no jails and gibbets to compel the mass to work.

In the Barbarian society, an entire change takes place; population increases immensely, armies are organized, the means of constraint, force and oppression, are fully established. The prisoners taken in war are made slaves, and are forced to toil by the lash and other corporeal punishments; their children grow up in bondage, and in a few generations, as empires extend, the majority of the population is in slavery. Thus the masses pass from a state of rude independence and liberty, which they enjoyed in the savage society, into a state of slavery, and are subjected to the most repulsive toil. Here is a gigantic fall, and yet it is the means of a great subsequent progress, for it is impossible to organize a true society, and elevate man to his destiny, without Industry, and industry being repulsive in the extreme, when not rightly organized, as it is not in the Barbarian and Civilized societies, it must be carried on by some means of constraint,—in the Barbarian order by the lash, in Civilization, by want and starvation.

It will appear, no doubt, a monstrous anomaly that a fall like slavery and servitude, and the degradation of thousands, should be a means of human progress. During the "times of the curse," or reign of inverse Providence, which comprise the few first ages of the existence of Humanity on earth, ages of ignorance and weakness, the principles of justice are inverted, and societies and institutions which are satanic, and in their nature opposed to the laws of divine Providence, have for a time to prevail among mankind.

In the Barbarian society, Woman also, is enslaved, made the property of man, and consigned to a seraglio. Thus the female principle, the principle of affection, of tenderness, of delicate enthusiasm, the poetic and celestial principle in fine, and Industry, the great practical and useful element of society, the element which liberates man from the tyranny of nature, which furnishes Mind with an im-

plement by which to conquer Matter, and subject it to its will, and which, as such, is the foundation of human elevation,—both are enslaved, made the mere playthings and tools of material passions on the one hand, and subversive ambition and selfishness on the other.

Under this state of things, when all the principles of love and justice are smothered, humanity seems to run mad with cupidity, ferocity, tyranny, and brutality; and yet, in this wild chaos, this subversion of the moral world, a gigantic work is accomplished; the masses are accustomed to labor, and forced to go through their first apprenticeship. In this painful initiation, man begins to domineer over nature, and the means of sustaining large bodies of men in nations, and of peopling the earth, are secured.

In this society, the collective unity takes an entirely new character. The savage horde, with its huts or wigwams of bark or skins, where man lives an idle, listless life, each his own sovereign, so to say, possessing complete individual independence, but without Industry, and sunk as a consequence, in collective poverty and ignorance, and the patriarchal encampment, with its tents pitched where the pasturage is good, disappear. In their place arise the Barbarian town and city, built of solid brick and stone, planted firmly on the earth, well walled and fortified, with temples and palaces for the priesthood and military rulers, governed by religious superstition and military despotism, industry widely prosecuted, but individual independence gone, slavery introduced, order established,—forced or constrained, it is true,—and the elements of Society, such as government, laws, education, the arts and sciences, beginning to be called into existence. Such is the primary social unity in the Barbarian society,—a great progress, in many respects, upon the two preceding unities, the savage and patriarchal, but a great fall as regards the happiness and the independence of the mass. This fall, however, is not destined to last, and it continues only during the reign of the Barbarian and Civilized societies; their function is to create Industry, that is, all branches of agriculture and manufactures. These two societies being the periods of the initiation and apprenticeship of Humanity in Industry, are the most miserable that can exist on the earth during the whole career of mankind. But when this great preparatory work is accomplished, then a true order of society can be established. The elements can then be rightly organized. Industry, for example, possessing all facilities wherewith to be prosecuted, with machinery to execute the more difficult and heavier branches, can be dignified and rendered attractive; jus-

ties and liberty can be introduced into all the relations of society, and man can be elevated to independence and the enjoyment of all his rights, accompanied with riches and intelligence.

Barbarism and Civilization form the foundation on which the future social harmony that is to reign on our earth, is to rest; and it should not surprise us that a period of social injustice, discord and oppression, should exist as the forerunner of periods of social justice, liberty, and unity, for it is a universal law that a brief period of discord precedes a long period of harmony in all careers and existences; a brief phasis of infancy, a long phasis of maturity, strength and knowledge. We see this illustrated in the life of man, and of every living thing about us, and it applies equally to the social career of the human race. The false and discordant societies that have existed, up to the present time, on the earth, form the period of its social infancy and ignorance, and the six or seven thousand years that have elapsed since its creation, constitute its childhood, the commencement of its life on this globe, its ascending transition from an incomplete and undeveloped state, to one of full development and perfection. Long ages await mankind; great historic periods are before us: they are not to be epochs of poverty, fraud, oppression, and carnage, like those already passed through. The law of transition and progressive development teaches us the contrary, and assures us, that they are to be periods of universal peace and liberty, of justice, abundance, and social harmony.

Mankind are prepared, society is prepared, to enter upon the epoch of social unity and harmony, — the true, natural, and organic social condition of Humanity. What is now wanting is a transformation of the present imperfect societies by the establishment of a true social order in their place. Let us hasten the advent of this glorious epoch; let us labor for the great social Reformation which is to usher it in; the times are more than ripe for it, and it is the political ignorance and littleness, the selfishness and apathy of the leaders of the world only, that prevent it. It wants new leaders to do the glorious and sacred work. Let them arise and be about it.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF ASSOCIATION.

It cannot be denied that most of the Associations in this country have been commenced with something too much of the rail-road velocity, with which new enterprises are often taken up by a portion of our sanguine and adventurous community. This fact, however, is not at all surprising. Men are glad to escape the evils which the present order of society inflicts on the large majority of our active population. They feel deeply the inequality,

the injustice, the oppressions which prevail everywhere; they are conscious that the worship of Mammon which is now installed in our great churches, in our commercial marts, in our fashionable saloons, is not the highest destiny of man; they long for a better condition of things, where abundance of supply shall be commensurate with the sense of want, where no cunning monopoly shall hoard the bounties of the Universe in private receptacles, and leave the necessities of the great masses unfurnished and uncared for; where labor shall be so arranged as to be attractive, and leisure for mental cultivation secured to all; and where the combined advantages of the social state shall be made to contribute to the development, the expansion, and the consequent happiness of every individual. There is scarce a human soul, however brutified by excess of toil, or enervated by the frivolities of fashion, which does not respond to the wish for an order of society, guaranteeing to all a more liberal share of wealth, of education, of elegance, and refinement, than now falls to the lot of the most pampered favorites of civilization.

When the doctrines of Association are presented to minds alive to the glaring defects of the existing order, it is no wonder that they are received with enthusiasm, as capable of effecting an almost instantaneous regeneration in social affairs. They welcome them as divine and everlasting truths: they are eager to give them a practical experiment; and flushed with the hope of a speedy triumph, they are blind to the obstacles which every new enterprise is destined to encounter.

But it is by no means certain that this glowing enthusiasm, these strong and sincere convictions are combined with the practical energy, which goes forward in spite of opposition, or the good sense and sound discretion, which knows how to make use of given resources to the best advantage, and even to convert occasions of discouragement into means of progress. Hence, they are not fitted to be pioneers; they are fine, generous, hopeful, harmonic characters, it may be, admirably adapted to Association in its higher development; but at present, without a sphere in the movement; destitute of the constructive faculty; and not called to the arduous task of creating a new social order. With such materials, we should not be surprised at any difficulties which may be met with by young Associations. The case is still worse, when men have come together for personal and selfish motives, hoping to get their bread buttered on both sides, and to live in social and physical luxury, with less toil than would be necessary to keep soul and body together, in the common walks of life.

The truth is, — and we take no credit for uncommon sincerity in the avowal, — all our attempts at practical Association are the result of a clear perception of the actual evils of society, of the wish to keep our hands unsoiled with its pestilent corruptions, and of a generous but vague hope that an enterprise conceived with a pure and honest purpose will not fail of the means of success, rather than of a systematic plan, furnished with all the means and appliances, which in the opinion of the founders of the Associative School, are indispensable to a complete experiment for the testing of its principles and methods. No man was more averse to rash and precipitate measures than Fourier himself. He sternly opposed all practical endeavors for the establishment of Associations, until the requisite men and means were at command. He wished to enlighten the intellect in regard to the true doctrines of social harmony, to inspire the heart with a lively trust in the benignity and universality of Divine Providence, and to explain the scientific method by which the great problem of the destiny of man on earth was to be solved, rather than to awaken a premature enthusiasm, which might lead to crude and ill-concerted measures, and terminate only in the disappointment and disgust which attend extensive enterprises, undertaken with inadequate resources for their accomplishment. In his view, no commencement should be made, except with ample capital secured from the outset; a sufficient number of persons to afford the variety of character, which is essential to harmony; and a well-chosen domain, provided with large and convenient edifices, complete apparatus for the different branches of industry, gardens, pleasure-grounds, and orchards in a state of high maturity; and thus prepared, the believers in the Combined Order as the order of God would have the power to organize attractive industry, realize the vast economies of Association, and institute the external conditions for true interior harmony, for a divine serenity of soul, for the orderly development of the whole nature of man, and his introduction into the kingdom of God on earth.

Without waiting for this gradual preparation, a chosen band of men and women have commenced the work of Association in different parts of the United States. They have entered this field of labor, under the influence of an impulse, which to them was sacred as the voice of God. In conscientious obedience to their convictions of truth and justice, they have determined to lay aside every weight imposed by the unnatural arrangements of modern society, to make straight paths for their feet, and thus to prepare

for the reign of universal equity, concord, and integrity on earth. No doubt rests on their prospect of ultimate success. They will triumph in the achievement of their enterprize, though no outward prosperity for many years should cheer their efforts. But they are engaged in a work which all cannot share. They are not living in Association, but preparing a true and happy life for those who shall come after them. They are traversing the desert, that others may enter the promised land. They are laboring, with toil surely, and often perhaps, in tears, amid the dust, and confusion, and discomfort of a new structure; but others will rejoice in the free and spacious halls, whose glittering pinnacles will hereafter salute the skies.

We trust the distinction will never be lost sight of by those who contemplate engaging in Association, between the life which will be enjoyed when a complete Phalanx shall be established, and the life which must be led by those who are laboring in its preparation. This, we think, might prevent some personal disappointment, on the part of those who desire to engage in the attempts now in operation, and also deter many from proposing themselves as members, who however fitted for Association in its maturity, are by no means qualified for the arduous labors and sacrifices of pioneers.

PROGRESS AT THE WEST.

We have received the second number of "The Ploughshare and Pruning-book," the organ of the Integral Phalanx, recently established in the vicinity of Cincinnati. Besides a variety of interesting articles on the subject of Association, this number contains the "Pledges and Rules" of the Integral Phalanx, together with an explanation of some parts of the instrument, which have been supposed to be rather obscure. It is an elaborate document, exhibiting the fruits of deep reflection, and aiming at the application of scientific principles to the present condition of Association. We do not feel ourselves called on to criticize it, as every written code for the government of a Phalanx must necessarily be imperfect, of the nature of a compromise, adapted to special exigencies, and taking its character in a great measure, from the local or personal circumstances of the Association for which it is intended. In a complete and orderly arrangement of groups and series, with attractive industry fully organized, with a sufficient variety of character for the harmonious development of the primary, inherent passions of our nature, and a corresponding abundance of material resources, we conceive that few written laws would be necessary; every thing would be regulated with spontaneous pre-

cision by the pervading common sense of the Phalanx; and the law written on the heart, the great and holy law of attraction, would supersede all others. -But for this blessed condition the time is not yet. Years may be required, before we shall see the first red streaks of its dawning. Meanwhile, we must make the wisest provisional arrangements in our power. And no Constitution, recognizing the principles of distributive justice and the laws of universal unity, will be altogether defective, while time and experience will suggest the necessary improvements.

We find in this number an encouraging statement in regard to the Columbian Phalanx.

"It is reported all through the country, and currently within thirty miles of the location, that the company have disbanded and broken up; that those who remain are in a constant state of discontent and bickering, owing to want of food and comforts of life. Now, sir, having visited this spot, and viewed for myself, I can safely say, that in no one thing is this true. In fact, only one family has left, and it is supposed that they can't stay away; while five families are now here, and on their way here, from Beverly, Morgan county, all of good, substantial character. As good a state of harmony exists in the Phalanx as could possibly be expected in so incipient a state. On Saturday last, having the required number of families, (thirty-two,) they went into an inceptive organization; and all feel, that at no time have the prospects been as fair as at this moment. In proof of this, it need only be stated, that they are about \$4,000 ahead of their payments, and no interest due till Spring, with no other debts they are not able to meet. They have 137 acres of wheat, and 13 of rye, all of a most excellent quality, decidedly the best that I have seen this year; not more than 10 or 15 acres at all injured. They calculate, on a part of it, to get 25 bushels to the acre. They have 150 acres of corn, much better than the corn generally in Franklin county; 100 acres of oats, all of the largest kind; 15 acres of potatoes, in the most flourishing condition; 4 acres of beans; 5 acres of vines; besides forty acres of pumpkins! (won't they have pies!) 1 acre of sweet potatoes; 10,000 cabbage plants, and are preparing ground for 5 acres, of turnips; 6 acres of buckwheat; 5 acres of flax, and 10 acres of garden. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with them to-day, at the public table, furnished as comfortably as we generally find. They have provisions enough growing to supply three times their number, and they are calculating on a large increase this season. They are fully satisfied of the validity of their deed, which they are soon to secure."

Here is another encouraging fact.

"Three attorneys-at-law have left that profession, and joined the Integral Phalanx — not, as they say, that they could not make a living, if they would stick at it and do their share of the dirty work, but because, by doing so they must sacrifice their consciences, as the practice of the law, in many instances, is but stealing under another name. They are elevating

themselves, by learning honest and useful trades, so as to become producers in Association. A wise resolution."

WISCONSIN PHALANX. The readers of a good many journals have received their first intimation that an attempt at Associated Industry had been made in Wisconsin from a paragraph which started in the Green Bay Republican, importing that the Wisconsin Phalanx had got into a quarrel, the President had resigned, &c. and the whole affair was about breaking up. Since that paragraph appeared, we have received two letters from the Phalanx, proving it very far from true. One of them received yesterday says,

"P. S. If you see an article in the Green Bay Republican respecting us, you need not notice it, as it is all wind." *Tribune.*

☞ "My dear Doctor," said a youthful evangelic to an old divine, "is there any difference between puseyism and puppyism?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "Puppyism comes from dogmatism, but Puseyism from catechism."

FOR SALE,

In West Roxbury, two Lots of Land in the immediate vicinity of Brook Farm, containing, one sixty, and the other thirty acres. Inquire of WILLIAM PALMER, near the premises.

August 9, 1845.

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June 28, 1845.

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

NUMBER 11.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

ARCHITECTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

SECTION III.

You have looked at the capital, you have looked at Paris, Paris especially, for it is the capital of capitals, the heart of Civilization, its centre of activity, of power, and of glory.

See how Civilization lodges man in his capital, in his centre of activity, power, and glory. Go into the country, and you will there see what Civilization has known how to do. I do not call the country those fresh, coquettish-looking houses which are scattered around Paris, like tufts of flowers over a heap of mud: you must see Champagne and Picardy, the Bresse and Nivernais, Sologne, Limousin, Bretagne, &c., and see them near you. There you will see rooms which are both kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping-chamber, for father, mother, children, everybody; and what is more, they serve for cellar and granary; sometimes for barn and poultry yard. The daylight enters by low and narrow apertures; the air passes under doors and shrunken sashes; it whistles through cracked and blackened glasses, when there are glasses, mark you,—for there are whole provinces in which the use of glass is scarcely known. It is lighted, on occasions, by a greasy, smoky lamp,—commonly by the fire. Then the floor,—ah! yes, the floor! the floor! it is the uneven and humid earth. Here and there are puddles,—you step in them,—children of the lowest age are crawling about in them. I have seen, myself, the ducks seek food there!

O! how efficient is disease in all these places! How it kills men there, or cripples them, or covers them with shameful infirmities! How rheumatisms, scurvy, scrofula, and I know not what more, there spread themselves with ravenous delight! How evil sows the seeds of evil in rich soil! How the plague and the cholera,

when they come, mow away there at their leisure!

So much for the interior; as for the outside you know it well enough:

Streets full of mud, of filth, of black and stagnant water. When you are on a road, and you find it beginning to grow dirty, you know that you are approaching a village; and when you are in the midst of these groups of hovels, these *habitations*, then you find the street positively frightful and disgusting.

For all these low thatched cottages which have charmed our poets and our moralists, you see sometimes a single house, rising elegant and fresh. It is the country-house of some rich merchant, or of some *ci-devant* seignior, who regrets the chateau of his ancestors, the earl's coronet which its proud donjon bore upon its head, and the double fosses, whose waters drudging serfs used to beat by night, in those good old times, lest the croaking of the frogs should disturb the sleep of the noble lady of the manor. One house for a hundred miserable cabins!

Such is the city, such the village. How well our incoherent society depicts itself there in its works!

In our cities, dilapidated hovels, black, hideous, mephitic, huddled together in close groups, crouch at the feet of the palaces, and the cathedral. They creep around the monuments which Civilization has sown here and there, as we see in a neglected garden, snails with their impure slime crawling over the branches of a lilac-tree in flower.—The coupling of luxury and misery is the complement of the picture.

Civilization has a few palaces, and myriads of paltry hovels, as it has rags for the masses, and robes of gold and silk for its favored few. Side by side with the embroidered livery of the stockjobber, it displays the coarse serge of its proletaries and the wounds of its paupers. If it builds and maintains at great expense a sumptuous opera-house, where it caresses with delicious harmonies the ears of its idle dilettanti, it salutes you also in the middle of its streets and public squares with

the pitiful songs of the blind, with the lamentable complaints of mendicants. On either side, it can create nothing but selfishness and immorality, for misery and opulence both have their immorality and their selfishness.

O, no, no! In our villages, in our cities, in our great capitals, man is not lodged: for I call the rag-picker a man, who rummages by night, his lantern in his hand, and seeks his living in a heap of rubbish which he stirs with his hook,—I call him and his numerous brothers in misery a man, as well as him of the chateau and the money-bag. And the lodging of a man I call a healthy, commodious, suitable and elegant habitation.

And why is man not lodged! Always the same reply to this question and to others: why is he hungry? why is he cold? why is he deprived of education, and in all things miserable and destitute? Always, we answer in one way: There are stones in the quarries, wood in the forests, iron in the bosom of the earth; the soil refuses not to produce when you sow; arts, sciences, intelligence and force are there; it is not the power that is wanting; the useful effect of labor must be increased by a co-ordination of labors; the quantity of labor must be augmented by creating industrial attraction; we must organize, we must organize! we must realize Association, must pass out of Incoherence into Harmony! That is what we must think of, and not occupy ourselves with political struggles, with party contests, with quarrels about place.—What have all these evil chimeras in common with the discovery and trial of the societary organization of the Township?

You have seen that the abode of man undergoes the same transformation with the states of society: there might be curious studies upon this subject, especially if we were to extend our investigations over Art in general: for Art, as we have already begun to establish, has reflected with marvellous exactness the particular characters, the successive movements, the varied and manifold phenomena, which have

manifested themselves in the different phases of the life of different peoples. All the conceptions which have appeared in the bosom of humanity, all the ideas which have come to light, all the faiths which have passed over this earth, have had power, like the symbolical lyre of Orpheus, to move rocks and forests; they have put on monumental forms, they have encrusted themselves on the fronts of temples, on the marbles of sanctuaries and theatres; they have animated bas-reliefs and statues; they have harmonized colors upon the canvas and upon the walls of edifices; they have changed and moulded in a thousand ways, the form of the habitation of man; they have impressed themselves upon his arms, his utensils, and even upon his draperies and clothes: for all nations and all epochs have their particular plastic combinations, distinct from one another, dependent upon their manners, their habits, their intellectual life, and corresponding to their peculiar sociality.

This correspondence is so intimate, that undoubtedly, we might restore the history of an epoch, of which every tradition was extinct and every text had perished, if we only had vestiges enough of the monuments of that epoch, of its architecture, public and private, of its painting; in a word, of the general forms under which Art there manifested itself. With such data, one might do for a people, what Cuvier knew how to do, by means of fragments of their skeletons, for those species of animals which disappeared long ago from the surface of the globe, and of which, nevertheless, he has described the instincts, manners and habits with exactness. For all is united in the social world, as in nature: and if matter everywhere lends itself to the power of the mind, if the form everywhere reflects the thought, so, too, always thought tends to pass into art, to materialize itself, to reproduce itself externally in forms. Made from this point of view, an integral history of Art would be an admirable archaeological monument in which all the Past would dwell, and which would bid revive to our eyes generations extinct, and ages which have rolled away; it would be an immense panorama of the development of humanity upon the globe, and of its successive revolutions.

One might push this appreciation of correspondences even to details of singular minuteness, even to approximations by hundredths and by thousandths, if I may be pardoned the expression. Do we not find its correlative sense in the dining-hall, in the kitchen, the saloon, the sleeping-chamber of the civilizee, as well as in the hut of the Savage, the tent of the Arab, the cabin of our peasants, the hovels of our proletarians, who are still

Barbarians in this our Civilization engrafted upon Barbarism?

The barrack and the prison, the café and the theatre, the tavern and the gin-shop, have they not each their particular expression? Has not each construction an age? does it not bear upon its front the certificate of its birth?—The variations of military architecture, from the palisade of trunks of trees, to the bastioned front of Vauban and of Carmontaigne, doubled with half-moon and contra-guards, with deep fosses, with ramparts even with the earth, tell you faithfully all the perfections and all the changes introduced into the art of war by successive inventions.

Finally, in our age of industrialism, and of mercantilism, have we not constructions of an industrial and mercantile character in abundance? The square, dull, bald, regular aspect of those manufactories where our people go to condense their sweat and their toils, transformed into human machines, is it not clearly a revealer? Our streets lined with showy shops, some miserable, others sparkling and gilded, do they lie? do they not give, chapter by chapter, the whole theory of anarchical and false commerce? And the *dwelling* houses built by speculators in the great cities, do they not indicate by their low ceilings, and their narrow windows close together, that the man who has only his hands to live by is there put upon rations as to air and light, by the capitalist, who has built this great box of pigeon holes into which are crowded fifty poor, half-starved families, and where the health of men, their very lives and lungs, are discounted?

If one should wish to push these considerations farther and descend even into individual life, he might remark that the shop of an artist, the cabinet of a writer, of a lawyer, of a financier, &c., have their particular and special arrangements, which characterize those different professions. In fact we every day draw approximate conclusions about the character of a person from the apartment which he occupies, or we make a minute and detailed description of that in order to convey to others the knowledge which we have of his character.

But we need not spend more time in the development of this idea, that every material form corresponds to a thought, whether in the works of man or in the works of God. Enough to lay it down here in the form of a general thesis, as a thing proved, to wit:

That man on passing from the savage and nomadic life to the life of the barbarous period which fixes him to the soil, quits the hut and the tent, to enter into the cabin, overlooked by the massive abode of the military despot, which, in its turn,

is commanded by the grand religious and theocratic structure.

That Civilization coming afterwards, tries to introduce external regularity, and slowly and laboriously bring into line the agglomerations of houses in the *confused* or *barbarous mode*, which is still the mode of almost all our villages, and of the greater part of the quarters of our great cities.

Guaranteeism, coming next, would no longer confine itself, like Civilization, to this system of architectural guarantees in the *simple mode*, regarding the external only. It would elevate the guarantees to the *composite mode*, and speculate concerning the convenience, the healthfulness, and the internal and external agreeableness of human habitations.

I shall not speak here of the architecture of Guaranteeism, any more than of that of the Seventh Period. Readers, who are curious to know its principal elements, will find a detailed plan of a city under that system, in the *Extraduction* of the first volume of the *Traite de l'Association*. It is a curious study.

These are subjects for long and interesting labors. Here my only end has been to prove and make it clear that there is no escape from this logical conclusion:

That the social evolution which will conduct man into the HARMONIC PERIODS will bring us PALACES, where CIVILIZATION has only known how to build its HOUSES OF MUD.

Civilization is depicted in its ant-hills, where here and there rise some few monuments scattered pell-mell among the hovels; it is depicted in its cities and its villages, where are found every genus, species, and variety of foulness and deformity.—Let Association come! Let Harmony begin her reign! and Harmony will mirror herself in her resplendent Phalansteries!

Do you not see how, already, whenever there has been in the world a concentration of wills, whether brought about through love, through fear, or through terror, this concentration of wills has always translated itself by a monument proportioned to its power? Feudalism gave the strong castle; royalty the pyramids of Egypt and the palace; religion the antique temple and the cathedral. Now that there is no more power, no union and concentration of wills, there is nothing built but houses; O! pardon me! I forgot; they *do* build prisons now, very solid, very thick, very vast, very well chained and bolted: the handsomest edifice of modern London is a prison!

At all events, no one can help recognizing that the individual work is necessarily mean, diminutive, narrow, and that union and concentration of wills alone, can give any grand results. This truth is written everywhere. You meet it in

the *hotel-de-ville*, which is distinguished among houses, because it was the principle of the Commune which built it; in the theatre, which corresponds to a love in the people for a common pleasure, as the church is the expression of a common religious thought. The monastic community has made every Christian land to bristle with convents; the university has built colleges; the government, palaces of justice, ministries, prefectures, arsenals, prisons; it has erected around a thousand military posts thick and high enclosures of stone, bastioned and redoubled.

You see that Civilization, poor as it is in means, gives grandeur and regularity to its architecture every time that it produces an organization of any sort.

When the molecules are scattered in a troubled medium, they deposit themselves here and there, and are precipitated in a powder. When they are able to approach and join each other in a medium favorable to affinities, they place themselves in juxtaposition with one another and naturally combine into crystals.—So, when the individualities now scattered, shall unite under the happy and powerful principle of Association, and shall group themselves together freely by their sympathetic poles, when the village shall become a Phalanx, then the houses and cabins will become Phalansteries!

To be Continued.

A WARNING CRY.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

Toiling from the morning gray —
Toiling, toiling through the day,
Till the spirit faints away.

Bound, in triple iron bound!

By the taper's famished light,
Toiling, toiling through the night,
Till the dim and aching sight

Sees but shadows gathering round —

Till the lip's warm hue is gone,

Till the brow is worn and wan,

Till the pitying sun looks on

Gasping slaves in stupor cast;

Toiling through the hours of pain,

Taxing hand, and heart, and brain,

Bread, — and scarcely bread, — to gain!

Shall this, shall this ever last?

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth

Youth, and hope, and strength, and health!

Nature's dowry, nature's wealth,

Shall they, shall they ever be,

Youth and hope, an April beam?

Strength, delusion? health, a dream?

Age, — a fearful, ghastly theme,

Pain, and grief, and penury?

Thou who seest! Thou who hearest!

Thou the mourner's heart who cheerest!

Thou who, veiled in clouds, appearest!

Swift, and terrible, and strong!

Unto Thee, with stony eye,

Bloodless cheek, and boding cry,

Doomed to toil, and toil, — or DIE.

Want appealeth, "Lord, how long?"

Ye whose "confidence" is gold,

False, rapacious, crafty, bold,

Who the laborer's hire withhold,

Who the fruits of toil deny,

Who the starving poor distress,

Who the weak, the old, oppress,

Tremble! they shall have redress,

Lo! their groans are heard on high!

Tremble! tremble! well ye may,

Godless tyrants of a day,

Trampling on your fellow-clay!

Trampling *human hearts* to dust!

Vengeance is the Lord's! beware!

He will list the poor man's prayer,

Raise the crushed, and chase despair!

Tyrants, woe! THE LORD IS JUST!

For the Haringer.

ESSAYS, BY T. PARSONS.

We have not read the above book, written by an influential member of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem; but in a eulogistic notice, we have seen the following extract:

"The success, prosperity, and happiness of the wicked, often stand in mournful contrast with the sorrows and painful labors of those who would be good. The world often gives to the one its honor, power, and homage; and to the other, poverty, depression and contempt. How easily are these things now explained. God knows, — he alone knows, — what manner of man each one is. He knows whether ill-success, and pain, and sorrow, will check self-love, and turn the thoughts from earth to heaven, and vivify religious wishes, and bring forth true humility; and if this will be the effect of sorrow and disappointment, they are permitted. But where they would only exasperate, and anger and despair would mingle in the heart, like the fire and hail which ran together along the ground of Egypt, then success and prosperity are given instead. For God does not willingly afflict, and chastisement may improve. Often, too, it happens, that they who cannot be made with their own coöperating consent good, may yet be restrained from deeper evil by affliction and various suffering; and then it comes to them from the same mercy which gladly drops the oil of gladness upon all who in their happiness remember him, and can therefore be led to heaven by the paths of peace. Yet none may hope that all their ways will be pleasantness, and all their paths peace. Our natural proneness to love self and the world, more than we love God and his will, being universal, it may be said, that none can be prepared for heaven without passing through the dark vallies where afflictions dwell.

"But nothing of this is or can be at any time accidental. The providence of God never remits its care, never abates its love, never changes its purpose, and its wisdom never fails."

Now we have no desire nor inclination to engage in theological discussions.—Embracing, as our movement does, individuals of all faiths, sects and opinions, we are convinced that God's true church is to unite in its worship and fold, all the children of men; that it is to embody the fundamental truths of every creed and ev-

ery scienco; and that, when mankind shall have become one in object and in purpose, the church will likewise be one and universal. But in this unity we do not look for uniformity; far from it. Uniformity would be monotony, deadness, death. We look for variety of doctrine in unity of faith and worship.

But while deprecating theological discussions, we consider it our duty to notice doctrines of an injurious tendency, whether in theological works or others, and such we believe, may be deduced from the above extract.

To the general reader, it revives and holds forth the doctrine that the Providence of God is special and individual towards all members of the human race, even in their outward social relations and positions. We believe this has done more to produce scepticism and infidelity, and to make men doubt the existence of a God of love and mercy, than any other which has been advanced.

We would notice in passing, that this doctrine is more frequently applied by those who have good reason to esteem themselves specially favored under its operation, than by those unfortunates for whose consolation it has been employed.

Now we do not doubt, that God, in his infinite mercy, has so ordered, that the individual soul shall not suffer eternally in consequence of the temptations, dangers, and misfortunes of the peculiar position in which it is placed, and that His Providence is such as to enable each to secure its salvation, as of itself, whatever may be its situation in this world. (This may perhaps, be strictly the inward thought of the writer, though his words authorize and will generally receive the interpretation we affix to them.) But we cannot attribute to the all-loving and all-merciful God, who wills the happiness of all His creatures, those evils and miseries which are caused by the action of mankind, whom, as a whole, He has left free to provide for their outward condition, and that of the individuals of the race. This, be it remembered, is a necessity of free-will, and without it, free-will could not exist. The evils under which we suffer, and to which the words of the extract refer, are social evils, and may be prevented by the application of science to our social relations; God not having left us ignorant of the means, nor destitute of the instruments with which to perform so necessary a work.

These essays are intended to set forth the truths of the New Church, and to serve as a stepping-stone to the study of Swedenborg's works. Now we, individually, believe the doctrines taught by Swedenborg to be true, and in accordance with the scientific truths discovered by Fourier. But we also believe that Swedenborg's writings have a universal bear-

ing, which is not appreciated by many of those who receive his doctrines,—not, indeed, from any fault of their own, but because of the simplistic individualism into which all churches and societies are now fallen. We wish to draw the attention of our brethren of the New Church to this point, especially with reference to the social sufferings of our race, and we ask them to apply the doctrines promulgated by Swedenborg, in all their correspondences, strictly and scientifically.

Let us always bear in mind, that the human race, or, we would rather say, Humanity, is before God as one man, endowed with free-will, of whom we, the individuals of the race, are members. That the miseries we suffer, are occasioned by the Lust of Evils, not in individuals but in Humanity. That the internal cannot be purified from the lust of evils, so long as evils exist in the external man, because they obstruct. That evils in the external man, cannot be removed by God, except by means of man.

Let our brethren receive this and other truths of the New Church in their universality, and they will not long remain absent from their true post, which is that of the advance guard of Humanity.

OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM. Might we but live to see even the corner-stone laid of a right *Christian Society*! What now be we but sons of Ishmael? Of a huge majority 'tis the anxious, everlasting cry, "How shall we exist?" Not, "How shall we achieve the noblest good?" Not, "How shall we unfold most completely the godlike within us?" And can it be God's unrepealable ordinance that the great mass of those bearing His impress shall drudge through their life-term to supply their meanest wants, perpetually overtaken, shrouded in intellectual night, uncognizant of the marvels of wisdom and beauty testifying His presence in our world, unparticipant of a joy above the beasts that perish? Must war, and pestilence, and famine, must crime, and vice, and sickness, and remorse, still hound this poor life of man through the whole of its quick-finished circle? Must the gallows yet pollute, and the prison gloom, and the brothel curse, and the mad-house shadow the green breast of earth? Wo for our wisdom, that to labor, the first great ordinance of Heaven, we have discovered no better instigation than the insufferable goad of starvation! Wo for a social system, wherein the individual and the general good stand irreconcilably opponent! Without prevalent sickness the physician must famish. But for quarrel and litigation, the lawyer's hearth-fire must go out. On the existence of war's "butcher work" the soldier's hopes are based. The monopolist grows fat on the scarcity that makes others lean. The builder and an associated host are lighted to wealth by the conflagration that lays half a city in ashes. Every where the same disunity prevails, and the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is practically nullified by the very motive powers of our social existence. The true man can remain such only by fleeing into

the desert, or waging everlasting warfare with all influences about him.—*Erch.*

For the Harbinger.

SOCIAL REFORM.

Four or five years ago, the doctrines of Social Reform, as advocated by the Harbinger, were, for the first time, exhibited to the writer, through the columns of the "Tribune." He paid some attention to them at the time; but while he credited the professors of this new philosophy with those elevated philanthropic sentiments, which are so indispensable to the happiness of mankind, he could not view their system as sound in theory, or expedient in practice. He was well convinced that man was not as intellectual as he should be, nor as happy as he might be, and was destined to be. But though he considered the many evils which afflict humanity, as originating in theoretical and practical error, yet he regarded the present system of society as fully adequate to the wants of man, and the means of progress now in use, sufficient, in due course of time, to remove the social wrongs of which we justly complain. The writer, upon a more thorough investigation of the subject, has since become convinced that the fundamental principles of Social Reform, are based in truth, as taught in the great volumes of Nature and Revelation; that the present social system is radically false, and productive of more injury than benefit; and that a complete reorganization of society must take place, before man can fulfil his destiny, develop his whole being, and attain that sublime and beautiful condition of intelligence, purity, and happiness, which all creation bespeak for his enjoyment. The reason upon which the writer based his opposition to this new philosophy was, that it would almost entirely strip man of his individuality by merging it into the much-talked-of Unity of the Race; and thus, by taking away all personal responsibility for the elements of subsistence, would remove the strongest incentive to universal activity, and consequently, induce a state of apathy and stupidity, that would peril the dignity of human nature. Were this course of reasoning sound, all would admit it as amply sufficient to overthrow the theory in question: for what could be more disastrous than personal indifference and inactivity, which lead to indolence and consequent degradation?

Though the writer considers opposition to Social Reform, founded upon this argument, little creditable to a sound judgment, yet many base their hostility on the same ground; and as it is deemed the strongest position which can be taken by our opponents, permit him to indulge in a few considerations, which are thought a sufficient and palpable answer.

The proposition is, that the new philosophy would remove those stimuli which are necessary to keep the mass around in action. It is true, that associated industry will dispel all personal anxiety about present and future subsistence, by securing to every individual all the elements of intellectual and physical enjoyment, for which the present system is totally inadequate. It is true, that it will banish avarice from the heart, which is the most powerful of present stimuli, and the most fruitful source of fraud, vice, and crime. But it is also true, that it will, in time, secure to each all the means of mental and moral development, and make every one a thoroughly educated, wise, and virtuous being. Is it true, that man must be tortured with anxiety about his future livelihood, to preserve his activity? Is it true that he must drag out a miserable existence, in slavish toil, to defend himself from degradation? Is it true, that he must be made a mere eating, working, and sleeping machine, to save him from indolence? No, no, no! Let not human nature be thus abused. Let not humanity be thus degraded. Let it be published from the castle to the cottage, from the palace to the low built cabin, that man was not born to be a slave, was not designed to toil and sweat from morn till night, through life, for a mere subsistence. True, he has a physical frame that must be exercised in procuring food and raiment, but this is not all of which he can boast. He has within him a portion of the Divine nature, mind, which is susceptible of such development as to comprehend all science and understand the causes of things; a spirit, that with inward purity can hold sweet and lovely communion with the Eternal Spirit of all good as he whispers in the breeze, "glows in the stars, blossoms in the trees," and speaks through all creation. From this sublime and beautiful attribute springs all human happiness, and the more it is cultivated, the more exquisite are our enjoyments. Must the mind of the mass continue to "rot unused"? It must, under the present system, which enables the few to engross the means of education, which should belong to the many; but it will not under that more perfect organization, which treats mind as the divine attribute of man, makes its full development the true end of his existence, and furnishes ample time and means to each for this development. What philanthropic heart does not pant for this glorious condition, this social unity and harmony, this brotherhood of interests, this abolition of avarice and vice, this mental dignity, and this spiritual beauty? Will there not then be sufficient stimuli? Ask the lover of science what yields him all his substantial plea-

sure, and incites him to an activity which he cannot resist. No; Social Reform will not induce apathy and indolence, but will remove man from all avarice and temptation to baseness, and will create a pure and lofty energy and zeal to press onward and upward to intellectual dignity, moral purity, and spiritual sublimity. Then, man will "see God," because he will be "pure in heart;" he will worship Him because he will know Him as he is, and he will commune with Him, because he will be enabled to approach His spiritual presence.

L. A. H.

Cincinnati, July, 1845.

THE SKY-LARK.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumbersome,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the clouddlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

V.

A furious tempest raged during supper, which always lasted two hours, neither more nor less, even on fast days, which were religiously observed, but which never freed the Count from the yoke of custom, as sacred to him as were the ordinances of the Romish Church. Storms were too frequent in those mountains, and the immense forests which still covered their sides at that epoch, produced reverberations and echoes too well known to the inhabitants of the chateau to allow them to be much moved by such an incident. Still the extraordinary agitation which Count Albert manifested communicated itself involuntarily to the rest of the family; and the Baron, troubled amidst

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

the pleasures of his meal, would have experienced some ill humor if it had been possible for his benevolent good nature to be inconsistent even for a moment. He contented himself with sighing deeply, when a frightful clap of thunder occurring at the *extremets*, so deranged the carving squire as to make him miss the joint of a wild boar's ham which he was opening at the moment.

"It is done!"* said the Baron, addressing a compassionate smile to the poor squire, dismayed at his misfortune.

"Yes! uncle, you are right!" cried Albert with a loud voice and rising, "it is done. The *Hussite* is cast down; the lightning consumes it. The spring will no longer make its foliage green again."

"What do you mean to say, my son!" asked old Christian sadly; "do you speak of the great oak of the Schreckenstein!" †

"Yes, my father, I speak of the great oak, on whose branches we hung, the other week, more than twenty Augustine Monks."

"He takes centuries for weeks, now!" said the canoness in a low voice, making a great sign of the cross. "If it be true my dear child," added she more loudly, and addressing her nephew, "that you have seen in your dream, a thing which has really happened or which will shortly happen, (as in fact this singular chance has often occurred in your imagination,) it will be no great loss, that ugly half dried oak, which as well as the rock it shades, recalls to us such fatal historic remembrances."

"For my part," said Amelia quickly, happy to find at last an opportunity of exercising her little tongue, "I should thank the storm for having freed us from that horrible gallows, whose branches look like bones, and whose trunk, covered with a reddish moss, seems always to sweat blood. I never could pass beneath its shade in the evening, without shuddering at the breath of the wind which rattled among its foliage, like the sighs of a dying person, and then recommending my soul to God, while I quickened my pace and turned my head away."

"Amelia," returned the young Count, who for the first time perhaps for many days, had heard with attention the words of his cousin, "you did well not to remain under the *Hussite* as I have done, whole hours and nights. You would then have seen and heard things which would have frozen you with terror, and the remembrance of which would never have been effaced from your mind.

"Hold your tongue," cried the young baroness, starting up from her chair, as

* "What is done cannot be undone."

† Schreckenstein, (*stone of terror*); many places in those countries bear this name.

if to withdraw from the table on which Albert rested, "I cannot comprehend the insufferable amusement you find in frightening me every time you are pleased to open your lips."

"Would to Heaven, dear Amelia," said old Christian gently, "that it were an amusement for your cousin to say such things!"

"No, my father, it is very seriously that I speak to you," replied Count Albert. "The oak of the *stone of terror* is overthrown, split into pieces, and tomorrow you can send the woodmen to cut it up; I shall plant a cypress in its place, and shall call it no longer the *Hussite*, but the *Penitent*; and the *stone of terror*, it is a long while since you ought to have called that the *stone of expiation*."

"Enough! enough! my son," said the old man with extreme anguish. "Drive away these sad images, and trust to God the care of judging the actions of men."

"The sad images have disappeared, my father; they return into nothing, with those instruments of punishment which the breath of the tempest and the fire of heaven have just cast down into the dust. I see, in place of the skeletons which hung from the branches, flowers and spirits, swayed by zephyrs upon the twigs of a new plant. In place of the dark being who every night re-lighted the funeral pyre I see a spirit, all celestial white, which hovers over my head and over yours. The storm diminishes, my dear parents. The danger is passed, the travellers are sheltered; my soul is at peace. The time of expiation approaches its end. I feel myself new born."

"May you speak the truth, O my beloved son!" replied old Christian in an agitated voice, and with an accent of deep tenderness; "may you be delivered from the phantoms which distract your soul. May God grant me this favor, and restore to my dear Albert, the repose, the hope, and the light of faith!"

Before the old man had finished these affectionate words, Albert had gently inclined himself upon the table, and seemed to fall suddenly into a peaceful slumber.

"What does that mean now?" said the young baroness to her father; "there he has gone to sleep upon the table! truly, that is very polite."

"This sudden and deep sleep," said the chaplain, looking earnestly at the young man, "is a favorable crisis, and makes me anticipate, for some time at least, a happy change in his situation."

"Let no one speak to him," said Count Christian, "or try to draw him from his sleep."

"O Lord most merciful!" said the canoness earnestly, clasping her hands, "may his constant prediction be realized, and may the day on which he enters his thir-

tieth year, be that of his decided restoration!"

"Amen," added the chaplain with much feeling. "Let us all raise our hearts towards the God of mercy; and while giving him thanks for the nourishment we have partaken, let us beseech him to grant us the deliverance of this noble child, the object of all our solicitude."

They rose to say *thanks*, and each remained standing several minutes, engaged in inward prayer for the last of the Rudolstadt. Old Christian prayed with so much fervor, that two large tears rolled down his shrivelled cheeks. The old man had just given order to his faithful servants to carry his son into his apartment, when Baron Frederic, who had been ingeniously searching in his brain for some act of devotion, by which he could contribute to the well-being of his dear nephew, said to his elder with an air of child-like satisfaction: "I have a good idea, brother. If your son awakes in the solitude of his apartment, in the midst of his digestion, he may have still some dark thoughts, the consequence of ugly dreams. Let him be carried into the saloon, and placed in my great arm chair. It is the best in the house to sleep in. He will be better there than in his bed; and when he wakes, he will find at least a good fire to enliven his looks, and friendly faces to cheer his heart."

"You are right, my brother," replied Christian: "they may carry him to the saloon and lay him upon the great sofa."

"It is very bad to sleep extended after supper," cried the baron. "Believe me, brother, I know that from experience. He must have my arm-chair. Yes! I desire, absolutely, that he should have my arm-chair."

Christian understood that to refuse his brother's offer would cause him real pain. The young Count was accordingly installed in the leathern chair of the old hunter, without perceiving the change in any manner, so near was his sleep to a state of lethargy. The baron seated himself quite joyful and proud upon another chair, warming his legs before a fire worthy of ancient times, and smiling with an air of triumph every time the chaplain made the remark, that this sleep of Count Albert's must have a happy result. The good man had promised himself that he would sacrifice his siesta as well as his arm-chair, and unite with the rest of the family in watching the young Count; but in a quarter of an hour, he had become so accustomed to his new seat, that he began to snore in such a tone as to cover the last rumblings of the thunder, which were gradually lost in the distance.

The noise of the great bell of the chateau (which was rung only on extraordinary visits.) was suddenly heard; and old

Hanz, the head of the house-servants, entered shortly after, bearing a great letter, which he presented to Count Christian without saying a single word. Then he retired to await the orders of his master in the next hall; Christian opened the letter and having cast his eyes upon the signature, presented the paper to the young baroness, with the request that she would read it. Amelia, with curiosity and haste, drew a taper near to her and read aloud as follows:

"Illustrious and well beloved lord Count,

"Your excellency has done me the honor to ask of me a service, and by so doing to confer upon me one even greater than all those which I have received from you, and of which my heart cherishes and preserves the remembrance. Notwithstanding my desire to execute your revered orders, I could hardly have hoped to find such a person as you asked for, so quickly and conveniently as I wished. But favorable circumstances have coincided in an unforeseen manner with your lordship's desires. I hasten to send you a young person who fulfils in part the required conditions. Still she does not fulfil them all. Therefore I send her only temporarily and to give to your illustrious and amiable niece the opportunity of waiting without too much impatience, for a more complete result of my researches and of my endeavors.

"The person who will have the honor to hand you this letter is my pupil, and in some sort my adopted daughter: she will be, as requested by the amiable baroness Amelia, at the same time, an obliging and graceful companion, and a capable teacher in music. She has not, on the other hand that education which you demand in a governess. She speaks several languages quite easily, but probably does not understand them correctly enough to teach them. She understands music thoroughly, and sings remarkably well. You will be satisfied with her talent, her voice and conduct. You will not be less so with the sweetness and dignity of her character, and your lordships may admit her to your intimacy, without fearing ever to see her commit an impropriety, or give evidence of an improper sentiment. She desires to be free in the measure of her duties towards your noble niece, and to receive no salary. In a word, it is neither a *duenna* nor a *servant* whom I send to the amiable baroness, but a *companion* and a *friend*, as she did me the honor to request, in the gracious postscript annexed by her beautiful hand to your Excellency's letter.

The Signor Corner appointed to the embassy in Austria, awaits the order for his departure. But it is almost certain

that this order will not arrive for two months. The Signor Corner, his worthy spouse, and my generous pupil, wishes to carry me with her to Vienna, where, in her opinion, my career will be more fortunate. Without believing in a better future, I yield to her benevolent offers, anxious as I am to quit ungrateful Venice, where I have experienced nothing but deceptions, affronts, and reverses of all kinds. I long to revisit noble Germany, where I have known my happiest and sweetest days, and the venerable friends whom I left there. Your lordship well knows that you occupy one of the first places in the recollections of this old heart, bruised, but not chilled, which you have filled with an eternal affection and a profound gratitude. It is to you, then, illustrious lord, that I recommend and confide my adopted daughter, requesting of you for her, hospitality, protection, and benediction. She will strive to repay your goodness by her zeal in making herself useful and agreeable to the young baroness. In three months at most, I will come to receive her, and to present to you in her place an instructress who will be able to contract a longer engagement with your illustrious family. Looking forward to the fortunate day when I shall press in my hands the hand of the best of men, I presume to subscribe myself, with respect and pride, the most humble of the servants, and the most devoted of the friends of your *Excellenza, chiarissima, stimatissima, illustrissima, &c.*"

NICOLAS PORPORA,

Chapel master, composer and professor of vocal music.

"Venice, the — 17 —."

Amelia jumped with joy on finishing this letter, while the old count repeated several times tenderly: "Worthy Porpora, excellent friend, respectable man!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the Canoness Wenceslawa, divided between the fear of seeing the customs of the family deranged by the arrival of a stranger, and the desire of exercising nobly the duties of hospitality; "we must receive her well, treat her well.—I hope she will not be ennuyed here—"

"But uncle, where is my future friend, my precious mistress!" cried the young baroness, without heeding the reflections of her aunt. "Without doubt she must arrive soon in person!—I shall expect her so impatiently—"

Count Christian rang. "Hanz," said he to the old servant, "by whom was this letter given you?"

"By a lady, my lord and master."

"Then she is already here!" cried Amelia. "Where! where!"

* Most noble, most esteemed, most illustrious Excellency.

"In her post-chaise, at the entrance of the draw-bridge."

"And you have left her to catch cold at the gate of the chateau, instead of bringing her directly to the saloon?"

"Yes, madam baroness, I took the letter; I forbade the postillion to clear his foot from the stirrup or to quit hold of his reins. I had the bridge raised behind me, and I delivered the letter to my lord and master."

"But it is absurd, unpardonable, to make guests who come to visit us, wait thus in the cold, — one would think we were in a fortress, and that all who approached were enemies! Run, Hanz! run!"

Hanz remained motionless as a statue. His eyes only expressed regret at not being able to obey his young mistress: but a cannon ball passing over his head would not have changed by a line the impassible attitude in which he awaited the sovereign orders of his old master.

"The faithful Hanz knows only his duty and his orders, my dear child," said Count Christian at last, with a slowness which made the baroness' blood boil. "Now, Hanz, you may go and have the gate opened and the bridge lowered. Let every body go with torches and receive the traveller. She is welcome."

Hanz did not testify the least surprise at having to introduce an unknown person at once into that house, to which the nearest relatives and the surest friends, were never admitted without precautions and delays. The canoness went to give orders for the stranger's supper. Amelia wished to run to the draw-bridge; but her uncle desiring to show respect to his guest by going in person to meet her, offered her his arm; and the impetuous little baroness was obliged to walk slowly and majestically to the porch, on the first steps of which a post-chaise had already deposited the wandering and fugitive Consuelo.

VI.

During the three months which had passed since the baroness Amelia had taken it in her head to have a companion, less for the purpose of instructing her than for that of relieving the ennui of her isolation, she had painted in her imagination, at least a hundred times, the portrait of her future friend. Knowing the morose disposition of Porpora, she had feared lest he should send her an austere and pedantic governess. She had therefore written in secret to the professor to inform him that she should receive very badly any person older than twenty-five, as if it would not have been enough to express her wishes to her old relatives, of whom she was the idol, and the sovereign.

On reading the answer of Porpora, she was so transported that she instantly improvised a new image of his pupil, the adopted daughter of the professor, young and Venetian above all, that is to say, in the ideas of Amelia, made expressly for her, in her style and likeness.

She was therefore somewhat discouraged when, instead of the frolicksome child all *coulour de rose*, of whom she had already dreamed, she saw a pale young person, melancholy and much depressed. For to the deep affliction with which her poor heart was overwhelmed, and to the fatigue of a long and rapid journey, a painful and almost fatal impression had been added in the soul of Consuelo, in the midst of those vast forests of firs, beaten by the wind, in the bosom of that dismal night traversed by lightnings, and especially at the aspect of that gloomy chateau, over which the howlings of the baron's pack, and the glare of the torches borne by the servants, spread something truly sinister. What a contrast with the *firnamiento lucido* of Marcello, the harmonious silence of the nights of Venice, the confiding liberty of her life, passed in the bosom of love and of joyous poesy! When the carriage had slowly cleared the drawbridge, which resounded dully underneath the hoofs of the horses, and the porticulis fell with a horrible grating behind her, it seemed to her that she was entering the hell of Dante,* and seized with terror, she recommended her soul to God.

Her countenance was therefore quite agitated when she presented herself before her hosts; and that of Count Christian striking her suddenly; in that long wan face, worn by age and care, and that tall person, so thin and stiff under his antique costume, she thought she saw the spectre of a chatelain of the middle ages; and taking all about her for a vision, she recoiled, stifling at the same time a cry of terror.

The old Count attributing her paleness and hesitation to the numbness occasioned by riding and the fatigue of the journey, offered her his arm to mount the steps, and addressed to her some words of interest and politeness. But the worthy man, besides being endowed by nature with a cold and reserved exterior, had, during several years of an absolute retirement, become such a stranger to the world, that his timidity had been redoubled, and, under what at first appeared to be a severe and reserved manner, he concealed the trouble and confusion of a child. The obligation he had imposed upon himself of speaking Italian, (a language which he

* Over the entrance to Dante's "Inferno" was written:

"Lasciate ogni speranza, o voi che entrate."
"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

had known tolerably well, but the habit of which he had lost,) added to his embarrassment, and he could only stammer some words which Consuelo hardly heard, and which she took for the unknown and mysterious language of the shades.

Amelia who had intended to throw herself upon her neck, in order to become familiar with her at once, found nothing to say, as often happens by contagion, to the boldest natures, when the timidity of another seems ready to recoil before their advances.

Consuelo was introduced into the great hall where they had supped. The Count, divided between the wish of doing her honor, and the fear of exhibiting before her his son, plunged in a lethargic sleep, stopped irresolute; and Consuelo, trembling all over, feeling her knees giving way under her, sank into the first chair which she found near.

"Uncle," said Amelia, who understood the old Count's embarrassment, "I think we had better receive the Signora here. It is warmer than in the great saloon, and she must be chilled by the stormy wind which is so cold in our mountains. I am sorry to see her so overcome by fatigue, and am sure that she has more need of a good supper and a good sleep than of all our ceremonies. Is it not so, my dear Signora?" added she, gaining courage enough to press softly in her pretty dimpled hand, poor Consuelo's nerveless arm.

The sound of that fresh voice, which pronounced Italian with a very pleasant German roughness, reassured Consuelo. She raised her eyes, hitherto veiled by fear, upon the pretty face of the young baroness, and that interchange of glances between them broke the ice at once. The traveller understood immediately that this was her pupil, and that such a pretty head did not belong to a phantom. She replied to the pressure of her hand, acknowledged that she was stupefied by the noise of the carriage, and much frightened by the storm. She yielded herself to all the attentions which Amelia wished to render her, drew near the fire, allowed her cloak to be taken off, accepted the offer of supper, though she was not in the least hungry, and more and more reassured by the increasing amiability of her young hostess, at last recovered the faculty of seeing, hearing, and answering.

While the domestics were serving supper, the conversation naturally turned upon Porpora. Consuelo was happy to hear the old Count speak of him as of his friend, his equal, and almost his superior. Then they talked of Consuelo's journey, of the route she had followed, and especially of the storm which must have terrified her. "We are accustomed in Venice," replied Consuelo, "to tempests

even more sudden and much more dangerous; for in our gondolas, while passing through the city, and even on the thresholds of our houses, we run the risk of shipwreck. The water, which is as pavement for our streets, swells and rolls like the waves of the sea, and urges our fragile barks along the walls with so much violence, that they may be dashed to pieces before we can land. Still, although familiar with such accidents and not very timid, I was more frightened this evening than ever before in my life, by the fall of a great tree which the lightning threw down from the top of the mountain right across the road; the horses reared up, and the postillion cried out: '*That is the tree of misfortune which is falling, it is the Hussite!*' Could you not explain to me, *Signora baronessa*, what that means?"

Neither the Count nor Amelia thought of answering the question. They shuddered visibly, as they looked at each other. "My son, then, was not deceived," said the old man; "strange, very strange, truly!"

And recalled to his solicitude for Albert, he left the hall to visit him, while Amelia murmured, clasping her hands,

"There is magic in this, and the devil certainly dwells among us."

This strange discourse brought back to Consuelo all the feeling of superstitious terror which she experienced on entering the dwelling of the Rudolstadt. The sudden paleness of Amelia, the solemn silence of those old servants in red trousers and crimson faces, all alike, all large and square, with those eyes devoid of life and expression, which are produced by the love and eternal continuance of servitude; the depth of the hall, wainscotted with black oak, in which the light of a chandelier filled with wax candles, could not dissipate the darkness; the cries of the screech-owls which recommenced their hunt around the chateau after the storm; the great family portraits, the enormous heads of stags and boars sculptured in relief upon the wainscoting; all, even to the least circumstances, re-awakened in her the sinister emotions which had hardly been quieted. The observations of the young baroness were not of a nature to reassure her much.

"My dear Signora," said she, getting ready to help her, "you must be prepared to see here some things which are strange; inexplicable, usually unpleasant, sometimes terrifying; true scenes of romance, which nobody would believe if you related them, and which you will be required on your honor to bury in an eternal silence."

While the baroness was thus speaking, the door opened slowly, and the canoness Wenceslawa with her lump, her angular

face and her severe costume, relieved by the grand cross of her order, which she never laid aside, entered with an air more majestically affable than she had assumed since the memorable day on which the empress Maria Theresa, returning from her journey into Hungary, had conferred on Giants' castle the signal honor of taking in it, with her suite, a glass of hippocras and an hour of repose. She advanced toward Consuelo, (who, surprised and terrified, looked at her with a haggard eye without thinking of rising,) made two reverences, and after an address in German, which was so precise, that she seemed to have learned it by heart long before, approached to kiss her on the forehead. The poor child, colder than marble, felt as if she received the kiss of death, and ready to faint, murmured an unintelligible acknowledgment.

When the canoness had passed into the saloon, for she saw very clearly that her presence intimidated the traveller more than she desired, Amelia burst into a shout of laughter.

"I would wager that you thought you saw the ghost of queen Libussa!" said she to her companion. "But be relieved: that good canoness is my aunt, the most tiresome and the best of women."

Hardly recovered from this emotion, Consuelo heard great Hungarian boots creaking behind her. A heavy and measured step shook the floor, and a man with a face so massive, red and square, that those of the servants appeared pale and fine beside it, traversed the hall in profound silence, and went out by the great door which the valets respectfully opened before him. Fresh agitation on the part of Consuelo, fresh laughter on that of Amelia.

"That," said she, "is the baron of Rudolstadt, the greatest hunter, the greatest sleeper, the most tender father. He has just finished his siesta in the saloon. When nine o'clock strikes, he rises from his arm-chair, without on that account being awakened; he passes through this hall without seeing or hearing anything, mounts the staircase, still asleep; goes to bed without being conscious of what he does, and wakes with the dawn, as ready, as alert, as active, as a young man, to go and prepare his dogs, his horses and his falcons, for the chase."

Hardly had she finished this explanation, when the chaplain passed. He, also, was fat but short, and pallid as a lymphatic. A contemplative life does not agree with those heavy Slavonic conformations, and the embonpoint of the holy man was not healthy. He was contented with a profound bow to the two ladies, spoke in a low voice to one of the domestics, and disappeared in the same direction which the baron had taken. Immediate-

ly old Hanz, and another of those automata whom Consuelo could not distinguish one from the other, so decidedly did they partake of the same robust, grave stamp, directed themselves towards the saloon. Consuelo, who had no longer strength even to appear to eat, turned to follow them with her eyes. But before they had reached the door, which was behind her, a new apparition, even more striking than the others, presented itself on the threshold; it was a young man, with a commanding figure and a superb countenance, but frightfully pale. He was dressed in black from head to foot, and a rich pelisse of velvet trimmed with sable, was secured upon his shoulders by frogs and clasps of gold. His long hair, black as ebony, fell in disorder over his pale cheeks, somewhat veiled by a silky beard which curled naturally. To the servants who advanced to meet him, he made an imperious gesture, which forced them to recoil and kept them motionless at a distance, as if his look had fascinated them. Then turning towards Count Christian, who was behind him,

"I assure you, my father," said he, in a harmonious voice, and with the most noble accent, "that I have never been so calm. Some great event has been accomplished in my destiny, and the peace of heaven has descended upon our house."

"May God grant it, my child," replied the old man, stretching out his hand as if to bless him.

The young man inclined his head profoundly under his father's hand; then raising himself with a sweet and serene expression, he advanced to the middle of the hall, smiled gently while touching with the tips of his fingers the hand which Amelia extended to him, and looked fixedly at Consuelo for some seconds. — Struck with an involuntary respect, Consuelo saluted him with downcast eyes; but he did not return her salutation, and continued to gaze at her.

"This young person," said the Canoness in German, "is she who —"

But he interrupted her by a gesture, which seemed to say, "Do not speak to me; do not interrupt the current of my thoughts." Then he turned without giving the least token of surprise or interest, and went slowly out by the great door.

"My dear young lady," said the canoness, "you must excuse —"

"Forgive me, aunt, for interrupting you," said Amelia; "but you are speaking German to the Signora, who does not understand it."

"Pardon me, good Signora," replied Consuelo in Italian, "I spoke many languages in my childhood, because I travelled much; and I remember enough of the German to understand it perfectly. I do not yet dare attempt to pronounce it; but

if you will give me some lessons, I hope to recover it in a few days."

"Indeed, that is like me," replied the canonesse in German, "I understand all that the young lady says, and yet I cannot speak her language. Since she does understand me, I will say that my nephew, by not saluting her, has just committed an impoliteness which she will kindly pardon, when she knows that the young man has been severely indisposed this evening, and that after his fainting fit he was still so weak, that doubtless he did not see her. Is it not true, brother?" added the good Wenceslawa, quite troubled by the falsehoods she was uttering, and seeking her excuse in Count Christian's eyes.

"My dear sister," replied the old man, "you are very generous to excuse my son. The Signora will be so kind as not to be too much astonished at certain things, which we will explain to her tomorrow with open hearts, and with that confidence which must be inspired in us by the adopted daughter of Porpora, — I hope soon to say, the friend of our family."

It was the hour at which all retired, and so regular were the customs of the house, that if the two young ladies had remained much longer at table, I believe the servants, like veritable machines, would have carried off the chairs and blown out the lights, without taking notice of their presence. Besides, Consuelo longed to retire, and Amelia conducted her to the elegant and comfortable chamber which she had reserved for her, next her own.

"I should like to chat with you an hour or two," said she to her, as soon as the canonesse, who had gravely done the honors of the apartment, had retired. "I wish to put you *au fait* to all that passes here, before you have to endure our oddities. But you are so tired that you must need rest more than anything else."

"Do not let that deter you, Signora," replied Consuelo. "My limbs are wearied, truly; but my head is so heated that I am pretty certain not to sleep all night. Therefore you may talk to me as much as you please; but on condition that it be in German, so as to serve me for a lesson; for I see that Italian is not familiar to the signor count, and still less to the signora canonesse."

"Let us make an agreement," said Amelia. "You shall go to bed to repose your poor wearied limbs. While you are doing so, I will go and put on my night-dress, and dismiss my maid. Then I will return and seat myself at your bed-side, and we will talk German until we are sleepy. Is it agreed?"

"With all my heart," replied the new governess.

A LAY SERMON.

By an Elder of the United States Brethren.

I am a lay preacher, and shall lay it down plain to you, — "that's a fact."

This morning I give you a sabbatical sermon, and you'll find my text in Exodus 20, 9, "Six days shalt thou labor."

My Friends: We are met to say something of the Sabbath, and I don't know what you may think of it, but I like to keep Sunday, — for when Saturday night arrives, being a workie, I am tired enough to rest one day. Besides, I don't know but what our physical organization requires something of this kind, leaving out the religious view of the question. This being the case, and as I like plain preaching, I ask how do you keep Sunday? I know some of you are good enough Christians to keep Sunday all the week, and may be do, so far as working is concerned, but don't you work a little on Sundays? Who of you goes fishing, hunting cherries, nuts or squirrels, and who of you is it that don't eat on Sundays? Aye, here's the rub! Maybe you don't chop wood, or go to mill on Sundays, but you eat, yes, you eat enough to keep you dreaming bad all Sunday night. But you may ask, what harm's in all this? I answer in the language of the good book, Do thyself no harm; and is it not good advice? Who says no? Not a man of you. There is another matter connected with this hard eating on Sundays that ought to be stopt, and that is, you make your women, especially your kitchen women, work harder on that day than any other. Instead of their dressing themselves up and coming to hear me preach, you have them at home in your smoky kitchens, roasting, and cooking, and baking, boiling, and stewing, all just to please your appetite. Is not this so? Don't you eat more chickens, drink stronger coffee, have choicer steak, more palatable cakes, and all other nice fixins on this than any other day in the week? Don't you? Now, is this right? Must these children of the poor roast over your fires, cooking, while they ought to be serving God, to please your perverted appetites? I say, no! They have as good a right to rest as you have, and your giving them nearly *eleven cents* a day is no reason why they should thus waste their precious time to gratify that which is unlawful in you. No, friends, I take these poor girls' part, call me what you please; they are human beings as well as we are, and of right ought to rest Sundays too. And here's another thing, — I see you riding about in your fine carriages on Sunday; and is this right? I say, no, if it is right to keep Sunday at all. You make your hired men work to get your horses ready, and then you make your horses sweat, and wear them out as much on Sunday as any other day. This is not according to the old law: read it and see. I believe in my heart you are bigger sinners on that than any other day, and I reckon I can prove it. You very piously say that *we* should not work Sundays. Very well, — you keep others at it, and that is as bad, or worse. By this you prove yourselves hypocrites, I think, and there is no good in that. You may look very sanctified, but you eat harder, make your servants and horses work as hard as ever, and then come up to hear me preach and tell you how to keep Sunday. I say, remember the Sabbath day. — *New Lisbon Aurora.*

For the Harbinger.

THE UNION OF ALL REFORMERS

in Behalf of a Great Political Reform.

When Governments were first formed for human societies, the people were ignorant savages, without science, or art, or capital. The passions then in each individual claimed for each impulse immediate indulgence, simple gratification, liberty.

Liberty. This rude liberty leads directly to anarchy; for no being endowed with reason, and possessed of social passions or affections would feel secure in the possession of any advantages, seeing that the cunning and strength of others, singly or combined, might at any time despoil him of all his possessions. Add to this the consideration, that those who had nothing would continually roam in search of plunder; while those who had property, would be compelled constantly to guard it, which conditions are totally irreconcilable with the pursuits of productive industry, and you have a satisfactory view of man in the lawless state, and will be able to appreciate his impulses to change it for a social state, governed by law, and to judge what would be the immediate objects sought to be attained by such a change.

Peace and Order. The highest idea that could obtain the sanction of such tribes, entering the social state through the investment of a supreme authority in the government, would be, that peace and order would secure social happiness.

As unrestrained liberty had led to the greatest possible suffering, and as all government was sure to encounter the hostility of individual will, strengthened by habit and education, it was found necessary to place the general, and every subordinate sphere of existence under the control of *Authority*. All passions and impulses, material possessions, social affections, and spiritual aspirations, were subordinated to the establishment of authority and obedience, in all the relations of life. Thus in the family, the child obeys the parent, the wife the husband, while the husband in his turn, submits to the head of the clan, the baron, or landlord, and the baron to the king, or other general head of the system.

The same graduated scale of power prevails in trade, in labor, in law, in religion. A grant of power to control others, as the price of submission to a higher authority, obtains in all the ramifications of human relationship. All of these forms of law are scientifically (in what are now called civilized countries,) calculated, to preserve peace and order in such a degree as they can be preserved by governments, whose ultimate reliance in all cases, is physical force, always leaving a wide space between the legally and the moral-

ly right, for the exercise of tyranny in every sphere of action.

These governments of million-fold petty tyrannies, culminating in one central head, have ever been born of convulsions, and cradled in the calamities of the people. Always instituted on the verge of anarchy, always framed at the time least favorable to the calm and temperate discussion, or the adoption of newly discovered principles of truth, they have always given such great advantages to the intelligent and rich few, over the ignorant and destitute many; that the former have always found it their interest, and no difficult task, to create a public sentiment that these governments are the perfection of wisdom; and that any protection they fail to bestow, or any evils they inflict upon the people, are to be attributed to the depravity of human nature, and not to the defects of their legislation.

No government yet instituted on the globe has transcended these narrow limits. Self-preservation by fraud or force, lust of power and domination, the establishment of peace and order through the instrumentality of the elements of anarchy; these are the characteristics of all governments yet instituted. Such, too, is the practice of the boasted government of the United States, national, state, and municipal. How the practice agrees with the theory of government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and what must be done in order to reconcile the practice to the theory, will form the subject of future numbers.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK. — Willis sketches the following comparison between the two cities: —

New York is far more vicious than Boston, without a doubt. *But it is not much more vicious than it was when it was of Boston's size.* We have often wished to preach a sermon to the Bostonians from Corinthians 1, iv. 7. "For who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou dost not receive?" Up to the present time, the Puritan obedience to authority, and the 'power paramount' of good principles, have never been sapped or shaken in Boston. It is but one community, with one class of leading prejudices, and worked by one familiar set of moral, social and political wires. The inhabitants are nearly all American, all church-goers of some sect or other, implicitly subject to general and time-honored principles, and as controllable by mayor and alderman as an omnibus by passengers and driver. Indeed the municipal history of Boston for the last twenty years, is a Utopian beau ideal of efficiency and order, which will *never be repeated.* The authoritative break-up of the first formidable symptom of mobocracy two years ago, for example — when bold Mayor Elliott quietly took the fire engines from their turbulent companies, and put them into the hands of a paid fire-police, — could never have been done in any other city of this country; and ten years hence, (Boston continuing to in-

crease and vitiate,) a similar pluck at the beard of mob license would be a dangerous experiment.

But look at New York in comparison. There are at least a hundred thousand Irish in this city, twenty thousand French, sixty thousand Germans, and a miscellany of other nations, that probably leaves scarce one fourth of the population, (say a hundred thousand) for *indigenous and home-spirited New Yorkers.* One quarter too, of the general population, is in a condition that is scarce known in Boston, — that of desperate extremity of livelihood, and readiness to do any thing for the moment's relief, vicious, turbulent or conspirative. The municipal government of New York is unfortunately, in some measure, a political tool, and compelled to shape its administration somewhat with a view to politics.

Harsh measures, used in Boston upon the first germ or symptom of license, are reserved in New York for such signal instances as are melodramatically flagrant, — such as cannot be perverted, by the party out of power, into a counter-current of sympathy and resentment. What there is now remaining of the *Knickerbocker influence* in New York, is the degree in which New York can compare with Boston, — and this small remainder of the old Dutch character is, as to power and cheek, about equal to what will be felt of Puritan character in Boston, when Boston, by aid of railroads, and inducements for foreign residence, shall have four hundred thousand inhabitants. Look at the difference in the observance of Sunday in the two places! At least twenty thousand people cross to Hoboken alone, to pass the Sabbath in the fields, — foreigners mostly, who have been in the habit of making it a holiday at home. The Bostonians would *suppress the ferry*, without the slightest hesitation! There are four or five Sunday newspapers in New York, and Boston will not support one. There are German balls in various places in this city, on Sunday evening; and oyster shops, and bar-rooms, and the drinking places in all directions in the suburbs have overflowing custom on that day. The government of the city is, of course, in some degree, a reflex of this large proportion of the sovereign voters, and when public opinion countenances a degree of license, it is next to impossible to bring in a city government that can control it. We have not room to follow out this comparison in detail, — but we wished to outline it as a reply to the condemnations of New York, (for the sale of vicious publications, etc, etc,) made from time to time, by our more virtuous brethren in the north.

For the Harbinger.

ON THE IDEAL IN ART.

*Read at a Meeting of the Art Re-union.
New York, July 1845.*

Let us inquire, what is Art? The popular notion is that Art is but skilful imitation of Nature, and nothing more: an idea which, if practically carried out by Artists in their works, it need scarcely be said, would be utterly detrimental to all excellence and progress in Art.

Let us only suppose for a moment that the Artist sets out with this idea, and the determination to adhere to it in his prac-

tice. If he be consistent, there is no end to the difficulties he will have to encounter, that is, if he propose to himself the attainment of the grand, beautiful, or picturesque. He goes out to sketch a tree. In the first place, if he has any idea of the Beautiful in pictorial effect, he finds that he has chosen the wrong time of day; the sun, shining directly from above, steep the whole tree in a pale sultry light, unrelieved by any shadows. He goes out again, and finds that he will be obliged to make choice of some one particular view of it, which will be better than another. He will find still further, perhaps, that he has seen or imagined trees more picturesque; that here and there it would be better not to imitate the exact original, if he intends to make any thing like a picture.

This is all so well known to the merest tyro in art, that such illustrations seem sophomoric and superfluous. Every one who aspires to the remotest idea and feeling respecting works of art, knows that when he speaks of art, he means, though he may not be entirely conscious of it, his own *Idea* of the Beautiful in Nature. Art is therefore not imitation, but reproduction, transfiguration. Nature must have passed through the refining fire of human genius, before she takes her highest degree. Then in expressing herself, in giving herself a second publication to man, she becomes Art. If Art be but skilful imitation, why all this talk about Genius? What is the meaning of this name, what is genius reduced to, if robbed of this God-given privilege of infusing its Imagination into the dead materials it has collected together, breathing upon the dry bones and clothing them in the garb of life and beauty?

The question then reduces itself to this, — how far ought the Ideal, the Imaginative, the Fanciful, to be admitted into works of art. Here it does not answer to speculate in the empty darkness, but we must appeal to our consciousness of the impressions conveyed to the senses, and through the senses to the soul, from the objects of Nature and the creations of Art, themselves. No one denies that Nature is the material basis of Art, that Nature must be most accurately imitated, else all further efforts are like attempting to fly to the moon. But the question arises, what is nature? You answer, the appearance of outward objects to the organ of vision. But how are you going to detach this outward appearance from the idea of it which is in the mind? It is the Mind, the Soul, after all, which perceives nature; the eye is but the optical instrument. And let any number of artists set out to paint any given group of figures, or landscape from nature, they will all unconsciously infuse into their work a char-

acteristic touch and colouring, *something* at least, which will mark it as *their own*. They cannot, if they would, paint except after their own *idea*; and this must master every thing the eye and hand attempt. We none of us look upon nature with precisely the same eyes; or if we do, we yet instinctively harmonize all we see on a key of our own setting, we shed over the scene the hues which dwell in our own souls, and which seem best to us for infusing the whole with life and beauty. I am far from meaning by this, that we are at liberty to choose our own coloring, or forms, in place of Nature's: I only say, let us strive to imitate Nature; but there will be unconsciously imparted to the imitation a treatment which is strictly our own.

Nor is this departing from Nature. For there is an ideal as there is an actual Nature. To paint one's own idea, I take it, is to paint an existing fact in Nature. But I will endeavour to avoid speculation and adhere to facts and known and admitted principles.

Actual Nature, then, is the *material* basis of Art. All Art is most perfect in so far as it keeps the just medium between literal imitation of outward Nature, and that ideal conception which haunts the Imagination. Art is neither wholly material, nor wholly spiritual. She is the beautiful child of the wedlock between Nature and the Soul: and she is the more beautiful, the more she bears a resemblance to *both* parents. If art inclines too much to the literal appearance of things, it degenerates into a hard, unpoetic, unattractive school; if on the other hand, it neglects fidelity to nature, and indulges altogether in the prismatic light of its own dreams, scorning detail and dashing off mere effects, it becomes false, and cannot long interest the lovers of truth and nature.

I will not foolishly deny that Nature abounds with objects, both grouped and individual, which of themselves make pictures. I will not shut my eyes to the fact of the wonderful merit of the Dutch and Flemish schools for instance, — their quiet pastoral landscapes, their drinking and dancing scenes, their fruit and flowers and game, and other still life pieces. But even here, even in the most literal, barren subjects which the Artist can select, I still maintain the principle that the very fact that he *selects*, shows in him a touch of the ideal; and which constrains him in spite of himself, even after he has selected, to arrange with artistic skill, and feeling for harmonious form and coloring.

Besides, will any one deny that there are degrees of greatness in the choice of subjects? that there is the *poetry* of art on the one side, and the barren *prose* on the other? Can any one who has the least

spark of the Artist life in his soul, fail to see the inexpressible distance between a Teniers and a Raffaele, a Morland and a Claude? It is those artists whose painting or whose sculpture has been poetry, that are destined to live; while the literalist in art, however admirable their work, as copies of nature, must sink into comparative insignificance beside them.

This principle of the Ideal in art extends to all its branches. I would not even except portrait painting. Though the exact imitation of features, complexion, hair, &c., seems to most people the whole that is requisite to a fine portrait, yet something more is needed to complete it. A subtler grace, which bare imitation knows nothing of, must flow into it and from it. I have heard a portrait painter say that his art lay chiefly in correctness of drawing. But to disprove this, we need but take the common illustration of the Daguerrotype. What is there excites expectation so often and so often disappoints it, as a daguerrotype? Who ever saw a dozen daguerrotypes, — I will say who ever saw *one*, which did not make his friend look more or less like a galvanized corpse, trying to look stern, smiling, or calm? — young blooming maidens, converted into hard, sallow pieces of virginal antiquity, while the old are made rugged as Polar bears, — all caricatured, where, if any thing, they should be idealized.

No. A portrait must also be in a measure a creation, an idealization. It must be not simply a face, but the "human face divine." It must beam out upon us with light in its eyes, warmth in its cheeks, expression and language on its lips. The best expression must be brought out; if possible, the character of which the subject is capable must be indicated.

In historical, imaginative, and landscape painting, the same principle holds. In respect to the two former branches of the art, there can be, of course, no dispute. In landscape painting, there may be less unanimity of opinion. But if any one be disposed to contend for mere literal imitation here, let him but refer to the works of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Wilson, and all the most celebrated landscape painters. Here he will find scenes painted not only with the most wonderful fidelity to nature, and rare insight into her great principles, but with an inward feeling of beauty, which makes the works Poems upon canvass; real pictures, that spring from hearts pondering over their fairest dreams of the beautiful; pictures that recal and suggest whatever we have known, or whatever we long for, in Nature. Such painters know how not simply to pluck the flower, but to preserve forever its most glowing hues, and its most delicate aroma. This principle might

be illustrated by reference to other branches of Art, as Music.

Music itself, at least that part we call melody, is an idealization of the intonations of the human voice, which, in turn, are the natural language of emotion, affection.

Some musical instruments which bear a resemblance to the voice, have singular power to move us; such as the violoncello and the clarinet, in the hands of masters like Knoop and Groenevelt. They are not *imitations* of the voice, but they suggest it, bear just enough resemblance to it, while, at the same time, they outdo its powers of execution, its compass and strength, becoming idealized voices, re-echoing back to us the very deepest sorrows and loves and joys of our hidden hearts.

Analogies might be farther traced among the sister arts, in which this principle is apparent as the soul of art. The *soul* of art, I repeat, — material nature being its body. And in proportion as the artist cultivates his finer sense of the Beautiful and Poetic, the more his intellectual being is enlarged and refined, and his moral and religious being purified, the higher will he inevitably rise in the walks of art. He will create on canvass, or in marble, works which will be the triumphant and successful transcript of his ideal life. He will shadow forth the Beautiful as it exists in his heart and mind, and though the world may be blind and insensible to his work, he will not fail to bear about with him the assurance that art is its own great recompense.

"Thus struggling on, the Artist seeks to find The charm, that marries matter unto mind. With his own life the world of sense he warms, And Nature to his passion he transforms: To him her shape is ever fresh and young, New music lives forever on her tongue, With every change she weaves a magic spell, And daily works an endless miracle."

C. P. C.

REVIEW.

Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Finnian Stanislaus Siebenkas, by JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by Edward Henry Noel. Boston: James Munroe & Co., 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

Jean Paul is one of the most affluent of all the German writers. His was a great heart, — deep, rich, and humane; a noble soul sends out gushes of fresh life on all sides. Let him write what he will, you see the same deep pathos and exquisite humor; the same veneration for a man, spite of the gold or the dust, the rags or the purple, that cover him. To our mind he is one of the most religious of modern writers. But his Religion is not the lit-

the pietism of a sect. It is a Religion that finds the world its church, the turf its altar, the voices of Nature, — brook and bird, insect, hurricane, avalanche, cataract, — its choristers, and human work, human sympathy, its sacrifice. Faith and Hope seem beautiful in Richter, and the greatest of Christian virtues, Charity, seems ever to fill his heart.

Goethe was a man of wonderful head, and Richter of a yet more wonderful heart. In Goethe you admire the perfect form, the finished and gentlemanly accuracy of art: in Richter, you are astonished at the wealth of thought, the profusion of ideas, the lavish bounty of sentiment, which meet you on every side. One is a German Prince, with his state-dresses, state-carriages, his stately court, its etiquette never infringed; you see the white wand of the Hofmeister ranging men in their orderly ranks. The other is a Saxon Thane, and about his huge, rude, rambling buildings, you see giant sons cleaving wood, or stalking in the sun, feasting, wrestling, singing, drinking, or at prayer; and beautiful daughters you half see through the trees. You hear the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the grunting of swine, the barking of dogs, and all the domestic sounds of that form of life, now and then the trumpet, and again the minstrel and his lute. In the finished works of these two great artists there is the same difference as between a Grecian temple and a Hindoo Pagoda; one is severe in its proportions and august in its beauty; the other, more marked for its costly materials, the wild prodigality of imagination which heaped up its incongruous wealth. We admire Goethe more than Richter, but we love him less. Goethe seems the greater artist and Richter the greater man.

The "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" is not one of Richter's best works, but it is interesting, beautiful and full of instruction. All the qualities we have above hinted at appear in its pages. His satire is keen but not bitter; all his arrows sharp, but none poisoned. The work carries us into the heart of humble life in a little German town. It has the minute accuracy of Tenier's fire-side pictures. You almost hear the sounds in the street. It affords, too, though Richter did not intend it, some good illustrations of the narrowness, insipidity and selfishness of modern social arrangements, particularly of the isolated household. Lisette is an exquisite satire on a class of women, yet she is not painted in caricature. Siebenkäs, his friend, and his friend's dog, form one of the most grotesque groups in any modern romance, and are not only picturesque, but most deeply interesting, and not without a certain beauty of their own. The book deserves a wide circulation, and will find it.

We thank the publishers for giving it to us in so neat a form.

No. 1. *The Medici Series of Italian Prose. The Challenge of Barletta, by Massino d'Azeglio, L'Amico della Letteratura.* Translated and Edited by C. EDWARDS LESTER. New York: Paine and Burgess. pp. 274.

As the first of a new series of popular works, put forth with some pretensions, this book requires a word from us.

Its externals are fair, but not equal to those of the series with which Messrs. Wiley and Putnam opened the way for a better class of books than the cheap and trashy ones with which we had so long been inundated. The translation appears to have been executed with care, but some minor peculiarities in the translator's style are by no means agreeable, (we refer particularly to his omission of particles,) and there is a superabundance of foreign words and phrases, always unpleasant to read or hear read by those who cannot pronounce them properly.

The book itself may be a good specimen of the writings of the period at which it claims to have had its birth, but can be compared only with James' productions among the moderns. It appears to have been written to maintain the reputation of the Italians for loyalty and bravery, has its scene laid in the earlier part of the Sixteenth Century, during the wars of the French and Spaniards for supremacy in Italy, and gives a disgusting picture of the habits and manners of those times, relieved by few exceptions.

As to the title of *L'Amico della Letteratura*, (The Friend of Literature) appended to the author's name by himself or his translator, he did but little to deserve it, if he produced nothing of more value than this work.

It is spoken of in the preface as the best romance in the Italian tongue; we do not profess to be deeply read in that language, but among our few acquaintances, we should never think of comparing it with the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio, the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, or "Le Ultime Lettere de Jacopo Ortis," if the name of romances may be applied to these. If this be a fair specimen, as we have a right to assume it to be the best, of the works he has selected, the series edited by Mr. Lester will not add much to the treasures or the character of our current literature.

The Crock of Gold: a Rural Novel. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, author of "Proverbial Philosophy." New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845, pp. 192. Boston, for sale by Redding & Co., 8 State street.

We opened this book with expectations which have not been wholly disappointed. It abounds in beautiful passages, is writ-

ten in a nervous straight-forward style, is free from sentimentalism, and shows that the author is a man of good sense, as the world goes, besides something more. But he is by no means sufficiently clear of aristocratic and other civilized prejudices to write a book for the heart of the times. He touches not the strings that now alone send thrills of lightning through the world. The fire wherewith the Divine Providence now waits to touch the lips of genius, has not been laid upon his.

Still his book will serve a useful purpose. It will call attention to the condition of the English laboring classes, and thus prepare the way for the broadest views and most effectual measures.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

A proud and lofty castle in olden times there stood,
That glittered o'er the land afar unto the ocean's flood;
A wreath of blooming gardens encircled it around,
Where rainbow-coloured fountains sprang freshly from the ground.
There sat a haughty monarch, who wealth and fame had won;
There all so pale and gloomy, he sat upon his throne;
For what he thinks is Terror, and what he looks is Wrath,
And what he speaks is Scourging, and what he writes is Death.
Once came towards this castle a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden locks, the other grey of hair;
The old man with his harp a comely steed did ride,
The while his blooming comrade stepped lightly by his side.
The old man spake the young one, "Now he prepared, my son,
Bethink thee of our deepest songs, and tune thy fullest tone;
Call up thy joy and sorrow, and all thy power and art,
For we this day must move this monarch's stony heart."
Into the pillared hall the minstrels twain have gone;
The monarch and his queen are sitting on their throne:
The king, in fearful splendor, like a red northern light;
The queen, so sweet and gentle, like the full moon at night.
Then the old man struck the strings, he struck with wondrous skill,
And richer, ever richer, the sound their ears did fill.

Then streamed with heavenly brightness the young man's voice along
 Between the old man's harpings, like a wild spirit song.
 They sing of spring and love, of an age of golden youth,
 Of human worth and freedom, of holiness and truth;
 They sing of all things sweet, that move the human breast;
 They sing of all things high, that fill the soul with rest.
 The courtier crowd around them their idle jests forbear;
 The monarch's sullen warriors all bow themselves in prayer;
 The queen, dissolved in sadness and pleasure unrepressed,
 Throws down unto the minstrels, the rose upon her breast.
 "Ye have led away my people, will ye now take my wife?"
 The monarch cried, all raging, trembling with inward strife.
 Then drew his glittering sword and pierced the young man's heart,
 Whence now no golden songs, but streams of blood did start.
 As scattered by a tempest, flies all that listening swarm.
 The youth has gasped away his life upon his master's arm,
 Who wraps his mantle round him, and sets him on his steed,
 And binds him fast upright, and rides away with speed.
 Before the lofty gates yet halts the minstrel old,—
 Upon his harp he seizes, his matchless harp of gold;
 He has shivered it to pieces; then loud and wild he calls,
 With voice that sends a shudder through courts and castle walls.
 "Wo to ye, halls of pride! may never music's strain,
 May never song of gladness ring thro' your rooms again:
 No! sighs alone, and groans, and timid steps of slaves,
 Until the avenging spirit has trod you to your graves.
 "Wo to ye, fragrant gardens, blooming in May's sweet light!
 I point you to this dead one, with face so marred and white,
 That thus ye too may wither, and every fount be dry,
 And ye a stony desert forevermore may lie.
 "Wo to thee, wicked murderer! thou curse of minstrel-dom,
 In vain do all thy wreaths and bloody garlands bloom;
 Be thy proud name forgotten, in darkness quenched for aye,
 And like the gasp of death, thy fame be blown away."

The grey haired man has spoken, and heaven has heard his call,
 The walls are laid in ruins, wasted each princely hall,
 One lofty column only tells of past splendor bright,
 But this, already shattered, may perish in a night.
 Instead of fragrant gardens, a desert heather land:
 No tree sends out its shadow, no spring wells through the sand;
 No story names that monarch, no high heroic verse;
 Deep sunken and forgotten!—Such is the Minstrel's Curse.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Geo. P. Reed, of Boston, has published three numbers, containing fifteen pages each, of *Fantasies, Variations, &c.*, upon favorite airs in *La Sonnambula*, by Ferd. Beyer. These are good exercises for young performers, and pleasant reminiscences for any one, who has had the happiness of hearing the opera. With very moderate powers of execution, one may sit down and revive to himself all its main features, in this easy piano forte sketch, at times when severer study craves repose, and when the gentle spirit of Bellini comes in most soothingly. The *Sonnambula* marks an era in the musical life of Boston, and we apprehend, of this whole country. Nothing acts so suddenly upon the latent musical sense and feeling of the general mind as a successful performance of a good opera. The unity of the story, the constant interpretation of the music through words, action, and scenery, and the appeal to easy sympathies which demand no great culture, powers of thought, or depth of character, make whole multitudes musical who were not so before. The sweet and tender melodies of Bellini wound at once round every heart; and though his music has great sameness, and is tender even to weakness, though it does not offer anything for deep and continued study, like the works of the great masters, yet it modulates in a vein of sentiment, which it is good for every one to surrender himself to sometimes. Its popularity and its purity combined, are excellent reasons why such music should be both published and practiced. Deeper souls will demand deeper studies; and stronger appetites can have as much of the more solid food as they can digest.

The remaining numbers of the *Melodies Italiennes*, for Flute and Piano, by Forde, are received, and justify all that we said before. The themes are from Donizetti, Vaccai, Blangini, Bertoni, &c., besides two or three Venetian Airs.

Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, Op. 13, from the edition of Moscheles, has been reprinted in an elegant form by the same publisher. Persons who can play Beethoven's Sonatas are as rare at this day as the readers of Plato. Is it the publisher's bold faith, or is it a most sudden and miraculous spread of a more classic taste among our parlor pianists, which offers us such *too* good things? Let us rejoice, however. This music is sure to bite when it once gets hold, and there is no greater delight than to irritate the wound forevermore. The Beethoven fever fastens only upon strong, deep natures. It requires study and untiring energy to master his music mechanically; then it requires a rich inward experience to feel and appreciate it; and one becomes a poet and a spiritualist by learning to perform it with expression. Buy and practice this Sonata; it will occupy you for years; it has more meat in it, than whole seasons of brilliant Concerts *à la Herz* and Thalberg.

J. Alfred Novello's *Cheap Musical Classics* are imported from London, by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and have now reached the 20th volume. Here are Novello's celebrated arrangements of the Masses of Haydn and Mozart, complete; Oratorios of Handel, Spohr, &c.; and a series still continuing indefinitely, of the sacred compositions of the grand old masters. Each Mass or Oratorio forms one volume, elegantly printed, at less than half the price at which such music was ever offered before. Think of owning a whole Mass of Mozart for three or four English shillings! Now we have choirs and small private circles of singers enough, who, to say the least, are capable of studying together this infallible and inexhaustible wealth of music. Yet Mozart's Masses we never hear. When copies can be obtained so cheaply, are the spirit, the taste and the patience wanting, to master them in some degree, and at least learn how to love them! It is a great thing to learn to love some kinds of music, even if you cannot get to perform it very well. This, one may do with regard to Mozart's Masses, by simply playing over the admirable piano forte accompaniments which embody the main features of the four vocal parts. If in addition to this, you can get a little company of four, or eight, or twelve voices, to join you in an attempt to make out some of the easier parts, such as the *Kyrie eleison* in the magnificent 12th Mass, depend upon it, in no way can you get better study or deeper communion with one another. Such music, publicly heard or privately practiced, is a wonderful means of culture and of thorough refinement to the whole inward man. You become steeped in music, which is the pu-

rified life-blood and aroma of the deepest souls who ever lived.

☞ We shall continue our notices of "Music in Boston during the Last Winter," in the next number.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

YOUNG AMERICA—ANTI-RENTISM.

The organ of the National Reformers devotes several columns to a notice of our review of Mr. Cooper's recent novel. We are charged with taking equivocal ground upon the question of the Right to the Soil. If by this, *Young America* means to say that we made use of ambiguous expressions, we confess our surprise at the charge. We believe that we stated our views as distinctly as was possible in the narrow space to which we were confined. We will now, however, endeavor to make ourselves more distinctly understood.

We conceive that the principles involved extend over a much wider field than is covered by the disquisitions of *Young America*. It is not the tenure of the soil alone which is in question. That is only a part of the matter. It is the universal rights of Industry, the rights of the masses every where, of the slaves on West Indian plantations, of the slaves in English factories, and the slaves in American work shops, that are concerned. In a word, it is nothing of less consequence than the entire social organization that is to be discussed if we would arrive at just conclusions, or give our efforts an altogether worthy direction. The disease lies deeper than the Agrarian party, or than Reformers even wiser than they, seem to be aware. The venom pervades every vein of the body politic; the hideous sores that on all sides either fill men with despair or excite them to generous and irrepressible, though often mistaken activity, are but the scattered evidences of its existence. What we call social evils are only particular results of universal disorder. It is the cause which we must aim to remove, rather than the separate symptoms of its presence. To this end, the measures of Reformers generally, not in this land only, but throughout the world, are, in our opinion, not entirely adequate. Neither the harmless unguents of simple moral suasion, nor the actual canter of the anti-renters, touch the seat of the evil. And, we say

it frankly and in a spirit of kindness, while we find little pleasure in the intolerant and ferocious spirit which is too apt to animate those who undertake to right the world's wrongs, the spirit displayed in *Young America* is still more repugnant both to our feelings and our judgment. We cannot believe that the great cause of human progress is to be advanced by murder. We repeat it, public order is above all to be preserved, or we fall into a state of brutal anarchy, in which we not only lose what we have already gained, but all attempts at farther improvement are in vain. It is not by violence that the anti-renters can accomplish any thing. The only power that can be of any use to them is moral power. Except there be an instinctive feeling in the mind of the public that they are not absolutely and entirely wrong in their claims, however wrong in their practical measures, they may strive till the end of time, only to be constantly defeated. The sense of justice can overcome men, but Indian outrages and infuriated mobs cannot.

Are you impelled by the sentiment of universal philanthropy? Do you indeed desire the elevation of the downtrodden masses of men to a condition of plenty, intelligence, independence, and happiness! There is only one method of doing this, and the sooner it is generally understood, the better for all parties. It is a method too producing no disturbances of the public peace, interfering with no interest, attacking no established rights, and requiring no long period of time for its effectual operation. We shall speak of it more particularly before closing our remarks.

With regard to the tenure of land, the doctrine of Association is briefly as follows:

The earth belongs to the human race; it is the collective property of the race. The conditions upon which it is occupied are, that it be cultivated and perfected, for when man neglects this function, or performs it badly, the earth falls into the greatest disorder. Deserts extend their sands over blooming gardens, and fruitful plains become pestilential marshes, engendering diseases, and punishing by destruction the unfaithfulness of man. Should man utterly neglect the care of his globe, both he and it would perish together. The complete, integral cultivation of the globe, is thus the sole condition on which it is held. Now this makes it necessary for the race to be united, otherwise this duty cannot be performed. While it is divided into jealous and hostile nations, wasting their energies in wars, and expending their means in defences against each others' aggressions, the earth is neglected. Only so much la-

bor is given to it as will produce a scanty support for the wretched creatures that vex its surface. While universal discord prevails amongst the nations, those great labors, like the draining of the Pontino marshes for example, which are necessary to bring the earth and the atmosphere into a healthy condition, are impossible. In a word, the condition, on which the earth is inhabited by men imperiously demands Universal Social and Political Unity.

In the same manner each part of the race is entitled to a share of the earth. Each nation and each community has a right to the use of so much land as it can cultivate and perfect, and as is necessary to the supply of its wants. Our agrarian friends will wish to push this statement farther, and to apply it to individuals. This we cannot admit, for it would be to admit in theory the false principle of isolation, which rules in the present subverted order of society, but which Nature no where recognizes. The law of nature universally is not isolation, but independent concert.

The rights of individuals are, as it were, embosomed in those of society, of which they form the elements. An individual has no rights except as a member of society. The very word "rights" presupposes society, by which they are to be recognized and preserved; whose duty is to maintain equilibrium among them, that is, to prevent individuals from infringing upon the rights of each other and upon its own.

Every person born into the world has an indisputable right to a subsistence, but this does not imply a right to either a large or small portion of the soil. It does imply the RIGHT TO LABOR, and the RIGHT TO THE FRUIT THEREOF; but these are by no means what *Young America* is contending for. A man of mechanical genius, for instance, may have neither the desire nor the ability to cultivate land. Society is not then bound to furnish him with land, but only to supply him with such work as is adapted to his tastes and capacities, and to see that he receives the just value of what he produces. But to each man the community owes absolute protection of his right to labor. It is then bound to furnish to all such as desire to engage in agriculture the means of doing so. In order that it may do this it must hold the land itself; otherwise what shall prevent monopoly and the destruction of the Right to Labor? *Young America* proposes to do this by restricting the right of individual ownership of land to limits to be fixed by law; a means not only impracticable, but which if adopted would be of no permanent efficiency. It is impracticable, because it strikes at once at the whole tenure of

property. Suppose such a law to be enforced, and every man's farm to be cut down to the established number of acres. A desires to borrow money of B in order to improve his land and render it more productive. The land itself is the only security he can give; B lends him the money and takes a bond and mortgage. A fails to make his payments and B is forced to sell the land under the mortgage. It is worth all that it is mortgaged for, but owing to circumstances, no bidder appears who will give half its value. Unless B can buy it in, he is a great loser by the transaction.

We might multiply instances but it is unnecessary. If land is held as individual property at all, such a law as that proposed by *Young America* would be absurd. We might as well make a law that no man should be worth more than a fixed amount of property of any sort, and that all his earnings over and above that amount should be taken from him.

But even supposing such a law to be practicable, it could be of no permanent benefit to any one as long as the antagonistic relations of business and society universally, against which *Young America* raises not its voice, continue to prevail. Of what benefit is it to me that I am guaranteed the use of a little piece of land if civilized commerce yearly fleeces me out of three-quarters of its product? What good do I derive from my farm if I am left exposed to the knaveries and frauds, that like hungry cubs flock around their infernal mother, free competition? If I am not guaranteed the fruit of my labor, my land might almost as well be located in Nova Zembla. While the hordes of legalized plunderers which Civilization cherishes in her foul bosom are preserved, a man is not secure against starvation upon the richest soil. In the midst of abundance he may see his wife and children famish, and himself faint with hunger, while the bounties of nature wave yellow in his fields. We need measures of another order than the shallow expedients of *Young America*.

As we said, the earth is held on condition of its improvement and perfection. This makes it necessary that it be kept in the possession of communities or organized townships, and not of individuals. The land cannot be systematically cultivated and applied to its best uses, as long as it is under the control of individual caprice and ignorance. The collective intelligence and ability of the community are necessary to develop its resources in the best manner. There is as great, if not a greater, incoherence in our cultivation of the soil, as in all other departments of labor. Where land is divided into little patches, and each proprietor pursues his own plan of cultivation with-

out regard to his neighbors, or to the special capacities of his ground, any thing like unity of operations is impossible. Just as is the case every where else, the individual good is pursued without regard to the general good, and the consequence is, that agriculture presents the same ridiculous confusion and general waste that appear every where else. One need only to ascend a hill and observe the surrounding farms, to be convinced of the absurdity of individual management of land.

There is also a more direct and positive evil resulting from the same cause. While the soil is controlled by individuals, we have no means of preventing abuse of the treasures that nature confides to our keeping. In many parts of Europe, through individual cupidity, the forests have been cleared from the hills and from the shores of the rivers. The consequence is the failing of the springs and drying up of rivers to such an extent as to be seriously felt.

This whole subject demands a much more ample examination than we can give it at present, but enough has been said to establish the proposition that the condition on which land is held cannot be fulfilled while it is in the hands of individuals. We have also shown that the right to labor, the basis of all other rights, cannot be guaranteed so long as the present tenure of land remains. These, if there were no others, are sufficient reasons for our declaration, that land should not be held by individuals, but by communities in joint stock proprietorship. In this way also is laid the foundation of social unity, and the great political problem, the reconciliation of public order and efficient social action with the complete freedom of the individual, is solved. Thus, while each man is guaranteed the fullest enjoyment of his peculiar rights, neither any other person, nor society, as a whole, can be in any respect sufferers thereby; or to state it more strongly and truly, the exercise of all the rights of every individual is made to tend directly and immediately, to the greatest possible benefit of every other individual, and of the whole of society. Does the favorite project of *Young America* look towards such a result as this? Is anything of this kind contemplated by the agrarian party? We believe not. In many respects their movement tends in a direction exactly opposite.

However oppressive the payment of rent may seem to those of whom it is required, we are far from convinced that they are the most unfortunate of men. Theirs is not the only voice that now complains of wrong done to Humanity, of rights overthrown, and of sacred justice trampled under foot. We do not doubt

that they are sufferers from the action of false principles: but who is not? All men are, in different degrees, victims of the same omnipresent evil, and the anti-renters are far from presenting the most aggravated case.

We have said that there is one remedy for the whole catalogue of social evils. There is only one that can effect a radical cure. It is the complete amendment of Society,—its organization according to the eternal laws of Justice. No temporary contrivances, no legal restrictions, no patching and tinkering can produce more than a superficial and transitory alleviation of the external symptoms, while the plague will still riot at the vitals. We stand in need, not of man's ingenuity, but of God's wisdom. We want no artificial checks and balances, but the operation of the sure attractions which the Divinity has given for the regulation of human affairs.

We advocate Association also, as not only the sole effectual means, but as the speediest means of attaining our object. Let us once establish an Association with the requisite capital,—which can be done sooner than the laws can be repealed and the public lands thrown open,—and show to all men the incomparable advantages which a true social state, in every respect, offers to all men, whether capitalists or laborers, land-owners or tenants, rich or poor, and neither our friends, nor our enemies can accuse us of neglecting the present for the future.

Men will then, were it only from a desire for their own happiness and profit, be but too impatient to copy the splendid example and to quit the old relations of oppression, antagonism and fraud in which they have so long been destroying each other and themselves.

Thus, by an operation involving no unfortunate consequences, apparently of an insignificant character, can the reign of universal peace be begun on earth; and not the right to the soil alone, but every right of Man be forever secured. For coöperation in this work we now and always invoke the utmost aid of every lover of man and every disinterested servant of the truth. We regard it as not only the highest, but the most urgent duty which this age is called to perform.

For this reason it is, that while we watch in every movement, its influence upon the general progress of humanity, and give it, as the case may be, our humble approval or disapproval, we never lost sight of the great aim to which all our labors are devoted; the establishment of Universal Association.

TRUMBULL PHALANX. We rejoice to learn by a letter just received from a member of this promising Association,

that they are going forward with strength and hope, determined to make a full experiment of the great principles which they have espoused. Have patience, brothers, for a short season; shrink not under the toils of the pioneer; let nothing daunt your courage, nor cloud your cheerfulness; and soon you will joy with the "joy of harvest." A few years will present the beautiful spectacle of prosperous, harmonic, happy Phalanxes, dotting the broad prairies of the West, spreading over its luxuriant valleys, and radiating light to the whole land that is now in the "darkness and the shadow of death." The whole American people will yet see that the organization of industry is the great problem of the age; that the spirit of democracy must expand in universal Unity; that coöperation in labor, and union of interest alone can realize the "freedom and equality" which have been made the basis of our national Institutions.

We trust that our friends at the Trumbull Phalanx will let us hear from them again at an early date. We shall always be glad to circulate any intelligence with which they may favor us.

"Our crops are now coming in; oats are excellent, wheat and rye are about average, while our corn will be superior. We are thankful that we shall raise enough to carry us through the year; for we know what it is to buy every thing. We are certain of success, certain that the great principles of Association are to be carried out by us; if not on one piece of ground, on another. Literally we constitute a Phalanx, a Phalanx which cannot be broken, let what will oppose. And this you are authorized to say in any place or manner."

¶ A friend in Illinois requests an explanation of that section of the Constitution of the Brook Farm Phalanx, by which the General Council are empowered to fix the compensation for their own services. A careful examination will disclose many sufficient checks to an abuse of this power. In the first place, the whole labor of the Phalanx is classified long before the dividends are declared, and should the General Council rank their own services too highly, their conduct would be subject to the action of the Council of Arbiters, or they would without delay be expelled from office, as on no point would injustice be more generally and keenly felt. Their own interest as individuals would also restrain them, as their services as members of the government bear but a small proportion to their labors in the industrial and other groups, and too high a compensation to the government, in which their dividends are but small, would directly affect their reward in other quarters, where they would be entitled to large dividends. Thus they are prevented both by the attractions of

interest, and the removing power, which can be exercised at any moment, from wronging others by paying themselves too much, and thus it is made impossible for them to come into direct collision with the Phalanx at large.

¶ On another page will be found some interesting views upon the first formation of governments from the same source as the communication in a former Number of the Harbinger, upon "The Union of Reformers." The writer designs in future articles, to give a statement of the measures whereby, as he conceives, the fundamental principles of the declaration of Independence can be applied in practice. It is certain that the reconciliation of perfect liberty with perfect order is not yet a reality even in our beloved country. We welcome with lively interest every thought which bears upon so necessary and desirable an end.

¶ So much has been said about the encroachments of capital upon labor, that the subject seems almost threadbare, and one which can hardly be written upon or read with much hope of novelty. We wish now, however, to notice a fresh invasion into a realm which has hitherto been considered impregnable.

The discharging of cargo from vessels had always been performed entirely by men, and it is only a short time since horses were introduced into the service in some cases. This caused a good deal of indignation, but as the cost of a horse was small and could be met by persons of very small capital, no trouble arose from it.

Yesterday, however, we witnessed for the first time in Boston, the novel sight of a ship's cargo being discharged by steam; that is, the hoisting was done by an engine in the place of men or horses. We learned that there had been almost a riot the day before, and that the constables had been called out to repress the laborers, who feared, and with some reason, that the general introduction of steam would "take the bread out of their mouths."

We found that the engine discharged cargo three times as fast, and required thrice as many men, as did the "winch" worked by hand. So that if there were thrice as many ships to be discharged, the laborers would not suffer. But as this is not the case, and as every improvement which, without too great cost, introduces speed into manual operations, is sure to prevail, we must have three-fold the laborers employed in this particular branch only one-third of their time, and to be supported on earnings already inadequate to the maintenance of the present number.

We do not incline to make any remarks

upon this matter, nor to blame those who introduce improvements into any branch of labor, this being perfectly correct and admissible in our opinion, but only to signalize one more encroachment of capital upon labor, and one more step towards the necessary result of Civilization.

ODD IDEA. — A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald writing from New York, and speaking of the height of Trinity Church spire, 280 feet, says, "has it ever occurred to any one besides the writer of these notes, that one of the North River steamboats, if set up on end, would exceed the height of Trinity steeple by forty feet?"

INTEMPERANCE IN BOSTON. — We regret to state that there appears to be within a year, an increase of intemperance in the city — especially among our young men. Grog-shops are multiplying, and genteel drinking establishments are by no means few and far between. — *Boston Journal*.

A young lady at Lowell proposes to open a school to teach young ladies "crewel work," as though they did not already understand it.

WORKING-MEN'S CONVENTION.

¶ A meeting of the NEW ENGLAND WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION will be held at FALL RIVER, Mass., on THURSDAY, the 11th of September next.

The friends of Industrial Reform are invited to attend. Come one, come all. Ample provision will be made by the friends at Fall River for the accommodation of all who shall attend the Convention from out of town.

Newspapers friendly to the cause, will please copy this advertisement.

L. W. RYCKMAN, Pres.

THOMAS ALMY, Sec'y.

Aug. 23, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

"Know then, my dear," said Amelia, as soon as she had completed her arrangements for the proposed conversation. "But I perceive that I do not know your name," added she smiling. "It is time to suppress all titles and ceremonies between us. I wish you to call me henceforth Amelia, as I wish to call you —"

"I have a foreign name difficult to pronounce," replied Consuelo. "The excellent master Porpora, on sending me here, desired me to assume his name, as is the custom of protectors or masters towards their privileged pupils; I share therefore henceforth with the great singer Huber, called the Porporina, the honor of calling myself the Porporina; but by abbreviation, you shall call me simply Nina, if you please."

"Nina let it be then between ourselves," returned Amelia. "Now listen to me, for I have quite a long story to relate; and unless I go some ways back into the past, you will never be able to comprehend all which passes at present in this house."

"I am all attention and all ears," said the new Porporina.

"You are not, my dear Nina, without some little knowledge of the history of Bohemia?" said the young baroness.

"Alas!" returned Consuelo, "as my master must have written to you, I have been entirely deprived of instruction; I know at the most a little of the history of music; but as to that of Bohemia, I know no more of it than of that of any other country in the world."

"In that case," replied Amelia, "I will tell you briefly so much of it as will be requisite for the understanding of my

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

story. Three hundred years ago, this oppressed and annihilated people, into the midst of which you have been transplanted, was a great people, brave, unconquerable, heroic. It had even then, in truth, foreign masters, a religion which it did not well understand, and which they wished to impose upon it by force. Numberless monks drained it; a cruel and debauched king made a jest of its dignity and destroyed all its sympathies. But a secret fury, a deep-seated hatred fermented more and more, and one day the storm burst; the foreign masters were driven away, the religion was reformed, the convents sacked and destroyed, the drunken Wenceslas thrown into prison and bereft of his crown. The signal of revolt was the execution of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, two courageous and learned men of Bohemia, who had wished to examine and clear up the mystery of Catholicism, and upon a council cited, condemned, and caused to be burnt, after having promised to them safety of life and liberty of discussion. This treachery and this infamy were so shocking to the national honor that a bloody war raged in Bohemia and a large part of Germany for many years. This war of extermination was called the war of the Hussites. Odious and numberless crimes were committed upon both sides. The manners of the age were savage and pitiless over the whole face of the earth. The spirit of party and religious fanaticism made them still more terrible, and Bohemia was the horror of Europe. I will not terrify your imagination, already affected with the aspect of this savage country, by relating the frightful scenes which then occurred. There were on the one side, murders, burnings, pests, funeral piles, destruction, churches profaned, monks and religious men mutilated, hung, thrown into boiling pitch; on the other, cities destroyed, countries laid waste, treacheries, lies, cruelties, Hussites cast by thousands into the mines, filling the abysses with their bodies, covering the earth with their bones and those of their

enemies. Those frightful Hussites were for a long while invincible; at this day, we do not pronounce their name without terror; and yet their patriotism, their intrepid constancy, their fabulous exploits leave in us a secret sentiment of admiration and pride, which young spirits like mine find it sometimes difficult to conceal."

"And why conceal it?" asked Consuelo naively.

"Because Bohemia has again fallen, after many struggles, under the yoke of slavery; because there is no longer a Bohemia, my poor Nina. Our masters knew full well that the religious liberty of our country, was its political liberty. For this reason they have stifled both the one and the other."

"See," returned Consuelo, "how ignorant I am. I had never heard of these things; I did not know that men could be so unhappy and so wicked."

"A hundred years after John Huss, another learned man, a new sectary, a poor monk, called Martin Luther, aroused the national spirit, and inspired Bohemia and all the independent provinces of Germany, with hate of a foreign yoke, and revolt against the authority of the popes. The most powerful kings remained Catholics, not so much from love of the religion, as from love of absolute power. Austria united with them to overthrow us, and a new war called the Thirty years' war, crushed and destroyed our nationality. From the commencement of that war, Bohemia was the prey of the strongest; Austria treated us as a vanquished people, deprived us of our faith, our liberty, our language, and even our name. Our fathers resisted courageously, but the Austrian yoke has weighed us down more and more. It is one hundred and twenty years since our nobility, ruined and decimated by exactions, combats, and executions, was forced to banish itself or be denationalized by abjuring its origin, germanizing its name, (pay attention to this point,) and renouncing its freedom in religious belief. They have

burnt our books, they have destroyed our schools, in a word, they have made Austrians of us. We are no longer any thing more than a province of the Empire, and you hear German spoken in a Slavonic country; that is saying enough."

"And now you suffer under this slavery and blush at it? I understand and already hate Austria from the bottom of my heart."

"O, speak more softly," cried the young baroness. "No one can talk thus without danger, under the black sky of Bohemia, and in the chateau there is but one person who has the audacity and the folly to say what you have just said, my dear Nina! That person is my cousin Albert."

"Then that is the cause of the sorrow which I saw written upon his countenance! I felt myself struck with respect on looking at him."

"Ah! my beautiful lioness of saint Mark!"* said Amelia, surprised at the generous animation which suddenly illuminated the pale countenance of her companion; "you take things too seriously. I truly fear lest in a few days my poor cousin will inspire you rather with pity than respect."

"The one need not prevent the other," replied Consuelo, "but explain yourself, dear baroness."

"Now listen," said Amelia. "We are a very Catholic family, very faithful to the Church and the Empire. We have a Saxon name, and our ancestry of the Saxon branch were always very orthodox. If my aunt, the canoness should undertake some day, for your misfortune, to relate to you the services which our ancestors, the German counts and barons, rendered the holy cause, you will see that there is not, according to her, the smallest blot of heresy on our escutcheon. Even at the time when Saxony was Protestant, the Rudolstadt's preferred to abandon their Protestant Electors, rather than the pale of the Romish church. But my aunt will be careful never to boast of this in presence of Count Albert, otherwise you would hear him say the most surprising things that human ears ever listened to."

"You continually excite my curiosity without satisfying it. I comprehend thus far that I must not appear before your noble relatives, to share your own and Count Albert's sympathies for ancient Bohemia. You may trust to my prudence, dear baroness. Besides, I was born in a Catholic country, and the respect which I have for my religion, as well as that which I owe to your family, would be sufficient to impose silence on me on all occasions."

"That would be prudent, for I give

* The lions of saint Mark are the distinctive emblems of Venice.

you warning yet again, that we are terribly stiff-necked on this point. As for myself individually, dear Nina, I am of a better composition. I am neither Protestant nor Catholic. I was brought up by nuns; their sermons and paternosters wearied me very much. The same wearisomeness pursues me even here, and my aunt Wenceslawa contains in herself alone all the pedantry and superstitions of a whole community. But I belong too much to the age, to throw myself, from reaction, into the no less grievous controversies of the Lutherans; and as to the Hussites, that is so old a story, that I am no more interested in it than in the glory of the Greeks and Romans. The French spirit is my ideal, and I cannot believe that there is any reason, any philosophy, any civilization other than that which prevails in that amiable and charming country of France, whose books I sometimes read in secret, and whose happiness, liberty, and pleasures I see from afar, as in a dream, through the bars of my prison."

"You surprise me more and more every instant," said Consuelo with naiveté. "How happens it then, that just now you seemed to me full of heroism in recalling the exploits of your ancient Bohemians? I considered you a Bohemian and a little of a heretic."

"I am more than heretic, and more than Bohemian," replied Amelia laughing, "I am a little incredulous and entirely rebellious. I hate every kind of domination, whether spiritual or temporal, and I protest in a low voice against Austria, who is of all duennas the most starched and the most devout."

"And is Count Albert incredulous in the same manner? Has he likewise the French spirit? In that case you must have a marvelously good understanding with each other."

"O! we have not the slightest good understanding, and now at last, after all my necessary preambles, the time has come for speaking to you of him."

"Count Christian, my uncle, had no children by his first wife. Remarried at the age of forty, he had by his second, five sons, who all died, as well as their mother, of the same constitutional disease, a continual pain and a sort of fever in the brain. This second wife was of pure Bohemian blood, and had, they say, great beauty and great talent. I never knew her. You will see her portrait in a jewelled bodice and scarlet mantle, hanging in the great saloon. Albert resembles her prodigiously. He is the sixth and last of her children, the only one who reached the age of thirty; and this not without difficulty: for though not apparently ill, he has endured severe shocks, and strange symptoms of derange-

ment of the brain still give reason to fear for his life. Between ourselves, I do not believe that he will live much beyond that fatal bound which his mother could not pass. Although born of a father already advanced in age, Albert is nevertheless endowed with a strong constitution; but as he himself says, the trouble is in his mind, and that trouble has gone on continually increasing. From his early childhood, he had his mind filled with odd and superstitious ideas. When four years old, he frequently pretended to see his mother near his cradle, although she was dead, and he had seen her buried. At night he woke to speak with her; and my aunt Wenceslawa was sometimes so terrified, that she made several women sleep in his room near the child, while the chaplain used I know not how much holy water to exorcise the ghost, and said masses by the dozen to oblige her to keep quiet. But nothing succeeded; for though the child did not for a long while speak of these apparitions, yet he one day acknowledged to his nurse in confidence, that he still saw his *little mother*, but that he did not wish to speak of her, because the chaplain afterwards said wicked words in the chamber to prevent her coming back.

"He was a sad and silent child. They tried to divert him, and overwhelmed him with toys and playthings, which for a long while seemed to make him more melancholy. At last they adopted the plan of not opposing the taste he showed for study, and in fact, that passion being gratified, gave him more animation; but this only changed his calm and languishing melancholy into a strange exaltation, interspersed with fits of sadness, the causes of which it was impossible to foresee or avert. For instance, whenever he saw poor persons, he burst into tears, and stripped himself of all his little riches, reproaching himself and being always afflicted that he could not give them enough. If he saw a child whipped or a peasant maltreated, he was so indignant that he either fainted away or fell into convulsions which lasted whole hours. All this announced a good disposition and a great heart; but the best qualities carried to excess become either faulty or ridiculous. Reason was not developed in young Albert so early as sentiment and imagination. The study of history excited without enlightening him. On learning the crimes and injustice of men, he was always agitated by emotions altogether too simple, like that barbarian king, who, on hearing read the history of our Savior's crucifixion, brandished his lance and cried: 'Ah! if I had been there with my men at arms, such things should not have happened! I would have

out those rascally Jews into ten thousand pieces !'

"Albert could not accept men for what they have been and what they still are. He thought Heaven unjust in not creating them all good and compassionate like himself; and did not perceive, that through the excess of his tenderness and virtue, he was becoming impious and misanthropic. He comprehended only what he felt, and at eighteen he was as incapable of living with other men, and of filling that position in society which his rank required, as if he were only six months old. If any one gave utterance before him to one of those maxims of selfishness with which our world is full, and without which it could not exist, without caring for the quality of the person, nor for the respect which his family might owe him, he testified at once an unconquerable aversion, and could not be induced to give him the slightest welcome. He found his associates among those beings who were the most vulgar and most unfortunate by position, and even by nature. Among the playmates of his childhood, he was pleased only with the children of the poor, and especially with those whose stupidity or infirmities would have inspired in any other only ennui and disgust. He has not lost this singular taste, and you cannot be here long, without having proof of it.

"As in the midst of these oddities, he showed much talent, memory, and aptitude for the fine arts, his father and his good aunt Wenceslawa, who cherished him with much love, never had occasion to blush for him before the world. People attributed his ingenuousness to a little of savage freedom, acquired by his country life, and when he was disposed to carry it too far, they took pains to conceal him, under some pretext, from persons who might have been offended. But notwithstanding his admirable qualities and his happy disposition, the Count and the canoness saw with affright this independent and insensible nature refuse obedience more and more to the laws of politeness, and the usages of the world."

"But hitherto," interrupted Consuelo, "I have seen nothing to prove that want of reason of which you speak."

"It is because you are yourself, as I think," said Amelia, "a beautiful soul, entirely candid. But perhaps you are tired of hearing me chat, and wish to try to go to sleep?"

"Not at all, dear baroness; I beseech you to continue," answered Consuelo.

Amelia resumed her narrative, as follows:

VIII.

"You say, dear Nina, that hitherto you have seen no extravagance in the

deeds and actions of my poor cousin. I am about to give you stronger proofs. My uncle and aunt are certainly the best Christians and the most charitable souls in the world. They have always distributed their charities around them with open hand, and it is impossible to display less of pride and ostentation in the use of riches than do these worthy relatives of mine. Well! my cousin considered their style of living entirely contrary to the evangelical spirit. He would have wished them in imitation of the earlier christians, to have sold their property and become beggars, after distributing its value to the poor. If he did not say this exactly, restrained by the respect and love he felt towards them, he let it be seen clearly that such was his thought, by compassionating with bitterness the lot of those who come into the world only to suffer and to labor, while the rich live in comfort and idleness. When he had bestowed in charity all the money he was allowed to spend, it was, in his opinion, only a drop of water in the sea; and he asked for still more considerable sums, which it was thought best not to refuse him, and which ran like water through his hands. He has given away so much, that you will not find a poor person in all the country about us; and I must say that we are no better off on that account; for the wants and requirements of the lower classes augment in proportion to the concessions which are made to them, and our good peasants, heretofore so humble and gentle, give themselves many airs, thanks to the prodigalities and fine discourses of their young master. If we had not the Imperial power over us all, to protect us with one hand, while it oppresses us with the other, I believe that our farms and chateaux would have been pillaged and laid waste by bands of peasants from the neighboring districts, reduced to starvation by the war, and whom the inexhaustible pity of Albert, (celebrated for thirty leagues around,) has brought upon us, especially in the last troubles of the succession of Emperor Charles.

"When Count Christian wished to make sage remonstrances to young Albert, telling him that giving all in one day would deprive him of the means of giving any thing on the next: 'why! dear father,' would he answer, 'have we not a roof to shelter us which will last longer than we shall, while thousands of unfortunates have only the inclement and cold sky over their heads! Have we not each of us, more garments than would be necessary to clothe one of those families now barely covered with rags? Do I not see upon our table daily, more meat and good Hungarian wine than would be required to fill and comfort those beggars,

worn down by want and lassitude! Have we the right to refuse so long as we have more than is necessary! And even that which is necessary, is it permitted us to use it, while others want! Has the law of Christ been changed!'

"How could such fine sentences be answered by the Count, the canoness, and the Chaplain, who had educated this young man in such fervent and austere principles of religion! Thus they found themselves highly embarrassed at seeing him take things so literally, and at his being unwilling to accept any of those compromises with the world, on which rests nevertheless, so it seems to me, all the frame work of the social edifice.

"It was even worse as regarded politics. Albert considered as monstrous all those human laws which authorise sovereigns to cause millions of men to be slain, and to ruin immense countries, for the caprices of their pride and the interests of their vanity. His intolerance on this score became dangerous, and his parents dared no longer carry him with them to Vienna or Prague, or any other large city, where his fanaticism of virtue might have produced evil consequences to themselves. They were not any more easy on the score of his religious principles: for he had, in his exalted piety, all that was necessary to make a heretic for hanging and burning. He hated the Popes, those apostles of Jesus Christ, who league themselves with kings against the peace and the dignity of the people. He blamed the luxury of the bishops, the worldly spirit of the abbés, and the ambition of all the men of the Church. He preached to the poor chaplain sermons revamped from Luther and John Huss; and yet Albert would pass whole hours prostrate upon the pavement of the chapels, plunged in meditations and ecstasies worthy of a saint. He observed the fasts and abstinences even beyond the prescriptions of the Church; they say that he even wore a hair shirt, and that it required all the authority of his father and all the tenderness of his aunt, to induce him to renounce these macerations, which contributed not a little to excite his poor brain.

"When these good and wise parents saw that he was in a fair way to dissipate his patrimony in a few years, and to cause himself to be thrown into prison, as a rebel to the holy Church and the holy Empire, they at last adopted the plan of making him travel, hoping that by seeing men and their fundamental laws, which are about the same all over the civilized world, he would become accustomed to live like them and with them. They therefore confided him to the care of a tutor, a subtle Jesuit, a man of the world,

and a man of tact, if there ever was one, who understood his part at once, and pledged himself, in his conscience, to undertake all that which they did not dare even to ask of him. To speak clearly, it was desirable to corrupt and to blunt that savage soul, to form it to the social yoke, by infusing drop by drop the poisonous, so sweet and so necessary, of ambition, of vanity, of religious, political, and social indifference. Do not so contract your brows in listening to me, dear Porporina. My worthy uncle is a simple and good man, who from his youth, has accepted all these things as they have been given him, and who has known how to conciliate without hypocrisy and without examination, tolerance and religion, the duties of a christian and those of a great Lord. In a world and in an age where one man like Albert is found, for millions like ourselves, he who keeps with the age and with the world is a wise man, and he who wishes to go back two thousand years into the past is a fool, who gives offence to his neighbors and converts nobody.

"Albert travelled eight years. He visited Italy, France, England, Prussia, Poland, Russia, and even the Turks; he returned through Hungary, Southern Germany, and Bavaria. He conducted himself wisely during these long excursions, spending no more than the honorable stipend which his parents allowed him, writing to them very sweet and affectionate letters, in which he spoke only of those things, which had struck his eyes, without making any deep observations upon any subject whatever, and without giving his tutor any cause of complaint or ingratitude. Having returned here about the beginning of last year, after the first embraces, he retired, as they tell me, to the chamber which his mother had formerly occupied, remained shut up there several hours, and came out very pale, to go and walk alone upon the mountain.

"During this time the abbé talked confidentially with the canoness Wenceslawa and the chaplain, who had required from him an entire frankness respecting the physical and moral condition of the young Count. 'Count Albert,' said he to them, 'whether the effects of travel suddenly metamorphosed him, or whether, from what your Lordships had related to me of his childhood, I had formed a false idea of him, Count Albert, I say, has shown himself to me, from the first day of our connection, such as you have seen him to day, gentle, calm, forbearing, patient and exquisitely polite. This excellent style of conduct has never varied a single instant, and I should be the most unjust of men, if I advanced a single complaint against him. Nothing of what I feared from his extravagant expenses,

from his abruptness, from his declamations, from his excited asceticism has happened. He has not even once requested to manage for himself the little fortune you confided to me, and has never expressed the least dissatisfaction. It is true that I always forestalled his desires, and that, whenever I saw a poor man approach our carriage, I hastened to send him away satisfied, before he had even extended his hand. This method of proceeding succeeded completely, and I can say, that as the spectacle of misery and infirmity has never saddened his lordship's sight, he has not once seemed to me to recal his old prepossessions on this point. I have never heard him find fault with any one, nor blame any custom, nor express an unfavorable opinion respecting any institution. That ardent devotion, whose excess you feared, has seemed to give way to a regularity of conduct and of practice, every way becoming a man of the world. He has seen the most brilliant Courts of Europe, and the most noble society, without appearing either intoxicated or offended at any thing. Everywhere, he has been remarked for his beauty, his noble bearing, his unobtrusive politeness, and the good taste which prevailed in his words, which he always knew how to time appropriately. His habits have remained as pure as those of a young girl perfectly educated, without showing any prudery or bad taste. He has seen theatres, museums and monuments; he has discoursed soberly and judiciously upon the arts. In fact, I cannot in any way understand the uneasiness he has given to your Lordships, having for my part, never seen a more reasonable man. If there be anything extraordinary about him, it is in fact, this regularity, this prudence, this sang-froid, this entire absence of strong desires and passions, which I have never met with in a young man so advantageously endowed, by nature, birth and fortune.'

"All this was in fact, only a confirmation of the frequent letters which the abbé had written to the family; but they had always feared some exaggeration on his part, and they were only truly easy from the moment when he affirmed the moral restoration of my cousin, without fear of being contradicted by his conduct, under the eyes of his parents. They loaded the abbé with presents and caresses, and waited with impatience for Albert's return from his walk. It lasted a long time and when, at last, he came to table at the hour of supper, they were struck by his paleness and the gravity of his physiognomy. In the first moments of effusion, his features had expressed a sweet and profound satisfaction which were no longer to be found in them. They were astonished and spoke of it,

anxiously, in a low voice to the abbé. He looked at Albert, and turning with surprise to those who questioned him in a corner of the apartment: 'I see nothing extraordinary in the Count's face,' said he; 'he has the dignified and peaceable expression which I have seen in him during the eight years I have had the honor to accompany him.'

"Count Christian was satisfied with this answer. 'He left us still adorned with the roses of youth,' said he to his sister, 'and often, alas! the victim to a sort of internal fever, which elevated his voice and made his appearance brilliant; he returns embrowned by the sun of southern countries, somewhat worn by fatigue, perhaps, and moreover surrounded by that gravity which becomes a full grown man. Do you not think, my dear sister, that it is better so?'

"'I think his looks are very sad under this gravity,' replied my good aunt, 'and I have never seen a young man of twenty-eight, so phlegmatic and with so little to say. He answers us by monosyllables.'

"'The Count has always been very sparing of his words,' replied the abbé.

"'He was not so formerly,' said the canoness. 'If he had weeks of silence and meditation, he had also his days of expansion, and his hours of eloquence.'

"'I have never seen him depart,' returned the abbé, 'from the reserve which your Ladyship remarks at this moment.'

"'Were you better pleased when he talked too much, and said things which made us tremble?' asked Count Christian of his alarmed sister. 'That is just the way with women.'

"'But he was alive then,' said she, 'and now he looks like an inhabitant of the other world, who takes no part in the affairs of this.'

"'That is the constant character of the Count,' replied the abbé; 'he is reserved, he is a man who never communicates his impressions to others, and who, if I must speak the whole of my thought, is not much impressed by any thing external. Such is the case with cold, sensible, and reflective persons. He is so constituted, and I should fear, lest, in seeking to excite him, the result would be to trouble that soul, so inimical to all action, and to all dangerous undertakings.'

"'O! I would take an oath that that is not his true character!' cried the canoness.'

"'Madame the canoness will overcome the prejudices she has formed against so rare an advantage.'

"'In fact, dear sister,' said the Count, 'I think that the abbé speaks very wisely. Has he not by his cares and his condescension, obtained the result we so much desired? Has he not turned aside the

misfortunes which we feared! Albert threatened to be a prodigy, a hair-brained enthusiast. He returns to us such as he should be, to merit the esteem, the confidence, and the consideration of his fellow men.'

"But obliterated like an old book," said the canoness, 'or perhaps prejudiced against all things, and disdaining whatever does not respond to his secret instincts. He does not seem happy to see us, who expected him with so much impatience.'

"The Count was himself very impatient to return," answered the abbé; 'I perceived it, although he did not manifest it openly. He is so little demonstrative! Nature has made him reserved.'

"Nature, on the contrary, made him demonstrative," replied she quickly. 'He was sometimes violent and sometimes tender to excess. He often troubled me, but he threw himself upon my bosom and I was disarmed.'

"With me," said the abbé, 'he has never had any fault to repair.'

"Believe me, sister, it is much better so," said my uncle.

"Alas," said the canoness, 'then he will always have that countenance which terrifies me and oppresses my heart!'

"It is the noble and proud countenance which becomes a man of his rank," replied the abbé.

"It is a countenance of stone!" cried the canoness. 'I seem to see my mother, not as I knew her, sensible and benevolent, but as she is painted, motionless and frozen in her frame of oak.'

"I repeat to your ladyship," said the abbé, 'this has been Count Albert's habitual expression for eight years.'

"Alas! There have been then, eight mortal years in which he has not smiled on any one," said the good aunt, the tears flowing down her cheeks; 'for during these two hours that I have fixed my eyes upon him, I have not seen the slightest smile animate his closed and colourless mouth! Ah! I have a great mind to rush to him and press him strongly against my heart, reproaching him for his indifference and scolding him as I used to, to see if he will not as he used to, throw himself upon my neck with sobs.'

"Beware of any such imprudence, my dear sister," said Count Christian, compelling her to turn away from Albert, whom she still looked at with moistened eyes. 'Do not listen to the weakness of your maternal heart: we have proved sufficiently that an excessive sensibility was the bane both of the life and of the reason of our child. By distracting him, by removing him from every vivid emotion, the abbé, conformably to our advice and that of the physicians, has succeeded in calming that agitated soul; do not destroy his work, from the caprices of a child-like tenderness.'

"The canoness yielded to these reasons, and tried to accustom herself to Albert's frigid exterior, but she could not succeed, and she said frequently in the ear of her brother: 'You may say what you please, Christian, I fear that he has been stupefied, by treating him not like a man, but like a sick child.'

"In the evening, at the moment of separation, they embraced each other. Albert received his father's blessing respectfully, and when the canoness pressed him to her heart, he perceived that she trembled and that her voice faltered. He began to tremble also, and tore himself quickly from her arms, as if a sharp sense of suffering had been awakened in him.

"You see sister," said the Count, in a low voice, 'he is no longer accustomed to these emotions, and you have made him suffer.' At the same time uneasy and much agitated himself, he followed his son with his eyes, to see if in his manner towards the abbé, he could perceive any exclusive preference for that person. But Albert saluted his tutor with a very cold politeness.

"My son," said the Count, 'I believe I have fulfilled your intentions and satisfied your wishes by requesting the abbé not to leave you, as he had already proposed, and by engaging him to remain with us as long as possible. I did not wish that the happiness of finding our family circle re-assembled, should be poisoned on your part by any regret, and I hope that your respected friend will aid us in securing that joy to you without any drawback.'

Albert answered only by a deep bow, and at the same time a strange smile passed over his lips.

"Alas!" said the canoness, as soon as he had gone, 'that then is his smile now!'

To be Continued.

THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN KEBLE.

Tyre of the farther West! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world
o'erspread,

Touching two oceans; wherefore hast thou
scorned

Thy father's God, O proud and full of
bread?

Why lies the cross unhonored on the ground,
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows
flaunt?

That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disordered of thy vain earthly
vaunt,

Thou bring it to be blessed where saints
and angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty
floods,

O'er-topping Nature, braving Nature's God;
O, while thou yet hast room, fair, fruitful
land,

Ere war and want have stained thy virgin
sod,

Mark thee a place on high, a glorious
stand,

Where Truth her sign may make o'er
forest, lake and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st
thine ear,

Listening if haply with the surging sea
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear
To Heaven. O trying hour for thee!

Tyre mocked when Salem fell! Where
now is Tyre?

Heaven was against her. Nations thick
as waves,

Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and
fire;

And now her tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her
crowned merchants' graves.

For the Harbinger.

ARCHITECTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE PHALANSTERY.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth;
for the first heaven and the first earth were
passed away.

And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem,
coming down from God, out of heaven,
prepared as a bride adorned for her
husband.—*Rev. xxi. 1, 2.*

Philosopher! you say I dream. You have
been dreaming yourself for more than a
thousand years. Do you, then, make a
dream as beautiful as mine!

SCYOLA HUSSON.

SECTION I.

No Association is possible without a new
ARCHITECTURE; otherwise we must deny
the influence of the external medium.

JULES LECHEVALIER.

Let us recall to mind that, under the influence of the principle of Association, the individual and fragmentary properties of a canton [township] are converted into shares hypothecated upon the total inventory of its wealth; the hedges, walks, bounds, demarcations, which disfigure the landscape, and cut it up into homely patchwork, have disappeared; the cultivation is distributed with an elegant and wise variety throughout the whole unitary domain.

In the centre of the cultivated grounds rises the Phalanstery.

The Phalanx has nothing to do with four hundred kitchens, four hundred granaries; it has no need of all this multiplicity of magazines, shops, and bad and incoherent constructions which the actual complication of things creates so lavishly, and supports at such great expense, and which each family repeats according to its means. A few large and beautiful work-shops, a few vast halls suffice for the preparation of the food more or less *recherche* of the different classes in re-

spect to fortune, for the domestic labors of the great household, and for storing the harvests and productions of the canton.

Thus associative relations impose upon Architecture opposite conditions to those which civilized life demands: the business is no longer to build the cabin of the proletary, the house of the citizen, the hotel of the stock-jobber; but the palace in which MAN is to lodge. It should be constructed with art, symmetrical completeness and foresight; it must contain sumptuous apartments and modest chambers, so that every one may there house himself according to his tastes and means;—then work-shops must be distributed for all the branches of labor, and halls for all the functions of industry or of pleasure.

The form of the Phalanstery, according to the plan of Fourier, fulfils completely all the social requirements, uniting all the advantages of accommodation, health, and security. It is useless to say that this form has nothing absolute; that the configuration of the land, and a thousand particular exigencies may modify it: that the façades, the style and the details will offer infinite varieties in all the Phalansteries. In a word, he gives us merely a form securing the general service, and fulfilling the great conveniences; a type of the Phalanstery, as the cross is a type of the Cathedral, as the bastioned front is a type of a fortification: a type which is flexible and supple to the accidents of land, to the conveniences of place and climate, and which will not in a senseless manner check the flight of the artists of the future.

Let us study the principal conveniences required in associative structures, all the conditions of which Fourier has fulfilled in this admirable plan, which surpasses by a hundred cubits all the architectural conceptions which have preceded him. You have had occasion to see that Fourier is a profound and implacable analyzer, a logician of the most strict, an arithmetician of the most severe; you may now judge if he is a bad architect. And then this will not be all, as you will see in time.

As we look upon the Phalanstery, we have before us, first, the central body, in the middle of which rises the Tower of Order; then the two wings which fall perpendicularly upon the centre, and form the great Court of Honor, where parades and industrial manœuvres take place; and then the two extreme lesser wings come round in the shape of a horse-shoe, and mark out the grand rout which borders the Court of Honor, and extends along the front of the Phalanstery, between this edifice and the rural buildings posted opposite.

The bodies of the buildings are dou-

bled; the Phalanstery is bent back upon itself, to avoid a too great extent of front, a too wide separation of the wings and the centre, in short, to favor the activity of relations by concentrating them.

The noisy work-shops and schools are put away into one of the extreme courts, at the end of one of the lesser wings; the noise is absorbed in this court of hubnub, and thus is avoided the insupportable din of every sort spread at random throughout all the quarters of civilized cities, where the blacksmith's anvil and the tin-man's hammer conspire with the flageolet, the clarinet, the chorons of infants and scholars, against the public ears.

In the lesser wing at the other extremity is found the caravansery, or hotel for strangers. The object of this arrangement is to avoid encumbrances in the centre of activity.

The great halls of general relations for the regency, the treasury, receptions, banquets, balls, concerts, &c., are situated in the centre of the palace, around the Tower of Order; then the work-shops, and apartments of various dimensions and prices, are distributed through the whole development of the buildings. The work-shops are generally on the ground-floor, as convenience evidently requires. Nevertheless, several of them, as those for embroidery, costume, &c. can be raised to the first story.

It is plain that the centre of the palace will be the most commodious and most sumptuous part of it; also the dearest apartments, the largest and most richly ornamented, will look out upon the great winter garden, enclosed behind the Tower of Order by the squared folds of the double body of the building. The most modest apartments will be placed in the wings and lesser wings.

Harmony, which, without aiming at an equality contrary to all natural and social order, always effects a fusion of classes and a mingling of inequalities; Harmony, I say, knows how to establish in this general distribution an interlacing (*engrenage*) which anticipates and prevents any one quarter being held in disesteem: it introduces into the centre and its neighboring parts lodgings of a moderate price, and removes some of the higher priced to the extremities. Varieties of character will disperse still more the different classes of fortune through the body of the buildings of the Phalanstery, and you will find there no *faubourg St. Marceau* by the side of the *faubourg St. Germain*.

The spaces between the buildings are court-yards planted with trees, refreshed by basins, and appropriated to various uses; they may be adorned with borders, and with interior parterres.

In the great central square is found the *winter garden*, planted in part with green and resinous trees, so as to refresh the eyes in every season: all around the most precious green houses are arranged, in connection with the galleries and bathing-halls. This is the most rich and most luxurious of all the gardens of the Phalanx; it forms an elegant promenade, sheltered and warm, where the aged and the convalescent may delight to breathe the air and the sun.

All the rooms of the harmonian building, private apartments, workshops, and all the main sections, are connected together by a *street gallery*, or *corridor*, which embraces them, circulates around the edifice and completely envelopes it. This *circum-gallery* is double: on the ground-floor it is formed by arcades, which extend parallel with the building, as in the Palais-Royal; then upon these arcades, above the platform of the lower gallery rises that of the first story: it might mount quite up to the summit of the edifice, and be lighted by long high windows, in which case the apartments of the upper stories would open upon it; or it might stop so as to form a terrace for the second or third story.

It is useless to say that these galleries are well glazed, ventilated and refreshed in summer, warmed in winter, always provided with good air which is kept at an agreeable temperature.

This is certainly the most important and most characteristic feature of the associative architecture. In a Phalanstery in high Harmony, it is as large and as sumptuous as the gallery of the Louvre; it serves for great repasts and extraordinary reunions; it is decked with flowers, like a green-house, and adorned with a rich display of certain products of industry, and of the artistical productions of the Phalanx itself and of the neighboring Phalanxes. The galleries and saloons of Phalansteries are permanent places of exhibition for the artists of Harmony.

Figure to yourself this elegant gallery running all round the body of the building, the interior gardens and courts of the Phalanstery; now without, and now within the palace; now widening to form a large rotunda, an atrium inundated with day-light; now shooting out into court-yards its couloirs supported upon columns, or suspended upon light bridges, to unite two parallel faces of the edifice; now fitting itself to the grand white stair-cases, and opening every where easy, spacious, and elegant communications.

This gallery which clings to the sides of the associative edifice and forms for it long girdle, as it were; which binds all the parts into one whole; which establishes the contact of the centre with the

extremities, is the canal through which circulates the life in the great Phalansterian body. It is the artery which carries the blood from the heart into all the veins; it is thus the symbol and the architectural expression of the high social union, of the passionate harmony of the Phalanx, in this grand unitary structure, in which every part has a special sense, every detail expresses a particular thought, answers to some convenience, and subordinates itself to the whole; while the whole reproduces, complete and visibly embodied, the supreme law of Association, the integral thought of harmony.

After living in a Phalanstery, where a population of two thousand persons can give themselves up to all their civil or industrial relations, go to their functions, see their company, circulate from workshops to chambers, from chambers to ball-rooms and the theatre, attend to their affairs and their pleasures, sheltered from all intemperance, from all bad air, from all atmospheric changes; after living two days in such an element, who could bear the cities and villages of civilization, filled with mud and all uncleanness? Who could make up his mind again to establish himself in their streets, foul, hot and mephitic in summer, open in winter to snow, to cold, to all the winds? Who could resign himself again to adopt the cloak, the socks, the umbrella, the double soles, strange, grotesque attire with which the individual is obliged to embarrass himself, load himself, cover himself, because the population has not known how to guarantee itself as a whole from these evils by a unitary dwelling? What a saving of expense, of ennui and inconveniences, of colds, of diseases of every species, is obtained by a simple architectural arrangement! How many young girls lie dead three days after the ball, at which they had appeared brilliant with life and youth, who might still return the kisses of their mothers, if this guarantee of health existed in our cities!

At the central point of the palace rises and reigns the Tower of Order. There are placed the observatory, the chime of bells, the telegraph, the clock, the carrier pigeons, the night-watch; there the great flag of the Phalanx is given to the wind. The Tower of Order is the centre of direction and movement for the industrial operations of the canton; with its flags, its signals, its glasses, and its speaking trumpets it commands the manœuvres, like the general of an army placed upon a height.

It is easy to see that this Phalansterian distribution lends itself to all conveniences, bends to every exigency of associative relations, and realizes to a marvellous degree the most beautiful economies.

Each person takes lodgings according to his fortune and his tastes in the different quarters of the Phalanstery. He contracts with the Phalanx for lodging, as for food, whether he take rooms already furnished, or furnish them for himself. None of those embarrassments, those numerous ennuis attached to the insipid domestic system of the isolated family. Strictly, one needs to own nothing but his clothes and shoes; linen and all the rest he may hire. It is even certain that this singularly economical and convenient custom will become very general, when people shall see the refined neatness of the associative laundries. Now folks are not so fastidious; they sleep in the linen of inns and furnished hotels, of very questionable cleanness; and our delicate young Parisian misses give their linen to the washer-women, who subject it to God knows what contact in their tubs!

The Harmonian does not have to think of all these minute arrangements of every day, which harass the civilized, and make him lead such a material, prosaic, fastidious and vulgar citizen sort of a life. And it is thus that Fourier, precisely because he speculated upon material and domestic arrangements, has found the means of freeing man from the leaden yoke which these brutalizing arrangements of civilization impose upon him at every hour of his existence; it is thus that he has found the means of making life poetical. Try to do as much with your quintessential abstractions, and your morality. Poor stupid philosophers! you will hear these Bœotians crying out, *Utopia*; and yet, while they pretend to spiritualize man's life, they give him over to the absolute and all-powerful despotism of his imperious first wants, to the material necessities of every day. This absurdity, which has now endured for three thousand years, is so enormous that future ages will not esteem it credible.

The Seristery of the kitchens,* armed with its great ovens, its labor-saving contrivances, its ramified fountains and water-carriers, and all its array of utensils, opens immediately upon the interior courts of service, and on the side of the country. Its magazines of arrivals, of stores and preserves, and its halls of office are close by.

The table and side-boards are loaded in these lower halls; and from there taken and raised, at the hours of meals, by machines, which lift them, all set and furnished, into the banquet halls above.—The floors are provided with trap doors, which give to the great operations of the unitary service the magical rapidity of the scene-shiftings in a fairy opera. These

* Seristery is the generic term for the Phalansterian work-shops.

ingenious contrivances civilization employs here and there for the pleasures of its people of leisure; but Harmony will find its interest in making a prodigal use of them, to create pleasures without number for the whole people.

The heat which escapes from the Seristery of kitchens is used to warm the green-houses, baths, &c. A single central conductor of hot air suffices to distribute warmth through all parts of the building, galleries, shops, halls and chambers. This unitary warmth is conducted into those different rooms by a system of communication, armed with stop-cocks, by means of which they can vary and graduate the temperature at will in every part of the associative palace. At the same time, a system of interior tubes, concentric with those of the hot air conductors, carry warm water into the Seristeries where it is needed, and into all the chambers. There is an analogous arrangement for the distribution of cold water. It is easy to see how these unitary arrangements favor general cleanliness, how they circulate comfort every where, and divest domestic service of the slovenly, repugnant, often hideous features which it wears in the households of civilization.

The same unitary thought presides over the organization of every service. Thus there are reservoirs placed under the roof, which catch the rain, or are supplied by forcing-pumps from below; from these diverge ramified pipes, from which the water, projected with a force proportional to its height, maintains through the hot weather, in the halls, saloons and staircases, gushing fountains, little cascades in white marble basins, and vigorous jets d'eau in the gardens and courts. The movable pipes are employed in the daily service of watering the banks and borders of the Phalanstery; they also serve to wash the roofs and façades, and above all, to prevent all chance of fire.*

By these arrangements, so well calculated to marry health with comfort, ten children upon the roof of a Phalanstery could arrest a conflagration with more ease than all the fire-companies in the world, in the houses and on the roofs often inaccessible, of the fragmentary, dilapidated, and inextricable constructions of our cities.

The light, interior and exterior, of the Phalanx is also regulated by the same unitary idea. Every one knows that most of the public establishments, and even entire quarters in the great cities are already lighted in this way. Refracting lenses and parabolic reflectors will be of great service in this unitary distribution of

* It should be added that, besides these guarantees against fire, the different bodies of the building are separated by spaces, and connected only by the corridor, which is interrupted nowhere.

light; and its power will be multiplied by a suitable combination of the resources of catoptrics and of dioptrics.

A great part of the things which I mention here are already realized in the palaces and some of the rich houses in France, and especially in England. But in Civilization such advantages are reserved for a small number of the rich; the poor die of hunger, cold and misery by the side of their hotels, where they die, themselves, gorged with luxury, disgust, and ennui: for if civilization places at the disposal of the rich all the refinements of comfort and of luxury, it also poisons them,—which is no more than justice.—God never willed that a few egotistical do-nothings should be really *happy* in the midst of the sufferings and gnashing of the teeth of the masses who labor for them. Happiness is a conquest which can only be made for the profit of the whole species. And it is a pity to see these rich people rebel against their lot, like spoiled children, because they do not find happiness, although they are placed, as they say, in the midst of every thing which can give it.

O! no, no, ye rich ones of this world! ye are *not* placed in the midst of all that can give happiness; for ye live in the midst of your brethren who suffer! your egotism makes a bad calculation, when it closes your ears to the great voice of popular complaint which mutters and growls around your palaces; for (it is necessary, to shout it out to you incessantly,) all mankind are united by solidarity in evil as in good. Think you God is a father who has aristocratic preferences? do you take all the rest for younger sons and bastards? So long as there is misery among them, you see, there will be for you the implacable siege of ennui, emptiness of soul, and spleen. So long as the body of the poor is hunger-bitten, so long will the heart of the rich be bored by the worm which gnaws it to day.—If there is starving to death down there, there will be suicide above.—Who can answer that?

Let us return to our harmonian architecture which makes comfort and happiness universal, which lodges *man*, and not merely *some few men*, like the architecture of civilization; and let us resume our description by saying, that in the associative construction every thing is foreseen and provided, organized and combined, and that man there governs as their rightful master water, air, heat and light.

It is for the reader in his own imagination, to bring out into bold relief the general idea of the Phalanstery, to transport himself to this abode, to see it, to draw from the fruitful data, which I have barely indicated, all the comforts and artistic beauties which it involves, and to comprehend how all these arrangements com-

bine the useful with the agreeable, the good with the beautiful, luxury with economy.

Artists! here is architecture, here is poetry for you.

SECTION II.

Italia! Italia!

VIRGIL.

Artists, Artists, to you I speak! to you, airy and brilliant people; to you, men of imagination, of heart and of poesy! What is your condition in this citizen world of to-day? Do you feel yourself at ease in this vast shop? Can you imprison your divine spark in grocery-stores, in the kitchen of the isolated household, in the house and family of the dull drudging citizen?

The niggardliness of the merchant, the narrow caprices of the parvenu of the counter, the strict economy of some impoverished descendant of an ancient family,—all this but poorly accommodates itself to art, all this lends small aid to conception!—The only source of wealth is trade, and trade is no lover of art. The destruction of the great feudal and clerical fortunes, revolutionary commotions, and the subdivision of property, have given art its death-blow. It suffers its last agonies to day in lithography.—What will you do? there are no more cathedrals, no more abbeys, no more chateaus to build, to adorn with statues, and large pictures, to embellish with sculpture and frescoes; no more canvasses to cover, no more marble to hew. Plastered walls and painted paper have every where taken possession.

Would you have architecture restored? Restore then the conditions which nourished it of old, restore the concentration of wills.—And this time it will not be a concentration about a single point, religious or political; it will be the harmonious and powerful fusion of all the elements of the human will; it will be a universal alliance, an integral association of all the faculties and all the passions; it will be humanity united in its strength and its earnestness; and the architecture which will spring from this complete and unitary combination,—it, too, will be complete and unitary.

It will no longer be the cathedral or the *hotel-de-ville*, the college, the theatre, the city or country dwelling-house, the chateau, the factory, the bank, and I know not what else.—It will be all that at once, all that united, combined, made unitary, forming one great whole with all the great contrasts and the thousand harmonies of a world! Such is the architecture of the future.—Compare the Phalansteries, the cities and capitals which spring from the principle of Association, compare them with our villages, our cities,

our capitals which spring from the principles of Isolation; compare and decide.

“But this is too fine,” say the astonished simpletons, “this is too fine, and can never be. These people are mad they have been reading fairy tales.”

Well, then, let us understand each other. I can rigorously demonstrate that the Phalansteries born in the lap of the opulence of the associative order, when that order shall have had possession of the earth for some time, will leave far behind them in magnificence, in splendor, in color, in riches, these immense and overladen cathedrals, with their triple *portail a fleche*, their lace-work and embroidery of stone; these cathedrals, every stone of which bears the imprint of art, every one of whose glasses, arches, column, and walls, inside and outside, were relieved by the most vivid colors, vermilion, gold, and azure, and disputed the palm of splendor with the master altar, and with the stole of the officiating priest.—For so it was.

And behold the monuments with which Europe bristled in the space of three centuries! See what a single principle of union could cause to shoot up in the midst of the general disorder; see what the religious idea has had power to extract from the bosom of a famishing civilization. If these things have been produced in chaos, think of the wonders which will follow Creation; think of it, and logic will go farther than your imagination and you will not find forms and colors enough wherewith to represent to yourself the resplendent, dazzling future of the transfigured globe.

The palaces of the Phalanxes, the kiosks, the belvederes and castles with which they sow their richly cultivated fields the monumental cities and the capitals of the globe,—here, O artists, is something orth more than a shop-front, a recess, a piral stair-case, a landing in the house of citizen, or a red Fame on the sign of a pastry cook.—It will need bold vaults, sprung upon walls of stone, cupolas, towers, and high shooting spires; your genus will have free scope in those grand lines, whose movements and directions you will have to combine! The palace of a Phalanx will need gates through which seven horses may enter abreast; it will need great open windows through which the sun may enter the abode of man with copious streams of life and color; it will need galleries, balconies, and terraces where the population of the Phalanstery may expand and form for it glittering garlands, with its thousand heads of women and of joyous children.—It will need pictures for its galleries and halls, theatres, frescoes and sculptures for its vaults; statues for its halls and great stair-ways, statues on its

entablatures and among the trees of its shady gardens, open spouts in the angles of its cornices, heads of bronze and throats of iron for its steam-engines, marble for its basins, altars for its temples, and a thousand chefs-d'œuvres of art to clothe and adorn them worthily.

There, you see it will be necessary to harmonize fire, light, granite and the metals: Art will have in its great hands all the elements to marry together. That will be indeed a creation!

Then orchestras with a thousand parts, choirs with a thousand voices: hymns and poems chanted by the masses; choregraphic manœuvres danced by whole populations.—For, in the Phalansteries it will be no select troop that mounts the boards: unitary education will raise every man to the dignity of an artist; and if every man be not a poet or a composer, he will at least know how to execute and to take his part in the whole: every man will be a note in the great concert.

Who will take it upon himself to affirm that God has given to each one of his children a head that thinks, a heart that beats, ears to love harmony, fingers to make it, a chest to sing, and eyes for colors, without permitting him, without wishing him ever to have the use of them? Say, O artists, say, O poets, do you not feel the destiny of man? Upon all these wonders of social harmony do you not feel the impress of the beautiful and the true of which you bear the type in your own souls? Say, is all this illusion, and are the shop-front, the recess, the spiral stair-case, and the landing, of a citizen's house, and the red Fame on the sign of a pastry-cook, the true thing?—And again, without grovelling in the prose of mercantilism, and in all the rubbish of civilization, say if this be not better to your imaginations and your hearts, than a pyramid of Egypt, built by a people fed with onions, and their backs bent under the weight of stones; better than a palace of Nero, or even a column Vendôme, cast from the bloody bronze which kills in battles! Yes, yes, it is the destiny of humanity to be happy and rich, and to embellish its planet, and make for it a resplendent robe of which it need not be ashamed, in the bright celestial ball-room, where it occupies a place of honor by the side of the Sun! Yes, when humanity shall go forth in its strength and in its law, many other wonders will spring into being under the influence of human power, combined with the vivifying power of the globe, and all that I have described thus far will look niggardly and poor.—The destiny of man is before you; go forth to meet it.

But we must stop.—I forget that these words are cast into the midst of a world of misery and woe, where six thousand

years of suffering have sicklied the hearts of men, and dried up in them every spring of hope. The evil has filtered itself into the very marrow of our bones; it has gnawed even into our most secret desires. All our dreams of the future are limited to-day to the acquisition of a *cheap government*!—We must stop.—
To be Continued.

REVIEW.

American Factories and their Female Operatives. By the Rev. W. M. SCORESBY, D. D., Vicar of Bradford, Yorkshire, England. From the London edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor and Co. 1845. pp. 133.

Lowell as it Was, and as it Is. By Rev. HENRY A. MILES. Lowell: Powers and Bagley, and N. L. Dayton. 1845. pp. 234.

New York Daily Tribune, Saturday, August 16, 1845. Visit to Lowell, &c.

To judge from the descriptions of these writers, Lowell is rather nearer a paradisiacal condition than most places. They are unanimous in holding it up as one of the most perfect localities that do the sun honor, by receiving his diurnal contributions of light and heat. The correspondent of the Tribune especially, cannot contain his astonishment at the spectacle. He grows eloquent and sentimental, and even classical under its influence, and lets himself out into full flourishes of that peculiar enthusiasm in which correspondents of the daily press are apt to take satisfaction. We make room for a sample of his delight.

"By dignifying Labor, and offering fair chances to independence, as also by still recognizing in the stout sinews and true hearts of the Toiling men and women earning nobly, as God has declared they should, 'their bread by the sweat of their brows,' an ambition to maintain the true social position has been kindled. Thank God, those fresh spirits gathered down from the Granite Hills, and from green peaceful valleys by their own will, to the Carnival of Spindles and Looms, and iron arms, heaving with their Titan hest, are none the less, but more beautiful, while pure, they stand up and vindicate the sacredness of Toil. They are not called by imperious Wants. No 'Cotton Lord,' as in Manchester, says, 'Take the mean pittance of an average of ten shillings sterling per week for the lives of your famished children, or starve!' The intellectual and moral condition of the 'Lowell Operatives,' will compare with that of any class in the Union as numerous: indeed they have made themselves the 'Io Pæan' of the age, and challenge the world with their example. At this season of the year, there is an average of one hundred leaving the Factories daily, to visit for a time their homes, friends, and old altars. Light of heart, and bright of eye, they trip out into the fields and commune with Nature and all 'dear enjoyments,' to return with renewed strength to the pleasures of toil. Toil in the past has been repulsive;—a few task-men bore the lash, and the labor was vassalage.

Now the tyrant is the drone, the ignoble; and Toil, like a rose-wreathed Angel, rises beautiful in her *voluntary* strength, and reverses the slavish condition of the Past."

Verily our friend has found the millennium at Lowell in full flower! He has got a sight of human perfection, after it has received its latest touch. Every water wheel is surrounded with a halo, and every pale-faced and hollow-chested Factory girl becomes a "rose wreathed angel" in his ecstatic vision.

Jam redit et virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna; Jam nova progenies ex coelo demittitur alto. Commend us to such rhetoric!

The book of Rev. Dr. Scoresby is composed of a course of lectures delivered to the factory operatives of his parish. He constantly holds up the example of the girls of Lowell to their emulation, sets forth the virtue and intelligence which there prevail, in terms of the strongest admiration, and evidently regards Lowell and its population as presenting a striking contrast to English factory towns. The Lowell Offering he looks upon as the ninth wonder of the world, considering the source from which it comes, and indeed, speaks of it in a manner less intolerable than the tone of condescending patronage with which it has been received in this country.

Dr. Scoresby, though a more sensible man than the writer in the Tribune, nevertheless sees Lowell in pure rose color quite as much as he. And no wonder; after the factories of England, Lowell and its operatives, might well fill him with surprise. Accustomed, as from his book he plainly is, to look upon factory laborers at home as degraded into a sort of *tertium quid* between men and brutes, the comparative elevation of the laborers at Lowell must have seemed to him almost a new era in human affairs. Nor was he, from his peculiar circumstances, likely to get more than one view of the matter, if haply there be more than one. Visiting Lowell as the friend of the owners, he was sure to observe all things through their eyes. Accordingly he finds Lowell quite faultless, and writes a book, which is published in this country, with an appendix, containing a favorable notice of the author over the initials of one of the most wealthy and influential of the manufacturers of New England. Of the English factory system Dr. Scoresby has evidently, though perhaps unconsciously, no hope whatever. Stultified as he is by the axioms of Political Economy, he sees no other check to the selfishness which is the first, though not the only begotten of the monstrous progeny of civilized Industry, except the *preaching* "of Christian consideration for our fellow creatures"! He says, justly enough, that until the sacred influence of religion "be preva-

lent and penetrating in the world of business, the business-world will continue to be characterized by selfishness and the love of mammon!" But how is this to be brought about? That is a question for which Dr. Scoresby has no answer.

The Rev. Mr. Miles is a Unitarian clergyman, who has resided at Lowell for several years. In preparing his book he has taken pains to obtain exact and reliable information. He gives us a variety of statistics with regard to the mills and the operatives, and the history and the present condition of Lowell. In his Preface he says:

"The great questions relating to Lowell are those which concern the health and character of its laboring classes. It is believed that more full and precise information on these points is given in the following pages, than has ever before been published. The object constantly kept in view has been, not the statement of opinions and impressions, but that careful presentation of facts which will enable a stranger to judge for himself."

We do not doubt that Mr. Miles has throughout, endeavored to write without bias on either side. We are not prepared to say that he has not succeeded in doing so. Still it has been asserted that his book is written in the interest of the "Corporations" rather than of the operatives, and that the latter would not assent to every statement which Mr. Miles propounds. Be this as it may, no one we think, can fail to be struck with the delightful picture which Mr. Miles draws. He too makes Lowell to be something quite Elysian. Every thing that his pen touches, wears, whether by virtue of its own character, or by a magic belonging to Mr. Miles we cannot say, a most sunny aspect. To be sure such words as "the neglected young, and suffering poor," "the moral and industrious poor," "the sick poor," occur two or three times, but as not much is said about them, they are evidently merely temporary accidents, of which, it would be unwise, as well as unnecessary to speak. It would mar the unity of the book and diminish its effect, which, upon a person easily carried away by his imagination, like ourselves for example, is very great. As we read we are almost moved to set off at once for Lowell, to see if we cannot be fortunate enough to get a place in one of those abodes of superlative health, happiness, and intelligence, commonly called a cotton mill. There, certainly, are Arcadia, Atlantis, the Hesperian Gardens, and what not beside. There the sky has a deeper blue, the days are golden, the nights cloudless, and life full of keener and less perishable delights. The only wonder is, seeing what a prodigality of advantages are prepared for the factory laborers, seeing too what immense fortunes they accumulate, that the wives and daughters,

the sons and uncles of the owners, have not been attracted to enter into such an enviable condition. Are there any records of ladies leaving their silken and perfumed saloons to become factory girls, from mere love of luxury? Has any youthful exquisite, satiated with the ordinary pleasures of wealth and elegance, sought for newer and intenser enjoyments in twelve hours a day steady toil, amidst the hum of spindles and the jar of machinery? On these points Mr. Miles is silent.

We are far from agreeing with Mr. Miles, that "the great questions relating to Lowell are those which concern the health and character of its laboring classes." Grant that their health is excellent and their morals without a stain; grant even that they are not destitute of intellectual culture, and that they are at an almost infinite remove from the English manufacturing population. What then? Does that put the matter altogether to rest! Are there no other questions to be asked? We apprehend that there are questions which reach beyond the mere necessities of health and morals, questions too of most portentous significance. Is it supposed that, because the health of Lowell operatives is good, because they are tolerably fed, clothed and housed, and because every outward sign of vice is followed by the instant expulsion of the unfortunate criminal, that the factory system is open only to the objections of irrational and discontented enthusiasts? There are two or three words which have to our minds a very broad and profound significance; to us *JUSTICE TO MAN*, means something more than a dollar and seventy-five cents a week and board, though to the Rev. Mr. Miles and the Lowell Corporations it may seem to be contained within those narrow limits. There is a pregnant old maxim which is wont to be somewhat insisted on in churches, but which we fear is rather hard to put in practice in factories, namely, *do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you*.—We are aware that this is so obsolete a precept that it may be thought ridiculous even to quote it, but we have faith in it notwithstanding, as the standard by which Society in all its departments is to be tried.

Mr. Miles, somehow forgetting this old maxim, seems to suppose that a reasonable degree of Justice to Man is realized when the laborer is shut up in a close room from ten to twelve hours a day in the most monotonous and tedious of employments. This is not wrong, we shall be told; they come voluntarily and leave when they will. Voluntarily! we might reply, so much the worse if they do; but let us look a little at this remarkable form of human freedom. Do they

from mere choice leave their fathers' dwellings, the firesides where are all their friends, where too their earliest and fondest recollections cluster, for the factory and the Corporation boarding house? By what charm do these great companies immure human creatures in the bloom of youth and first glow of life within their mills, away from their homes and kindred? A slave too goes voluntarily to his task, but his will is in some manner quickened by the whip of the overseer. The whip which brings laborers to Lowell is NECESSITY. They must have money; a father's debts are to be paid, an aged mother is to be supported, a brother's ambition is to be aided, and so the factories are supplied. Is this to act from free will? When a man is starving he is compelled to pay his neighbor, who happens to have bread, the most exorbitant price for it, and his neighbor may appease his conscience, if conscience he chance to have, by the reflection that it is altogether a voluntary bargain. Is any one such a fool as to suppose that out of six thousand factory girls of Lowell, sixty would be there if they could help it? Every body knows that it is necessity alone, in some form or other, that takes them to Lowell and that keeps them there. Is this freedom? To our minds it is slavery quite as really as any in Turkey or Carolina. It matters little as to the fact of slavery, whether the slave be compelled to his tasks by the whip of the overseer or the wages of the Lowell Corporations. In either case it is not his own free will, leading him to work, but an outward necessity that puts free will out of the question.

We are well aware that this may seem to many persons to be a superfine and thin sort of reasoning. The well-fed and respectable gentlemen who utter the oracles of mammon and rule the fortunes of the exchange will hardly admit its validity. It is a sort of coin that does not pass at their counters. In their bleared eyes, Justice to Man is not so luminous a reality as twenty per cent. per annum on their shares in the Corporations. The golden rule is a rule which serves chiefly to put money in their own pockets. The equality of the gospel; ah! that is something beatific and divine, which belongs not to this earthly world, or at least belongs to it only on Sunday. Then, with knees bent devoutly on satin cushions, what sincere and delightful sentiments of human equality pervade their bosoms! Then they feel that wealth is mere dross, that there are no distinctions but those of character, and that their servants in the gallery, or even the negroes in the free pew behind them, are men as well as they. What blissful emotions!

This class of gentlemen will not fail to

assure us that the Lowell factory operatives are exceedingly well off. Good wages, sure pay, not very hard work, comfortable food and lodgings, and such unparalleled opportunities for intellectual cultivation, (why, they even publish a Magazine there!!!) what more can any one desire! Really gentlemen! would you not reckon your wives and sisters fortunate if they could by any possibility be elevated into the situation of operatives? When in the tender transports of first love, you paint for the fairest and fondest of mortal maidens a whole life of uninterrupted joy, do you not hope for her as the supreme felicity, the lot of a factory girl? The operatives are well enough off! Indeed! Do you receive them in your parlors, are they admitted to visit your families, do you raise your hats to them in the street, in a word, are they your equals?

It is not easy to discuss the Lowell factory system or any system of civilized industry, for the reason that men's minds are so distorted by education that they are unable to perceive what Social Justice really is. A friend of ours in conversation with one of the oldest, most eminent, and most benevolent of American statesmen, said something about injustice to the laboring classes. "Injustice," cried the other, "why, in New England a laboring man can earn a dollar a day!" This gentlemen could not conceive that there was any wrong in a system which dooms the many to perpetual toil in order that the few may be free from all toil. To him our modern aristocracy of money seemed more sacred than God's aristocracy of character. If a working man could only earn a dollar a day, he could not see what more he could wish for. Of a truth, astonishing is the wisdom of statesmen! This gentlemen had however, through a long life enjoyed every advantage of wealth, education and position, and his mind luckily had not received any of those mistaken biases and twists which the less fortunate and their children so often suffer from. He spoke from cool reason, and not from any sinful discontent with the existing order of things.

We have not selected the Lowell factories as affording the worst specimen of the effects of civilized industry. On the contrary we believe that they offer one of the best. We admit every thing that is claimed for them. We do not deny a single statement.

We do not attack the Lowell Corporations in particular. It is the whole system of modern industry with which we are at war, and we have chosen to suppose the example we are considering to be as free from objections as possible. — We wish to show that even at Lowell the existing system of labor and the relations between the workmen and their employ-

ers are full of the foulest wrongs, that it cannot stand for an instant before the bar of justice. Did we desire to examine the final fruits of the system, we should have taken Manchester, or Leeds, with English Parliamentary reports for our guides, rather than Lowell, and the Rev. Mr. Miles. There the wages system has had its complete operation and fully worked out its tendencies. But we do not need to unfold the vice, the degradation, and the misery in which industrial feudalism has steeped the manufacturing laborers of England, in order to convince candid and humane persons that, judged by any other standard than that of worldly selfishness, the whole system of factory labor is unnatural, oppressive and unjust. That in New England it has not yet reached its climax, — that we have not seen all or the foulest of the Hydra's heads, is owing to the youth of the system amongst us, and to peculiarly favorable circumstances, which diminish every day. That gloomy era approaches, — in our manufacturing towns we see more than mere premonitions of its coming, — when the pale sky of New England shall look down on men, women, and children ground to the very dust by feudal monopoly. Perhaps there are some laborers already, who are inclined to complain that the iron foot of capital is laid upon their necks. What foolish repining! Friends, be contented with the lot in which you are placed! Would you rebel against the decrees of Providence?

In concluding his book, Mr. Miles does not conceal his fear that causes may be at work which will lower the standard of morals at Lowell, and render it something besides a model city in that respect. But nowhere does he seem to imagine that any thing else is to be feared. He has no suspicion that the very foundation of Lowell, its system of industry, is a system of antagonism and wrong, and that those pestiferous germs will surely ripen to their maturity. He has no notion that the class of wealthy employers on the one hand, and the class of poor operatives on the other, are not institutions of Heaven. His idea of the infinite and blessed Providence of God, does not revolt at the thought that the existing relations between labor and capital are matters of permanent appointment. But Mr. Miles's simplicity of mind does not to any great degree modify the fact. Though in his innocence he prophesy smooth things, the enemy is nevertheless not distant from the gates. The foolish physician may not detect the poison in the air, yet with fatal steps the deadly plague comes on. Shall we wait until it is actually in the midst of us, or shall we be warned and prepared in time?

It is in vain to say that our extended territory, and the character of our people

will prevent the establishment of a permanent factory population in this country, with the vices and wretchedness which are its inevitable concomitants. Any sensible man knows better. The question at the utmost is only one of time. While the present general system of industry remains, the result is certain, however long deferred.

But what is to be done? we are asked; the factories must go on: people cannot do without clothes. That question we hold ourselves ready to answer at any time, but it is not within our space or our purpose at present. Enough to say that our criticism is not destructive in its ends, but entirely the opposite. We have not spoken from a simple perception of the wrong, but from quite as distinct a knowledge of the right. And though we have throughout spoken from the side of the laborer rather than of the capitalist, not a word has been charged with any assault upon the rights of the latter. We advocate a reform which looks to the benefit of every class, which in raising the laborer to independence, to integral freedom, to real manhood, will act directly for the great advantage of the capitalist. Far from cherishing hostility against any interest, we would do the utmost service to all, by bringing them all into harmony. But while following both the example and the precept of our illustrious teacher, we respect all established rights, and prefer almost any thing rather than violent and destructive measures, — our conservatism is of another order than the sleek and supine inactivity which even the dying groans of Humanity could never rouse. Though our warfare is not one of devastation and ruin, it is still a warfare in which no quarter can be given; we shall never rest until our enemy is swept from the face of the earth. Not against any man, not against any party, not against any interest, but against a false and rotten system we have sworn a holy and undying hostility. Nor are we alone in the conflict. On all sides, brave and true souls come up to mingle in the strife. Panoplied in reason, armed with science, consecrated to the love of God and man, they press to the redemption of the holy city Jerusalem, the long desecrated abode of Humanity. Onward, beloved friends! The struggle draws near its close. Not much longer shall we be delayed by this putrid abyss of vices and absurdities called Civilization.

We are engaged in a movement, the aim of which, is the elevation of the whole human race into a social condition of complete and universal justice. While thus seeking the good of all men, of all orders and conditions, we cannot be blind to the fact that the laboring classes are every where greater sufferers than any

other. In Barbarian society, the slaves of arbitrary power and of brute force, in Civilized society, the slaves of money and their physical necessities, they are universally oppressed, degraded, and regarded as an inferior order of beings. But they are beginning to understand that they have all the attributes of men, and will soon demand their rights so clearly, that the moral sense of the world can no longer refuse them. To their cause we are bound, heart and soul. While we have a voice it shall never be silent in their behalf. Upon our banner are inscribed the sacred words, which to them have a nearer meaning than to other men, "*The Right to Education; the Right to Labor; the Right to just Compensation; ASSOCIATION.*" Let the cowardly and the heartless be doubtful as to the result.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

Not solely for thy pleasure slight
Is Nature fair to such a height,
Partly for herself alone
Is the earth with beauty dight.
Sweetly sings the nightingale
While thou art slumbering in the night,
And the fairest flowers awake
Long before the morning's light;
Fiery-golden butterflies
Shine, away from all men's sight;
Pearls lie hidden in the sea,
Deep in mines are diamonds bright.
Child! while for thine eye and ear
The Earth with joys o'erfloweth quite,
Let the gentle mother wear
Something for her own delight.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON DURING THE LAST WINTER. NO. IV.

CONCERTS OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. We have given a somewhat labored description of the impression produced by Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. But what shall we say of the Seventh Symphony? To treat it in the same manner we are not prepared; having no verbal key from the composer, we shall not dare to offer any fanciful interpretation of our own. It's mystery is no small part of its charm; to solve it one must have lived deeper and longer than most of us. He who can say he fully understands that music, shall have credit for a profound acquaintance with the mysteries of human life.

Yet where is our assurance, it being so mysterious, that it means any thing? that it is not gorgeous mist, and solemn incoherence, a grand parade of sound without substance, like baby eloquence, which

looks and sounds so expressive, only unfortunately it has no pith in it? The assurance lies in the energy with which it enters us, and reaches deeper regions in us, than we were conscious of before; in the constancy with which it haunts us, when once heard; in the earnest feeling which it gives us about everything, a feeling which our gayest mood can no more prevail against, than the lighter melodies in the Symphony itself against its solemn chords, and its unvaried sacrificial pomp of rhythm.

The key note with which it begins and ends, is A major. There is a wonderful continuousness in it. Something strikes you at first, which is heard to the end. Neither the sombre Andante, nor the wild Scherzo, nor the again triumphant Finale, can drive it out of your mind. That A is heard all through. In the Andante, it is still the key-note, though in the minor mood; in the Presto, it is present as the Third of the key-note F; and even there, upon the background of F, it continues to make itself the prominent figure, and the whole passage ends in a loud, long unison on A. The key then changes to D major, while the rapid tempo yields to the slower, statelier movement of that most sublime, full, celestial strain, which opens in from above, flooding all with light and glory, like the presence of God and life's great purpose felt suddenly in the midst of play, full of warning yet not condemning, awakening at the same time, a sense of awe and an inward consciousness of power and of a great destiny, a grand unitary sentiment, surprising the buoyancy of full blooded joy and activity, as when our thoughts are suddenly caught up from the scenes and specialities which for the time engross us, to the pure, sober sky, that arches our whole being over. Well, in this wonderful passage, also, the A is prolonged in trumpet tones, the *Dominant* in more than the technical sense to the whole strain in D. The Presto revelry in F is renewed; is again arrested by the commencing chords of that grand Chant; and the key-note of F barely saves itself at the close, by a few swift helter-skelter leaps of modulation. The *Finale Allegretto* again returns, of course, to the fundamental of A.

The strange continuity resulting from, or unconsciously expressing itself in that persistency of a single note, is no less manifest in the rhythmical structure. In each of the movements, one short rhythmical phrase marshals the procession of the full-ranked harmonies. In the first movement, after a most majestic introduction, full of nerve and fire, yet deliberate and grand, which results in a monotonous reiteration of one note, varied only by answering octaves, the theme sets in. It is the same monotonous phrase, of a single

measure starting in a galloping dactylic rhythm, and drawing every thing after its lead. It gives the impression of a uniform, determined movement through the whole universe of being. One restless energy, one unquenchable, but dignified and self-controlling emulation, urges all things onward, kindles itself anew in every nature, till all are enlisted in one glorious, active dedication of themselves to unity. Nothing parts with its own individual features, yet all accept the impetus divine, and haste to swell the rapid, orderly procession. The little monotonous phrase not only wakes up its own natural harmonies, but traverses all manner of keys, and presses the most daring discords, willingly or unwillingly, to chime in with it, and follow whithersoever it leads. First they accept its rhythm, they own their law in that; then, vainly struggling for a while, they resolve themselves into its harmony, and onward, ever onward, the whole goes waltzing to its great destiny, swelled by ever stronger and richer recruits, and teaching you that throughout all spheres and kingdoms, there is no exception and no rest from the perpetual devotion. "Life is onward, life is earnest," seems to be the constant burthen. All things own the *earnestness of life*; and if thou, in thy shallow works of selfishness, in thy tame conventionalisms, canst not feel it, thou shalt find small response to thy indifference or frivolity in the earnest music of this deeply conscientious composer.

We had wondered at the coolness with which the concert-bills in New York gave out, that the Symphony was to represent the mythological fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Yet when a friend, wholly innocent of such advertisement, remarked upon first hearing it, that it seemed to him an *Orphic* movement, inasmuch as it was a perpetual leading of all things onward in obedience to a simple melody, trees, and rocks, and beasts, gentler nymphs, and grotesque satyrs, thronging, as it were, after the lyre of the bard, we could not but own the aptness of the illustration. And perhaps there is a deeper meaning in that fable, as in most of that sort of antique lore, than is at first supposed.

Whatever of triumphant there may be in this great music, it is all subdued and solemnized, and impresses the soul with deep humility, while it exalts. Judging from the mood with which it haunts us, (and in a faithful recognition of that must the ~~being~~ *being* of all music be sought) it may well be said to express the coöperation of all things with the deeply religious, earnest purpose. And if the first movement conducts us, as it were, to the uttermost parts of the earth, and under the waters, and throughout all the spheres,

to show us every where the earnestness of life, so too the second movement, the *Andante quasi Allegretto* (not *Andante*, for the unresting obedience to divine leadings must be kept up, and a too slow movement would not answer,) gives us the feeling of a sacrifice. The solemn dedication of one's self in humility and soberness, the acceptance and consecration of sorrow, the sweet inward assurance flowing forth so soon as that is done in melodies that "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles," the fugue-like confluence of voices in low, quick conference of congratulation and advice, the delicious inward reverie again, suddenly cut short by the loud word of duty and the renewal of the vow;—all this answers successively to the almost unearthly solemnity of that short-breathed muffled drum-beat of the opening theme in A minor, so subdued, so steadily repeated with only the variation of the earnestness which maketh alive, so impressive by very suppression of its own fulness; then to those melting triplets in the major of the key, which come like the sweet relief of tears after silence and restraint, accompanied all the while however, by the same measured drum-beat in the deep bass of A: then to the passage where the violins start off unconsciously into a free fugue-like movement; then the return of the triplets, the interruption, and the close, which is like the beginning. Here again Orpheus comes in aptly. He too had to "lose his life to find it," had to go down among the shades to find his lost Eurydice, had to charm the infernal watch, and envelope himself with light amid the gloom, by the melodies of his lyre, that is, of his true love; he too was cut off in the joy of his return,—fatally it is said,—and here therefore he must leave us.

Of the *Presto*, or as Beethoven usually calls it, the *Scherzo* movement, taking the place of the old Minuet and Trio, we have already hinted somewhat. The artistical structure of a Symphony, the distribution of its various movements, (commencing with the Allegro, then the Andante, then the Scherzo, and then the Finale,) is not arbitrary, but has a certain metaphysical completeness. The first discourses, as it were, to the Intellect; lays down a certain proposition and unfolds it. The Andante is the climax of the whole, and reproduces what before was Thought, as Feeling. The playful Scherzo is the alternation of fancy; and the Finale, rapid, energetic, and triumphant usually, has in it more of Will, and embodies Thought in Action.

We shall not attempt to analyze the Symphony in question further, since our aim has been to characterize, not to describe. If in the Fifth Symphony we had

the great life-struggle, in this we have something more like victory and realization; not a proud, complacent joy, but a sober acceptance of the law of life, a consecration of the faculties, and a production of such august beauty as not the yearning for, but the living in a higher sphere, alone could give. The nervous energy is not at all tamed down, but electrifies as ever; the striving for the infinite still marks Beethoven, but it is with calmer, clearer wisdom. Sad is it also, and a blessed angel would sing sadly in this poor crazed world of ours. More than ever do we own the prophet in that lonely, bravely suffering artist, who, deaf to outward sound, heard all the more clearly with the inner sense, and all unsphered and solitary in respect to outward relations, lived and wrought the more earnestly and religiously in that inner life, which gives assurance of a better future. The music of Beethoven, we have said it more than once, is a presentiment of coming social harmony, a great hearts' confession of its faith, one of the nearest and clearest echoes of the approaching footsteps of the good genius of Humanity. He is the seventh note in the scale, the note which cries for the completion of the octave, the note whose correspondence is the passion of the soul for Order, the purified ambition, which no longer inverted and seeking only self-aggrandizement, contemplates a glorious hierarchy of all humanity, in which each, feeling his true place, and filling it, and felt in it, may in one act help to complete and enjoy the universal accord, and thus, in the only conceivable manner, satisfy the craving of each single soul to embrace the Infinite at once.

We have not room to speak of Symphony No. 8. It is of a more joyous cast; but it could only have come from the same deep art that produced the others. Characteristic as Beethoven is, he is not always harping on his own individual mood. There is as great difference between his different works, as between the plays of Shakspeare. "King Lear" and "As You Like It," could be paralleled among his Symphonies.

The Boston Musical Review, edited by G. W. PECK, Esq. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co., 120 Washington St.

We have received the first, or specimen number, of this semi-monthly Journal of twenty-four large duodecimo pages. We welcome it as something which promises to supply a want. Music and the lovers of music in this country need a critic. Mr. Peck has already distinguished himself by some sound musical critiques in the Boston Post. We trust his purpose in his present undertaking will be fully appreciated and supported. The publication

will commence regularly on the first of September, if sufficient encouragement is given. We hope it will go on and give us further opportunity to notice it as it deserves.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE ASSAULTS OF THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

If we have hitherto taken no notice of the assaults on the Associative movement which have recently been made by this paper, it is because we have been fully occupied with other subjects, that were more than sufficient to exhaust the limited space at the command of a weekly Journal, and because we had no desire to become parties to a controversy which, to a very considerable extent, had assumed the character of a private and personal quarrel.

It is impossible to avoid the conviction in reading the diatribes of the Express, that they are prompted less by a true interest in the cause of human improvement, than by a vindictive hatred to the Editor of the Tribune. If that gentleman had tamely followed the current of public opinion, cunningly trimming his sails to catch every breeze of popular favor, avoiding the expression or the recognition of every new, vital truth, as if it were a spectre, content to dole out to satiated readers the daily allowance of vapid conventionalism which in many circles passes for wisdom, we probably should not have witnessed the fiery wrath of the Express against the attempt which is now making to organize the relations of industry in accordance with the nature of man.

It does not appear that the urbane gentlemen, in whose presiding genius that celebrated print rejoices, have ever made a study of the principles of Association. They give no proof of possessing even a shadow of knowledge of its purposes and aims. They probably have never devoted a day or an hour to the perusal of the works in which the system of Association is explained. They utter themselves, accordingly, not from enlightened conviction, not after scientific examination, not from a just perception of any facts which authorize them to set forth oracles; but from reasons of a quite different and opposite character. The Editor of the Tribune had sinned against the rigid stationary ideas which a fraction

of the Whig party have endeavored to make essential to full fellowship in that political church. He has never admitted the truth of the charge which is brought against the Whigs by their opponents, that they are bound down to a rigid and immovable Conservatism. He ventures to keep both his eyes wide open, to stand on the look out for light, to welcome every improvement, to sympathize with the sufferings of the most obscure and neglected portions of society, to reject the fashions, habits, and modes of thought which a corrupt and heartless aristocracy would establish as the only genuine conditions of respectability, and to openly avow his belief that a better future is reserved for humanity, in which shall reign the divine principles of order, harmony, and universal love, instead of the prevailing discord, fraud, antagonism, and hate. Hence, he has taken sides boldly and actively, with the friends of temperance, of moral reform, of the amelioration of penal laws, and of the true organization of industry. His popularity as an Editor has not made him time-serving and treacherous to the cause of humanity. The immense influence which he wields, has not been preserved by a cowardly adaptation of his convictions to the tone of public sentiment. The heart of a brave and genuine man has beat in his bosom, and to its high impulses he has never been false. But this is an unpardonable offence in the eyes of those who have fettered themselves for life to the dead carcase of Conservatism. It cannot be forgotten or forgiven. Such an influence is regarded as a plague in the camp of the faithful. It must be put down and cast out. A bold, free man, who will not drill in the ranks of a conventional aristocracy is too dangerous to be endured. His very presence is perilous to Church and State. No seer can predict the ruin that he will bring about. The nuisance must be abated, or we shall be smitten with sudden pestilence. But how is it to be touched? Not so easy a matter is it to hush a sincere tongue which moves ever as the live heart bids. Here is the problem, not so quick of solution as some others.

The Editor of the Tribune has shown himself too sagacious and effective by far as a leader of the Whig press, to suffer his political influence with that party to be diminished. No direct attack on the score of political heresy would be of any avail whatever. It would not do to call in question his authority as a powerful advocate of Whig principles. Besides, the great masses of the Whig party are with him heart and hand. The Whig party claims to be truly democratic, and it is certain that every democratic heart in its ranks is in full communion of faith

and love with the Editor of the Tribune. They know him, they honor him, they welcome him wherever he goes, with affectionate enthusiasm, and not all the calumnies of a money-loving press can cause the faintest cloud of suspicion to pass over his fair fame.

But fortunately, for his enemies, as at first blush it might seem, Mr. Greeley is prominent as an advocate of industrial reform, and of the arrangement of industry according to the system of Fourier. Attack Association, then, with success, and he is demolished. Make it appear, that in being the champion of the Combined Order, he is the champion of Jacobinism, of Infidelity, of Immorality, or of anything else which may be used as a bug-bear to frighten weak minds, and the work is done. And what do we care by what means? Such is the only explanation we can give of the fierce and unrelenting virulence of the Express against the Associative movement, and one of its most esteemed representatives.

It is not our intention, certainly, to say one word which can be considered as an apology or vindication for the Editor of the Tribune. We do not suppose that he is even annoyed by such contemptible ribaldry as the gentlemen of the Express indulge in; much less can he be injured by it. He needs no defence at our hands; and such measure of chastisement as he may deem fit should be awarded to his neighbors, can be done by no one better than himself.

We shall, however, take a passing notice of some of the objections which this feud has brought to light against the system of Association. We shall not attempt to be very precise or methodical, as we are not dealing with the scientific difficulties of earnest inquirers after truth, but with the "bald, disjointed chat," poured forth with a shrew-like fury, by the Editors of the Express.

The tendency of Association, it is alleged, is to array the different classes of society against each other, to awaken a feeling of hostility towards the rich, on the part of the poor, and thus to endanger the stability of our institutions, and introduce the reign of violence and discord. A charge more wholly preposterous than this can scarcely be imagined. No one can present it without betraying the most profound ignorance, both of the present condition of society in all civilized states, and of the purposes of the Associative movement. The jealousy and hostility alluded to already exist. There is no general feeling of sincere cordiality between the rich and the poor in any country. The relations of labor and capital with each other have never been amicably adjusted. They who deem themselves to be of the better classes, can never be

made to blend in a true sympathy and friendship, with those whom they regard as of the less favored classes. There is a perpetual effort not to come into too close contact with them; farthest off is best; the atmosphere of the "better sort" is not to be breathed by the common people; and we to the rude, unwashed plebeian who should presume to "come between the wind and their nobility." The natural consequence of this is, distrust and aversion on the other side. The laboring poor feel that there is an impassable barrier between themselves and those on whom, as they imagine, the smiles of fortune have been more profusely lavished. They are conscious of inferiority in education, in knowledge, in manners, in the use of language, in dress, in social position, but they do not perceive that the distinction is founded in justice or reason; they feel that they have been defrauded of a portion of their rights; and they cannot exercise a bland and meek submission towards those who are revelling in the enjoyment of benefits, of which, as they think, they have been unjustly deprived. Hence, on the one hand, the spirit of caste and exclusiveness; on the other, of hostility and defiance. No smooth words can soften this old quarrel. No artful pretences can establish brotherhood between men, where there is no real unity of interests and pursuits. We cannot disguise the fact, that the whole fabric of modern society is built on the principle of universal antagonism; there is no such thing as identity of interests in the present arrangements of civilization; we are taught from our youth up to believe, that every man we deal with will cheat us if he can; and the whole practice of our manhood is a pregnant commentary on the lesson. What, then, can be meant by exciting the hostility of one class against another, of arraying the poor in order of battle against the rich? Nothing but that the present character of our social organization will be exhibited in its true light; that we shall no longer attempt to draw a veil over the actual state of things; that men shall cease to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace.

But the very purpose of Association is to do away with the antagonism and jealousy which cannot fail to spring up whenever the principle of competition is permitted to usurp the place of coöperation. It thus solves the greatest problem which the human mind has ever grasped. Thanks to the penetrating genius of Fourier, the mode of organizing industry is at length discovered, by which the fruits of labor shall be equitably distributed, the arbitrary distinctions which civilization creates between man and man abolished, the terrific inequality in the means of happiness which now every where prevail set aside,

and all gradations of humanity blended in a social harmony, of which even the most sublime accords of music are a faint presentiment. In Association, the interests of all are inseparably combined; none are crushed and crippled by excess of toil, while a part are exempt from all labor; every man, woman and child are put in possession of the means of education, improvement, elegance of manners, and refinement of mind; no mud hovel stands in frightful contrast with the marble palace; no one can revel in a superfluity of wealth, while others are destitute of the common necessities of life; all will be guaranteed a competence; and no one will be shut out from the means of abundance. Surely in laboring for a consummation like this, we are not laboring in the interests of Jacobinism; we are doing every thing in our power to appease the jealousy which now rankles with such venomous fury in the very heart of civilization; and were our ideas adopted, with the earnest conviction which they are sure to produce as soon as they are understood in all their relations and bearings, society would at once be converted into a band of brothers; a divine serenity would pervade the whole conduct of life; and the voice of God, now well nigh drowned in the fierco din of hostile interests, would be again heard in the habitations of men.

But the attempt is made to identify the Association movement with infidelity. — The New York Express would fain convince its readers that the reform of society proposed by the advocates of Association involves the denial of Christianity. In this way, it endeavors to awaken a popular prejudice against the movement. But this charge is thrown out either in ignorance, or malice, or both. Its only effect will be to recoil upon those by whom it is issued, nor have they the inward strength to sustain the violence of the shock.

The Association reform, although it occupies a position foreign to theological controversies, has its foundation in the deepest religious convictions and principles. Among its advocates may be found a great variety of opinion on speculative points; their religious connexions are no doubt extremely diversified; but the basis of the system lies deep in the religious sentiment, in the conviction of a divine order pervading the Universe, of which all external arrangements should be the expression. According to the principles of Universal Unity, as set forth by Fourier, the Providence of God is always consistent with itself; it embraces every created thing from the play of human passion to the orbit of the stars; the divine law, which is manifested in visible nature, should regulate the organization of society; and a practical unbelief in

God, a virtual rejection of his Universal Providence is the primary cause of the social wretchedness which now torments the life of man. The demonstrations of Fourier are occupied with expounding the laws of Providence in relation to human society. He deals in no subtle conjectures, no fanciful hypotheses in regard to social organization; but announces with the simplicity of scientific conviction, the infringements of the divine order on which modern civilization rests, and the methods by which the relations of men with each other may be adjusted in accordance with the divine will. The essential spirit of his system may be summed up in the significant words, which for eighteen centuries have been appealed to in theory and neglected in practice, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added to you." But if this is infidelity, what, let us ask, is the religion of those who so flippantly bandy the term to calumniate their neighbors? Or rather, if they are to be taken as the exponents of Christianity, what wonder that so many free and generous hearts repudiate the appellation, and glory in their unbelief?

The truth is, that Association is identical with practical Christianity. It is aiming after the same great end; it breathes the same spirit; it cherishes the same hope; and it is not at all surprising that it should be slandered and rejected by men at the present day, who exhibit the same spirit with the selfish and unprincipled bigots, who crucified the Lord of glory for his rebuke of their sins. If the principles of the Associative movement were prevalent in society, a cheerful trust in the divine order would pervade every breast; there would be peace on earth and good will to men; violence, outrage, and fraud would be banished; truth and love would reign triumphant; the earth would be made like the garden of Eden; and man, now fallen and degraded, would be restored to the beauty of holiness and the image of God. For thus conspiring with Christianity, — that sublime and blessed faith, which, though so imperfectly comprehended, has wrought such moral miracles on the earth, — in the hope of a better destiny for man, in devotion to the progress of humanity, and with a boundless reliance on the Infinite Providence, we are stigmatized as infidels, held up to the dread of society as recreant to religion, and denounced as enemies to the holiest sentiments of the human heart. Be it so. We are content to bear any name which may comport with the sense of justice in those who apply it. Our faith will one day be known by our works; our characters will receive the credit to which they are entitled; or if otherwise, what matter? Our principles will triumph, and that is

all our concern. A movement which involves the welfare of Humanity, which will pluck up by the roots the antagonism which now sheds its deadly blight over every thing precious and beautiful in the holiest relations of man, which will redeem the earth from chaos and the race from destruction, will fully accomplish its mission. It is armed with power from on high, and it will go forward till all the enemies of humanity are won over to the truth.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR THE CAUSE ?

Do you suppose, friends, that because no Association is yet in a condition to receive you as members, you have nothing to do for the promotion of the cause? If you have not a cordial faith in the movement, as the greatest work which man can accomplish, you have no right to enter Association. You would be an intruder around the hearth-stone of the Phalanstery. You would breathe an atmosphere from which your frame would derive no vitality. You would feel like a stranger in the midst of brethren, a Gentile at the altar of sacrifice; the sincerest expressions of the heart would sound to you like strange words; you would languish in home-sickness for the excitements of civilization; and soon you would fall away from an enterprise which had no genuine attractions for your soul. But if your eyes have been opened to the fearful miseries and guilt of the present order of society, if you are alive to the horrible waste of humanity which it involves, if you are convinced that it is thoroughly opposed to the commandments of God and the necessities of man, if you cherish the blessed assurance that the human family are destined to dwell together in relations of love, then you are called on, as by a voice from Heaven, to consecrate your best energies to the advancement of the cause, even though circumstances should prevent you for years from engaging personally in the attempt for its realization. You should exert yourself for the promotion of its principles. Give your testimony to the truth you have embraced. Talk over the subject with your neighbors. Show them the grounds of your convictions. Induce them to read on the doctrines. Circulate the documents. Let the Associative books and newspapers be widely diffused. If you have pecuniary means, follow the example which has been nobly set, of aiding the movement, without the certainty of immediate personal returns. A few individuals, by combining a part of their resources, in the present state of Association, would insure its success beyond the shadow of a doubt. You may do as much, perhaps, where you are, as in the bosom of a Phalanx. It is not so much by the outward opportunity, as

by the spirit of devotedness, that you can help forward the work. Do not fail in the hour of need. Humanity beckons you to its service. The most glorious mission of the age demands your devotion. Abolish antagonism in social relations; institute attractive industry; divide the fruits of labor on the principle of distributive justice; give all the chances of a unitary education; apply machinery to the benefit of the masses; and make use of the vast economies of the combined household; and you will have the external conditions for the highest and most harmonious development of all the faculties of human nature. In such an order of society, the soul would expand in new beauty and strength; the divine ideal of man would be fully realized; the kingdom of God would come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Work, then, O friends, for the coming of the better day. Let the thought of its advent fill your hearts with a pure enthusiasm. Remember, that on your fidelity to your duty, may depend the hope of its speedy approach.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Newport, R. I., Aug. 11, 1845.

"With the Harbinger, I am, as are doubtless all its readers, highly satisfied. The spirit and ability with which it is written, cannot fail to advance the principles and cause it advocates. I feel a lively interest in the experiment you are trying, if it still can be called an experiment. People are generally much mistaken, it seems to me, in looking upon an establishment like yours as something totally contradictory to all past experience in social and political life; whereas it aims but to be a more complete development of principles that lie now at the bottom of all human society. We are all already associated; our commonest word, *community*, implies the very thing you are aiming at. Only that you are seeking to make predominant what have hitherto been subordinate, namely Love and Justice, and to keep in willing subjection what have been the too active and imprudent leaders in society, namely, the selfish feelings of our nature. That so many cultivated and noble spirits are engaged so confidently in this cause, is of itself a fact of great promise.

"Could you not give in the Harbinger an account of your mode of living at Brook Farm, your occupations, relations together, results and experiences? If you are matured enough for such an exposition, it would do much more than merely gratify the curiosity of readers."

We take the liberty with our esteemed friend, of inserting in our columns the above extract from one of his private let-

ters. We are sure that he will not object to our making this use of his testimony, as an evidence of the verdict which will hereafter be pronounced upon our earnest labors, by the candid and free-minded lovers of truth every where. Our most passionate wish is to obtain a fair hearing for our principles, to show the superiority of cooperation over competition, to call attention of free and honest minds to the enormous evils engendered by the principle of antagonism in social relations, and thus to prepare the way for the reception of the doctrines of unity and concord, which alone are in accordance with the essential nature of man, and able to secure the attainment of his destiny on earth. The social reform in which we are engaged, is no work of ignorant caprice, of arbitrary selection, or of theoretic speculation. It is the application of the true social law to the relations between man and man. It is founded on rigid deductions of science, illustrated by all the analogies of the universe, and confirmed by practical experience. Its general realization will be the triumph of justice and love over duplicity and force, the permanent establishment of equal rights and equal benefits, the fulfilment of the spirit of Christianity in the structure of society. Hence, for the present, we are more anxious to discuss principles, than to exhibit results. We challenge investigation for our doctrines; but we do not profess to have embodied our doctrines in our institution. We are the humblest of pioneers in the mightiest of works. He that would know us, therefore, must not look at what we have done, but at what we are seeking for. Still, we are not without a confirmation of our faith from the results of experience. The green blade just shooting above the surface, must not be taken for the golden harvest; but it assures us of the vitality of our seed, and that with favoring suns and rains, we shall rejoice in the riches and beauty of an abundant autumn.

WISCONSIN PHALANX. We understand that a story is going the rounds of the newspapers of the failure of this Association. We lately inserted a statement contradicting this report; but the following additional information which we find in the "Ohio American" published at Cleveland, may be gratifying to many of our readers.

"I wish through the medium of your columns to correct a statement which has been going the rounds of the newspapers in this vicinity, and in other parts, that the Wisconsin Phalanx had failed, and dispersed. I am prepared to state, upon the authority of a letter from their Secretary, dated July 31, 1845, that the report is entirely without foundation. They have never been in a more prosperous condition, and the utmost harmony pre-

vails. They are moving forward under a charter,—own 2000 acres of fine land, with water power, 29 yoke of oxen, 37 cows, and a corresponding amount of other stock, such as horses, hogs, sheep, &c., are putting in 400 acres of wheat this fall, have just harvested 100 acres of the best of wheat, 57 acres of oats, and other grain in proportion. They have been organized a little more than a year, and embrace in their number about 30 families.

"One very favorable feature in their institution is, that they are entirely out of debt, and intend to remain so; they do not, and are determined never to owe a single dollar. An excellent free school is provided for all the members; and as they have no idle *gentlemen or ladies* to support, all have time to receive a good education."

PARADISE LOST. Mr. William Paradise, of Indiana, left his home on the 1st instant, and has not since been heard of by his friends.

WORKING-MENS CONVENTION.

☐ A meeting of the NEW ENGLAND WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION will be held at FALL RIVER, Mass., on THURSDAY, the 11th of September next.

The friends of Industrial Reform are invited to attend. Come one, come all. Ample provision will be made by the friends at Fall River for the accommodation of all who shall attend the Convention from out of town.

Newspapers friendly to the cause, will please copy this advertisement.

L. W. RYCKMAN, Pres.

THOMAS ALMY, Sec'y.

Aug. 23, 1845.

FOR SALE,

In West Roxbury, two Lots of Land in the immediate vicinity of Brook Farm, containing, one sixty, and the other thirty acres. Inquire of WILLIAM PALMER, near the premises.

August 9, 1845.

THE HARBINGER

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

NUMBER 13.

MISCELLANY.

For the Harbinger.

ARCHITECTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

CHAPTER THIRD.

CONVENIENCES AND ECONOMIES OF THE
PHALANSTERIAN ARCHITECTURE.

What errors they commit, these sages, who would teach us the good way, but of whom not one has had the genius to perceive that neither the good nor the beautiful is compatible with Civilization; and that so far from seeking to introduce the good into this society, which is a very sink of vices, the only wise choice is to escape from Civilization and enter the way of social good!

FOURIER.

..... Have you told them that the highest artistic expression of a thing corresponds to its maximum of utility?

VICTOR LARQUE.

SECTION I.

The nearer the proportions to their central and generating form, the greater and more powerful they are.

SAINT MARTIN.

Yes, we must stop:

For now that the name of Poetry is the more lavishly bestowed, the less it is comprehended; now that they dip this name into all sorts of domestic scenes, into the ridiculous ups and downs of town life, into the intrigues of the civilized alcove, into the street kennels, into every puerility and obscenity; now that the social poetry, the great humanitarian poetry startles and puts to flight our ruffled literature, our *painters of private life and manners*, our weeping, lamentable *Lake poets*; now it does verily seem as if they could only make poetry with the sighings and swellings of eccentric love, with vapor, with ether, — nay more, — for some, with classic poniard which kills, all decently and according to rule, behind the scenes, hilted with a twelve-feet Alexandrian, rougher than its own wooden blade; — and, for others, with the poniard of the middle ages, which cuts throats in the full theatre, through the whole length of the *dishevelled drama*.

That there may be poetry in a part of

these things, that there is poetry in every palpitating act of human life, of real passion, whether in its subversive or in its harmonic play, I should be the last to dispute. But the poetry of the present and of the past is one thing, that of the future will be quite another; one, individual, mournful, groaning, sending forth great wails, and clamors of distress; the other individual and humanitarian at once, drawing from the great harmonies of nature, inspired by the coöperative movements of populations and of races, by the voice of divine Laws; the one obscure, the other radiant and overwhelming; the one dipping its pencil in black blood and tears, the other harmonizing upon large canvass, bordered with gold and diamonds, the seven live colors of the rainbow; the one whirling round in chaos, the other hovering with graceful flight over creation.

But if you do not want poetry in social things to-day, — and indeed, who at the present time could divine what such poetry would be, since what we call social things is nothing but a fleshless politics, a charter, a dry and rattling skeleton, whose bones are the budget, the electoral law, the census, and the responsibility of the ministers! — if you do not want poetry there, let us return, I say, to arithmetic. Let us make additions and subtractions, totals, and remainders. Let us talk in figures. Let us count. You shall see that the nine Arabian characters, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 and 0, are a battery more than sufficient to demolish Civilization and ruin all its defences.

Meanwhile let us not be deceived: let us attach no value to the grand declarations which our little ethereal poets, our dinner-table literati, make, in the name of poetry, against the mathematics and the exact sciences. — It is true indeed, that the present materialistic, fragmentary school of science has wished, and still wishes, by its arbitrary data, by its denial of an intelligently planned and pre-established harmony of things, to banish God from the creation; it is true that it has dried, and fractured, and reduced to

littleness all science: but look at science from the lofty point of view of Pythagoras, of Kepler, of Fourier; climb to that pitch, and then say if science be hostile to poetry! — Or even keep to the Newtonian stand-point; let our literateurs, so ridiculous when they enter the domain of science, all popatumed and perfumed with ambergris, — let them only read, if they can, the *Mecanique Celeste*, and they will see if they have worn these disdainful airs with a good grace.

To pretend to pit science and poetry against each other in two hostile camps, is a thing worthy of an age which seeks also in the social domain to canton order and liberty apart. — Order is an absurdity without liberty; they are two facts bound together in solidarity: and, in the creation, poetry is to mathematics what, in the social world, liberty is to order. — Is there no poetry in the great harmonies of nature? Now on what are these great harmonies founded, if not on mathematical laws? — Are they, then, things which can be separated?

And if, now, the solution of the great and beautiful question of the humanitarian architecture, suited to the exigences of the organization of man and of the social life which is the most happy and most perfect, responding to the integrality of man's necessities and desires, deduced from those necessities and desires, and mathematically adjusted to the great primordial fitnesses of his physical and passionial constitution; if this form, which reflects majestic and complete, as we shall see, the grand law of universal harmony, is found to be, at the same time and for the same reason, endowed with the highest expression of architectural poetry which it is possible to conceive of, is that a reason for rejecting it?

What then? You doubt if this grand architectural thought can be realized, because, forsooth, as the diamond contains the pure white solar ray and all the seven colors which compose it, so this in its *ensemble* contains integral harmony and all the harmonies which produce it! You suspect

it, because it resolves itself into a marvellous microcosm, all whose parts are coördinated together, with their styles varying with the relations of things, with their proper individual characters, their special types, forming an archetypal manifestation of beauty, of order, of universal unity!

Can it be, then, that this sentiment of beauty, of proportion, of fitness, placed in the human heart like an inextinguishable torch, is a false, deceitful light? Is it nothing but an illusion? an implacable and cruel irony? — Hearken then, to the sublime teachings of the creation, to the great voices of the heavens and the earth proclaiming unto man, that this ideal archetype engraved in the human soul is the *Eternal Word* every where incarnated in the Universe, and that the task of man here below is to incarnate it in this world, over which he has received power and dominion.

No! there is not a more startling revelation of the deviation of man, a more accusing witness of the subversion of destiny into which he is plunged, than this revolt of his false and perverted reason against his native attractions, against the eternal harmonies to which his noble nature gravitates. The most striking practical proof of social evil is, that man is so deeply sunk in evil that he regards it as his element. It is this fatal belief which has so long paralyzed the human understanding, and which has been the great obstacle to every bold attempt to discover an escape from subversion into Harmony: it is this, in fine, which, now that a man, by an incredible power of genius, has discovered it, speaks of him as the Trojans did of the inspired prophetess: "This is dreams and falsehood, delirium and madness!"

So then, to return to the special question which occupies us, it is delirium and madness to propose to one's self the solution of the following problem:

To find the architectural conditions best suited to the wants of the individual and social life, and to fix as these conditions demand, the type of the habitation of a population of eighteen hundred persons, — a population which corresponds to a unitary cultivation of the soil, and which forms, so to speak, the elementary cell of the great social hive:

This, then, is madness! and you say it is unheard of, extravagant, *impracticable*, that is the word. And you say this when you have right under your own eyes, near enough to put them out, *constructions which lodge eighteen hundred men, and not founded upon firm land, or upon a rock, but movable, traversing the ocean at the rate of nine knots an hour, and transporting their inhabitants from Toulon to the Cape, from the Cape to Calcutta,*

from Calcutta to Brazil and Canada; constructions for eighteen hundred inhabitants, which defy the winds of the great seas, and the hurricanes of the tropics; brave and worthy ships of the line, upon my word, thick-waisted, high-masted, with sails squared, and speaking loud from two decks, with their triple batteries of thirty-six and of twenty-four, and biting hard, too, with their grappling irons!

Was it easier, then, to lodge eighteen hundred men in the midst of the ocean, eighteen hundred leagues from shore, than to lodge in a unitary building eighteen hundred good peasants in open Champagne, or in the land of Beauce?

But here is another problem, and we enunciate it thus:

To put under shelter a little body of troops in a city, and even give them, for a greater or less time, a superiority of forces over a great army which should attack them with immense materials, say with bombs of twelve inches and balls of twenty-four.

I can tell you, I who am of the trade, what observations, what efforts, what intelligence and combinations it has cost to arrive at the present solution of this problem. Parapets, bastions, *courtine, tenaille*, half-moon and reduct of half-moon; counter-guards, fosses, covered roads, places of arms and reducts of places of arms, crossings, communications. — I spare you the rest of the details; all this they have had to manage and combine, arrange the incidences, posts of command, and defiles; to combine all the forms, to calculate all the heights, all the dimensions, to modify them in a thousand ways by a thousand considerations, and for a thousand relations; to coördinate each to all the others, and that not by a coarse approximation, but, as you know, exactly, to the smallest part of an inch! And it requires different combinations for different positions!

In these fortifications, where the benevolent visitor sees, in general, nothing but ramparts and fosses, there is not an inclination of the ground, not an inequality which is not calculated; and when a strong place has made its toilet of war, when it is adorned for the siege, there is not a stone, there is not a lump of earth which is not in its place!

The determination of a bastioned front, the type and element of fortification, constitutes a problem so overloaded with conditions, that it is frightful to think of it. What efforts, intelligence, and mental application the invention of it cost, you may judge by the time, the labor, the study and the science which it requires to comprehend it.

Now, this problem has been resolved; the invention has been made, realized in solid masonry. There have been, and

there still are expended millions in Europe, for making, supporting and *unmaking* thousands of bastioned fronts. That is not impossible! — It is true, that is one of the constituent parts of the *great art of killing men*, and that in this direction at any rate men do not shut the door of hope against any species of progress and perfection. — Look at the monster-mortar, — bombs to carry a mile, heavens! there is a future in this discovery.

Well! if the adoption of this discovery, or if any other philanthropic and productive invention of the same sort, should make a change necessary in the system of defence, you would see that they would find it quite a simple thing to lay down the problem of the fortification of a city upon new bases, to recommence the invention and construct the solution. For this there is plenty of money, laborers, a numerous corps of engineers, who bring to these things science, intelligence, and every needed faculty; for this they remove the soil, they drive piles, they work the stone, they dig deep ditches of sixty feet in the hard rock; for this no price is too much. — It is well.

But let a man come and say that we should be thinking of lodging men in a healthy, convenient, agreeable and associative manner. — Madness and nonsense.

Let this man add that he has found the means, that he has them to present: — here they are, here are the plans, examine them. And if the plans appear good, make at least a trial of them, a single one. It is the gateway of a new world. — Pshaw! dreams, and falsehood!

O! you must hear it, nevertheless, I swear it! even if the mouth of a speaking-trumpet must be put to your ears. If you are lodged, the rest of you, all the world are not. There are those who have too much cold in winter, and too much heat in summer, do you know it! there are those whose bundle of straw for a bed grows mouldy, and whose floor is turned to mud when it rains! Yet man was not made to live in dens. He is not an animal who burrows in the earth; and he must be lodged.

Well then! if he must be lodged, find any thing better for a lodging than a Phalanstery, find any thing better for the satisfaction of his wants, better as to agreeableness, as to magnificence, as to economy, — yes, do you hear! as to economy!

Strange things! there is no problem so absurd, so ill-founded and productive of ill, that they have not sought to resolve it on this earth; and they rise in rebellion against the idea of determining the laws of an architecture which shall harmonize with the organization of man!

The academy tasks its ingenuity every year to find prize-subjects for the pupils of

the school of architecture, and it has never dreamed of proposing this. And yet it is a conception more fruitful, an idea more lofty by a hundred cubits, than all the architectural ideas which have been executed or even thought of until now.

Meanwhile this was the social task reserved for art in the career of social progress. — In fact, let the architect, leaving the *quarter-round*, the *ogee* and the *orders*, propose to himself the architectural problem stated in this way :

Given man, with his wants, his tastes, and his natural propensities, to determine the conditions of the system of building best adapted to his nature ;

And this architect will find himself, at the very first step, face to face with the following alternative :

Either an isolated house for each family.

Or a unitary edifice for an assemblage of families.

Economy, ease, facility of intercourse and of service, pleasures of every nature, material, social and artistical conveniences, all contend for the second system.

This step taken, the artist, choosing for the associative architecture, will find himself next busied with the calculation of destinies; he will discover by degrees, while he is seeking the bases of his project, all the conditions of the associative life, which are no other than natural and practical deductions from the wants, tastes and inborn propensities of man. And so speculating on the architecture best adapted to human nature, one necessarily meets the form of society also best adapted to this same nature.

All these questions are essentially connected. You cannot resolve one, without at the same time determining the solution of the others. The architectural problem is only a particular case of the general social problem, which may be stated thus :

Given man, with his wants, his tastes, his natural propensities, to determine the conditions of the social system best adapted to his nature :

Decompose the word *social system*, and you will find in it industrial system, commercial system, scientific system, system of education, system of architecture, &c. all so many particular branches of the social tree. Now since truth is ONE, if you have discovered the law which ought to govern one of these systems, you have discovered it for all the others.

Construct a Phalanstery and furnish it, lead there a population of three or four hundred unequal families, rich and poor, fathers, mothers, and children; leave them to themselves and let them act; above all preserve them from all contact with pedantic philosophers and moralists, a race always forward to contradict the

indications of nature; and in less than six months you will see Association realized by instinct. It is evident that domestic labor would first be organized on a great scale and in an associative manner; then the system of education, and all the other functions, step by step. The creation of an associative architecture would command the formation of an integral society; it would only be necessary to follow in a docile spirit the voice of the genius of humanity.

If men had only followed this experimental method, it is evident that they would have fallen upon a social form not artificial, factitious, contrary to nature, like Civilization and all the dreams of the philosophers, all the utopian republics which have sprung from their brains, constructed *after their fashion*, — but upon a social form which is natural, normal, rigorously deduced from the human organization, made *after the fashion of nature and of God*, which is worth somewhat more than the fashion of Plato, or that of M. Berard, author of the glorious charter of 1830, which is established for all eternity, you know, as were all the charters that preceded his.

Men have not yet been able to persuade themselves that it was necessary to bow before nature, to draw nigh unto her, and ask of her her laws; they like better the laws of their own manufacturing, which need no other sanction than that which comes from gens-d'armes and scaffolds.

The reader must understand that Fourier went to work in directly the opposite way from all these reformers of God's work, and that his discovery is the reward of the religious docility with which he followed the indications of nature. All the arrangements of the associative life are exactly chalked out, like the architectural arrangements which we have just examined, according to fixed and well-determined correspondencies. The calculation which has given him the knowledge of the associative architecture is the same with that which has given him the key to all the other constituent parts of the harmonic society.

The verification of these calculations, the counterproof of the operations, consists in submitting the results obtained to the *composite touch-stone*; in examining whether they realize the alliance of the good with the beautiful, of the artistic with the comfortable; for this alliance, as I have shown, is the character of all God's works, the true stamp of all harmony.

That Phalansterian architecture, the elementary type of the great humanitarian architecture, contains the most living springs from which architectural art and poetry can draw, is what no artist and no man who has any elevation of soul or

power to comprehend a proposition, will think of disputing. But we march in roads so encumbered with obstacles, so sown with prejudices, so beset with the briars of routine; we have to talk to people so accustomed to think nothing practicable or possible which is not narrow, ordinary, deformed and ugly, so incapable of comprehending that the highest poetic expression of which any movement is susceptible corresponds precisely to its maximum of utility; we have, in a word, so much scepticism to overcome, we, who throw out an idea of Harmony into the midst of Civilization, that we must examine the associative architecture with especial reference to economy, and thus anticipate all objections about its practicability; — objections which people do not fail to draw from its splendor and magnificence, as if these characters were not more conformable to the attractions of humanity and consequently to its destiny, than the sinks, the kennels, and the mud holes of Civilization.

Let us then examine the question on the score of practicability, and reduce to their just value the pretended impossibilities of application.

SECTION II.

"Two and two make four."

ARITHMETIC.

I have explained the general idea of the Phalanstery, of the manor of an industrial Phalanx, which will take the place of the civilized village, as the village has taken the place of the Kraal of the savage. Have I said that the first Phalansteries which spring from the womb of our poor civilization will be as brilliant and sumptuous as the Phalansteries of High Harmony, the Phalansteries born and baptized in the sun of the future? No, I have not said that. Compared with those resplendent Phalansteries, the first attempts of Civilization will be abortions; yet those abortions will seem enchanter abodes after such habitations as ours.

However cheap the materials of the earliest Phalansteries, their unity of construction, the symmetry of great masses, the contrast and variety of parts, the happy harmonizing of the details with the whole, and the architectural expression throughout of a large social thought; the harmonies of these buildings with the waters, the vegetation, the rich fields animated by a happy and joyous population; all this will be enough to make of the very earliest Phalansteries honorable abodes; luxury will soon follow, increasing with its resources, — and the progression will be rapid.

The first experimental Phalanstery, the one whose success is to prove beyond

dispute the great social truth, which cannot be introduced into certain brains by the way of science and of calculation,—this first Phalanstery will certainly be established in a place not occupied by a village; it will be a piece of ground of about a square league, purchased by a joint-stock company, who will introduce upon it a population to cultivate and improve it; this will be an associated colony, executing combinedly the labors of agriculture, of the work-shops, of education and of the household.

Now do you ask if it would be most economical and wise to lodge a population of eighteen hundred or two thousand people in a great unitary edifice, or to build from three hundred and fifty to four hundred little isolated, civilized houses, three hundred and fifty moral and philosophic hovels!

Here is nothing fantastical, chimerical, mad, as our smart writers say; this is all plain vulgar prose; it does not require much architecture, nor much arithmetic to comprehend that the development of the walls, and roofs, and the frames to be raised, would be four times as great in the case of the borough or village, as it would in the case of the Phalanstery.

Add to this the necessary enclosures in the isolated system, the court-yard and garden walls; think that you can have under a single covering running regularly from one end to the other of the associative edifice, three and even four stories; that you save four hundred kitchens, four hundred dining-halls, four hundred granaries, four hundred cellars, four hundred stables, four hundred barns, by concentrating them all in a few vast Seristerics.—Then, an analogous reduction in a host of rooms and work-shops, scattered now all over a village.—Then, independently of the economy of the place and the building, add that of two or three thousand gates, windows, port-holes, with their sashes, wainscoting and iron work; think of the ruinous expense which each of these houses occasions every year, of their short duration, being badly built, of the ignoble botching and repairing which they have incessantly to undergo; multiply the expense of each house by the number of houses, and then pronounce.

As to the *street-gallery*, let us see how much that saves. In every house, twisted and rickety stair-ways, which consume a great deal of room and of materials, corridors, entries, landing-places; then the expensive precautions of every sort, from the lowest class to the highest, from the umbrella to the carriage, which each of the two thousand inhabitants of the village is obliged to take against the cold, the rain, and all the annoyances of bad weather; then all the cost of comfort in

such unfavorable circumstances: weigh all these things, and you will see that the street-gallery, well glazed, well aired and warmed, with its great stair-ways regularly disposed, its atriums and its closed porches on the basement story, where one may alight from his carriage under shelter, on returning from abroad; you will see, I say, that the street gallery, with all its luxury, is a construction as economical as it is healthy and comfortable.

Then consider how much time and labor are expended, in every household, for the service of the kitchen, of the cellar, of the granary, for the bringing of water, which servants and women have to draw several times a day, at the pump or fountain, for the preservation of cleanliness, and for all those domestic operations, which are performed by very simple mechanisms in the Phalansterian construction.

The distribution of water alone, in the families of great cities, like Paris, employs thousands of arms, and constitutes one whole branch of industry. Estimate the amount of productive labor lost by all those forces which a few machines might save; add to these advantages, which become immense, when applied on a great scale, the guaranties against fire, which cost more and more enormous sums in Paris every year; finally, think of the superior strength and efficiency of every operation performed with unity and regularity, and well directed, over fragmentary and anarchical operations, executed at present in circumstances the most unfavorable in every respect; and when you have examined, considered, calculated all things, then decide whether the Unitary Architecture, which alone permits you to substitute order for disorder, good management for waste, is not, arithmetically and prosaically speaking, a thousand times preferable to this confused and fragmentary architecture.

All this, I might repeat a thousand times, is nothing fantastical or foolish; all this is vulgar, positive, palpable, and so clear, that even a philosopher might understand it. One may call himself destitute of all poetic sense, of all feeling of proportion and symmetry; one may be absolutely deaf, by organization, to the voice of harmony and fitness, and still he would have to yield. For it is arithmetic which speaks, and concludes; there is no arguing against that.

Will you say it is impossible to arrange wood and stones in an associative edifice? Will wood and stone refuse to be so fashioned? If wood and stones do not refuse to lend themselves to such constructions, be you not less intelligent than these materials, by brutally casting across the reasonings and calculations just made, this foolish word, *impossibility*.

Then it stands well and duly demonstrated:

That the ISOLATED ARCHITECTURE is ruinous and production of evil, whereas the ASSOCIATIVE ARCHITECTURE fulfils all the conditions of economy, health and pleasure; satisfies all the demands of fitness, and opens to Art, now killed by the other, an un hoped for and unheard of future.

And this will teach those who believed that Architecture was dead, and it will teach M. Hugo, who wrote to that effect, that this opinion is only a weakness of their own mind. M. Hugo, M. Hugo! who has constructed, I know not what ridiculous theory, who has sweated blood and water through two or three chapters, to establish in pompons phrase, that Humanity hitherto has made architecture to the sole and simplistic end of making poetry, and who, setting out from this point, has laid down this solemn puerility, that the discovery of printing killed architecture, because then Humanity could make poetry more easily by lines of letters and words, than by bringing blocks of marble and granite into line!!! M. Hugo, the poet, who, because he makes poetry himself with a pen, has taken it into his head that Humanity can make no more poetry except with pens! M. Hugo, who pretends to impale Humanity within the dimensions of his sphere; who limits the field of humanity and of the future to the extent of his own brain; M. Hugo, in short, who, wishing to be profound at all events, instead of keeping to his own part, has had the heart to soil his beautiful tale of *Notre Dame*, by introducing there this sublime nonsensicality, summed up in these words; *This*,—the book,—*will kill that*,—the monument.

In truth, there never was a more vain and senseless notion. It would be well for M. Hugo to retrench from his work this unfortunate addition which he has made to his last editions; for if his work is destined to live hereafter, such chapters will be no honor to his intelligence. It would be well, if he would learn and bear in mind, that, great poet as he is, he has not the right to ride into the domain of Social Science, all booted and bespattered, like Louis XIV into the Parliament; and that when one wishes to construct a social science, he must first go to school and study it.

Believe, then, artists, rather in the genius of Humanity, than in the voice of false prophets. Architecture, which they say is dead and buried, has got many cubits yet to grow, before it shall have attained its stature. The future is large, man is powerful. The apostles of narrowness and feebleness, of poverty and mediocrity, do not draw their inspiration from the living sources, and it is not to them that you must listen,

A SPIRIT WALKETH BY MY SIDE.

A SPIRIT walketh by my side,
That once from me by death was driven,
But back returned, a viewless bride,
Clothed in the saintly robes of Heaven.

And silently she talks to me,
As stars unto the earth at even;
She talks of love and life to be,
Such life and love as is in Heaven.

And thus we love though love is not,
And thus we live though life is riven;
This is that all my humble lot
While of the Earth, may be of Heaven.
A. D. F. R.—N. Y. Tribune.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

IX.

"During Albert's absence, the Count and the canonesse had formed many projects for the future welfare of their dear child, and especially that of marrying him. With his fine person, his illustrious name and his still considerable fortune, Albert might aspire to the best matches. But in case a remnant of indolence and of savage freedom should make him unwilling to bring himself forward and push his fortune in the world, they kept in reserve for him a young person as well born as he, since she was his cousin-german, and bore the same name as himself, less rich indeed, but an only daughter, and pretty enough as one is at sixteen, when one is fresh and adorned with what is called *the devil's own beauty*. That young person was Amelia, baroness of Rudolstadt, your humble servant and your new friend.

"She' said they by the fire side, 'has never seen any man. Brought up in a convent, she will be glad enough to leave it in order to be married. She can hardly hope for a better match; and as to the oddities which her cousin's character may still present, the early familiarity of childhood, the relationship, some months of intimacy with us, will certainly remove any repugnance, and will induce her, were it only from family feeling, to tolerate in silence what a stranger would not endure.' They were sure of my father's consent, who had never had any other will than that of his elder brother and his sister Wenceslawa, and who, to tell the truth, has never had any will of his own.

"When after a fortnight's attentive examination, they perceived that constant melancholy and absolute reserve, appeared to be my cousin's decided character, my uncle and aunt agreed that the last shoot of their race was not destined to contribute to its lustre by his personal conduct. He displayed no inclination for

any brilliant part in the world, neither for arms, nor for diplomacy, nor for civil offices. To every thing which was proposed, he answered with a resigned air, that he would obey the wishes of his parents, but for himself he had no need either of luxury or glory. After all, this indolent nature was but an exaggerated copy of his father's, that calm man, whose patience is a close neighbor to apathy, and in whom modesty is a sort of self-denial. That which gives my uncle a different manner from his son, is a feeling of duty to society, which is strong, though devoid of decision and of pride. Albert also seemed to comprehend his duties towards his family; but public duties, as we understand them, appeared not to draw his attention more than in the days of his childhood. His father and mine pursued the career of arms under Montecuculli against Turenne. They had carried with them to the wars, a sort of religious sentiment inspired by the Imperial majesty. It was the duty of their time to obey, and believe blindly in their masters. This age, more enlightened, divests sovereigns of their halo of glory, the rising generation does not allow itself to believe in the crown any more than in the tiara. When my uncle tried to awaken this ancient chivalric ardor in his son, he saw quickly that his words had no meaning to that disdainful reasoner.

"Since it is so,' said my uncle and aunt, 'let us not oppose him. Let us do nothing to compromise this sad cure, which has restored to us a dead man in the place of an exasperated one. We will let him live peaceably as he desires, and he may be a studious philosopher as were many of his ancestors, or an ardent hunter like our brother Frederick, or a just and beneficent lord as we strive to be. Let him lead henceforth the tranquil and inoffensive life of an old man: he will be the first of the Rudolstadts who has had no youth. But as he must not be the last of his race, let us hasten to marry him, in order that the heirs of our name may fill this blank in the glory of our destinies. Who knows! Perhaps the generous blood of his ancestors sleeps in him, in order to re-awaken more brilliant and fiery in the veins of his descendants.'

"So it was determined that they should propose marriage to my cousin Albert.

"They hinted it gently to him at first; but when they found him as little disposed for this as for all other things, they spoke seriously and earnestly. He objected his timidity, his awkwardness with women. 'It is true,' said my aunt, 'that in my young days, so serious a suitor as Albert would have frightened rather than attracted me, and I would not have exchanged my hump for his society.'

"Then we must employ our last resource,' said my uncle, 'and make him marry Amelia. He knew her when a child, looks upon her as his sister, and will be less timid with her; and as she is of a cheerful and decided character, she will correct, by her good nature, the gloomy temperament to which he seems more and more inclined.'

"Albert did not reject this proposition, and without committing himself openly, consented to become acquainted with me. It was agreed that nothing should be said to me, in order to spare me the mortification of a refusal, which was quite possible on his part. They wrote to my father: and as soon as his consent was obtained, took steps to procure from the Pope the dispensations which were rendered necessary by our relationship. At the same time my father withdrew me from the convent, and one fine morning we arrived at Giant's Castle, I, very glad to breathe the free air, and quite impatient to see my betrothed; my good father, full of hope, and imagining that he had perfectly concealed his design from me, which he had unwittingly revealed at every word during the journey. The first thing that struck me in Albert was his fine face and noble bearing. I will confess to you my dear Nina that my heart beat strongly when he kissed my hand, and that for several days I was charmed with his looks and with his slightest word. His serious manners did not displease me; He seemed under no constraint with me. He was familiar as in the days of our childhood; and when he wished to restrain himself, through fear of wanting in politeness, our parents authorized and in some sort requested him to continue his old intimacy with me. My gaiety sometimes made him smile involuntarily, and my good aunt, transported with joy, attributed to me the honor of this cure which she thought must be radical. In fine he treated me with the benevolence and tenderness which one has for a child; and I was satisfied, persuaded that he would soon pay more attention to my little brisk figure, and to the pretty dresses which I lavished to please him.

"But I soon had the mortification to perceive that he cared very little for the one and that he did not even see the others. One day my good aunt wished to make him notice a beautiful dress of azure blue, which displayed my form charmingly. He pretended that the dress was of a beautiful red. The abbé, his tutor, who always had very honied compliments at the tip of his tongue, and who wished to give him a lesson in gallantry, cried out that he understood very well why Count Albert could not even see the color of my clothing. Here was a good chance for Albert to say something flattering about the roses of my cheeks, or

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

the golden hue of my hair. He contented himself with replying to the abbé in a very dry tone, that he was as capable of distinguishing colors as himself, and that my dress was red as blood.

"I know not why this brutality and oddness of expression made me shudder. I looked at Albert and saw in him an expression which frightened me. From that day I began to fear rather than to love him. Soon I did not love him at all, and now I neither fear nor love. I pity him, that is all. You will see why, little and by little, and you will understand me.

"The next day we were to go to Tauss, the nearest city, for the purpose of making some purchases. I had expected great pleasure from the ride, for Albert was to accompany me on horseback. I was ready and waited for him to come and lead me out. The carriages were also ready in the court. He had not yet shown himself. His valet de chambre said that he had knocked at his door at the usual hour. They sent again to know if he was getting ready. Albert had a fancy of always dressing himself, and of never allowing a servant to enter his room until he had gone out. They knocked in vain; he did not answer. His father, made anxious by this silence, ascended to his chamber and could neither open the door which was fastened on the inside, nor obtain an answer. They began to be frightened when the Abbé said with a very quiet air that Count Albert was subject to long fits of sleep which were allied to lethargy, and that when awakened from them suddenly he was agitated and, as it were, suffering for some days. 'But that is a disease,' said the Canoness anxiously. 'I do not think so,' replied the Abbé. 'I have never heard him complain of any thing. The physicians whom I have called while he lay in that state, never found in him any symptoms of fever, and attributed this heaviness to some excess of labor or reflection. They earnestly advised me never to thwart this need of repose and cure forgetfulness.'

"And is it frequent?" asked my uncle.

"I have observed this phenomena only five or six times in the course of eight years," replied the abbé; "and as I have never interfered with it by my officiousness, I have never seen any bad results."

"And does it last long?" asked I in my turn, very impatient.

"More or less," said the abbé, "according to the duration of the wakefulness which precedes or occasions the fatigue; but no one can know, for the Count never remembers the cause, or is never willing to mention it. He is extremely assiduous at his labor and conceals it with a very rare modesty."

"Then he is very learned?" said I.

"He is extremely wise."

"And he never shows it?"

"He makes a mystery of it, and does not even know it himself."

"What good does it do, then?"

"Genius is like beauty," replied the courtly Jesuit, looking at me with a flattering air: "they are both gifts of heaven, which produce neither pride nor agitation in those who possess them."

"I understood the lesson, and was only the more angry, as you may conceive. They determined to defer the drive until my cousin should awake; but when after two hours, I saw that he did not move, I put off my rich amazonian habit, and went to embroider mechanically, but not without breaking a great many silks, and missing many threads.

"I was indignant at the impertinence of Albert, who had forgotten himself over his books on the eve of his ride with me, and who now abandoned himself to the pleasures of a peaceful slumber, while I was waiting. It grew late, and we were obliged to renounce our proposed expedition. My father, confident in the words of the abbé, took his gun and went to kill a hare or two. My aunt, less easy, ascended the stairs more than twenty times to listen at her nephew's door, without being able to hear even the noise of his breathing. The poor woman was much afflicted at my vexation. As for my uncle, he took a devotional book to distract him from his anxiety, and began to read in a corner of the saloon, with so much resignation as almost to provoke me to throw myself out of the window.

"At last, towards evening, my aunt came, quite joyful to tell us that she had heard Albert rise and dress himself. The abbé advised us not to appear either anxious or surprised, to ask no questions of the Count, and to endeavor to divert him, if he seemed mortified at his mishap.

"But if my cousin is not ill, then he is insane!" cried I with some precipitancy.

"I saw my uncle's countenance change at this rude speech, and was immediately sorry for it. But when Albert entered without making excuses to any one, and without seeming to think the least of our disappointment, I was indignant and gave him a very cold greeting. He did not even notice it. He appeared buried in his reflections.

"In the evening my father thought that a little music would enliven him. I had not yet sung before Albert. My harp had arrived only the day before. It is not before you, accomplished Porporina, that I shall boast of my knowledge in music. But you will see that I have a pleasant voice, and am not devoid of natural taste. I made them urge me. I felt more like crying than singing. Albert

did not say a single word to encourage me. At last I yielded: but I sang very badly, and Albert, as if I had scorched his ears, was so rude as to leave the room after a few bars. It required the exertion of all my pride not to burst into tears, and to finish my air without breaking my harp strings. My aunt had followed her nephew, my father was asleep, my uncle was waiting near the door for his sister to come and inform him about his son. The abbé alone remained to pay me compliments which irritated me more than the indifference of the others. 'It seems,' said I to him, 'that my cousin does not like music.'

"On the contrary he likes it very much," replied he; "but it is according—"

"It is according to the manner in which people sing," said I, interrupting him.

"It is according to the disposition of his soul," replied he, without being disconcerted; "sometimes music does him good, sometimes harm. You moved him, I am certain, to such a degree that he feared not being able to restrain himself. His flight is more flattering to you than the greatest praises."

"The adulations of this Jesuit had in them something saturnine and mocking, which made me detest him. But I was soon delivered from him as you will shortly see."

X.

"On the next day, my aunt, who talks only when her heart is strongly moved, unfortunately engaged in a conversation with the abbé and chaplain. And as, besides her family affections, which absorb her almost completely, there is but one distraction possible for her, which is her family pride, she did not fail to give way to it in a dissertation upon genealogy, in which she proved to the two priests that our race was the purest, the most illustrious, and the most excellent of all the families in Germany, especially on the female side. The abbé listened with patience and the chaplain with reverence, when Albert, who had not appeared to listen at all, interrupted her rather sharply:

"It seems to me, my dear aunt," said he, "that you labor under some delusion respecting the preëminence of our family. It is true that the nobility and titles of our ancestors do reach very far back into the past, but a family which loses its name, which abjures it in some sort, to take that of a woman of a foreign race and religion, renounces the right of maintaining its position as ancient in virtue and faithful to the glory of its country."

"This remark rather confused the canoness, but as the abbé seemed to be struck

by it, she thought it necessary to answer.

"I do not agree with you, my dear child," said she, "we have frequently seen illustrious houses render themselves, and deservedly, more illustrious still, by uniting to their name that of a maternal branch, in order not to deprive their children of the honor which belonged to them, of being descended from a mother of glorious parentage."

"But this is not a case to which that rule can be applied," answered Albert with a pertiaicity quite unusual in him. "I grant the alliance of two illustrious names. I consider it quite right that a wife should transmit to her children her own name united with her husband's. But the complete extinction of the latter, appears to me an insult on the part of her who exacts it, and a baseness on the part of him who submits to it."

"You refer to very ancient events, Albert," said the canonesse, with a deep sigh, "and apply the rule even more incorrectly than I did. The abbé might suppose, from what you say, that some one of our male ancestors had been capable of a base action; and since you understand so well transactions of which I thought you knew nothing, you ought not to have made such an observation respecting political events, — already far removed from us, thank God!"

"If my observation troubles you, I will relate the fact, in order to free our ancestor, Withold, from every imputation which could be injurious to his memory. This appears to interest my cousin," added he, seeing that I listened with open eyes, all astonished as I was, at seeing him engage in a discussion so contrary to his philisophical ideas and his silent habits. "Know then, Amelia, that our great grand-father, Wratislaw, was only four years old, when his mother Ulrica of Rudolstadt, thought herself obliged to inflict upon him the disgrace of depriving him of his true name, the name of his fathers, which was Podiebrad, in order to give him this Saxon name, which you and I bear, you without blushing and I without pride."

"It is at least useless," said my uncle Christian, who seemed very uneasy, "to recall matters so far removed from these times in which we live."

"It seems to me," replied Albert, "that my aunt ascended still higher into the past, when relating to us the lofty deeds of the Rudolstadts, and I do not see why one of us, happening by chance to remember that he is of Bohemian and not of Saxon origin, that his name is Podiebrad and not Rudolstadt, should commit an offence against good taste in speaking of events which occurred only one hundred and twenty years since."

"I knew very well," observed the abbé, who had listened to Albert with some interest, "that your illustrious family was allied in former times with the national royalty of George Podiebrad, but I was ignorant that it was descended in so direct a line as to bear the name."

"The fact is, that my aunt, who knows how to draw genealogical trees, has thought it best to cast out from her memory the ancient and venerable root whose trunk produced us. But a genealogical tree upon which our glorious and gloomy history is traced in characters of blood, is still erect upon the neighboring mountain."

"As Albert was quite animated in uttering these words, and as my uncle's face became overcast on hearing them, the abbé tried to turn the conversation, although his curiosity was much excited. But mine did not allow me to rest on so fine a track."

"What do you mean by that, Albert?" cried I drawing nearer to him.

"I mean to say what a Podiebrad ought not to be ignorant of," replied he. "It is, that the old oak of the *stone of terror* which you see from your windows every day, Amelia, and under which I warn you never to seat yourself without recommending your soul to God, bore three hundred years ago, fruits somewhat more heavy than the shrivelled acorns it can hardly produce now-a-days."

"It is a horrible history," said the chaplain, quite affrighted, "and I know not who can have related it to Count Albert."

"The traditions of the country, and perhaps something even more certain," replied Albert. "For you may burn the archives of families and the documents of history, sir chaplain; you may bring up children in ignorance of a former life; you may impose silence on the simple by sophistry, and on the weak by threats; but neither the fear of despotism, nor that of hell, can stife the thousand voices of the past which lift themselves on every side. No, no, they speak too loud, those terrible voices, to be reduced to silence by that of a priest! They speak to our souls in sleep, by the mouth of spirits who rise to inform us; they speak to our ears, by all the sounds of nature; they issue even from the trunks of trees, as did in olden time, those of the gods from the sacred groves, to relate to us the crimes, the sufferings, and the exploits of our fathers."

"And why, my poor child," said the canonesse, "why cherish in your mind such bitter thoughts, such fatal recollections?"

"It was your genealogies, my aunt, it was the voyage you made into the past, which awakened in me the recollection of

the fifteen monks hung on the branches of the oak by the own hand of one of my ancestors, who is to me—oh! the most grand, the most terrible, the most persevering; him whom they called the redoubtable blind man, the invincible Jean Ziska of the Chalice!"

"The sublime and abhorred name of that chief of the Taborites, a sect which during the war of the Hussites, surpassed all the other Protestants in energy, in cruelty, and in bravery, fell like a thunder bolt upon the abbé and the chaplain. The latter made a great sign of the cross; my aunt drew back her chair, which touched that of Albert. 'Divine goodness!' cried she; 'of what and of whom does the child speak? Do not listen to him, sir abbé! never, no, never had our family any tie, any relationship with that reprobate whose abominable name he has just mentioned.'

"Speak for yourself, aunt," replied Albert with energy. "In the bottom of your soul you are a Rudolstadt, though in fact a Podiebrad. But as for me, there runs in my veins a blood colored by some more drops of pure Bohemian, purified so far by some drops less of foreign blood. My mother had no Saxons, no Bavarians, no Prussians in her genealogical tree; she was of the pure Sclave race; and as you seem to care little for a nobility to which you cannot aspire, I, who lay stress upon my personal nobility, will inform you if you do not know, will recall to your memory if you have forgotten, that Jean Ziska left a daughter, who married a lord of Prachalitz, and that my mother, being a Prachalitz herself, was descended in a direct line from Jean Ziska by the mother's side, as you descend from the Rudolstadts, my aunt."

"This is a dream, an error, Albert!"

"No, my dear aunt; I appeal to the chaplain, who is a truth-telling man, and one who fears God. He has had in his hands the parchments which prove what I have asserted."

"I!" cried the chaplain, pale as death.

"You can acknowledge it before the Abbé without blushing," said Albert with bitter irony, "since you did your duty as a Catholic priest and an Austrian subject, by burning them on the day after my mother's death!"

"That deed, which my conscience commanded, had no witness other than God!" exclaimed the chaplain, growing still more pale. "Count Albert, who can have revealed to you?"

"I have already said, sir chaplain, the voice which speaks louder than that of a priest."

"What voice, Albert?" asked I deeply interested."

"The voice which speaks during sleep," answered Albert.

"But that explains nothing, my son," said Count Christian, sadly and thoughtfully.

"The voice of blood, my father!" said Albert, in a tone which made us all shudder.

"Alas! my God! said my uncle, clasping his hands, these are the same reveries, the same imaginations which troubled his poor mother. It must be that during her illness, she spoke of all this before our child," added he bending towards my aunt, "and that his mind was struck with it very early!"

"Impossible, brother," replied the canoness; "Albert was not three years old when he lost his mother."

"It is more likely," said the chaplain in a low voice, "that there must have remained in the house some one of those cursed heretical writings, filled with lies and made up of impieties, which she had preserved from family pride, and which nevertheless, she had the virtue to surrender to me at her last hour."

"No; not one remained," replied Albert, who had not lost a single word of what the chaplain said, although he had spoken in a low voice, and Albert, who was walking about much agitated, was at that moment at the other end of the saloon. "You know, very well, sir chaplain, that you destroyed all, and moreover that, the day after her death, you searched and ransacked every corner of her chamber."

"Who has thus aided or misled your memory, Albert? asked Count Christian in a severe tone, "what faithless or imprudent servant has dared to trouble your young spirit by the recital, no doubt exaggerated, of these domestic events?"

"No one, my father, I swear it to you on my religion and my conscience."

"The enemy of the human race has had a hand in all this," said the terrified chaplain.

"It would be nearer the truth probably," observed the abbé, "and more christian to think, that Count Albert is gifted with an extraordinary memory; and that events, the sight of which would not usually strike a child of tender years, have remained engraved upon his mind. What I have seen of his rare intelligence makes me easily believe that his reason must have had a wonderfully precocious development; and as to his faculty of remembering things, I know that it is in fact prodigious."

"It only seems prodigious to you, because you are entirely devoid of it," replied Albert drily. "For example, you cannot recollect what you did in 1819, after Withold Podiebrad the Protestant, the valiant, the faithful, (your grandfather, my dear aunt,) the last who bore our name; had reddened with his blood

the stone of terror! You have forgotten your conduct under those circumstances, I would wager, sir abbé."

"I have entirely forgotten it I confess," replied the abbé with a mocking smile, which was not in very good taste, at a moment when it was evident to us all that Albert was completely wandering.

"Well, I will remind you," returned Albert without being at all disconcerted: "You went immediately and advised those Imperial soldiers who had struck the blow, to fly or hide, because the laborers of Pilsen, who had the courage to avow themselves protestants, and who adored Withold, were hurrying to avenge their master's death and would assuredly cut them in pieces. Then you came to find my ancestress Ulrica, Withold's terrified and trembling widow, and promised to make her peace with the Emperor Ferdinand II, to preserve her estate, her title, her liberty and the lives of her children; if she would follow your advice, and pay you for your services at the price of gold; she consented: her maternal love prompted that act of weakness. She did not respect the martyrdom of her noble husband. She was born a catholic, and had abjured only from love of him. She knew not how to accept misery, proscription and persecution, in order to preserve in her children a faith which Withold had sealed with his blood, and a name which he had rendered more illustrious even than those of his ancestors, who had been *Hussites, Calixtins, Taborites, Orphans, Brethren of the Union and Lutherans.* (All these names, my dear Porporina, are those of different sects which united the heresy of John Huss to that of Luther, and which the branch of the Podiebrads from which we descend, had probably followed.) "In fine," continued Albert, "the Saxon woman was afraid and yielded. You took possession of the chateau, you turned aside the Imperial troops, you caused our lands to be respected. You made an immense auto-da-fé of our titles and our archives. That is why my aunt, for her happiness, has not been able to reestablish the genealogical tree of the Podiebrads and has resorted to the less indigestible pasture of the Rudolstadt. As a reward for your services, you were made rich, very rich. Three months afterwards, Ulrica was permitted to go and embrace the Emperor's knees at Vienna, and graciously allowed by him to denationalize her children, to have them educated by you in the Romish religion, and to enrol them afterwards under the standard against which their father and their ancestors had so valiantly fought. We were incorporated, my sons and I, in the ranks of Austrian tyranny!"

"Your sons and you!" said my aunt in despair, seeing that he wandered more and more.

"Yes, my sons Sigismund and Rudolph," replied Albert very seriously.

"Those are the names of my father and uncle," said Count Christian. "Albert where are your senses! Recover yourself, my son. More than a century separates us from those sad occurrences which took place by the order of Providence."

"Albert would not desist. He was persuaded, and wished to persuade us that he was the same as Wratilaw, son of Withold, and the first of the Podiebrads who had borne the maternal name of Rudolstadt. He gave us an account of his childhood, of the distinct recollection he had of Count Withold's execution, the odium of which he attributed to the Jesuit Dithmar, (who according to him was no other than the abbé, his tutor), the profound hatred which, during his childhood, he experienced for this Dithmar, for Austria, for the Imperialists and the Catholics. After this his recollections appeared confused and he added a thousand incomprehensible things about the eternal and perpetual life, about the reappearance of men upon the earth, supporting himself upon that article of the Hussite creed, which declared that John Huss was to return to Bohemia one hundred years after his death and complete his work; a prediction which had been accomplished, since according to him, Luther was John Huss resuscitated. In fine his discourse was a mixture of heresy, of superstition, of obscure metaphysics, of poetic frenzy; and it was all put forth with such an appearance of conviction, with recollections so minute, so precise, so interesting, of what he pretended to have seen, not only in the body of Wratilaw, but also in that of Jean Ziska, and I know not of how many other dead persons, who he maintained had been his own appearances in the life of the past, that we remained listening to him with open mouths, without the power of interrupting or contradicting him. My uncle and aunt, who were grievously afflicted at this insanity, which to them was impious, wished to understand its origin; for this was the first time that it showed itself openly, and it was necessary to know its source, in order to know how to combat it. The abbé tried to turn it all off as a jest, and to make us believe that Count Albert had a very witty and malicious disposition, and took pleasure in mystifying us with his incredible learning. "He has read so much," said he, "that he could in the same manner relate the history of all the ages, chapter by chapter, with such details and precision as to make us believe if we

'were ever so little inclined to the marvelous, that he had in fact been present at the scenes he relates.' The canoness, who in her ardent devotion, is not many degrees removed from superstition, and who began to believe her nephew on his word, received the abbé's insinuations very badly, and advised him to keep his jesting explanations for a gayer occasion; then she made a strong effort to induce Albert to retract the errors with which he was filled. 'Take care, aunt,' cried Albert impatiently, 'that I do not tell you who you are. Hitherto I have not wished to know; but something warns me at this moment that the Saxon Ulrica is near.'

"What, my poor child," replied she, 'that prudent and devout ancestress, who knew how to preserve for her children their lives, and for her descendants the independence, the fortune, and the honors they now enjoy, do you think she lives again in me? Well, Albert, so dearly do I love you, that I would do even more for you: I would sacrifice my life, if by so doing I could calm your troubled soul.'

"Albert looked at her a moment with eyes at once severe and tender. 'No, no,' said he at last, approaching her and kneeling at her feet, 'you are an angel, and you used to commune in the wooden cup of the Hussites. But the Saxon woman is here nevertheless, and her voice has reached my ear several times, to-day.'

"Allow it to be me, Albert," said I, exerting myself to cheer him, 'and do not think too ill of me for not having delivered you to the executioners in 1619.'

"You, my mother!" said he looking at me with frightful eyes, 'do not say that, for I cannot pardon you. God caused me to be born again in the bosom of a stronger woman; he retempered me in the blood of Ziska, in my own substance, which had been misled, I know not how. Amelia, do not look at me, above all, do not speak to me! It is your voice, Ulrica, which has caused me all the sufferings I endure to-day.'

"On saying this, Albert went out precipitately, and we remained overpowered by the sad discovery he had made to us of the alienation of his mind.

"It was then two o'clock in the afternoon, we had dined quietly. Albert had drunk only water. There was nothing to give us hope that this craziness could be occasioned by drink. The chaplain and my aunt immediately rose to follow and nurse him, thinking him quite ill. But inconceivable as it is, Albert had already disappeared as by enchantment. They could not find him in his own chamber, nor in his mother's, where he frequently used to shut himself up, nor

in any corner of the chateau. They searched for him in the garden, in the warren, in the surrounding woods, in the mountains. No one had seen him far or near. No trace of his steps had remained any where. Thus passed the rest of the day and the night. No one went to bed in the house. Our people were on foot until dawn and searching for him with torches.

"All the family resorted to prayers. The next day was passed in the same anxiety, and the following night in the same consternation. I cannot tell you the terror I felt. I, who had never suffered, who had never experienced in my life domestic events of such importance. I believed seriously that Albert had either killed himself or fled forever. I was seized with convulsions, and a very severe fever. There were still in me some remains of love, in the midst of the terror which so fatal and odd a being inspired. My father had strength enough to go and hunt, thinking that in his distant excursions, he might possibly find Albert in the midst of the wood.

"My poor aunt, consumed with anguish, but still active and courageous, nursed me and tried to reassure every body. My uncle prayed night and day. When I saw his faith and his stoical submission to the will of Heaven, I regretted that I was not devout. The abbé feigned some concern, but affected to feel no anxiety. It was true, he said, that Albert had never thus disappeared from his presence; but he required seasons of solitude and reflection. His conclusion was that the only remedy for these singularities was never to thwart them, and not to appear to remark them much. The fact is, that this intriguing and profoundly selfish subaltern had cared for nothing but to gain the large salary attached to his place of supervisor, and he had made it last as long as possible by deceiving the family respecting the result of his good offices. Occupied by his own affairs and his own pleasures, he had abandoned Albert to his extravagant inclinations. Perhaps he had often seen him ill and often excited. He had without doubt allowed free scope to his fancies. What is certain is, that he had the tact to conceal them from all those who could have given us notice; for in all the letters which my uncle received respecting his son, there was nothing but eulogiums upon his appearance and congratulations upon the beauty of his person. Albert had left nowhere the reputation of one who was ill or devoid of sense. However this may have been, his interior life during those eight years of absence, has remained an impenetrable mystery to us. The abbé, after three days, seeing that he did not make his appearance, and

fearing that his own affairs had been injured by this incident, departed, with the intention, as he said, of seeking for him at Prague, whither the desire of searching for some rare book, might, according to him, have drawn him. 'He is,' said he, 'like those learned men, who bury themselves in their researches, and who forget the whole world to satisfy their innocent passion.' Thereupon the abbé departed and did not return.

"After seven days of mortal anguish, when we began to despair, my aunt, passing, towards evening, before Albert's chamber, saw the door open and Albert seated in his arm-chair, caressing his dog, who had followed him on his mysterious journey: His garments were neither soiled nor torn; only the gold ornaments were somewhat blackened, as if he had come from a damp place or had passed his nights in the open air. His shoes did not show that he had walked much; but his beard and his hair bore witness to a long neglect of personal care. Since that day he has constantly refused to shave himself or to wear powder like other men; that is why he had to you the appearance of a ghost:

"My aunt rushed towards him with a loud cry. 'What is the matter, my dear aunt!' said he, kissing her hand. 'One would say you had not seen me for ages!'

"But unhappy child!" cried she, 'it is seven days since you left us without a word; seven mortal days, seven horrible nights, in which we have searched for you, have wept for you, have prayed for you.'

"Seven days!" said Albert, looking at her with surprise. 'You must need to say seven hours, my dear aunt, for I went out this morning to walk and I have come back in time to sup with you. How can I have occasioned you so much anxiety by so short an absence?'

"Without doubt," said she fearing to aggravate his disease by mentioning it, 'I made a slip of the tongue; I meant to say seven hours: I was anxious because you are not used to take such long walks and besides I had a bad dream last night; I was foolish!'

"Good aunt, excellent friend!" said Albert, covering her hands with kisses, 'you love me as if I were a little child. I hope my father has not shared your anxiety?'

"Not at all. He is expecting you at supper. You must be very hungry!'

"Not very. I dined well.'

"Where and when Albert?'

"Here, this morning, with you, my good aunt, you have not yet recovered your senses, I perceive. Oh! I am very unhappy to have caused you such a fright! How could I foresee it?'

"You know that such is my charac-

ter. Let me ask you then where you have eaten, where you have slept, since you left us!'

"Since this morning, how could I have had any inclination either to eat or to sleep!'

"Do you not feel ill!'

"Not the least in the world.'

"Nor wearied? you must no doubt have walked a great deal! scaled the mountains? that is very fatiguing. Where have you been!'

"Albert put his hands to his eyes, as if to recollect, but he could not say.

"I confess to you,' said he, 'that I know nothing about it. I was much preoccupied. I must have walked without seeing, as I used to do in my childhood, you know. I never could answer you when you interrogated me.'

"And during your travels, did you give any more attention to what you saw?'

"Sometimes, but not always. I observed many things, but I have forgotten many others, thank God.'

"And why thank God?'

"Because there are such horrible things to be seen on the face of the earth!' replied he, rising with a gloomy countenance which my aunt had not yet observed in him. She saw that it would not do to make him talk any more, and she ran to announce to my uncle that his son had been found. No one knew it yet in the house, no one had seen him enter. His return had left no more trace than his departure.

"My poor uncle who had so much courage to endure misfortune, had none in the first moments of joy. He lost his senses; and when Albert reappeared before him, his face was more agitated than his son's. Albert, who since his long journey, had not seemed to notice any emotion in those around him, appeared entirely renewed and different from what he had before been. He lavished a thousand caresses on his father, was troubled at seeing him so changed and wished to know the cause. But when they took the risk of making him acquainted with it, he never could comprehend it, and all his answers were made with a good faith and an assurance which would prove a complete ignorance of where he was during the seven days of his disappearance."

"What you have related resembles a dream and would set me to wandering rather than sleeping, my dear baroness, said Consuelo. How could a man live seven days without being conscious of any thing!'

"That is nothing to what I have yet to relate; and until you have seen for yourself, that far from exaggerating, I weaken in order to abridge, you will have, I can conceive, some difficulty in believing me. As for me, who am relating to you what

I have seen, I sometimes still ask myself, if Albert is a sorcerer, or if he makes fools of us. But it is late, and I really fear that I take advantage of your complaisance."

"It is I who take advantage of yours," replied Consuelo; "you must be tired of talking. Let us put off till to-morrow evening, if you please, the continuation of this incredible history."

"Till to-morrow then," said the young baroness embracing her.

To be Continued.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. 1. — THE SEAMSTRESSES.

There are in this City, according to the closest estimates that can be made, Ten Thousand women who exist on what they can earn by the needle. The following are the prices for which a majority of these females are compelled to work — they being such as are paid by the large Dépôts for shirts and clothing in Chatham street and elsewhere:

For making Common White, and Checked Cotton Shirts, six cents each. Common Flannel Undershirts, the same. These are cut in such a manner as to make ten seams in two pairs of sleeves. A common fast seamstress can make two of these shirts per day. Sometimes very swift hands, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three. This is equal to seventy-five cents per week (allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c.) for the first class, and \$1, 12 1-2 for the others.

Good Cotton Shirts, with Linen Bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for twenty-five cents. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning \$1,50 per week, by constant labor.

Fine Linen Shirts, with Plaited Bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hand in less than fifteen to eighteen hours' steady work, are paid fifty cents each. Ordinary hands make one shirt of this kind in two days.

Duck Trowsers, Overalls, &c. eight and ten cents each. Drawers and Undershirts, both Flannel and Cotton, from six to eight cents, at the ordinary shops, and 12 1-2 at the best. One garment is a day's work for some — others can make two.

Sattinet, Cassimere and Broadcloth Pants, sometimes with gaiter bottoms and lined, from 18 to 30 cents per pair. One pair is a good day's work.

Vests, 25 to 50 cents — the latter price paid only for work of the very best quality. Good hands make one a day.

Thin Coats are made for 25 to 37 1-2 cents a piece.

Heavy Pilot-cloth Coats, with three pockets, \$1 each. A Coat of this kind cannot be made under three days.

Cloth Roundabouts and Pea-jackets, 25 to 50 cents. Three can be made in two days.

A great number of females are employed in making Mens' and Boys' Caps. By constant labor fifteen or eighteen hours a day, they can make from 14 to 25 cents. We are told by an old lady who has lived by this kind of work a long time, that when she begins at sunrise and

works till midnight she can earn 14 cents a day.

A large majority of these women are American born, from the great Middle Class of life, many of whom have once been in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and have been reduced by the death or bankruptcy of husbands and relatives, and other causes, to such straits. Many of them are the wives of ship-masters and other officers of vessels. Others are the widows of mechanics and poor men, and have children, aged mothers and fathers, &c. to support, by their needle. Many have drunken husbands to add to their burdens and afflictions, and to darken every faint gleam of sunshine that domestic affection throws even into the humblest abode. Others have sick and bed-ridden husbands or children, or perhaps have to endure the agony of receiving home a fallen daughter or an outlawed son suddenly checked in his career of vice.

The manner in which these women live — the squalidness and unhealthy location and nature of their habitations — the inadequateness of their food and clothing — the impossibility of providing for any, the slightest recreations or moral or intellectual culture, or of educating their children — can be easily imagined; but we assure the public that it would require an extremely active imagination to conceive the reality.

These women generally 'keep house' — that is, they rent a single room, or perhaps two small rooms, in the upper story of some poor, ill-constructed, unventilated house in a filthy street, constantly kept so by the absence of back yards, and the neglect of the Street Inspector — where a sickening and deadly miasm prevades the atmosphere, and in summer renders it totally unfit to be inhaled by human lungs, depositing the seeds of debility and disease with every inspiration. In these rooms all the processes of cooking, eating, sleeping, washing, working, and living, are indiscriminately performed.

For these rooms the tenants never pay less than three to four and a half dollars per month, and pay them must and do. Some of the very worst single garrets, destitute of closet or convenience of any kind, and perhaps lighted only by a hole cut in the roof, rent as low as two dollars a month. Of course every cent of the inmates' earnings is exhausted every week, and in many cases is not sufficient to buy any other food than a scanty supply of potatoes, and Indian meal and molasses for the family. When winter comes, therefore, they are destitute of the means not only of adding comfortable clothing to their wretched wardrobes, but of procuring an ounce of fuel. Their work, too, at this season is frequently cut off, and they are left no resource but the Alms-house, or a pauper ticket for bread and coal. Here, too, they are too often baulked. The Alms-house is full, and over-running, — the Public Charities of all kinds are choking with the fierce assaults of shivering and famished Beggary, — what can these poor women do? We are truly told that when sometimes hunted out by the hand of private charity, they have been found so given over to hunger and despair at their repeated rebuffs from the Alms-house, or the over-driven Commissioners that they had resolved to starve without farther effort. Understand us not as censuring the directors or distributors

of these Public Charities. At present we know nothing but that they do all they can. We shall come to the facts about them in due time. — *Tribune.*

REVIEW.

Margaret. A tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom, including sketches of a place not before described, called Monks Christi. Boston: Jordan and Wiley, 1845. pp. 460.

This book is a puzzle. You read it as if you met old friends at a masquerade. Now you encounter one, then another; you recognize their steps, you hear their voices, but still you are not quite sure that it is they. The author seems to have had more purposes than one in writing it. All the while, beside the earnestness which is his proper character, or rather *outside* of it, you cannot help thinking that he is making a joke of you, and that in his sleeve he is laughing at your wonder. As you read, you meet now a passage which you might be sure came from this or that well known source, the next sentence you quite as confidently attribute to some other paternity. But it is not imitation; it seems rather as if the writer chose that method to amuse himself, and from the love of fun, jested now in this vein, now in that.

Still, Margaret is no jest, but the sincere utterance of a sincere man. It is not the work of capricious impulse, but of grave meditation. It sets forth, not whimsical fancies only, but serious opinions upon serious subjects, and those who may fling the book aside in disgust at its incoherence, its apparent aimlessness, its wild *bizarrierie*, and its abundant offences against the laws of elegant composition, may be assured that it has a unity, a purpose, and a beauty, which are not always apparent at the first glance.

Margaret purports to be the history of a child who, about the time of the Revolution, is thrown by chance into an ignorant and intemperate family, in a town somewhere in Massachusetts. She grows up under the most unfavorable circumstances, protected amidst all evil mainly by the purity and strength of her character, passes through a variety of events, and finally becomes the chief instrument in reforming the village, and banishing from it poverty, vice, and ignorance. In the latter part of the book, the author gives his conception of a true state of society, which, to say the least, differs considerably from any that is described by travellers or historians.

While to the critic Margaret offers many vulnerable points, it contains, also, many things which must command the admiration of every one who is capable of admiring anything. Passages of striking force and beauty abound, evincing ex-

perience and thought of such depth, that we see the author has not lived in vain.

Of the philosophy of Margaret, as well as of the social ideal that it embodies, it is enough to say, that they appear to us quite incomplete, or even erroneous. But we find much more pleasure in recognizing the true prophetic instinct which animates the book, than in displaying its faults. It is not a slight thing to find a man with his face turned eastward, even if he knows not the path which leads to our longed-for goal. With no distinct understanding of the demands which in all quarters, are bursting from the yearning heart of Humanity, the author yet has faith in a social regeneration, and while the blind and sluggish sneer at the dawning-day or disbelieve its approach, he utters the hope which is cherished in his soul. This hope we welcome. It is a prophecy which shall not fail to be fulfilled. Its promise is not mistaken. It is not the hope of one man but of all men. It throbs like sacred fire in every pulsation of the universal heart. Like life, it circulates in electric currents even in rocks, where no outward sign gives evidence of its existence. Even they who most obstinately deny it, still unquietly feel its secret stirrings in their souls. Never absent from the inmost aspirations of Man, it now draws near its fruition. But the kingdom of God comes not by observation. It is not for us to stand silently waiting for the great miracle to be wrought. Ours is another and a nobler part. We are permitted to be actors in the drama. Let us perform our duties with a worthy faith in the Providence by which all things are conducted to their ends.

Lectures on Clairmativeness; or Human Magnetism, with an Appendix. By Rev. GIBSON SMITH. New York: Printed by Searing and Pratt. 1845. pp. 40.

Some of our readers may have heard of a young man of Poughkeepsie, Mr. J. DAVIS, who is said to be a remarkable clairvoyant. The Rev. GIBSON SMITH has lately published a pamphlet under the above title, in which he sets forth some of the discoveries of this young man, who, he states, is a shoe maker, and has never received any education. We have read the pamphlet, as our curiosity had been excited by the reports we had heard about him, and as we thought we might find some new developments in Animal Magnetism. We find it, however, a vague and shallow thing, containing such general views as we should think an ignorant man would take of human nature, of electricity, magnetism, and so forth, who had read some of the works of the day on these subjects.

The clairvoyant gives the following

pleasing picture of the condition of the planet Saturn, which he says he visited while in his magnetic sleep.

"In the first place, the planet itself is very beautiful. The *air* there, is more clear and serene than it is on the other planets. The three gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, which compose in part Saturn's atmosphere, form the two rings. The first, or inner ring, is more brilliant than the outer one, — both have seven different colors. The *oxygen* extends from the planet to where you see the first ring formed, and no farther. It being separated there from the gases above, the rays of light from the sun falling upon it at the point of division make it very brilliant, so that it can be seen from the earth, through telescopes, in the form of a broad, beautiful, and variegated band, extending quite round the planet. It is the upper extremity of the oxygen gas, and the falling of the rays of light upon it, that produce this splendid phenomenon, which has long been the admiration and wonder of the world. The hydrogen and carbonic gases extend from the planet to where you see the second or outer ring. These gases being composed of different substances from the other, and not being so clear, when acted upon by the light, at their outer extremity, render the second ring, which they there form, less brilliant than the other.

"Do you know that Saturn is inhabited? The people there are very different from the people on this earth. They are very beautiful and are more intellectual; they have very high foreheads, and their symmetry is perfect. Their skin is so clear and transparent that you can almost see the blood as it circulates through the veins. There is no sin there; they are unacquainted with strife and bitterness; they worship God with willing hearts, all as one. There is no sickness there, because they obey the organic laws of their nature. They live nine or ten hundred years, and die of old age, when the system has worn itself out."

This description of the people in Saturn, whose skin is "clear and transparent," — whitening as a consequence in the sun instead of blackening as is the case with the Race on this planet, — who live in bands of unity, worshipping God "all as one," instead of living in war and conflict, does not excite entire skepticism in our minds. Saturn we believe to be from various indications, in a state of harmony, having passed through the dark ages of ignorance and discord, which are attendant upon the social infancy or the commencement of the career of every Race upon every planet, — and in which we, as a Race, are still engaged, — and as a consequence some such condition of things must exist there. The picture has a peculiar charm in it to us as it brings up before our imagination that Unity, that elevation, that peace, that harmony, and that material perfection of the Race, which are surely to come upon our globe, when the period of "subversion" — of "universal Disunity," is passed through.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

SONG OF CAROLINE VON GUNDERODE.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is all drear and sad;
Nothing more makes me glad;
Odors no odor bring,
Breezes no quickening;
Poor heart, how sad!

All is so still and gone;
Heart and soul left forlorn;
Seeking I know not what,
Resting not, knowing not
Whither I'm borne!

One master mould of clay
Stole all my thoughts away;
Since I its beauty felt,
Near me it still hath dwelt,
Mine, though away.

One sound my heart still hears,
One that my spirit cheers;
Soft as a flute, one word
Soundeth on since 'twas heard,
Stoppeth all tears.

Spring's blossoms all are true,
They all come back anew;
Not so doth Love, alack!
That cometh never back,
Fair, but not true!

Can love so love-less be?
Can mine so stay from me?
Joy sit so heavily,
Hugging inconstancy?
Sad bliss for me!

Phœnix of loveliness!
Thou on bold wing dost press
Far to the sun's bright beam:
Little disturbs thy dream
My lone distress!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—SLAVERY.

The recent outrage upon Mr. Clay constitutes an epoch in the history of Lynch Law. Hitherto we have had mobs of a private and disorderly character; respectable people who have joined in them have generally done so in disguise, the preparations have been made in secret, and the attack has taken place under cover of night. To the citizens of Fayette County has been reserved the honor of reducing mobbing to a systematic form, and of enabling it to appear in good society.

* The celebrated friend of Bettina, who found so tragic a death in the waters of the Rhine.

And indeed it was high time that a mode of social action which is daily coming into more extensive use, should be raised in the scale of respectability. It had too long remained in the hands of ordinary scoundrels, a mere, capricious, chaotic, brute instrument! The gallant, generous, chivalric sons of Kentucky have instituted mobs of a higher order. They have given us the example of one managed according to strict parliamentary rules by the first minds of the community. Let them have the renown of their invention! Let all men admit that they have carried riotous assemblages to a perfection which had not before been thought of. Other places have achieved remarkable things in this way, but they must confess the superiority of Lexington. All honor then to her brave inhabitants!

Of Mr. Clay and the True American, we have on previous occasions briefly expressed our opinion. Ardent, impetuous, and fearless, he speaks out his convictions like a man. He has not one class of sentiments in his private thought, and another in his published words, but the ideas wherewith his secret mind is fed, come live and glowing from his tongue. Generous and enthusiastic, his faith goes hand in hand with his deeds. What he clearly sees he not less clearly proclaims to the world. With a soul too large and expansive to be confined by contemptible interests and petty questions, he takes his stand upon principles which will remain long after the strife of parties and the clamor of selfish politicians have been forgotten, and from that high ground discusses with his southern countrymen the question, which to them has a more weighty and pressing interest than any other,—the question of slavery. No holiday voice of silken smoothness is his. His earnest and fiery heart cannot be contained in any minced and delicate phrases. Burning, keen, and jagged, his sentences are not calculated to lull their readers to any softness of repose, but rather to rouse them to a sense of danger, and to warn them that evils impend which will not permit neglect or inaction. But it is not the sense of danger alone which impels him, or with which he seeks to move others. The passion which has fired so many heroic souls and given birth to so many illustrious deeds, the love of liberty, resides also in him. But with him liberty signifies more than the freedom of a few privileged classes, or of a few portions of the earth's surface. In his view it is a great and sacred reality, belonging inalienably to every human creature, by virtue of his birth, and not an empty rhetorical figure, or a marketable commodity, which those only have a right to upon whom accident or superior strength confer it. He considers it of

such value that a man may worthily and wisely devote his life to gain it for others, even though they have on him none of the ordinary claims of interest or kindred. With so deep and wide-reaching a love of liberty, it is not surprising that even the name of slavery should seem to him unfit to disturb the air of heaven with its sound. Every breath he breathes is filled with an unspeakable will to banish it from the face of the earth. Still more repulsive does it strike his ear, coupled with the epithet American,—American Slavery,—Slavery in the land of Washington and Franklin,—Slavery in the United States in the nineteenth century,—this he regards as something too foul and monstrous, a stain too deep and disgraceful, not to endeavor at least to wipe it away. To this end he labors resolutely and conscientiously, but not with blind and irrational fanaticism. His mind is possessed by that spirit of Universality which is the growing inspiration of the age. Accordingly, while concentrating his energies upon the removal of slavery from his native State, he is still free from narrow and one-sided notions. He treats the question from more than one point of view, considers it in all its bearings, is not rash or dogmatic in his plans of emancipation, and appeals to the reason and the interests of men, as well as to other motives which they are perhaps not so capable of appreciating. His quick, vigorous, and broad intellect, seems to lay hold of the subject, and to apprehend its extent and its difficulties, more than almost any other that has been devoted to it. What is remarkable, he perceives that slavery is not simply a moral question, to be adjusted upon abstract considerations of right and wrong, but that it is only one branch of the great social question of labor. Thus one of the purposes of the True American, as set forth in its heading, is the Elevation of Labor, by which we see that its editor is hardly behind the foremost of his times.

But it must be admitted, that in what regards the manner in which he has discharged his mission, Mr. Clay's course has not always been the most prudent. We could wish, that occupying so distinguished a post, he had displayed more of that serene and patient confidence in the ultimate triumph of the truth which is the rarest mark of greatness. A little less readiness of personal indignation, and a greater calmness in meeting even his private enemies in such a contest, would, in our opinion, more become the man who takes upon himself the advocacy of human rights and social progress. The apostle of a new era ought never to forget that he appeals to men whose prejudices are as blind as they are fast-rooted, and who see in every new movement only

an attack upon their immediate interests. It is not his part to grow angry when they treat with bitter scorn the truth which he values dearer than life, or to be disturbed when his sincerest words affect them no more than the idle wind. With exceeding faith, let him cast abroad the good seed that is put into his charge. Sooner or later, even in that soil, apparently so unfriendly, it shall spring up and bear abundant fruit. Enough for him, with great courage and forbearance, in all wisdom, to do the duty that is assigned him, thankful that he is permitted to engage in so great a service. Thus without reservation, without impatience, scorning all merely personal considerations, laboring with indomitable hope though all seem hopeless, let him give himself to his work. In no moment of despondency or human weakness, let him fear that he is alone. Though in the midst of sneering enemies and insatiable hate, he can never be deserted. Other men may be forgotten, but he cannot be friendless. The chosen souls of all time stand around him; no stranger is he to the glorious and indissoluble brotherhood that in every age, driven by a holy enthusiasm, with God on their side, fight the battle of Humanity, and perish gladly for those ideas which are the most sacred birth-right of Man.

However much we regret that the articles of the True American have not in all cases been governed by a cooler wisdom, we do not doubt that ample apology can be found in the peculiar circumstances of the case, and in the protracted illness of Mr. Clay, which obliged him to commit it to other hands.

But whatever charges may be brought against Mr. Clay no justification can be found in them for the proceedings at Lexington. It matters not by whom or in what manner they were conducted, they were an outrageous violation of the law, a breach of individual rights, and of public order which will attach a lasting disgrace to the city in which it was perpetrated. We had hoped that Kentucky, whose name has been synonymous with warm and high-souled generosity, would have the honor of sustaining a paper like the True American, and of leading the South in doing away with the foulest of barbarous institutions— chattel slavery. But we are disappointed. The liberty of the press cannot, it appears, be tolerated in Kentucky. Her free people grow wild with terror at the name of freedom. Men who have challenged the world with their bravery, a few words can drive into the maddest and most disgusting fear. The True American is suppressed by a mob. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?

It is idle for the Southern people to attempt to prevent the discussion of Slavery. Such attempts betray the weakness of the party by which they are made, and always give an unfortunate turn to the subject. They wake the angry passions of men, and occasion bitter excitement where there should be only calm and rational deliberation. It would be much wiser for the leading minds of the South to engage in the inquiry and to give it a wise and profitable direction, than to undertake to oppose and smother it. Any unprejudiced man can see, that even by force it can only be temporarily postponed. We claim no credit for prophetic skill when we say that the question of Negro Emancipation will ere long command the attention of the South so imperatively that weakness cannot shrink from it, or blustering bigotry bully it out of sight.

We urge then all honest and thinking Southerners to enter upon a candid and manly investigation of the whole matter. It concerns their honor to show, that they are not only not afraid, but desirous to arrive at the truth. Thus alone can they hope that the just verdict of posterity will be given in their behalf, and history be spared the record of their moral and intellectual dastardly, a thing more disgraceful than any mere physical cowardice.

We press the careful consideration of the character and destiny of slavery upon southern men, not only because we believe it to be their duty, but because we are convinced that an examination of this evil must lead every fearless mind, not swayed by prejudices and one-sided views, to suspect the whole prevailing structure of society, and to inquire for a remedy which shall be universally efficacious.

The question of Slavery is nothing but the question of Labor. So long as labor is repulsive and consequently degrading, so long slavery will exist, by whatever name it may be called. The problem of the Abolition of Slavery is the problem of Attractive Industry, and if the latter be impossible, the former is impossible also.

In conclusion, we have to say that it does not become those who daily live by civilized slavery, who have it in their kitchens, their work-shops, and their manufactories, to use loud words of denunciation against those who live by barbarous slavery, which is only the elder sister of the same monstrous family. Men must learn, that for evil as well as for good, they are united, and that they ought rather with faith in God, to seek an escape from the sin that, in various degrees, rests upon all Humanity, than in an uncharitable spirit to condemn their brethren, whose lot it is to be more deeply involved in the evil than themselves.

"ASSOCIATIONS

ARE FOR ANGELS, BUT NOT FOR SINNERS."

So say some of our well-wishing, but sceptical friends. Do they see how radical their scepticism is? Are they willing to accept all its consequences?

The remark intimates that it would be quite possible and beautiful for persons of extraordinary purity, disinterestedness, and tolerance, to live together in harmony, making common cause in labor, in economies, and in all the means and influences of society and education. It would be easy for them to practise Christian forbearance towards one another's weaknesses, for they would have no weaknesses. They would put down the natural antagonisms of character by the power of faith, and they would have long schooled themselves to know no merely private interests. "But these," you say, "are the glorious exceptions; we know that such exceptions may be, because they have been, in here and there a solitary case; so that it is within the bounds of conceivable possibility, that a considerable number of these lights might be gathered together into one focus somewhere, and have a veritable heaven by themselves,— the first that ever had 'a local habitation and a name.' Surely, there may be tuneful instruments enough in the world, among so many cracked ones, to make up one harmonious orchestra. But that is not the thing. What is to be done with the weak, and the wilful, and the one-sided, and the miseducated, and the selfish, with all, in short, who are below the average in heavenly-mindedness? How can *they* harmonize? How can the crooked tree get straightened, or the Upas-tree grow among other trees, and yet not blast them? And what, after all, can your associated angels do for society, for poor, common humanity as it is? or how can it ever be safe for common humanity to intrude its discordant self into the concord of their most musical, select existence? The virtuous may spend Olympian days together; but this would defeat the very dearest wish and prayer of virtue, whose soul and sustenance it is to sacrifice itself for others' good, to lift up the down-trodden, and reclaim the sinful."

We agree with you, good friends, that that is not the thing. And you shall have the benefit of all our poor ingenuity in stating your objection strongly. But again, we ask, are you aware what scepticism lurks within the bosom of your question? Nothing less than this: that human passions are incapable of any harmony, and that humanity is past redemption. That characters are created various and antagonistical, with no power of understanding one another, of doing justice to one another, of helping or even tolerating one another; and that he who

assigned to each its separate tone and color, as they came confusedly into the world, acted from no law or calculation, by which they should ultimately blend in the due proportions, in the mutual completion and support of harmony. That the law which regulates the distribution of the planets, ay, and of every blade of grass and grain of sand, which groups the smallest particles of matter by chemical affinities, with precise mathematical proportion of supply to demand, of means to ends, of attractions to destinies; the law which moulds the whole sphere of forms and colors into beauty, and of sounds into music; the law whose perpetual presence and repetition in every thing forces our fragmentary chance observations to take the shape of Science, and draws the simplest looker-on into the way of becoming a philosopher; the law which makes the world a world, a *kosmos*, as the old Greeks had it, a consistent whole, and a thing of Beauty; that that law holds in everything except in the passions and constituent elements of man; that it fails utterly there; that everywhere else the wisdom and love of the good Providence are manifest, but only chance and chaos there; and man, too, standing in such intimate relations with nature, that if he do not harmonize with it, there is no harmony at all. What if the leading instrument should play at random, while the rest of the orchestra performed the true accompaniment for a melody which is not? Such is the amount of your objection carried out. You would doubt if man, the crowning product and divinely appointed lord of Nature, can ever learn to play his leading part in harmony with the accompaniment which all nature has been faithfully rehearsing, ever since the morning stars first sang together. The characters of men were not cut out, you think, with any view to their being fitted together, as complements of one another. Their numbers and varieties were left to accident by the great Architect who numbered the stars, and gave to every one its place. His intelligent child, his last and most sublime creation, made in *his own image*, as we are told, the only one capable of comprehending this pervading harmony, is also the only one not capable of finding a position in which he may conform himself to it? If that were so, believe it, the great Artist, the divine composer, would not have tolerated the discord until now; he would have cursed his own music, and pronounced it a failure; he would have dashed the whole infinite orchestra to pieces, and sent them whistling down the bottomless abyss of nothing, if any such abyss there were: and that were an easier faith than your's in everlasting discord.

Why is it tolerated? do you ask; and

why cannot what has been continue to be? It *will* continue in its tendency, most undoubtedly. And its tendency is to extricate itself from such confusion, or die in the struggle. It is allowed to continue because, in one sense, it is not discord; because it does harmonize with *something*; because it does harmonize, not with itself now, but with the purpose, with the consummation towards which it is laboring. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." There is a meaning in all discord; it all looks away beyond itself; it most decidedly tends either to entire destruction, or to a satisfactory solution into clear and peaceful concord. Do you say the passions of men can never be harmonized? Then why were they created? If they were not meant for harmony, you could not even pronounce them discord. They suggest the very law which you complain of their not fulfilling. They furnish you with the ideal by which you try them. Do you acknowledge that they all point to that, and will you doubt if they are destined to reach it?

To us the remark above quoted seems sufficiently refuted, by simply looking a little ways down into the bottomless depths of scepticism which it covers. And all the answer we intended, when we commenced, was simply to say to our friends who congratulate themselves on keeping safe out of the reach of our enthusiasm: "Consider your own position;" and not to urge upon them arguments in support of ours. Consider your own position; it may drive you, too, into dreams. Your doubts, to be consistent, must resolve the whole world into chaos; must rob the dark and bloody procession of the Ages thus far, of the only redeeming explanation, of the thought that these ages follow the great Law of Transition, and like discords in music, like the stealthy, straggling, formless, colorless root in plants, which are the beautiful children of the light, like the confused, dull mixture which precedes crystallization, are but the prophecy and beginning of the complete and normal state, the longer ages of glorious harmony and peace and beauty. Of one thing or the other we must accuse you; either of denial of all Law and Providence, or of a most cowardly faith, which, troubled about times and seasons, loses sight of the grand and everlasting fact, and lets appearances of a day defeat the logic which alone gives unity to life, which, when rejected by the understanding, retreats to the impregnable stronghold in the heart.

But consider if it be so extravagant to suppose that human characters can be harmonized in Association.

1. The heart presupposes harmony, craves it, longs for it, lives for it, dies till

it be accomplished. Its consciousness of God, and its expectation of that are twin-born in the same act of conscious life, and in every act, in every impulse, every glowing sentiment of life: and they two stand or fall together. God and Unity are the heart's spring, support, and end. Discord and atheism are the blackness of death to it. So far as you have not smothered your faith in unity, only so far has your heart strength to beat. Lose that and you grow heartless. Thanks, then, to the living, gushing heart, we have sometimes some faith more than we give ourselves credit for. To this all poetry has spoken, all music and other arts of beauty, all prophecy and revelation, all good men's lives, and all heroic sacrifice of life, which literally means the *making of life sacred* to a great unitary end, even at the expense of death to mere concerns of time and self. And to this now.

2. Science speaks in tones of equal confirmation; for science has now entered into wedlock with sweet Poesy, and Reason meets Religion at the same altar, which is faith in Unity. Science is the result of common observation. The fragmentary outward observations, which have been made and recorded, till they have arrayed themselves in orderly Synthesis, are Science. The soul of science is Unity, and it turns over every little fact, only to find its soul again in it. It will not accept promiscuousness, but abhors it, as Nature abhors a vacuum; the want of order is a vacuum to the mind. Now Science distinguishes only to unite; recognizing differences everywhere, it finds difference to be the element of every orderly series, and that the whole world is a Series, an infinite series composed of series. What more confused and various, apparently, than the heavenly bodies? Yet we find them numbered, distributed in series, grouped together about centres, mutually balanced and complements of one another in function. They are not strown abroad at random. Their numbers, size, attractions, are all predetermined by fixed law. So many satellites grouped around a planet make one unity; so many planets constitute our solar system; so many solar systems circle round a deeper centre, forming systems of systems, and so on till thought is lost in the immeasurably vast. Descend the scale, and are not the next lower orders of being to planets, the minor creations which inhabit them, also distributed and numbered? does not each exist, whether stone, plant, animal or man, to supply an element to a predestined unity? and are not the tendencies toward that unity manifest in the inextinguishable attractions which prompt each to any sort of activity? Certainly, in the sphere of the infinitely small, Chemistry shows that grains and atoms are all numbered; it

calls *affinities* their passions, and finds that in exact mathematical proportions they enter into combinations which we call substances. Who, then, can doubt that man, who holds the key to this great law, was also meant to enter into the inmost use thereof? If characters are varied and contradictory, and incompatible, apparently, is it not because we have not found their series? because we have not traced the golden thread of connection through them? because we have not studied their attractions, classed them, and asked them to what they tend collectively? because, in a word, we have not sought man's destiny in his attractions, in those Passions which are his only life, which may be perverted but cannot be extinguished, and which even now, through ages of complicated disorder, are working out their own transition into the complete collective unities of a Social Hierarchy, which shall be one throughout the globe!

3. One more thought is all we have room for. If most men are not angels, but positively bad, and death to harmony as they are, consider whether the best use of every man does not proceed from the very same source with his worst fault? whether each one's besetting sin, and peculiar weakness does not conceal the whereabouts of the peculiar excellence wherewith his star shall in the true order differ from all other stars in glory? Most sin is the exaggeration of individuality into selfishness. Now consider whether these very individualities, in their fullest strength and vividness of contrast, are not absolutely indispensable to anything like a collective unity and society of men in industry, pleasure, worship, and every other phase of life? Can you imagine any way in which harmony can be formed without the use of discords? Must not each note tend to its own individualization, and first assert itself, before it can lend its energy to the living series of graduated differences which we call melody and harmony? Before regarding the discordant characters of men, then, fatal to the experiment of association, rather rejoice that these indispensable elements exist for it, and let the serious question be a question to which Science holds the answer: What is the order, what the numbers, what the conditions, what the counterpoises, what the social and industrial organization, which shall bring each of these rampant individualities into its destined place amid others, so that without parting with its peculiarity, it may lose its morbid consciousness thereof, and may most religiously dedicate and sacrifice itself to the Unity of the whole, in every gratification of its own sincerest impulse!

Nature is simple and easy; it is man that is difficult and perplexed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Aug. 16, 1845.

There is at the present time, much solicitude upon the probability of the success or failure of the Industrial enterprise, among the producing classes in this vicinity. The fact is becoming every day more and more apparent, that the capital of the country, is rapidly passing into the hands of a few nonproducers, lands and tenements are monopolized, rents are becoming enormously high, and the mechanic is but just able, with the utmost economy, to make his income meet his expenses. And add to this combination of evils, the antagonistic feeling which exists among mechanics of the same pursuit, cutting down the prices of manufactured articles, or the price of labor to the very lowest point of endurance, and even, as though this were not enough, some who become, pressed for want of funds, throw their wares into the common auction room, where they are sold even below the first cost, and often at a great sacrifice.

Many have been, and now are, leaving the pursuits of honest industry and productive labor, and are engaging in the illusive schemes of speculation, losing sight of the great and cardinal doctrine, that "productive industry is the only source of wealth."

It can no longer be said, that honesty, industry and frugality, is the only road to prosperity, but *speculation!* Honesty has become a vice, labor degrading, and frugality indicative of a weak mind. At least, this is the popular sentiment.

These evils have been borne till forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Various expedients have been resorted to such as public meetings, processions, banners, speeches, resolutions &c., but the only effect produced, is, to rivet the fetters of servitude tighter and tighter upon the feet of those who are (*doomed!*) to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the rest of mankind.

No individual, who reflects at all upon this subject, can be blind to the startling facts exhibited in the daily "reports of wrong and outrage with which, the earth is filled," that if there is not some system of reformation introduced, which shall strike at the root of the evil, the toil-worn laborer of our country is irrecoverably doomed to perpetual serfdom. A few individuals in this city, have taken this subject into consideration, and have organized under the name of the "Industrial Association of Cleveland."

At present, there are about twenty individuals of us, mostly heads of families, who are resolved to avail ourselves of the benefits of associative society, organized according to the general principles as laid down by Charles Fourier.

Our numbers, though few, are steadily increasing, and are composed of such men as are substantial friends of the cause. Our first object is to disseminate among our friends, a knowledge of the principles and practical operations of Industrial Association and social reform, and as soon as we shall obtain the necessary strength, to seek in some favorable location, to diffuse the blessings of life equally, and to all who may join us in our enterprise.

Some of our number, who intended to take the Harbinger, and had subscribed, but not paid in the money, were bold enough to advocate the doctrines of Association in the shops where they labored, and were in consequence dismissed from employment, and were obliged to seek employment in other parts. Others have humbly bowed to the sovereign will of capital, for fear of losing the present means of support, and have declined taking an active part in our public meetings.

Those of us who have dared to assert and maintain our right to speak and act for ourselves, have held meetings in this city once a week, for the last six months, and have lectured in the surrounding neighborhoods. The common people, (or in other words) laboring men in general, are anxious to hear, and would be willing to act, but have not the necessary means. Capital seems to be riveting the fetters of servitude, tighter and tighter upon the feet of all the producing classes, and, in the language of Mr. Brisbane's letter to us last spring, in relation to the laboring classes in New England, "*it seems that a terrible industrial feudalism is about to be established, with capitalists for masters and laboring men for serfs.*"

Laboring men see and realize these facts, but like the Egyptians in the days of famine, rather sell their lands, themselves, their wives and children, for a pitiful subsistence, than to famish with want. It is literally true among us, that laborers bow to capital, "and humbly beg a brother of the earth to give them leave to toil."

You will oblige us by sending all the back numbers of the Harbinger. The few numbers you have furnished us, have been well read by our friends, and we hope, with profit.

WISCONSIN PHALANX,
CERESCO, Aug. 13, 1845.

This Association commenced its practical operations, on the 26th day of May, 1844, in an unoccupied congressional township of land in the county of Fond du Lac, W. T. It consisted at that time of about twenty-five adult male members, who came on to the land with cattle, horses, tents, &c., and commenced improvements with a physical energy, equalled only by the first settlers of a

new country. In a few weeks crops were growing, land fenced, frame buildings erected, &c. From that day to the present, continued prosperity, rapid improvements, and brightening prospects, are the result. We are Associationists of the *Fourier* school, and intend to reduce his system to practice as fast as possible, consistently with our situation. We number at this time, about one hundred and eighty souls, being the entire population of the congressional township. We are under the township government, organized similar to the system in New York. Our town was set off and organized last winter, by the Legislature, at which time the Association was also incorporated as a joint-stock company by a charter, which is our constitution. We had a post-office and mail, weekly, within forty days of our commencement; thus far we have obtained all we have asked for.

We have religious meetings and Sabbath schools, conducted by members of some half a dozen different denominations of Christians, with whom creeds and modes of faith are of minor importance, compared with religion. All are protected, and all is harmony in that department.

We have had no deaths, and very little sickness, since here. No physician, no lawyer, or preacher, yet resides among us; but we expect a physician soon, whose interest will not conflict with ours, and whose presence will consequently not increase disease.

In politics, we are about equally divided, and vote accordingly, but generally believe both parties culpable for many of the political evils of the day.

The Phalanx has a title from Government to 1440 acres of land, on which there is one of the best water-powers in the country, a saw-mill in operation, a grist-mill building, 640 acres under improvement, 400 of which is now seeding to winter wheat, raised about fifteen hundred bushels the past season, which is sufficient for our next year's bread, have about seventy acres of corn on the ground, which looks well, — and other crops in proportion. Our property is entirely unencumbered, the society free from debt, and we have an abundance of cattle, horses, crops, and provisions, for the wants of our present numbers, and physical energy enough to obtain more. Thus, you see, we are tolerably independent, and we intend to remain so, as we admit none as members who have not sufficient funds to invest in stock, or sufficient physical strength to warrant their not being a burthen to the society. We have one dwelling house nearly finished, in which reside twenty families, with a long hall conducting to the dining-room, where all who are able, dine together. We intend to

erect another, for twenty families more, next summer, with a hall conducting to another dining-room, supplied from the same cook-room. We have one school constantly, but have as yet been unable to do much towards improving that department, and had hoped to see something in the Harbinger, which would be a guide to us in this branch of our organization. We look to the Brook Farm Phalanx for instruction in this branch, and hope to see it in the Harbinger for the benefit of ourselves and other Associations.

We have a well regulated system of *Grouping* our laborers, but have not yet organized the *Series*. We have no difficulty in any departments of our business, and thus far, more than our most sanguine expectations have been realized.

We commenced with a determination to avoid all debts, and have thus far adhered to our text; for we believed debts would disband more Associations than any other one cause, and thus far, I believe it *has*, more than all other causes put together.

Most of our land is prairie, interspersed with groves of oak, maple, poplar, rose-wood, &c., and an abundance of springs, and quarries of lime, and rock, and occasionally, with the old red sand-stone. We are situated ninety miles north of the State line of Illinois, and sixty west of Sheboggan on Lake Michigan, ten south of the navigable waters of the Upper Fox River, and twenty west of Lake Winnebago. Name of our township and post-office, *Ceresco*. Any inquiries made through the Post-office will be punctually attended to.

W. CHASE.

UNIFORM SYSTEM OF MEASURES, WEIGHTS AND COINS. Our attention has been called by Mr. G. Vogelgsang, Acting Austrian Consul, at New Orleans, to a plan for introducing a uniform system of weights, measures and coin among all the great commercial and political powers of Christendom. Mr. V. purposes to adopt the unit fixed upon by the French Directory, which is easily susceptible of decimal divisions.

We hope this much needed reform will be carried to a successful issue, for all that tends to bring men into nearer relations with their fellow men, accelerates the advent of the day when Unity and Harmony shall take the place of Isolation and Discord in all the relations of life.

France has already adopted this system. Russia has the decimal system in her coin, and several other European powers are more or less prepared for it.

By the following extract, our readers will see what Mr. Vogelgsang thinks should be done in this country:

“For several reasons and motives, we may say, there is no country on earth more

fit, and certainly very few as fit as ours, to start this plan, so undoubtedly and generally useful.

It appears that one of the shortest, and probably most successful methods of proceeding in bringing this system into operation, would be to get up memorials, to be sent to Congress, recommending the adoption of it in our Union, as well as to invite other powers through our executive, to introduce it into their respective countries.”

WORKING-MENS CONVENTION.

☐ A meeting of the NEW ENGLAND WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION will be held at FALL RIVER, Mass., on THURSDAY, the 11th of September next.

The friends of Industrial Reform are invited to attend. Come one, come all. Ample provision will be made by the friends at Fall River for the accommodation of all who shall attend the Convention from out of town.

Newspapers friendly to the cause, will please copy this advertisement.

L. W. RYCKMAN, Pres.

THOMAS ALMY, Sec'y.

Aug. 23, 1845.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 7 A. M., and 3 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 9 1-2 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday excepted.

June 25, 1845.

FOR SALE,

In West Roxbury, two Lots of Land in the immediate vicinity of Brook Farm, containing, one sixty, and the other thirty acres. Inquire of WILLIAM PALMER, near the premises.

August 9, 1845.

THE HARBINGER

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☐ Periodical Agents, Post Masters, Association Clubs, and all persons wishing to diffuse the principles defended in this paper, by forwarding FIFTEEN DOLLARS, will be supplied with TEN COPIES.

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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MISCELLANY.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

FROM THE PHALANX.

Translated for the Harbinger.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and greatest commandment.

"And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

ST. MATTHEW XXII. 37--40.

UNIVERSAL INCOHERENCE OF CREEDS; THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS UNITY.

Our only object in this article is to state the Religious Question, that it may be easy for each one to solve it, according to the light that is in him; for it would be impossible for us to give a complete and satisfactory solution within our present limits.

It is useless to say how much this question interests Humanity. Religious, Political, and Social Unity, has been recognized in the world as the basis of Harmony, and as the termination of the reign of darkness upon earth. Still the theory of the political and social system of harmony is more advanced than the doctrine of religious unity, which is as necessary in principle and practice as the others. Belief and manners are necessarily connected and cannot be separated in a work of general transformation. That transformation is inevitable, in the opinion of those who believe in universal harmony. The harmonian theory sufficiently proves to us, that from our present social and religious chaos, will issue a new world, as soon as the divine breath shall have penetrated the individual soul of man and the collective soul of Humanity.

We say the collective soul of Humanity to indicate that the race is before God but one individual; that the law of *solidarity* binds the present and future generations to those which have passed; that they have all one common destiny, and that all unite to form the unitary, progressive being, renewed each instant by the birth and death of individuals.

Religion tells us, "that all men are brothers," and before God, the human family must be united, body and soul, to follow the destiny of creation, and to accomplish, knowingly, its duty in the passionate concert of the universe. But before fulfilling that duty with confidence, Humanity must necessarily have a knowledge of the laws of passion and divine Harmony, which must as necessarily govern all things; this knowledge has hitherto been wanting to the Race, wandering in philosophic darkness, and wallowing in the mire of selfishness.

Instead of agreement and union, we have divergence of spirit and violent repulsion among the nations; the world is broken into hostile sects by thousands of inimical and exclusive creeds which clash at every point; every where arise hatreds and doubts which prey upon the heart.

Where is peace, faith, hope? In what religion? There is no assured light, no known guide!

What then can be done by a soul in suffering which seeks the truth!

What are we to think of the Bible and civilized nations! of the Koran, and the people of Islamism! of Confucius and all China! of the Zend Avesta and the Persians! of the Vedas of India! of Fetichism and the savages! What can we do in the midst of all this chaos, except seek the true law of God!

But how can we seek it in the midst of such a labyrinth, in which we cannot take a step without encountering those inimical doctrines, those exclusive creeds, ready to anathematize the unfortunates who dare approach them with the purpose of a free and conscientious examination. This is a difficulty which must be braved, if we wish to become enlightened and to open for ourselves a new path to the light of God.

Without doubt the truth is more or less among all people, in all sects; but this is not enough to reunite all nations in a unitary, harmonic church. The task of the human mind, in our age, is to endeavor to develop the law which is to

unite and harmonize all upon the earth. Supreme truth is one, and all the aspects of that truth must form a circle, all the rays of which converge to the centre.

The question then is, to find the solution of this problem thus stated:

Being given the unity of God and of Humanity, in one part; the divergence of ideas and beliefs in the world, on the other part;

To find the Law of Religious Unity, which shall finally harmonize all, and render unitary in development (*essor*) that which was, originally, unitary in its source, (*ressort*).*

Experience has long since proved, that Religious Unity, to be really universal, must be more than Roman, Greek, or Anglican; it must embrace all truth among all people, without excluding any thing arbitrarily. We believe that the unitary principle is at last found. But how can the new idea be grafted upon the old ideas in the universal church! That is the question.

Let us first see how Fourier has stated it.

Fourier has expressly stated, that in no manner did he pretend to found a new religious sect, and he has been careful to deny in advance, whomsoever might pretend, in his name, or with his theory, to form a new religion; still, in his writings, he speaks of the religion of the Harmonians, which will not be the same as that of the Civilizees, at least in form. In what then will consist the difference between the future religion and that of this day!

According to Fourier and his school, this difference will not relate, in the least, to the principles already known and accepted in the Christian church, but only to the scientific part, the manner of understanding and interpreting those prin-

* We know that Fourier means by the word *ressort*, the essential faculty or innate power of any created being, as passion or instinct in men or animals; and by the word *essor*, the progressive development or natural effect of that essential faculty or innate power.

ciples. The love of God and of Humanity which social science calls *Unityism*, is the essential and fundamental base, the only base of Christianity, and that base is eternal as God: but the intelligence of man is always progressive, and every new generation enters more deeply into the truth.

Then, if intelligence is progressively developed, that doctrine which embodies human science at a given epoch, must be developed in exact proportion with the development of reason. The doctrine will become more and more luminous, without any change taking place in the law itself: "The love of God and the neighbor." Let us now come to the doctrine.

Until now, human intelligence has been developed in a fragmentary manner. The religious doctrine, or the science of real unity in the church, has always been understood and taught, more or less imperfectly, by different fractions of humanity; but, even while teaching religious unity, each of those fractions pretending to the monopoly of truth, has, of necessity, *constantly* isolated itself from the others. Now it is of importance to us to know the cause of these differences of opinions, and to understand, if possible, the true question of universal unity.

There are certainly more or less partial truths in every religion which has been adopted by entire nations; and all truths must enter into universal truth. We must therefore examine all religions, in order to know what is really true, and what is only illusory and incomplete in each. To be capable of judging healthily their respective pretensions, let us first seek for instruction by an integral study of the divine light.

I.

OF INTEGRAL REVELATION.

NATURE: THE HUMAN SOUL: THE WORD.

In the passional or spiritual world, divine love is the focus of life, the radiating centre of the heat and light of souls, as the sun is the radiating centre of the heat and light of bodies in the material world.

What is then that divine light by which God reveals himself to the human mind? Such is the first question which presents itself in the integral study of Religion. The spiritual light of God is one and universal, as is the natural light of the sun which enlightens our system; but, like the latter, it is susceptible of more than one kind of form (*essor*) or progressive development. What are then its different forms?

In natural light, we see that there are three modes or forms of operation, or manifestation, which are called *reflection*, *refraction*, and *diffraction*; this latter

being a mixt mode between the first and the second.*

These three modes of manifestation must be found in the light of the spiritual world, if there be unity of system between the material world and the intellectual. We believe that this unity exists and can be demonstrated.

There is, in the first place, nature, which evidently *reflects* the laws which presided at the creation; then the human mind, which analyzes nature, to discover those laws, interpret and comprehend them; this analysis is to spiritual light what refraction is to physical light, since the whole of Humanity forms, so to speak, an intellectual prism, which *refracts* the unitary divine light, in a thousand different manners.

Universal Nature and Humanity; here are two divine revelations of which no

* For those who do not clearly understand what is meant, in physics, by the terms *reflection*, *refraction*, and *diffraction*, we will endeavor to give an idea of them, without entering into a scientific explanation.

Reflection is the phenomenon which is produced when a luminous ray falls upon an opaque and polished surface, a mirror for instance, and returns or shoots off, making an angle called the angle of reflection, equal to that of incidence. Refraction takes place, when a luminous ray passes through a prism, and is decomposed into several rays of different colors. Generally, but incorrectly in our opinion, the name of *refraction* is given to the phenomenon of *inflection*, or of simple deviation, which is produced when a white luminous ray passes from any medium whatever, into a medium more or less dense, without being perceptibly decomposed into colored rays.

This *inflection* is an effect of the neuter order, between the reflection and the decomposition of the luminous ray, and we ought in fact to use here the word *inflection* instead of *refraction*, to render truly our idea of the mixt order. Nevertheless, we are compelled to modify the usual definition in which the term *refraction* is applied at once to two orders of phenomena: deviation and decomposition.

Diffraction is a particular effect of light, which would require too much time to describe here, and this effect is rather of an *ambiguous* and *exceptional* order, although mixed and complicated, than an intermediate one, such as we understand here by a neuter effect.

We then apply the word *diffraction* to every effect, which is not simple reflection nor the decomposition of the ray by a prism. We know that this application of the word is not conformable to usage, but we have no other means of indicating the mixt effect by a single word.

In true definition, the word *refraction* should be applied only to the phenomenon of prismatic decomposition, and then we should have two distinct words for the effects of the mixt order.

Reflection, (return of the ray in a homogeneous medium.)

Refraction, (decomposition of the ray in a heterogeneous medium.)

THE MIXT ORDER: — The Neuter.

Inflection, (deviation, from difference of degree in density.)

THE MIXT ORDER: — The Ambiguous.

Diffraction, (inflection and decomposition of the luminous ray which glances upon the external surfaces of bodies in a medium which is homogeneous and of equal density.)

one will dispute the origin and authenticity. These two revelations of spiritual and divine light, to individual, human intelligence, correspond to reflection and to refraction of the natural or solar light.

There remains for us to seek a third mode of manifestation for spiritual light; that manifestation must correspond to the effect of material light which has been named *diffraction*. In the matter of divine revelations, we know only the WORD or prophetic light, among all nations, which can be placed beside external nature and human reason. This third kind of divine revelation might correspond very well with the mixt operation called *diffraction*, since it assumes the form of human speech, or intellectual refraction, to reflect to us the spiritual light in a state of enigma, as Nature reflects to us the laws of God in a state of mystery; for Nature is still a mystery to the intelligence of man.

In the minds of many men, *scepticism* has undermined the authenticity of what the Church calls the WORD of God; consequently, we must examine the origin and the nature of the WORD to see if the true basis of religion be a revelation of this nature. We believe it is not difficult to prove the fact; but here we cannot go deeply into this subject. All that we can do for the moment, is to show the unity of character which connects the three modes of divine revelation.

Here we must make the observation that, ALL IS IN ALL, and that we find the three modes of manifestation of light in all the spheres of nature and intelligence. Still, the character of *reflected* intellectual light is predominant in the works of Nature and the two other characters are respectively predominant in the two other orders of revelation.

On observing these three forms of integral revelation, in order to find in them the law of universal harmony, or the doctrine of religious unity, we are struck at once by the immensity of the contradictions which meet us at every point, in each of them. In those portions of nature which are nearest to us, on the surface of the earth and the sea, we find creatures who devour each other, and who keep up a furious war during the whole of their existence; some, more or less connected with man in a state of society, form very feeble exceptions. In the sea, the fishes almost all devour each other. The insects, almost all, war with each other, and are in opposition to man, directly or indirectly. With the exception of the bee, the silk worm, and perhaps some others which are but little known, the insects are all useless or hurtful to Humanity. The reptiles, the birds, and the quadrupeds do not agree any better, either among themselves or with

man, save some rare exceptions, which confirm the general rule of discord and hostility.

We have not the exact proportion between the gentle, peaceful, and directly useful beings of creation, and those which are more or less hurtful to man, or separated from him by their instincts; but there must be at least seven-eighths of creatures hostile, or not connected, to one-eighth of peaceable. The creation includes then a multitude of beings who are in perpetual war amongst themselves, and whose instincts clash with the sentiments of man, while only a small number of those beings agree, at the same time, among themselves and with the sentiments of harmony in the human soul.

Still Nature is very certainly a divine revelation, the work of God; for whatever be the malice or craft of men, there are none who can manufacture crocodiles, tigers, serpents, bugs. These beings are veritable words of God, which will be full of instruction for man, as soon as he can unravel the mystery which still conceals the reason of their existence.

In the midst of the general harmony which prevails in the universe, the feeling of which exists in the depths of the soul of all nations, in all ages, what can be the fundamental reason of this incoherence in the works of creation! This is perhaps a difficult problem to resolve, and yet man can comprehend hardly any thing of the laws of intellectual harmony in the universe, while he remains ignorant of the causes of creation upon the earth, and the law of the destinies of man.

Let us content ourselves for the moment with recording the fact, and study what is to be seen in the history of Humanity, or second mode of general revelation. Human nature is a permanent revelation, of which no one can deny the origin or authenticity. It is very certainly from God that the human race proceeds, and thus far Humanity may be considered as a divine revelation.

What, then, are the passions and instincts of Humanity, as recorded in history!

Discords and war, craft and tyranny, are the most constant effects which we find in the history of the race, in all ages, among all people, with some rare exceptions; and as the effects are the results of causes, the passions and instincts of Humanity have been, in action, entirely subversive and discordant, almost in the same degree as the instincts and habits of the inferior animals of the globe.

Here, then, are two orders of incontestable, divine revelation, which display to us the laws of God incarnated in intelligent and brute beings; almost all these incarnate laws are in permanent, incontestable contradiction with themselves, and

with all the sentiments of justice and harmony which the Divinity has placed heart in the of man.

What deduction are we to draw from this, with respect to the third form of revelation, called divine, if there be truly unity of system in the Universe except that the majority, the great majority, of the words or divine prophecies, hitherto received by the different nations, must necessarily be contradictory with themselves, and with all our sentiments of Divine goodness and justice! This is a positive fact and a great mystery, which we must seek to penetrate, if we wish to know our destiny in the bosom of God.

Strange inconsistency! Sceptics refuse to accept the prophecies as divine revelations, because these "words of God" are often contradictory to each other and with the human heart, while they point us to universal nature and to the history of the intelligence of man, as indubitable sources of supreme truth, of divine revelation! They have not been shocked by the discords of nature, by the reptiles and the vermin, by the wolves which devour the sheep, by the men who devour their fellow men, or deprive them of all the fruits which God has sown upon the earth,—because the priests could not have manufactured these divine horrors. But, "prophecies, words! these are altogether too easy to imagine for the deception and degradation of the human race," and strong minds do not wish to be the sport of illusion, or the dupe of "manufacturers of creeds." Thus, it is not the sceptics to whom we must have recourse for instruction respecting the laws of harmony, the divine revelation, the doctrine of religious unity. We must seek elsewhere, keeping ourselves always on our guard against all that is exclusive, whether in positive belief, or negative philosophy.

We must admit as a divine revelation, all which may exist before our eyes, before our intelligence, within us, around us; then there will remain for us to learn what is of the divine order, real, permanent, harmonic, and what is only exceptional, apparent, temporary, and inharmonic.

We admit, then, three orders of revelation, in the integral divine light, and in order that there may be unity of system in the works of God, these three orders of revelation must necessarily be analogous among themselves, or alike in the pictures they present to us. Now we see in animated nature around us, seven-eighths, at least, of discord, and apparent, if not real, evil, for one-eighth of real good, or apparent harmony. In the history of Humanity, we see about the same proportion between the two manifestations of harmonies and discords; and in

the prophecies, or words of God, which serve as the bases for the different religions of the globe, we ought, *a priori*, to find a similar proportion between what is mysterious, discordant, pernicious in appearance, and what is good, evident, and true, in each religion.

We may, then, thus sum up this chapter, with the reservation of verifying the details of proportion, which we think ought to be admitted until we have more ample information.

Integral Revelation upon the Earth:

- | | |
|---------------|------------------------|
| 1. Nature, | { discords, 7-8 evil. |
| | { harmonies, 1-8 good. |
| 2. The Words, | { discords, 7-8 evil. |
| | { harmonies, 1-8 good. |
| 3. Humanity, | { discords, 7-8 evil. |
| | { harmonies, 1-8 good. |

Unity of System in divine revelations.

Now we must seek for the law of divine order which governs this mass of apparent inharmoniousness, the doctrine of religious unity, direct and inverse, past and future, luminous and obscure, temporary and permanent.

But before entering upon this question, we must observe that, there are at least three classes of spirits, by whom God transmits the divine light, and each of those classes of spirits receives the light in a peculiar manner.

1st. THE ILLUMINATED, or *mystic spirits*, who pretend to see really what passes in the other world.

2nd. THE INSPIRED, or *prophets*, who receive the word of God.

3rd. THE MEN OF GENIUS, who discover the laws of Nature.

THE DIRECT INITIATION by the supreme soul, the light of the spiritual world, the Man-God. (This will be explained hereafter.)

There are then three manners of initiating minds into the mysteries of the divine light, according as the respectively prevailing character of those minds is *instinctive*, or *rational*, or *sentimental*; and what we here write will be understood in at least three manners, differing in shades of perception, according to character. And even those who do not understand, or who think they see errors herein, will do so on different grounds, according to the nature of their intelligence, and of the ideas which they have already accepted.

In the Catholic Church, those differences in opinion which result from differences of intelligence, are easily reconciled by means of the authority which flows from the principle of infallibility in matters of doctrine; but agreement on religious truth is not so readily established out of that Church.

Without doubt, the authority of the Church and her explanations, are sufficient for those who fear to reason about

their faith; but for those who refuse to submit blindly to authority, we must find, if possible, a luminous doctrine, a truly scientific guiding clue, to traverse the labyrinth of creeds, and to discover all the mysteries of destiny. We must still make use of free examination without attacking the authority of the Church, without constituting ourselves a religious, protestant, and heretical sect. In this manner, if we find the true light, which Christ has ordered us to seek, the Church may profit by it; if we deceive ourselves, the peace of the world will not be disturbed.

Free examination will lead us to determine the laws of variety in universal unity. And first, to discover our position in this labyrinth of revelations and mysteries, we must reconnoitre the ground, and cast a rapid glance upon the general distribution of things.

DISTRIBUTIVE SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL ORDER.

The first thing which strikes us, on observing the different orders of revelation, is the *serial** distribution of the elements, whether in the general arrangement, or in the smallest details of each part.

If we distinguish the different forms of society, through which Humanity has passed in its progressive march, we find a series of at least four forms entirely different, without speaking of the intermediate shades, to wit: the *savage state*, the *patriarchal*, *military barbarism*, and *civilization*, which must lead to social harmony, the pivot or culminating point of social progress.

In the revelations of nature, we find a series of four kingdoms; the *mineral*, the *vegetable*, the *animal*, and the *aromal*, †

* The associative school understands by the word *series*, a system of facts, principles, elements, or organs, arranged in a regular scale; whether they be the different physical organs of any being, or the succession of the phases of growth and decline, which constitute the career or the life of a being; or the system of levers and pieces forming a machine or an instrument.

The *serial law* is the system of principles which governs the arrangement or the distribution of the organic elements which constitute any being, or a succession of developments which flow from the same gerin, or the same principle.

The law of musical harmony is only a *serial law*, applied to the distribution, (simultaneous or successive,) of the sounds of the gammut. The gammut itself is a scale or elementary series of sounds.

The properties of the *serial law* are quite numerous; let us cite among others: the contact of extremes, or accord of the octave; the analogy between the corresponding notes of parallel gammut; the dissonance of the contiguous notes in a gammut: the consonance of the thirds and the sixths; the semi-consonance of the fourths and the fifths with the extremes of the octave.

† It is known that the school means by the word *aromal*, all which relates to the imponderable fluids, such as light, electricity, odors, savors, &c. &c.

which are all four connected with the human or *passional* kingdom, and each of those kingdoms is subdivided into an infinity of series of the secondary order. In the revelation of the Word considered integrally, we find also four great divisions; the *Vedas* of the Indians, the *Chouking* of the Chinese, the *Zend-Avesta* of the Magi of Persia, the *Koran* of the Mahometans, which are all inferior in influence to the Jewish Christian revelation, the unitary pivot of the series of religions upon our globe. This series contains without doubt more than four parts and the pivot; but we indicate here only the most important elements of the general series.

If we are asked why we class the sacred books of the Chinese, Persians, Hindoos, and Mussulmen, with the sacred books of Christianity in this incomplete series of the revelations of the Word, we answer: for the same reason that we class the subversive creations, wolves, foxes, reptiles, tigers, bears, crocodiles, fleas, bugs, &c., in the revelations of Nature, and that we can perceive no stronger motive for denying the divine source of the words or sacred books of the oriental nations, than for denying the divine source of the subversive creations which are hurtful to Man, creations which he must certainly transform or cause to disappear by the progress of time, religion and social harmony upon the globe.

At all events, it is a fact known to every one, that there does exist a complete series of different religions upon the earth, not only of four orders and a pivot, but of a very considerable number of species and varieties. It is our duty, in stating the religious question, to enumerate all, in order to seek to know in what consists the reason for the existence of the mysterious and atrocious Words of numerous religions, as well as that of the ferocious beasts, or incarnate words, in the general economy of Providence.

Whatever, then, be the branch of integral revelation, Nature, the Words, or History, we find that all is distributed therein by series of classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties, more or less distinct the one from the other, and of which the numbers follow a progression more or less regular, as three or four, seven or twelve, &c., which are infinitely varied by intermediate numbers and their potential developments. In the internal nature of man, we find a primary serial distribution of three classes of faculties, *physical*, *moral* and *intellectual*, which are subdivided into twelve orders; to wit: the five senses, the four orders of affections, the three faculties of the intelligence; which Fourier has named, the *cabalistic*, the *alternating*, and the *composite*. These twelve orders are again subdivided into

genera, species, and varieties, which continually increase in number.

The career of the individual from birth to death, develops also a series of changes more or less distinct, subordinate to the permanent character of the individual. The individual career is generally classed in four phases, and the apogee, or culminating point of virility, which separates the two ascending phases, *infancy* and *youth*, from the two descending phases, *maturity* and *decline*.

It would be impossible to enumerate here all the serial distributions of nature, in the different orders of integral revelation, but any one may verify, by direct observation, the capital fact which we indicate; which is, that the series is the universal law of distribution of the works of God, whether in the sphere of the infinitely great, or in that of the infinitely small, or finally, in that of the medium between these two extremes.

We must also observe, that all the elements in the universal series of known things, are subject to three general characters or conditions, which are generation, progressive development, and transformation.

In the vegetable kingdom, the reproduction is made by a series of progressive developments, from the seed to the harvest; to wit:

Germs, *roots*, *stalks*, *leaves*, *bud*, *flower*, *fruit*, *grain*, which make seven different notes, the first and the last being identical, (contact of extremes). This series of seven would be raised to twelve terms, if we took account of the accessory parts, such as, *suckers*, *spines*, *stipulas*, *spathes*, and *egrettes*; and to twenty-four or more, if we carried still further the distinction of the parts of complete vegetation.

In the abstract regions of science, the functions are likewise distributed in progressive series, such as the seven elementary functions of mathematics and their pivots, to wit: *addition*, *division*, *multiplication*, *subtraction*, *progression*, *proportion*, *logarithms*; then the pivotal functions, *powers and roots*, or potential analysis and synthesis; and this series of seven elementary functions is carried to twelve, by counting the mixed operations of *numeration*, *fractions*, *permutation*, *reduction*, and *allegation*.

In the organization of man, the bones, nerves, muscles, &c., are also distributed in regular series: twenty-four regular vertebrae, besides some irregular ones; twenty-four ribs, and the collar bones, the twelve joints of the fingers of each hand, and the thumb with two joints. Everywhere, finally, Nature is arranged in free or measured series, regular or irregular, and all the series are progressive as we have said.

This rapid sketch of the series will be

sufficient to give an idea of the arrangement which prevails throughout nature, and consequently of the divine laws which govern the harmonic and inharmonic distribution in the three orders of integral revelation. An intimate acquaintance with those laws is therefore of the highest importance to every one who desires to fathom the mysteries of revelation, either in nature, in the sacred books, or in history. Unhappily, it is impossible for us to explain all the laws of the series in this article, in which we must strictly limit ourselves to stating the religious question, in a general manner, without pretending to give a complete solution. Still, we will say a few words upon the divergent doctrines, and their serial progressive transformations towards a convergent, supreme, catholic and truly universal unity. This we will do as briefly as possible.

To be Continued.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY. The watchman on the cupola of the City Hall, is a good illustration of a singular effect produced by the mind upon the body,—an effect that philosophy has long observed, without being able fully to explain. He either awakes regularly every hour, or he cries the hour correctly while asleep. This has long been observed by some of our citizens. For instance, when the fire which consumed Knickerbocker Hall was discovered by the private watch of the banks and Exchange Company, it was found impossible to wake him; the whole neighborhood was aroused—the bells of the several churches were clanging their direful chorus—but no sound from the City Hall.

A friend of ours observed, on looking at his watch, that it wanted but a few minutes of four, and remarked, "See if he does not awake to cry the hour." Sure enough, as the last stroke of the clock sounded, forth came the sientorian signal, heard above all the chaos of alarm that now filled the city, issued directly toward the flame, that flashed in his face as he uttered it, "*Past four o'clock, and a-a-ll is well-l-l.*" This effort seemed to awaken him, for he directly afterward gave his alarm. The same singular phenomenon was observed, on Tuesday morning, at the fire in Park street.

We make no complaint. Our citizens, generally understand that they are dependant on private watchmen for their safety, and seem perfectly content to be so. Our object is solely to get at the solution of a philosophical problem,—Does he wake every hour, or does he cry the hour while asleep!—*Albany Argus.*

OUR MECHANICS.—They are the palace-builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone shapened, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its fitness and beauty to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds depend upon the mechanic's art and strength, for their symmetry, beauty and fair proportions; there is no article of comfort or of pleasure, but what bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their

calling,—how sublime is their vocation! Who dare to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men,—who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest posts of honor and renown.

A sailor being summoned to give testimony before a Court, was questioned by the Judge as to his religious creed:

"Are you an Episcopalian?"

"No sir."

"A Catholic?"

"No sir."

"A Methodist?"

"No sir."

"What are you then?"

"I am captain of the fore-top, sir."

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XI.

The truly incredible history which she had just heard, kept Consuelo long awake. The night so dark, rainy, and full of noises, also contributed to fill her with superstitious faucies which she had not before known. "There is then some incomprehensible fatality," said she to herself, "which impends over certain individuals! What crime against God could have been committed by that young girl who was telling me so frankly just now of her wounded self-love and the dissipation of her beautiful dreams! What evil have I myself done that my own love should be so horribly bruised and broken in my heart! But alas! what fault has this savage Albert of Rudolstadt been guilty of, that he should so lose his consciousness and the direction of his own life! What hatred has Providence conceived for Anzoletto thus to abandon him, as it has done, to wicked inclinations and perverse temptations!"

Overcome at last by fatigue, she slept and lost herself in a succession of dreams without connection and without end. Two or three times she woke and fell asleep again, without being able to understand where she was, thinking she was still travelling. Porpora, Anzoletto, Count Zustiniani, Corilla, all passed in turn before her eyes, saying sad and strange things to her, and reproaching her with I know not what crime, the punishment for which she was obliged to undergo, without being able to remember that she had ever committed it. But all these visions disappeared to give place to that of Count Albert, who passed continually before her with his black beard, his fixed eyes, and his suit of mourning relieved by gold, and sometimes sprinkled with tears like a funeral pall.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

On becoming fully awake, she found Amelia already dressed with elegance, fresh and smiling beside her bed.

"Do you know, my dear Porporina," said the young baroness to her, as she imprinted a kiss upon her brow, "that there is something strange about you? I am destined to live with extraordinary beings; for you also are one certainly. I have been looking at you asleep for a quarter of an hour, to see by daylight if you are handsomer than I am. I confess to you this matter is of some consequence to me, and that notwithstanding the complete and earnest abjuration which I have made of my love for Albert, I should be somewhat piqued if he looked upon you with interest. Do you think that strange? He is the only man here, and hitherto I have been the only woman. Now we are two, and we shall pull caps if you extinguish me too completely."

"You like to banter," replied Consuelo, "and it is not generous on your part. But will you leave the chapter of naughtiness, and tell me what there is extraordinary in me? Perhaps all my ugliness has come back. Indeed that must be the case."

"I will tell you the truth, Nina. At the first glimpse I had of you this morning, your paleness, your great eyes only half closed and rather fixed than asleep, your thin arm which lay on the outside of the bed, gave me a moment's triumph. And then, looking at you longer, I was, as it were, terrified by your immobility and your truly regal attitude. Your arm is that of a queen, I will maintain, and your calmness has in it something commanding and overpowering, for which I cannot account. Now, I look upon you as horribly beautiful, and yet there is a sweetness in your countenance. Tell me who you are. You attract and you intimidate me. I feel ashamed of the follies I related of myself last night. You have not yet told me any thing of yourself, and yet you are acquainted with nearly all my defects."

"If I have the air of a queen, which I never imagined," replied Consuelo, smiling sadly, "it must be the pitiful air of a dethroned one. As to my beauty, it has always seemed to me very doubtful; and as to the opinion I have of you, dear baroness Amelia, it is all in favor of your frankness and your goodness."

"Frank, am I; but you, Nina, are you so! Yes, you have an air of grandeur and loyalty. But are you confiding? I do not believe that you are."

"It was not my part to be so first, that you will allow. It was for you, protectress and mistress of my destiny at this moment to make the first advances."

"You are right. But your strong sense terrifies me. If I seem a scatter-brain,

you will not lecture me too much, will you?"

"I have no right to do so. I am your mistress in music and in nothing else. Besides, a poor daughter of the people, like me, will always know how to keep her place."

"You, a daughter of the people, high spirited Porporina! Oh! you deceive me! that is impossible. I should sooner believe you the mysterious child of some family of princes. What was your mother's position?"

"She sang as I do."

"And your father?"

Consuelo remained speechless. She had not prepared all her answers to the familiarly indiscreet questions of the little baroness. In truth she had never heard her father spoken of and had never thought of asking if she had one.

"Come!" said Amelia, bursting into a laugh, "that is it, I was sure; your father is some Grandee of Spain, or some Doge of Venice."

This style of speaking seemed trifling and offensive to Consuelo.

"So," said she with some displeasure, "an honest mechanic or a poor artist has no right to transmit a natural distinction to his child! It is absolutely necessary that the children of the people must be coarse and last-shapen."

"That last word is an epigram for my aunt Wenceslawa," replied the baroness, laughing still more loudly. "Come dear, forgive me if I do plague you a little, and permit me to construct in my brain a more attractive romance about you. But dress yourself quickly, my child; for the bell will soon ring, and my aunt would let all the family die of hunger rather than have breakfast served without you. I will help you open your trunks, give me the keys. I am sure that you have brought the prettiest dresses from Venice, and that you will show me all the new fashions; I have lived so long in this country of savages!"

Consuelo in a hurry to arrange her hair, gave the keys without hearing, and Amelia hastened to open a trunk which she imagined was full of dresses; but to her great surprise, she found only a mass of old music, of printed rolls, worn out by long use and of manuscript apparently illegible.

"Ah! what is all that!" cried she, wiping her pretty fingers very quickly. "You have a queer wardrobe there, my dear child."

"They are treasures, treat them with respect, my dear baroness," replied Consuelo. "There are among them the autographs of the greatest masters, and I would rather lose my voice than not return them to Porpora, who has confided them to me." Amelia opened a second

trunk and found it full of ruled paper, of treatises on music, and other books on composition, harmony and counterpoint.

"Ah! I understand," said she laughing, "this is your jewel box."

"I have no other," replied Consuelo, "and I hope you will use it often."

"Very well, I see you are a severe mistress. But may one ask without offending you my dear Nina, where you have put your dresses?"

"At the bottom of this little box," replied Consuelo, opening it and showing the baroness a little dress of black silk, carefully and freshly folded.

"Is that all?" said Amelia.

"That is all," replied Consuelo, "with my travelling dress. In a few days I shall make me a second black dress, for a change."

"Ah! my dear child, then you are in mourning?"

"Perhaps so, Signora," replied Consuelo gravely.

"In that case forgive me. I ought to have known from your manner that you had some sorrow at your heart, and I shall love you quite as well for it. We shall sympathize even sooner; for I also have many causes of sadness and I might, even now, wear mourning for my intended husband. Ah! my dear Nina, do not be provoked at my gaiety; it is often an effort to conceal the deepest suffering." They kissed each other and went down to breakfast, where they were waited for.

Consuelo saw from the first moment, that her modest black dress and her white neckerchief, closed even to the chin by a pin of jet, gave the canonesse a very favorable opinion of her. Old Christian was a little less embarrassed, and quite as affable towards her as the evening before. Baron Frederick, who, through courtesy, had refrained from going to the chase on that day, could not find a word to say, though he had prepared a thousand fine speeches in thanks for the attentions she would pay to his daughter. But he took a seat beside her at the table, and applied himself to help her, with an impertunity so child-like and minute, that he had no time to satisfy his own appetite. The chaplain asked her in what order the Patriarch arranged the procession at Venice, and interrogated her upon the appearance and ornaments of the churches. He saw by her answers that she had visited them frequently; and when he knew that she had learned to sing in the divine service, he felt a great consideration for her.

As to Count Albert, Consuelo hardly dared to raise her eyes to him, precisely because he was the only one who inspired her with a lively feeling of curiosity. She did not know what sort of a reception he had given her. Once only she looked

at him in a mirror as she crossed the saloon, and saw that he was dressed with some care, though still in black. He had in fact the mien of a great Lord; but his unclipped beard and hair, with his dark and pallid complexion, produced the effect of the pensive and neglected head of a handsome fisher of the Adriatic, upon the shoulders of a noble personage.

Still the harmony of his voice, which pleased the musical ear of Consuelo, by degrees, gave her courage to look at him. She was surprised to find in him, the air and manners of a very sensible man. He spoke little, but judiciously; and when she rose from the table, he offered her his hand, without looking at her it is true, (he had not done her this honor since the day before), but with much ease and politeness. She trembled in all her limbs on placing her hand in that of the fantastic hero of the tales and dreams of the preceding evening; she expected to find it cold as that of a corpse. But it was soft and warm as that of a healthy man, who takes good care of himself; in truth, Consuelo could hardly believe this fact. Her internal emotion gave her a sort of vertigo; and the glances of Amelia, who followed her every motion, would have completed her embarrassment, if she had not rallied with all the power which she felt to be required, in order to preserve her dignity in presence of that mischievous young girl. She returned to Count Albert, the profound bow which he made, after conducting her to a chair; and not a word, not a look was exchanged between them.

"Do you know, perfidious Porporina," said Amelia to her companion, seating herself near her in order to whisper freely in her ear, "that you have produced a wonderful effect upon my cousin?"

"I have not perceived much of it as yet," replied Consuelo.

"That is because you have not deigned to notice his manners towards me. For a year, he has not once offered me his hand to lead me to or from the table, and now he conducts himself towards you with the highest grace. It is true, that he is in one of his most lucid moments. One might say that you have brought him health and reason. But don't you trust to appearances, Nina. It will be with you as it was with me, after three days of cordiality, he will not even remember your existence."

"I see that I must accustom myself to your jesting," said Consuelo.

"Is it not true, my little aunt," said Amelia in a low voice to the canonesse, who came and took a seat near her and Consuelo, "that my cousin is entirely charming to dear Porporina?"

"Do not make fun of him, Amelia," said Wenceslawa, gently: "the young

lady will, soon enough, perceive the cause of our sorrows."

"I am not joking, good aunt. Albert is entirely well this morning, and I rejoice to see him as I have never seen him, perhaps, since I came here. If he were shaved and powdered like other people, you would think he had never been ill."

"His air of calmness and health strikes me very agreeably, in truth," said the canoness; "but I dare not flatter myself that so happy a state of things will last."

"What a noble and good aspect he has," said Consuelo, wishing to touch the heart of the canoness at its most tender point.

"Do you think so?" said Amelia, transfixing her with her waggish and mocking look.

"Yes, I do think so," replied Consuelo firmly, "and as I told you last evening, never did a human face inspire me with more respect."

"Ah! dear daughter," said the canoness, suddenly quitting her constrained air to press Consuelo's hand tenderly; "good hearts divine each other! I feared, lest my poor child should make you afraid. It is a source of great pain to me, to read in the countenances of others, the aversion inspired by such maladies! But you have great sensibility. I perceive, and have at once comprehended, that in that worn and diseased body, dwells a sublime soul, well worthy of a higher lot."

Consuelo was moved, even to tears, by the words of the excellent canoness, and she kissed her hand with tenderness. She felt already more confidence and sympathy with that old hump-back, than with the brilliant and frivolous Amelia.

They were interrupted by Baron Frederick, who, relying more upon his courage than his powers, approached with the intention of asking a favor from the signora Porporina. Even more awkward with the ladies than his elder brother, (this awkwardness was, it would seem, a family complaint, which one would not be much astonished to find developed, even to savageness, in Albert), he stammered out a discourse and many excuses, which Amelia undertook to comprehend and to translate to Consuelo.

"My father asks you," said she, "if you feel courage enough to think of music after so painful a journey, and if it would not be an abuse of your goodness to request you to hear my voice and judge of my style?"

"With all my heart," replied Consuelo, rising quickly and opening the harpsichord.

"You will see," said Amelia to her, in a low voice, as she arranged her music on the stand, "that this will put Albert to flight, notwithstanding your good looks and mine." In fact, Amelia had hardly preluded a few minutes, when Albert

rose and went out on tip-toe, like a man who flatters himself that he is not noticed.

"It is a great deal," said Amelia, talking still in a low voice, while she played out of time, "that he did not slam the door furiously after him, as he sometimes does when I sing. He is quite amiable, you may say, almost gallant, to-day."

The chaplain, thinking he could conceal Albert's departure, approached the harpsichord, and pretended to listen attentively. The rest of the family made a half circle at a little distance, waiting respectfully for the judgment which Consuelo should pronounce upon her pupil.

Amelia bravely chose an air from the *Achille in Scyro* of Pergolese, and sang it with assurance from beginning to end, with a shrill and piercing voice, accompanied by a German accent so comic, that Consuelo, who had never heard anything of the kind, was hardly able to keep from smiling at every word. It was barely necessary to hear four bars to be convinced, that the young baroness had no true notion, no knowledge of music. She had a flexible voice, and perhaps had received good lessons; but her character was too frivolous to allow her to study anything conscientiously. For the same reason, she did not mistrust her own powers, and with German *sang froid*, attempted the boldest and most difficult passages. She failed in all, and thought to cover her unskilfulness by forcing her pronunciation, and banging the accompaniment; restoring the measure as she could, by adding time to the bars following those in which she had diminished it, and changing the character of the music to such an extent, that Consuelo could hardly recognize what she heard, though the pages were before her eyes.

Yet Count Christian, who was quite a connoisseur, but who attributed to his niece all the timidity he would have felt in her place, said from time to time to encourage her—"Well, Amelia, very well! beautiful music!" The canoness who did not know much about it, looked with solicitude into the eyes of Consuelo, in order to foresee her opinion; and the baron, who loved no other music than the flourishes of the hunting-horn, believing that his daughter sang too well for him to understand, waited in confidence for the expression of the judge's satisfaction. The chaplain alone was charmed by these *gorgoillades*,* which he had never heard before Amelia's arrival at the chateau.

Consuelo saw very well, that to tell the plain truth would distress the whole family. Resolving to enlighten her pupil in private upon all those matters, which she

* The name of a peculiar dancing step with which demons enter upon the stage, in modern operas.

had to forget before she could learn anything, she praised her voice, asked about her studies, approved the choice of matters, whose works she had been made to study, and thus relieved herself from the necessity of declaring, that she had studied them incorrectly.

The family separated, well pleased with a trial which had been severe only to Consuelo. She was obliged to go and shut herself up in her chamber with the music she had just heard profaned, and read it with her eyes, singing it mentally, in order to efface the disagreeable impression she had received.

XII.

When the family reassembled towards evening, Consuelo, feeling more at ease with all these persons, whom she began to know, replied with less reserve and brevity to the questions which, on their part, they felt more courage to address to her, respecting her country, her art, and her travels. She carefully avoided, as she had determined, speaking of herself, and she related the events in the midst of which she had lived, without ever mentioning the part she had played in them. In vain did the curious Amelia strive to lead her to develop her personality in conversation. Consuelo did not fall into her snares, nor for an instant betray the incognito she had resolved to maintain. It would be difficult to say precisely why this mystery had a peculiar charm for her. Many reasons induced her to it. In the first place, she had promised, sworn, to Porpora, to keep herself so hidden and concealed, in every manner, that it would be impossible for Anzoleto to discover her route, if he should engage in her pursuit, — a very useless precaution; for Anzoleto, at this time, after a few desires of this kind, quickly smothered, was occupied only with his debuts, and his success at Venice.

In the second place, Consuelo, wishing to conciliate the esteem and affection of the family which gave a temporary refuge to her isolation and her sadness, understood very well that they would much more easily receive her as a simple musician, pupil of Porpora and mistress of vocal music, than as prima-donna, a woman of the stage, and a celebrated cantatrice. She knew that an avowal of such a position would impose upon her a difficult part, in the midst of these simple and pious people; and it is probable, that notwithstanding Porpora's recommendation, the arrival of Consuelo, the debutante, the marvel of Saint Samuel, would have somewhat startled them. But had these powerful motives not existed, Consuelo would still have experienced the necessity of silence, and of not allowing any one

to imagine the brilliancy and the sufferings of her lot. Everything was contained in her life, her power and her weakness, her glory and her love. She could not raise the smallest corner of the veil, without showing one of the wounds of her soul; and those wounds were yet too painful, too deep, to be relieved by any human aid. On the contrary, she found alleviation only in the kind of rampart which she had raised between her sorrowful recollections and the energetic calm of her new existence. This change of country, of scene, and of name, transported her immediately into an unknown region, where, by playing a new part, she hoped to become a new being.

This abjuration of all the vanities which would have consoled another woman, was the salvation of that courageous heart. Renouncing all human pity as well as all human glory, she felt a celestial power come to her rescue. "I must recover a portion of my former happiness," said she to herself; "that which I enjoyed so long, and which consisted entirely in loving others and being loved by them. When I sought their admiration, they withdrew their love, and I purchased much too dearly the honors they bestowed on me, in lieu of their benevolence. Let me again become obscure and insignificant, in order to have no more beings envious, nor ungrateful, nor inimical towards me, upon the earth. The least mark of sympathy is sweet, and the highest testimony of admiration is mingled with bitterness. If there be strong and proud hearts to whom praise suffices, and whom triumph consoles, mine is not of the number, as I have too cruelly proved. Alas! glory has snatched from me the heart of my lover; may humility restore to me at least some friends!"

This was not what Porpora expected. In removing Consuelo from Venice, and withdrawing her from the dangers and sufferings of her passion, he had only thought to secure for her some days of repose before recalling her to the scene of ambition, and launching her anew into the storms of an artistic life. He did not know his pupil. He considered her more of a woman, that is more excitable, than she was. In thinking of her at that moment, he did not represent her to himself calm, affectionate, and occupied with others, as she had already the strength to be. He believed her drowned in tears and consumed in regrets. But he thought that a great reaction would soon take place in her, and that he should find her tired of her love, desirous to reassume the exercise of her powers and the privileges of her genius. The pure and religious inward feeling which Consuelo had conceived of her part in the family of the Rudolstadt, diffused from the first day, a

holy serenity over her words, her actions, and her face. Any one who had recently seen her glowing with love and with joy, beneath the sun of Venice, would not easily have conceived how she could become suddenly tranquil and affectionate, in the midst of strangers, in the depths of gloomy forests, with her love withered in the past and ruined in the future. But goodness gathers strength where pride would find only despair. Consuelo was beautiful that evening, with a beauty which had not before been developed in her. It was no longer either the torpor of a great nature, which is ignorant of itself and awaits its arousing, nor the gushing forth of a power which commences its career by surprise and rapture. It was, therefore, no longer the veiled, incomprehensible beauty of the *scolare Zingarella*, nor the splendid and striking beauty of the crowned cantatrice; it was the penetrating and soft charm of the pure and reflective woman, who knows herself, and is governed by the holiness of her own impulses.

Her aged hosts, simple and affectionate, required no other light than that of their own generous instincts to inhale, if I may so say, the mysterious perfume which Consuelo's angelic soul breathed forth into their intellectual atmosphere. They experienced on looking at her, a moral well being which they did not realize, but whose sweetness filled them with a new life. Albert himself seemed for the first time to enjoy his faculties in their fulness and freedom. He was kind and affectionate to all: he was properly so towards Consuelo, and spoke to her several times in a manner which proved that he had not surrendered, as had till then been thought, the elevated spirit and enlightened judgment with which nature had endowed him. The baron did not go to sleep, the canonesse did not once sigh; and Count Christian, who usually sank melancholy every evening in his chair by the fire side under the weight of old age and sorrow, remained standing with his back to the chimney as in the centre of his family, and taking part in the easy and almost cheerful conversation, which lasted without flagging, even till nine o'clock.

"God seems at last to have answered our fervent prayers," said the chaplain to the Count and canonesse, who remained last in the saloon, after the departure of the baron and the young people. "Count Albert has this day entered his thirtieth year, and this solemn day, which had always so vividly impressed his imagination and our own, has passed with an inconceivable calm and happiness."

"Yes, let us give thanks to God!" said the old Count. "I do not know if it be a delightful dream which he sends to solace us for an instant; but I have been

persuaded all day, and particularly this evening, that my son was cured forever."

"My brother," said the canonesse, "I ask pardon of you, as well as of you, Sir Chaplain, who have always thought Albert tormented by the enemy of the human race. I have always believed him engaged with two contrary powers who disputed the possession of his poor soul; for very often when he repeated the sayings of the bad angel, heaven spoke by his mouth a moment afterwards. Remember now what he said last evening during the storm, and his last words on quitting us: 'The peace of the Lord has descended upon this house.' Albert felt that a miracle of grace was accomplished in him, and I have faith in his recovery as in a divine promise."

The chaplain was too timid to accept at once so hardy a proposition. He always extricated himself from any such embarrassment by saying, "Let us trust in the Eternal Wisdom;" "God reads those things which are hidden;" "the spirit should be annihilated before God;" and other similar sentences more consolatory than new.

Count Christian was divided between the desire of accepting his sister's asceticism, which was somewhat inclined to the marvellous, and the respect inspired by his confessor's over timorous and prudent orthodoxy. He thought to turn the conversation by speaking of Porporina, and praising the charming deportment of that young person. The canonesse, who already loved her, enhanced his eulogiums, and the chaplain gave his sanction to the heartfelt inclination they all experienced towards her. It never came into their minds to attribute to Consuelo's presence the miracle which had been performed in the midst of them. They received the benefit, without recognizing its source; and this was what Consuelo would have asked from God, had she been consulted.

Amelia had made rather more precise remarks. It was very evident to her that her cousin had on occasion, enough power over himself to conceal the disorder of his thoughts from persons whom he distrusted, as well as from those for whom he had a particular consideration. Before certain relatives or friends of the family, who affected him either with sympathy or antipathy, he had never betrayed the eccentricity of his character by any outward act. Thus, when Consuelo expressed her surprise at what she had heard the evening before, Amelia, tormented by a secret vexation, attempted to renew the feeling of terror towards Count Albert, which her recital had then produced. — "Ah! my poor friend," said she, "mistrust that deceitful calm, it is the usual lull which divides a recent crisis from an

approaching one. You have seen him to-day, as I saw him on arriving here at the commencement of last year. Alas! if you were destined by the will of others to become the wife of such a visionary, if to conquer your tacit resistance, they had quietly determined to keep you prisoner in this horrible chateau, with a continual succession of surprises, terrors and agitations, with tears, exorcisms and extravagances for all amusement, while expecting a recovery in which they always believe, and which will never come, you would, like me, be well undeceived as to the fine manners of Albert, and the soft words of the family."

"It is not possible," said Consuelo, "that they can wish to force your will to such a point as to unite you with a man whom you do not love. You seem to me the idol of your parents."

"They will not force me to any thing. They know very well that would be attempting an impossibility. But they will forget that Albert is not the only husband who might be proper for me, and God knows when they will renounce the foolish hope of seeing me recover the affection which I at first felt for him. And then my poor father, who has a passion for the chase, and who can satisfy it here, finds himself very well in this cursed chateau, and always furnishes some excuse to put off our departure, which has been twenty times proposed and never determined upon. Ah! if you my dear Nina, only knew some secret which would destroy in a night all the game in the country, you would do me the greatest service that any human being could possibly render."

"Unfortunately I can only try to divert you by teaching you music, and talking with you at night, when you have no desire to sleep. I will try to be for you a soother and a narcotic."

"You remind me," said Amelia, "that I have the rest of a history to relate to you. I will begin, in order not to keep you up too late :

"It was some days after his mysterious absence, and he was always persuaded that his week's disappearance had lasted only seven hours, before Albert even began to remark that the abbé was not at the chateau, and he asked where they had sent him.

"His presence near you being no longer necessary," they replied, "he has returned to his own occupations. Had you not perceived his absence?"

"I had perceived it," replied Albert; "something was wanting in my suffering; but I had not taken notice as to what it might be."

"Do you then suffer a great deal, Albert?" asked the canoness.

"A great deal," replied he, in the tone

of a man who had been asked if he slept well.

"And was the abbé very disagreeable to you?" asked Count Christian.

"Very," replied Albert in the same tone.

"And why then, my son, did you not say so sooner? why have you endured for so long a time the presence of a man who was repugnant to you, without informing me of your dislike? Do you doubt, my dear child, that I would immediately have put an end to your suffering?"

"It was a very trifling addition to my misery," replied Albert, with a frightful tranquillity; "and your goodness, which I do not doubt, my father, would have relieved it very slightly, by giving me another supervisor."

"Say another travelling companion, my son,—you use an expression which is offensive to my tenderness."

"It was your tenderness which caused your anxiety, my father! You can never know the injury done to me by removing me from you, and from this house, where my place was appointed by Providence, until the time when its design for me should be accomplished. You thought you were laboring for my recovery and my repose; I who comprehended better than yourself what was necessary for us both, knew well that I ought to second and obey you. I knew my duty and have fulfilled it."

"I know your virtue and your affection for us, Albert, but can you not explain your thought more clearly?"

"That is very easy," replied Albert, and the moment to do so has come."

"He spoke with so much calmness that we thought the happy moment had arrived when the soul of Albert would cease to be a sorrowful enigma for us. We gathered round him and encouraged him by our looks and our caresses to unbosom himself completely for the first time in his life. He appeared decided to grant us that confidence at last and spoke thus.

"You have always taken me, and you take me still, for a sick and deranged person. If I did not feel infinite veneration and tenderness for you all, perhaps I should dare to measure the abyss which separates us, and show you that you live in a world of errors and prejudice, while heaven has granted me admission to a sphere of light and truth. But you could not understand me without renouncing all which constitutes your calmness, your religion, your security. When, carried away against my will by a fit of enthusiasm, some imprudent words escape me, I perceive immediately that I have done you a frightful injury, in wishing to root out your chimeras, and in shaking before your weakened eyes, the dazzling flame I car-

ry in my hands. All the details, all the habits of your lives, all the fibres of your hearts, all the springs of your understandings, are so bound, interwoven, and riveted to the yoke of falsehood, to the law of darkness, that I seem to give you death in wishing to give you life. Still there is a voice within me, which calls to me in waking, and in sleep, in the calm, and in storm, to enlighten and to convert you. But I am too loving and too feeble a man to undertake it. When I see your eyes filled with tears, your chests swollen, your countenances downcast, when I feel that I produce in you sadness and terror, I flee, I hide myself to resist the cry of my conscience, and the order of my destiny. This is my suffering, this is my torment, this my cross, my punishment; do you comprehend me now?"

"My uncle, my aunt and the chaplain, did comprehend up to a certain point, that Albert had formed for himself a morality and a religion completely at variance with their own; but as timid as devout, they feared to go too far, and no longer dared encourage his frankness. As for me, who as yet only vaguely knew the particulars of his childhood and early youth, I did not comprehend at all. Besides, at that time I was at about the same point with you, Nina; I knew very little as to what was that Hussitism and Lutheranism, which I have since heard so much about, and respecting which, the long disputes between Albert and the chaplain have so lamentably wearied me. I waited therefore for a fuller explanation, but it did not come.—'I see,' said Albert, struck by the silence which reigned around him, 'that you do not wish to comprehend me, for fear of comprehending me too well. Let it be then as you desire. Your blindness has long since pronounced the decree, under the severity of which I suffer. Eternally unhappy, eternally alone, eternally a stranger in the midst of those whom I love, my only refuge and support is in the consolation which has been promised me.'

"What is that consolation, my son?" said Count Christian, mortally afflicted; "can it not come from us, and can we never arrive at an understanding?"

"Never, my father. Let us love each other, since that alone is granted us. Heaven is my witness that our immense and irreparable disagreement has never changed the love which I bear to you."

"And is not that sufficient?" said the canoness, taking one of Albert's hands, while her brother pressed the other between his own; "can you not forget your strange ideas, your peculiar belief, to live in affection among us?"

"I do live in affection," replied Albert, "That is a blessing which is communicated, and exchanged deliciously or bitterly,

According as the religious faith is the same or opposed. Our hearts commune together,—O my aunt Wenceslawa; but our intellects make war with each other, and that is a great misfortune for us all! I know that it will not cease for some centuries and therefore I expect in this a blessing which has been provided me and which will give me strength to hope.

“What is that blessing, Albert? can you not tell me?”

“No, I cannot tell you, because I do not know. My mother has not allowed a week to pass without announcing it to me in my sleep, and all the voices of the forest have repeated it to me as often as I have interrogated them. An angel often hovers and shows me his pale and luminous face above the stone of horrors, at that ominous place, under the shade of that oak, where, when the men, my contemporaries called me Ziska, I was transported with the anger of the lord, and became for the first time the instrument of his vengeance; at the foot of that rock, where, when I called myself Wratislav, I saw the mutilated and disfigured head of my father Withold stricken off by one blow of a sabre, a fearful expiation, which taught me to know sorrow and pity; a day of fatal retribution, when the Lutheran blood washed away the Catholic blood, and made of me a weak and tender man in the place of a man of fanaticism and destruction, which I had been a hundred years before—”

“Divine goodness! said my aunt, crossing herself, ‘his madness has seized him again!’”

“Do not interrupt him, sister,” said Count Christian, making a great effort, ‘let him express himself. Speak my son, what did the angel say to you upon the stone of horror?’

“He told me that my consolation was near,” replied Albert, his face glowing with enthusiasm, ‘and that it would descend into my heart as soon as I had completed my twenty-ninth year!’

“My uncle bent his head upon his breast. Albert seemed to allude to his death, in designating the age at which his mother died, and it appears she had often predicated, that neither she nor her sons would reach the age of thirty. It appears that my aunt Wanda was also somewhat visionary, to say the least; but I have never been able to obtain any precise information on this subject. It is a very sad remembrance to my uncle, and no one about him dares awaken it.

“The chaplain tried to drive away the unpleasant feeling which this prediction had occasioned, by leading Albert to explain himself respecting the abbé. It was on that point the conversation began.

“Albert on his side made a great ef-

fort to answer him.—‘I speak to you of things divine and eternal,’ replied he, after a little hesitation, ‘and you recall to my mind the short moments which are fleeting, the puerile and ephemeral cares whose record is almost effaced within me.’

“Speak my son, speak!” returned Count Christian; ‘we must strive to know you this day.’

“You have never known me, father,” replied Albert, ‘and you will not know me in what you call this life. But if you wish to know why I travelled, why I endured that unfaithful and careless guardian whom you had attached to my steps, like a greedy and lazy dog to the arm of a blind man, I will tell you in a few words. I had made you suffer enough. It was my duty to take away from you the sight of a son rebellious to your teachings, and deaf to your remonstrances. I knew well that I should not be cured of what you called my insanity; but you needed both repose and hope: I consented to remove myself. You exacted from me the promise that I would not separate, without your consent, from the guide you had given me, and that I would allow myself to be conducted by him over the world. I wished to keep my promise. I wished also that he might sustain your hope and your confidence, by rendering you an account of my gentleness and patience. I was gentle and patient. I closed my heart and my ears against him; he had the wit not even to think of opening them. He walked me, dressed me, and fed me, like a child. I renounced life as I understood it; I accustomed myself to see misery, injustice and folly reign upon the earth. I have seen men and their institutions; indignation has given place to pity in my heart, for I have seen that the misfortunes of the oppressed were less than those of their oppressors. In my childhood I loved only the victims: now I feel charity for the executioners, melancholy penitents, who endure in this generation the punishment of crimes which they have committed in former existences, and whom God condemns to be wicked, a suffering which is a thousand times more cruel than that of being their innocent prey. This is why I now give alms only to relieve myself personally from the weight of riches, without tormenting you with my sermonizing, knowing as I now do, that the time has not yet come for happiness, since the time for being good is still far off, to speak the language of men.’

“And now that you are delivered from this supervisor, as you call him, now that you can live tranquil, without having before your eyes the spectacle of miseries, which you extinguish one by one about you, without being restrained by any one in your generous disposition, can

you not make an effort over yourself to banish these internal agitations?’

“Do not ask me any more questions, my dear parents,” replied Albert; ‘I shall not say any more to day.’

“He kept his word and more: for he did not open his mouth for a whole week.”

To be Continued.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. II.—STRAW-BRAIDERS, ARTIFICIAL-FLOWER MAKERS, &c.

The Amazon-braid Weavers, a large and ill-paid class of working females, begin work at 7 o'clock in the morning and continue until 7 in the evening, with no intermission save to swallow a hasty morsel. They earn when in full employment, \$2 and \$2 50 per week. Out of this they must pay their board, washing, (for they have no time to wash their own clothes,) medical and other incidental expenses, and purchase their clothes—to say nothing of the total absence of all healthy recreation, and of all mental and moral culture, which such a condition necessarily implies. They have, many of them, no rooms of their own, but board with some poor family, sleeping any how and any where. For these accommodations they pay \$1 50 per week—some of the worst and filthiest boarding-houses, however, charging as low as \$1 per week. The ‘living’ here must be imagined.

The Artificial-flower Makers present a greater variety. The trade, as will readily be perceived, is one requiring great skill and delicacy in the finishing part of the work. Girls who have served five years’ apprenticeship at the business, and are very expert, if they work constantly can make \$3 50 per week. The flowers and wreaths which, under the name of “French Flower-work,” sell so dear and are so highly valued by our fashionable ladies, are mostly made here, although many of the materials are imported from France. The principal part of the work is done by young girls from eleven to thirteen years of age, “apprentices,” as they are termed, who receive seventy-five cents, and a few one dollar, per week! They of course live at home with their parents, for the most part, and have no time to go to school, to grow or to think. These “apprentices,” as soon as they are out of their time, are told that there is no more work for them, and their places are supplied by fresh recruits, who are taken and paid of course as apprentices. Every few days you may notice in the papers an advertisement something like this,—“Wanted—Fifty young girls as apprentices to the Artificial-flower Making business.” These portend that a number of girls have become journeywomen, and are consequently to be pushed out of work to make room for apprentices, who will receive but 75 cents or \$1 per week. Many a Five Dollar wreath and expensive flower purchased of the Misses Lawsons, Madame Deuel, or Madame Godefroy, has been wrought into beauty by these little fingers, for perhaps two shillings, or half a dollar!

The Artificial-flower business is extensively carried on here, and the product is

deemed quite equal in finish and grace to the best Parisian or German flowers. We believe, from the most reliable data in our possession, that there are fifteen hundred or two thousand girls engaged in this department of labor in New-York.

A great many women who make Match-boxes receive but *five cents per gross*—or thirty boxes for a single cent! We knew of a mother of a family who supported her little children by this kind of work, who used to walk two miles to a starch-factory, to obtain the refuse for pasting the boxes—for which she paid a penny a pail. When she could succeed in procuring this, she said she could make a little profit, but when she had to buy flour to make paste with—then, she said, it was a losing business! Her little children thought so too.

We have already mentioned the Cap Makers, of which we suppose there are between one and two thousand. They earn on the average about two shillings per day, although there are many who do not make more than eighteen pence. They are thrust into a dark back room on a second, third, fourth, or fifth story chamber, thirty or forty together, and work from sunrise to sundown. There is too often not a human being in the world who has the slightest care or responsibility over the morals, manners, or comforts of these unfortunate girls. If many of them become degraded and brutalized in taste, manners, habits, and conversation, who can wonder!

These facts and remarks apply with equal force to the hundreds and thousands of Shoe-binders, Type-rubbers, and other girls employed on labor of this kind. In addition to the constant supply to the ranks of these classes furnished by the poor population of our City, poor girls continually flock to the City from every part of the country, either because their friends are dead and they have no home, or because they have certain vague dreams of the charms of City life. Arriving here, they soon find how bitterly they have deceived themselves, and how rashly they have entered a condition where it is almost impossible for them to subsist, and where want and starvation are their only companions. They have been educated and reared in such a manner as to render the idea of servitude quite unendurable, and their only resort is the needle or some similar employment. Here they find the demand for work greatly over-supplied, and competition so keen that they are at the mercy of employers, and are obliged to snatch at the privilege of working on any terms. They find that by working from fifteen to eighteen hours a day they cannot possibly earn more than from one to three dollars a week, and this, deducting the time they are out of employment every year, will barely serve to furnish them the scantiest and poorest food, which from its monotony and its unhealthy quality, induces disgust, loathing and disease. They have thus absolutely nothing left for clothes, recreation, sickness, books or intellectual improvement, and the buoyancy and exquisite animality of youth become a slow torturing fever from which death is a too-welcome relief. Their frames are bent by incessant and stooping toil, their health destroyed by want of rest and proper exercise, and their minds as effectually stunted, brutalized, and destroyed over their monotonous tasks, as if they were doomed to count the bricks in a

prison wall: for what is life to them but a fearful and endless imprisonment, with all its horrors and privations!

NO. III. — THE BOOK-FOLDERS.

The girls employed in Book-binderies work indiscriminately at folding and stitching—sometimes being employed one week in folding and the next in stitching. They earn about the same wages at either occupation, and work always by the piece. Not more than half of them who have regular situations are steady, sober workers—the want of education and the outdoor temptations which belong to the fortunes of so many of them, exerting a powerful influence to destroy their ambition and self-respect, and to beget habits of levity and idleness. There are from 2500 to 3000 girls engaged in the respectable Binderies in the City, and their wages are very various—depending entirely on the skill, experience, and industry of the girls, as well as, sometimes, on the favoritism of foremen and those who give out the work. Many do not earn more than \$1 50 or \$2 per week; others make \$3 and \$3 50; while there are a few whose bills, week after week, run as high as \$5 and \$6. These are old and highly-valued hands, and some of them have held their situations for years.

The prices paid in the large establishments for folding are, for single 8vo. sheets, 2 cents per hundred; for double do. (16 pages,) 3 1-4 cents per hundred. Double 12mo. is paid 5 1-4 cents. An average hand working 10 hours a day can fold 10 or 1200 of the double 12mos. Few do as much as that, however.—The cutting of the signatures is included in these prices.

The stitchers receive a great variety of prices, according to the size of the sheets, the number of pages in a signature, &c. &c. An average price for common work may be stated at 2 1-2 cents per hundred sheets. At these rates they make about the same as at folding. In both folding and stitching there is so wide a range of work that the only practicable way of estimating the earnings of these girls, as a class, is to take account of their weekly wages. In the best establishments these range from \$2 50 to \$3 50—leaving out of the question those few who are extraordinarily expert or industrious. In many other establishments, however, the work is dribbled out by piecemeal, so that the girls on the average do not work more than half the time. Some concerns, too, we are compelled to say, are in the regular habit of paying less even than the above prices, and employ girls at the very lowest rates they can compel them to accept.

The system of apprenticeship also exists in this trade, and the skilful worker just through her apprenticeship, is too often sent adrift to make room for raw hands. In the large establishments the girls are generally separated from the men who work at Book-binding, and are kept in tolerable order. In some houses they are not permitted even to speak to each other during working hours. In others (and that, too, where we should look for the utmost strictness), the girls laugh and talk and 'carry on' half the time.

The Folders and stitchers commence work at seven in the morning and work till six in the evening—taking an hour for dinner. They almost universally bring

dinner with them and eat it any way that they can get at it. The fare, as you may well suppose, is poor enough; and yet, as perhaps nine-tenths of these girls board with their mothers, brothers, married sisters, or other relatives or friends, the hand of affection often drops some trifling delicacy in the little tin pail that holds the poor worker's dinner,—at which, when she spreads her humble board, her eyes glisten with a tear of love and she utters a silent blessing.

These girls pay from \$1 75 cents to \$2 per week for their board, and extra for washing. A great majority of them board with their relatives or friends, and thus are better fed, lodged and cared for, than those girls who have to live at the cheap public boarding-houses. They are most of them fatherless, and many have neither father nor mother. Many of them belong to the church, and nearly all, we believe, are of good character. In some of the less respectable Binderies, however, so much circumspection is not employed. They are from all grades and ranks in life, and the history of themselves and families would, in many instances, be more interesting than the most artistic romance.

We remember a sprightly and delicate-looking girl, whose story was told us by the polite proprietor of the large Bindery where she was employed, although not one of her companions knows any thing of her strange fortunes. She is the daughter of a once distinguished and opulent East-India merchant, who lived in the most sumptuous and aristocratic style, bestowing upon his daughters every accomplishment which could possibly be obtained by wealth and taste. He died and was discovered to be a hopeless bankrupt. His widow and one grown-up daughter—two of the most *distingué* women of fashion in the City—and the subject of our story, were reduced to sudden and abject poverty. The young woman married a respectable hard-working mechanic, with whom she now lives in uninterrupted happiness; and the little girl—the pet of the family—went to folding books. She boards with her sister, and is a neat and prosperous worker. After hearing this little romance we turned to gaze with a deeper interest upon the gay, girlish face and slight but graceful form bending so quietly over her toil.

—We have presented this important branch of the great Book-making business by no means in its darkest colors. The exceptions, (which are many and distressing) to the comparative comfort which prevails among them we have left unrecorded.

Our next number will be devoted to the Book-binders, as belonging to the same kind of business; we shall then return to our notes on the female laborers until we have exhausted the various classes.—*Tribune.*

A New York paper thus describes one of the fashionable gambling establishments in that city: "The furniture is splendid; the cooks scientific; the servants admirable; the wines exquisite; the company select; the roguery superb; the cheating unrivalled; the rascality unequalled."

"Sleep," says a certain writer, "is death's younger brother."

REVIEW.

Gertrude; a Tale, by the author of "Amy Herbert." Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, M. A. New York: D. Appleton and Co. pp. 332.

Truly our reading public ought to be delighted by the exceeding earnestness with which their literary caterers press forward to satisfy their every taste and fill any void which may possibly exist. The book of which we give the title above, is "No. I. of Appletons' Literary Melange, a Series of Books for Popular Reading." The publishers thinking "that there is still ample space for a uniform series of superior productions, which will combine amusement and instruction with moral benefit, have resolved to present to their friends and the public, a miscellaneous library adapted for popular reading, the selection and choice of which will be decided entirely by the manifest excellence of the work, the importance of the topic, or the proofs of genius and talent developed."

We do not think the specimen before us affords a very striking proof of the judgment to be displayed in the selection. It is entirely an English book, in our opinion by no means adapted to this country, and without interest in a general point of view. The story relates to the fortunes of a family of what is called good descent, and in comparatively easy circumstances. The action turns upon the misfortunes caused by the son of that family standing for Parliament, when his property was quite inadequate, his consequent embarrassments, and his struggles against the temptations which beset him in the shape of offers of advancement from the opposite party. A large portion of the book is taken up with family quarrels and petty disputes, which Gertrude, the saint of the family, is introduced in the latter portion to settle and appease. Here and there is a moral which will no doubt do good to those who may choose to apply it. The main tendency is to what may be termed an Evangelical Puseyitism, and the character of the doctrines set forth, may be best judged of by a few short extracts:

"But few dwelt for more than an instant upon the awfulness of an event, which had thus summoned a fellow creature, engrossed in the pursuits of the world, into the tremendous presence of his maker.

"A friend talked to me of the duty of observing certain days and attending daily services, which were just introduced at Farleigh,—and all her argument was, that fasts and festivals were ordered and that there was a form of daily service in the prayer book, which the clergyman intended to use, and she asked me whether I thought we were at liberty to follow our notions of right, rather than obey the rules of the church.

"You will own, that as members of the church, there can be no rivalry, or selfishness, or a wish to attract notice beyond others. Think of the feeling there is in a family when any one is distinguished beyond the rest. The gratification is felt by all, because the honor belongs to all; and so it is in the church.—What I mean is, that if we labor for the prosperity of a body, and not for our own benefit, we strike at the root of all selfishness; and if we are poor or have no talents, or no opportunity of exercising them, we shall still be satisfied, because the object we have at heart,—the good of the church of Christ,—will surely be attained, though not through our means."

By the "Church of Christ," the author means the Church of England, and the aim of Gertrude and Mr. Dacre, his favorite types of character, is the building of a church in an unsupplied district, which object is at last happily accomplished.

The Unconstitutionality of Slavery. By LYSANDER SPOONER. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1845. pp. 156.

This we regard as one of those extravagant productions, so numerous in our day, which are prompted by the flagrant wrong of slavery. It exhibits to our view, a conspicuous example of the reasoning powers, so misled by an intense and exclusive inspection of a great moral and political evil, as to marshal facts and rules of interpretation solely with reference to some ruling idea which has taken possession of the writer's mind. The book is an exceedingly elaborate argument, to prove that the Constitution of the United States does not, and incidentally, that the laws of the several States did not, at the origin of our present form of government, sanction, or even tolerate, the holding of slaves. It opens with a chapter, the object of which is, to demonstrate that "*constitutional law, under any form of government, consists only of those principles of the written constitution that are consistent with natural law and man's natural rights.*" The arguments are unexceptionable, but the doctrine, if admitted, will be in our opinion, of little practical value until it shall be better settled than it now is, what natural law and man's natural rights really are. The doctrine being demonstrated however, the author concludes at once that "it would spare no vestige of that human slavery which now claims to exist by authority of law."

Yet the author seems to be aware that the momentous problem cannot be practically solved so briefly. He sees that his fundamental doctrine which, with the inference that he thus abruptly draws from it, is plain enough to our minds, will not annihilate the institution of slavery, nor invalidate, before our judicial tribunals, the laws by which it is sup-

ported. He therefore chivalrously disdains to avail himself of it, and proceeds, through a hundred and forty octavo pages, to show that the Gordian knot need not be cut, but may, with sufficient patience, be fairly disentangled and untied; in other words, that, according to the received maxims of legal interpretation, slavery is in no way sanctioned by the United States Constitution. Our space will not admit a sketch of his arguments, but we can commend them as admirably adroit and ingenious, though many of them appear to us as far-fetched and objectionably technical. If we could regard them as the efforts of the hired advocate, thirsting for applause, and ambitious to earn his fee even in a desperate cause, we should say they are worthy of all praise; but, as they have failed to carry conviction to our minds, we cannot accord them a higher rank in the scale of merit. We doubt not, however, that they were prompted by the noblest of emotions,—a burning hatred of wrong and oppression.

Two Visions of J. A. ETZLER. (Author of the "Paradise within the Reach of all Men, by Powers of Nature and Machinery," and other writings connected therewith.) *A Revelation of Futurity.* London: 1844.

Little attention was excited in this country by the publication some years since, of Mr. Etzler's works referred to above, and he was, as he himself says, treated as a visionary by most of the few to whose notice they were brought. He found however some believers, and has lately visited England for the purpose of bringing his inventions before the public there, and has had, it would seem, some success. In these two Visions, he describes the results which will attend the introduction of his machinery, and shows his belief that it would transform this earth into a paradise. He gives also some slight sketches of the manner of operation,—we would reprint the whole pamphlet, which is not very large, had we space, but must content ourselves with a few extracts.—

From the first Vision.

"The time is come when men are no longer to be beasts of prey and beasts of burden.

"But when they are to live in abundance upon all that is good for life, in peace, love, and happiness.

"For the earth is made to be a paradise for man, and it is given to him to rule over all productions.

"And I lifted up my eyes and saw large sheets expanded upon ships, moved on water as with the power of many hundred men, and wind-mills upon high places of the land.

"And I saw water raised by wind-mills, and the same falling upon a water-wheel.

"And I saw wheels, and shafts, and poles, and beams, and pulleys, and rollers,

and ropes, and chains, and screws, and tubes, all moving in various ways to and fro.

"And the vision said: these are the miracles thou shalt show to the people.

"Make a wagon of one rod in width or less, and of proportionate length and strength.

"Show them how to tie this wagon to the crank of a wheel turned by water, or a wind-mill.

"Show them how this wagon may be moved from place to place in such directions as the conductor chooses.

"Show them then, the various sharp and pointed tools of iron and wood attached to this wagon to break the soil, turn it, pulverise it, put the seed into the ground, mow the crops, gather them and finally prepare the fruits of the land for human food and use.

"And how they may have wagons and houses on wheels running up and down the hills, from place to place, with the speed of birds' flight.

"And how they may till ten thousand acres and more by one man, with such a wagon, so that they produce as much as twenty thousand acres and more, now do by their general bad tillage."

From the Second Vision.

"But thou hast not yet quite executed my commandment.

"Thou hast yet to give an example in the execution of the announced work.

"Arouse then, and do not pass thy days in inactive solitude.

"Up and proceed to the north, and let once more thy cry resound among the people, and then thou mayest retire forever.

"But I arose half unwillingly, and quitted the serene, ever beautiful, mild, tropical world, to venture among the disgusting throng of men, who, like beasts, draw their accustomed slave-carts, without thinking of any thing better, but how to snatch the morsels from the mouths of their neighbors."

Prose and Verse, by THOMAS HOOD. Part II. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161, Broad Way. pp. 212.

For the small price of thirty-seven and-a-half cents we have here things, which in their kind cannot be matched in literature. The selections of this volume are excellent, if any thing, better than those of Part First. We trust it will be widely purchased and still more widely read.

The Soul: or an Inquiry into Scriptural Psychology, as developed by the Use of the Terms, Soul, Spirit, Life, etc., viewed in its Bearings on the Doctrine of the Resurrection. By GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew in the New York City University. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1845. pp. 141.

In this little book Mr. Bush maintains with much ability and learning, the doctrine advanced in his former work upon the Resurrection. Though designed principally for scholars, it may be read with profit by those who are not familiar with Greek or Hebrew. The main purpose of the author, is to show that the commonly received notion that the resurrection

spoken of in the Scriptures, is a resurrection, by some miraculous means, of the material bodies of men, is contrary to the inspired writings, as well as to common sense. We agree in the main with the view he takes of the subject, and thank him for the clearness and eloquence with which he has stated it.

Essay on the Philosophical Character of Channing. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. Boston: James Munroe and Co. pp. 40.

This pamphlet is chiefly remarkable for its enthusiastic admiration of its subject. Beyond this it has no special commendation.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

MUTUAL LONGING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

The fir-tree stands all lonely
On a bald northern height;
He slumbereth; while ice and snow
Veil him in robes of white.

Of a palm-tree be dreameth,
Mid the cliffs o' the Orient,
Sorrowing in lonely silence
'Neath heats that ne'er are spent.

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Sigh on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse
And Beauty's fairest queen,
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between:
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought;
The brow should wear a golden crown
That should hers in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes;
Yet looking once, I looked too long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine;
O lofty wears and lowly weaves,
But hoddin grey is mine;
And homely hose must step apart
Where gartered princes stand;
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees
In courtly hearts and clowns'.
My father wronged a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep — 'tis vain to sigh;
'Tis vain this idle speech;
For where her happy pearls do lie,
My tears may never reach;

Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude, — but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell;
Yet had I words, I dare not speak —
So, Lady, fare thee well!
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial Fate
Made such a churl of me.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

WILL IT SUCCEED.

This question is often asked in regard to individual Associations, that have been formed for an improved organization of industry, as well as the whole system of combined labor and capital on the plan set forth by Charles Fourier. It is not surprising that the true answer to this query should be sought for with great interest by the enlightened friends of the enterprise. In their opinion, this involves far more than any considerations of merely pecuniary gain; it is not the fortune of a commercial enterprise that is at stake; but the problem relates to the emancipation of society from the most tremendous evils under which it groans, the elevation of man to the highest dignity and happiness of which his nature is capable, and the establishment of a permanent social order, in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, the principles of enlightened science, and the intrinsic demands of the human soul.

The system of Association has for its great aim, the introduction of order into the relations of industry, — the adjustment of the claims of capital, skill, and labor, in true proportions, — the distribution of wealth on principles of exact justice, — the substitution of the divine law of love, of universal charity, for the infernal antagonism, that now broods over the world, — and thus, the insuring of every human being in the enjoyment of the cardinal rights of man, the right to labor, the right to education, the right to the free development and exercise of all the faculties of his nature. No one certainly can object to the accomplishment of these purposes. They must be regarded with favor by every man not wholly immersed in selfishness. They are so pure and noble in themselves, — so congenial with the private hope which

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

stirs in every generous bosom, that, it would seem, they must be welcomed by every lover of his race, and their success most cordially desired, if not confidently believed.

Nor are the means, by which the Associationists undertake to accomplish their ends less adapted to win for them the enjoyment of universal favor. They engage in no wholesale denunciations of individuals, but direct their attacks against false and pernicious systems; they advocate no sudden revolution, which shall bring confusion and ruin over existing interests, but engage in practical endeavors for a gradual and peaceful reform. They do not give their greatest strength to partial and imperfect attempts for the improvement of society in its present organization, in the hope that extensive good will follow from such limited efforts, but they would remove the radical disease which is now fastened upon the very vitals of the civilized order, and thus introduce new health, beauty, and vigor into the whole system. The Associations which have been already formed, are experiments on such a small scale for the realization of these objects, that their universal failure would produce little or no damage, except to the individuals who are directly concerned in their operation. If they should fall through, they would endanger no extensive interests, compromise no established claims, disturb no useful institutions, nor interfere with any valuable movements. But if they should fully answer the expectations of their founders, an important social problem is solved; the means of alleviating the external wretchedness of man is discovered; and an experiment fairly tested which shall be to all future attempts at reform of more vital consequence, than was the moving of the first steam-boat on the waters of the Hudson to the present advancement in the art of navigation.

With this view of the Associative movement, it is but just to demand for it a fair and friendly criticism, to protest against premature judgments as to its success, and to bespeak for it the same patience which is essential to the orderly conducting of even a slight experiment in science. We know not that we have much cause to complain in this respect, of those who may be deemed the adversaries of this movement. At all events, we are not surprised at any instances of antagonism which we may meet with, seeing, as we do, that all sorts of deception, misrepresentation, and unfair dealing are the inevitable fruits of the present order of society. They do not awaken in us any hostility to individuals, though they inspire us with a fresh earnestness against the system. Now and then, however, we

find articles in the newspapers which betray such a lamentable ignorance of facts, which make such ludicrously erroneous statements, as would demand the patience of all the saints in the Romish calendar! We notice a specimen of this in a recent number of the Boston Transcript, a paper, by the way, which has until recently spoken in a rather candid and liberal manner of the Associative reform. If the Editor has changed his opinions, we wish him joy of his new light; if his policy, we say, the less of it the better; though it is certainly not the worst sin to which an Editor in civilization is tempted. According to the Transcript,

"The Fourier plan of Association does not seem to be sustained, although its friends appear sanguine that a fair and liberal trial would show great results. Such a system, however, is opposed to the general laws of society, and can scarcely prosper except the members have wealth at command and are essentially industrious. A late number of the Rochester Advertiser announces that the large Rochester boarding house, established on this principle, has for some time been numbered among the suddenly deceased, very much to the discomfort of many of its creditors. The Skaneateles concern, says the same paper, has been sifted again and again of its chaff or wheat, we hardly know which, until from a very wild republic it appears verging towards a sober monarchy, we mean towards the unresisted sway of a single mind. The Northampton institution has sold out its principal building, a large brick factory; and with the loss of its most interesting man, presents a very crest-fallen visage."

We should like to inquire, what are "the general laws of society," to which the system of Association is opposed? The answer to this inquiry would open a wider subject, we presume, than the editor of the Transcript imagines. He must possess a keen vision indeed, must be able to discover that path from afar, "which no bird knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen," in order to detect the workings of a universal law in the chaos of confusion and discord presented by modern society. The customs of civilization it is not difficult to determine; perhaps the Transcript confounds customs which are ephemeral, with laws that are eternal. Among the customs of society, we find that of the strong warring upon the weak, of cunning avarice monopolizing the share of the unskilled needy, of acquiring wealth by all sorts of fraud, force, and stratagem, of sacrificing the dearest interests of truth, justice, and love, for the sake of a petty advantage or temporary gain. It is true that the system of Association is opposed to these customs, and all their foul and monstrous brotherhood; it hates them with a deadly hatred; it cannot endure their disgusting presence; and wages against them a war of utter extermina-

tion. But where is the great social law which Association violates? We challenge investigation on this point. We assert, without fear of refutation, that the present order of society is no more founded on true social laws, than are the polluting rites of heathenism on true principles of religion; the problem of society has scarce been made the subject of scientific inquiry: and until the discoveries of Fourier, it was covered with as thick a cloud as was the mechanism of the starry heavens before the demonstrations of Newton and La Place. It is time that such flippant remarks as the worthy Editor of the Transcript indulges in, should be brought to a close; he fulfils his mission in gathering bits and scraps of news for his daily readers; but let him not exercise his fluency in descanting on social laws.

He is pleased to assure us, moreover, that Association "can scarcely prosper except the members have wealth at command, and are essentially industrious." A very pregnant suggestion, this; but is it intended as a panegyric or a reproach? Does he suppose that Association is guilty of the absurdity of expecting great results without the action of adequate causes? If he had known anything of our principles, he would have known that capital and industry are considered the essential conditions of prosperity; and that a radical deficiency in either is supposed necessarily to frustrate the best constructed plans. We do not propose to make bricks without straw. Association is not intended as a hospital, an almshouse, an asylum, for those who have become maimed, halt, and crippled in the contests of civilization, a refuge for the lazy, and the imbecile, for loafers and paupers; but it opens a sphere for men of wealth, men of talent, men of great energy, men who aspire to be kings of industry, men of an insatiable spirit of enterprise, of a pure and lofty ambition; for such spirits it holds out the noblest motives to honorable endeavor, and appeals to every great and holy passion of our nature for vigorous exertion. It is the boast of Association, that with a sufficient amount of capital, with adequate industry and skill, it will produce results which modern civilization does not dream of; that it will ensure the active and constant discharge of labor by making it attractive; that it will greatly increase the products of industry, by the application of machinery and systematic organization; that it will guarantee to every individual the means of wealth, refinement and elegance; and thus abolish forever the horrible discrepancies between squalid poverty and bloated luxury, between sordid ignorance and men "educated to death," between the most bitter physical wretch-

edness and the proud and pampered effeminacy, which now disfigure and make loathsome the most favored portions of the present social order. But to accomplish these high ends, it needs abundance of capital to start with; it needs wise, resolute, brave, and disinterested leaders; it needs firm and active men, gifted with versatile talents, with industrial skill, with indomitable perseverance, with exhaustless resources; with the possession of these conditions, the triumph of Association is certain; but when the experiment is attempted without them, let no man consider a failure as a valid argument against the excellence of the system, its practicableness, or its adaptation to human wants.

It is still farther alleged that the case of the Rochester boarding house, the Skaneateles Community, and the Northampton Association may be taken as proofs of the impracticability of the system of Fourier. We have a word to say upon this. In regard to the Rochester boarding house, we have no knowledge of its history; we have seen some notices of it in the papers, and all of them of a favorable character; we presume it was a joint stock operation, in which the shareholders were boarders; but certain it is, that this boarding house could no more be a Fourier Association, nor any thing like one except by the most remote resemblance, than is a beehive a university. It may or may not have been a judicious arrangement; but in no case, is the system of Association responsible for its failure. You might as well argue against the principles of Fourier from the fact that a steam-boat is sometimes blown up, a banking company is guilty of fraud, or an officer of government runs away with the public money.

The Skaneateles community too, so far from being a Fourier institution, has been in open and bitter hostility with that system; no man has taken stronger ground against the Fourier movement than its founder, Mr. John Collins; and although of late, it has somewhat softened in its opposition to the views of Fourier, it is no more in unison with them than it is with the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, or the "domestic arrangements" of South Carolina. We understand that Mr. Collins has essentially modified his ideas in regard to a true social order, since he commenced at Skaneateles; that he finds many principles to which he was attached in theory, untenable in practice; and that learning wisdom by experience, he is now aiming at results which are more practicable in their nature, than those which he had deeply at heart in the commencement. But with the most friendly feelings towards Mr. Collins and the Skaneateles community, we declare

that it has no connexion with Association, on the plan of Fourier; it is strictly speaking a community of property; a system which we reject as the grave of liberty; though it is incomparably superior to the system of violence and fraud which is upheld in the existing order of society.

Nor were the principles of Fourier ever adopted as the basis of the Northampton Association. The success of that enterprise by no means involves the Associative movement on the plan of Fourier. The reference made to it is entirely out of place, and proves nothing. If our friends at Northampton have modified their operations, or even abandoned their experiment, although it might occasion us sincere regret, it would not take one jot from our faith in the Associative principle; they have always had peculiar difficulties to encounter; they have trusted more to spontaneous good-feeling, than to scientific organization; and if they had availed themselves more freely of the methods indicated by Fourier, we have no doubt that it would have greatly conduced to their prosperity.

We have only to add that the statements which are so industriously circulated concerning the failures of various Associations are of no weight in deciding the great experiment of combined labor, on the principles of Fourier. He always insists on certain conditions as essential to success. He gives no encouragement to rash and ill-digested attempts, without capital, without physical advantages, without skilful and efficient persons to embark in the enterprise. If Associations are commenced in violation of these obvious principles of good sense, it is no wonder that they cannot withstand the difficulties which beset every new enterprise. No experiment could succeed under such circumstances. And the ill-success of imperfect combinations only serves to show the wisdom of Fourier, in refusing to engage in a practical movement without ample means,—an example which we trust will be not only pondered, but imitated by all converts to his system.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

We commence to-day the translation from the "Phalange," of Hugh Doherty's profound and original essay on this subject. Mr. Doherty, as most of our readers are probably aware, was for some time the Editor of the London Phalanx; to his articles in that paper, we owe our first acquaintance with the doctrines of Universal unity, and still find in them valuable aid to our more advanced studies. He is at present engaged in investigating the higher parts of the doctrine at Paris, where during the past year he communicated some of the results of his labors to

the members of the associative school, in a course of lectures upon the Series.

In giving Mr. Doherty's views upon the Religious Question to the public, it is especially to be remarked, that they are published in the "Phalange" upon his personal responsibility and under his own signature. Assured as the school is that the Law of the Series alone, in its higher spheres can scientifically and definitely settle the thousand theological questions that disturb both the minds and tempers of mortals, unsettle their faith and mutilate their souls, we are, in the present state of knowledge, not prepared entirely to assent to the application which Mr. Doherty makes of that law, or positively to defend the conclusions to which he arrives. We regard them as most interesting speculations, as opening a new field of theological study, and as giving broader, and at the same time, more exact limits to the whole matter than it has yet had. It is remarkable also that they, in some sense, remove it from the grounds in which it has hitherto been discussed, which is a frequent characteristic of true science.

As a body, the associative school holds no special religious doctrines. It embraces persons of all kinds and degrees of faith, from members of the Roman Catholic Church, down to ultra Rationalists. It offers to all men of whatever belief, a common point on which they can rally in behalf of Humanity. Proclaiming that true tolerance of all religious opinions which is dictated alike by the Gospel of Christ, and by complete worldly prudence, it invites to its banner the generous and sincere of every denomination. Never doubting, that in the course of time the Divine Providence will open to the world the means of harmonizing in order the present chaos of belief, it would be worse than folly for us in the mean while, dogmatically to set up the opinions of any number of persons as standards of the truth. Undoubtedly in the true order of proceeding, the spiritual or religious is first, and the material last; that is to say, life is developed from within outwards; but in the present inverted state of Humanity, the material is before the spiritual, or life is unfolded so to say, from without inwards. Thus we stand, as a school, upon domestic association, attractive industry, and political unity which are but the material basis and external form of Human Life. That which is higher, namely, Religious Unity, must come after these are established; and will consist not in identity or monotony of belief or ritual, but will be variety harmonized in unity. This whole matter is postponed until its own time, and meanwhile every man can labor for Association in the fullest conviction that he is thereby hastening the birth of the Holy

Church Universal, the crowning glory of Humanity, the spiritual destiny of the race. Thus also that numerous body of men whom the age has burdened with its scepticism can engage in a work which offers the highest aim their minds can grasp, namely the temporal salvation of Man, without being forced to accept doctrines for which they are not yet prepared. But we are convinced from our own personal experience, that with the idea of social unity and universal justice and happiness, truths of a more spiritual and positive kind will gradually enter their thoughts. Hope in Humanity and faith in God are not far apart, and he who entertains the one will ere long be visited and consoled by the other.

We commend the present and the succeeding numbers of Mr. Doherty's article to the careful and candid attention of our readers. Even the most jaded and indifferent mind will, we think, find in it something to repay a very earnest study.

THE MORNING STAR AND PEOPLE'S ECONOMIST. We have before us the 27th number of this periodical published in England, as an advocate of the Tropical Emigration Society and devoted to Association on Joint Stock Principles, based upon Colonization.

This Number, the only one we have seen, says: "Having witnessed the fruitless struggles of those who have been unable to carry out the principles of association in this country, we have determined to make our essay in a clime which holds out greater promises of success.

"As yet we have prospered beyond our most sanguine expectations, and the future looks even brighter than the past."

"Thus confident of the truth of our principles, a failure of our movement would only be looked upon by us as a death in the service of humanity,—an additional fact furnished by experience to the experimentalists of association after us."

We cannot gather from this paper any notion of the plan of proceedings, but the Tropical Emigration Society is organized in Sections, numbered one thousand three hundred and seventy-nine members on the fifth of July last, and was preparing to send out a company of chosen members to Venezuela, which country had been selected in consequence of its beautiful climate, and its laws favorable to emigrants.

There is yet another, called the "Venezuelian Transit Society," growing out of that abovementioned, of whose especial object we have no precise information, but which is constituted for the same purpose, and appears to be in a flourishing state. May God speed their exertions, and may their enterprise terminate hap-

pily, for their own sake and that of the drown-trodden millions of England.

¶ We have just received late files of the "*Democratique Pacifique*," the daily organ of the Associative school in Paris, from which we shall occasionally present our readers with extracts. The "*Democratique*" is constantly occupied with the cause of the laboring classes, which it advocates with all the ability which has gained its present position in France.—"The great mission of our epoch," it says, "is to put an end to the sufferings of the less fortunate classes, to create for them well-being, education, and the conditions of social and political liberty, in a word, to organize labor. To this capital work of the Nineteenth Century the intelligence and devotion of all should be given; whether it originate with the clergy, the University, with legitimists, republicans, or conservatives, the generous idea has a right to universal sympathy and support." These words express the sentiments of the Associative school every where. The Harbinger stands upon the same broad platform, and is ever ready to welcome any impulse towards the amelioration of society from whatever quarter it proceeds. We are also devoted to the cause of the working classes. We shall never cease to invoke the justice as well as the self-interest of society in their behalf. Have they no sufferings in America which need to be removed? Let our brother working men answer.

¶ "Corn has risen fifteen cents in fifteen days, and Mr. A. has made several thousand dollars by his speculation."

On the occasion of an advance of this kind some say; "now the farmers will be well paid for their crops," "the agricultural interest flourishes," say others. But neither look behind the curtain where they would see the farmer always as ill-requited for his excessive toil, with some few exceptions, whether the price of produce be high or low. Many causes contribute to this, but our intention is to signalize at present, only one, (which is indicated by the sentence at the head of this article,) because that one is the greatest and the most universal in its operation. We refer to the speculation, or forestalling consequent upon our system of free-competition in trade, one of the greatest curses which ever fell upon the human race, and which may be more properly designated as "legalized robbery." Legalized and honored in its success now, as were the strong hand and flinty heart of the iron-clad robber baron and the pirate sea-king in olden time, but having only the latter quality in common with those ancient types. "Mr. A. has made several

thousand dollars in fifteen days," lucky fellow he! we wish to find no fault with him, but with the system, and to call things by their right names, whether they be high or low in the world's esteem. This is but one instance among thousands of what takes place all over the land, on the occurrence of every rise, when produce by its enhanced value ought to give the husbandman some compensation for the diminished production which occasioned the rise.

When will society learn that its duty and interest are to protect the producer, and not the parasite, the farmer and not the forestaller, that justice does not permit him who does nothing to increase the value of an article, to profit unreasonably from the fact of its passing through his hands!

The time is not far off when the world will wonder that it ever allowed such a swarm of blood-suckers to fatten on its vitals, and gorge themselves with the life-blood of its most useful members.

We have no time to say more at present, but promise to recur to the subject hereafter and to show up this system of free competition in trade with its consequent and concomitant vices in its true colors.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

FROM THE PHALANX.

Translated for the Harbinger.

II.

OF THE DOCTRINE OF PROGRESSIVE UNITY.

"Attractions are proportional to destinies."
"The series distributes the harmonies."

FOURIER.

Let us first determine an important fact:

At the same time that nature, history, and religious creeds present to us evil and discords in an immense proportion, the prophecies of the Word have always announced the future reign of harmony upon the earth, and the consciousness of Humanity has always entertained the same hope of harmonic unity and of happiness. This, in good logic, is as much as to say, that all which is general upon our globe, is of an exceptional and temporary order; and that all which is exceptional is the type of future order and harmony.

It has then always been believed that the actual inharmoniousness of our globe, that all the obscurities which shroud the human mind, must disappear and give place to a new and different order, illumined by a new harmonic light. This belief is confirmed by the universal consciousness of the present generation, enlightened by the admirable advances which have been made in science.

For many ages, humanity has been plunged in the intellectual darkness of childhood: the doctrine of the fall and of lost happiness, the doctrine of restraint has been recognized as true and necessary. The doctrine of redemption, revealed eighteen centuries ago, was almost immediately obscured by the old doctrine of the irreparable fall upon the earth. At last, this light, which, for a short time, threw so bright a ray of hope upon humanity, is reanimated at this day to dispel forever the darkness of the soul.

To prove what we here advance, it is

enough to explain by simple good sense what Jesus Christ has commanded us in the Lord's prayer.

In that prayer it is enjoined upon us to ask, "that the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done on earth as in the heavens," and not *otherwise*, as some badly inspired persons would have us believe, by telling us that it is impossible for the kingdom of God to come and his will to be done on earth as in heaven.

We hope that the light will not again yield to darkness, for the work of redemption is in the course of rapid progress in the world. Saint John the Baptist, the prophet-precursor of the Redeemer came to preach repentance and preparation for the kingdom of God; Christ himself came to reveal to us the law of love and universal salvation; and the spirit of light, of science and practical harmony is at last given us to complete the work of redemption and to dispel the shadows which still surround the mind and the heart of man.

The *direct* doctrine of redemption upon the earth is about to strive once more seriously with the *inverse* doctrine of the irreparable fall, and the victory is not doubtful to the minds of those who are exalted by faith, by science, by divine heat and light.

It is always necessary that those who sigh for the coming of the kingdom of God, and who hope soon to see it descend upon the earth, should prepare themselves for the peaceful struggle which is to dissipate the darkness of subversion by the light of divine love. Three things are necessary for this preparation: repentance and the hatred of evil; initiation into the love of God, by the Gospel; initiation into the science of the serial law, by the theory of integral Association.

THE SERIAL LAW, KEY OF ALL REVELATION.

It is according to natural order, that the night should precede the day; that childhood, weak and ignorant, should

precede adult and enlightened manhood; that the roots should push *inversely* in the darkness of the soil, before the stalk, the branches and the leaves can develop themselves *directly* in the air, and light. There is the same law for the universal moral order, and for the progressive development of Humanity. There is the same law finally for religious unity, in which the *inverse* doctrine of the fall must extend its ramifications in the spiritual darkness, before the doctrine of the redemption and re-integration of Humanity can dart its noble shoots into the luminous atmosphere of harmony, and unfold itself freely to the sun of divine love.

What then is that light which is to display to us progressive and harmonic unity? It is the series, which distributes the harmonies of universal order. All known harmonies are governed by the series, and all known subversions are internal and external contradictions and overturnings of the serial order. Let us cite some examples.

If we observe nature in the sphere of the infinitely great, in the system of stars, we see that there are two orders of movements; that of the planets and satellites, which is measured, harmonic, and that of the comets, which is more or less divergent. In the sphere of the infinitely small, among the insects, we see that there is a serial, societary, harmonic order among the bees; while the same harmonic order is not generally found among the hurtful insects. If we take a middle term between the infinitely great and the infinitely small in nature, for example the animal kingdom, we see that the peaceful and useful animals, such as horses, dogs, kine, sheep, beavers, camels, elephants, &c., are social, and group themselves voluntarily in herds, while the greater part of the ferocious animals live more or less in isolation, without uniting themselves in groups and series.

Still, all is serial in nature, but all the series are not measured, associative, har-

monic. There are subversive, irregular, incomplete series, as there are harmonic complete and regular series.

It is therefore necessary to study the series profoundly, in order to know all the harmonic laws, and their thousand subversive opposites; for therein, lies all the question of harmony and unity.

We will develop this general principle hereafter.

We can only indicate here some superior types which will serve to throw light upon our subject, but the field is vast and fruitful, and cannot be cultivated too much, if we wish to obtain from nature all her secrets.

In our solar system, which is one of the superior types of harmonic order, we see a pivotal and central star, surrounded by several groups of secondary and tertiary stars. In the harmonic order among the insects, we see also a queen-bee, surrounded by a series of groups of secondary and tertiary orders, for the industrial associative work which constitutes the hive. In the animal kingdom, we see a regularly graduated serial arrangement, of classes, orders, genera, species and varieties, from the greatest to the least organic forms; although these families are not all socially connected among themselves, by instincts and habits, as are the bees, and the series of associated stars.

The incoherent order even, offers us some germs of the series in its elementary distribution, though as a whole, it be disconnected and discordant. Social and religious disorder has prevailed hitherto upon the earth, excepting in the primitive age, and yet men have always sought to group themselves in order to attain their objects more surely. War itself has compelled men to group themselves in companies, regiments and armies, in order to fortify themselves against danger, and to become more powerful by discipline, compact, unitary and serial order. In the same manner, in the ecclesiastical order, unity requires hierarchy, and in a good administration, the regular order is based upon discipline and hierarchy. Every where, in fine, where there is a shadow of harmony, there is also to be seen an embryo of the serial order.

It is by the serial order, that the primary elements of nature, in every branch of movement, issue from chaos to arrive at harmony; first, by grouping themselves partially little by little; then by forming combined groups; then, by uniting those groups among themselves into serial and hierarchical phalanxes, until, at last, general harmony, or at least partial internal agreement be established among the associated elements and groups. It is thus that men have issued, little by little, from absolute incoherence

or the savage state, to form patriarchal associations; then again, stronger feudal and war-like leagues; then, still farther, barbarism and the industrial nations, like the Roman Empire in ancient times, and now-a-days, those nations which are called civilized, such as Germany, Great Britain and France.

This serial progress is as yet little advanced in Humanity, but religious and social unity is already recognized in principle as the harmonic destiny by the freest and best informed minds.

The gospel teaches that all men are brothers, and that they are destined to love each other. The Associative theory informs us how the unity of men can be realized upon the whole globe, and this hierarchical association must be effected by the series unitarily organized in Humanity, as God has organized it for the bees and the stars, two orders of creation in the infinitely great and the infinitely small, between which Humanity forms only a middle term.

Let us return then to the doctrine of progressive unity in harmony, to the series which is to organize religious unity.

The greater part of religious speak to us with reason of religious unity upon the earth, and also of the unity of souls in the other world. God must govern this unity every where and forever, according to all faiths, but we have not a sufficiently clear idea of the unity of associated souls, neither here below, nor in the heavens, and we can obtain no explanation, either of the nature of God, or of the hierarchy of his government. Still we ought to have at least a general idea of the nature of God, and of the unitary hierarchy in the universe.

We now invite the whole attention of our readers to what follows.

APPLICATION TO THE DOCTRINE OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

According to the laws of the harmonic series of all degrees in Nature, we see that every group of associated elements has its pivot or chief, a head which directs it in its movements; the series have equally their unitary pivots; these pivots or chiefs are of the same nature as the elements they direct, allowing for the differences in hierarchical degrees.

Fourier teaches us, that social and religious unity, in Harmony, will be a universal and hierarchical series, embracing all human beings upon our globe; this series will have its chiefs and sub-chiefs of all degrees, from the omniarch down to the simple chief of an industrial group, like the association of stars in our solar system, in which we see this combined, unitary order, of the measured, harmonic series.

Swedenborg describes to us the order

which reigns in the other world, gives us the picture of a hierarchical harmony, conformable in every respect with the serial order which Fourier describes for this world, and which will be realized, we believe in the future.

Revelation of every kind, and true science lead us then to the same result respecting the nature of the series and the unitary hierarchy.

We cannot conceive of mundane or terrestrial harmony without a supreme government or terrestrial omniarchy. Neither can we any more conceive the harmony of the other world, of the aormal world, of the world of transmudane souls of all degrees, (style of the serial theory of Fourier,) or of the world of angels and spirits, (style of the prophets and mystics,) without a government, a transmudane omniarchy, an archangelic regency.

But if these two worlds are to be harmonized together, we must necessarily conceive again a unitary government of them both, a regency at the summit of all terrestrial and celestial hierarchies; in a word, an amphi-mundane * omniarchy.

Now, it cannot be a matter of indifference to us to discover, by means of science, the nature of these three regencies.

We know very well, from the theory, that the mundane omniarchy is formed, harmonically, of the natural chiefs of terrestrial humanity, that is, of the superior characters, the souls most elevated in the degree of actual development.— But we know also, by the theory, that terrestrial souls are only intelligences, celestial spirits in the mundane state. We know, moreover, that the souls of the other world have, generally at least, inhabited the earth. It follows then that the ultramundane souls partake the nature of terrestrial souls, allowing for differences of state, degree and development. Whence it results: that the composition of the ultramundane omniarchy, (the archangelic phalanx) must be analogous, allowing for degree and transcendency, with that of the terrestrial omniarchy. Finally, the government which must unite the two worlds, and which forms their hierarchical head, cannot be heterogeneous with their elements. There is then, in fine, a hierarchy of souls, mundane and ultramundane, of men, of spirits, of angels and of archangels, and at the summit of this hierarchy, a solar focus, a sanctuary still human and yet divine, centre of the light, of the government, and of the providence of the world.

Now, this hyper-archangelic centre,

* Amphi-mundane — of both worlds.

this amphi-mundane regency itself, has necessarily a pivot, and that pivot, which is a person, is a person at once human and divine, the son of God, the man-God, the chief of men, of saints, of angels, and of archangels, of thrones and dominions, the supreme providence and the supreme light of the world.

This is what the theory of the serial law certainly requires, and that theory indicates moreover very clearly, that this supreme chief, the son of God, the King of men, of saints, of angels and of archangels, is likely to descend upon the earth, there to assume for a time, a terraqueous body in mundane migration, to live there consequently, so far as son of Man, to act there, to teach, and give an impulse to the nations according to the divine laws, and within the limits of the liberty given to terrestrial humanity by God himself.

Let us remark, that it is in harmonic order that the elements of any series cannot be in direct and intimate relation of voluntary subordination and love, except with an element which is superior, but still clothed with their own nature. Human souls, as elements of harmony, could not be in direct and personal relation with any other supreme chief than the hyper-luminous soul, the God-man, the anthropomorphic Providence of the world, and not with the Divine Being considered as infinite, the perfect conception of which escapes them.

In order that there may be a connection between man and God, God must issue from his unapproachable infinite unity, and manifest himself as a person. The serial law requires then in order to maintain, and with stronger reason to re-establish, the union of human souls with God, that is, to redeem Humanity from the fall, to operate the transition from subversion to harmony, to form anew the affectionate concert of man with God by the free action of attraction, which is the general and universal interpreter of the will of God, the serial law, we say, demands a special intermediary, a person at once human and divine; in one word a *Mediator*.

Doctrinally, the entire religious question revolves around this idea of the Mediator, of this amphi-mundane pivot, of his system of government, of the laws and limits, according to which his Providence acts. This man-God, this father of the universal church, this son of the infinite God, this supreme light of the world of souls, this spiritual sun in which are condensed, or from which emanate all light, all heat and all love to dissipate the darkness, and to accelerate the movement of things towards unity, liberty, justice and harmony, this man-God, who is he? Has he already shown himself upon the

earth? Is Christ that man-God, that divine summit, the existence of whom the serial law reveals to Humanity, *by means purely scientific?*

What we know is, that Christ has affirmed it to us himself, and that no other than he upon the earth has yet called himself Son of God and Son of Man. He has said to us: "I am the light of the world, I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

If any one among those who have faith in the power of the series to throw light upon mysteries, suspects the veracity or the integrity of him who brought the gospel upon earth, and the revelation of Humanity to the nations; if any one refuses to believe Christ upon his word, he must solve this mystery of falsehood; for the world will soon require to know definitely what to believe respecting the Divinity of Christ, and how to constitute universal religious unity upon universal social harmony.—Now, we all pretend, that the science is discovered which must reveal all mysteries, and consequently the mysteries in the Word, as well as the mysteries in Nature. This science which we pretend to possess, is that of the series, which distributes the harmonies, and regulates the laws of general destinies. This science cannot remain silent upon so important a problem as that of the fundamental doctrine of the religion of all civilized nations. Sooner or later, positively or negatively, it must give an answer to it.

But why Christ rather than Mahomet or Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, or Buddha? some will perhaps at once object. This is a question to be examined in the general study of the religious formations accomplished or in the course of accomplishment. We will content ourselves for the moment with saying that the sun enlightens and the planets reflect, and with observing that the nations grouped around the revelations and under the impulsive action of Zoroaster, Mahomet, Confucius, &c. have received from them only a very faint light and a very weak impulse, compared with the radiance of the light of the Gospel, and the entirely preponderating activity of the people who have directly received its rays.

We are very far from wishing to impose a belief, on the faith of a word or a hypothesis; but we must nevertheless, henceforth remember, as a double fact of immense importance in the order of studies which are to lead to the discovery of the historical, providential system of the government of the world, that Christianity is the religion of Europe and of all civilized nations, that is to say, of the most enlightened and most influential nations, of the head, in fine, which directs Humanity at this moment, and that

the Divinity of Christ is doctrinally the fundamental base of Christianity.

In any case, our object here is no other than to state a great problem for those intelligences which are already enlightened by the new light which Fourier was the providential means of bringing to Humanity. This problem will not be fully solved except by numerous and serious studies of which we shall indicate the general scope. Let us terminate this sketch respecting the Divinity of Christ, by remarking that the conception of the Man-God, Son of Man, and Son of God, drawn from pure science, from the pure domain of the rational theory of the Series, agrees perfectly with the doctrine of the Church based upon inspiration, revelation, the sacred texts, that is, upon the data of Faith. To prove this by one word, in concluding, we quote the following definition from St. Paul: "He" (Christ) "is the chief and the head of the body, the Church," (universal Humanity united in Truth and Harmony.) "He is the beginning, the first born among the dead," (the ultramundanes); "that he may be the first in all things. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—*Colossians* i. 18, 10.

Certainly the serial theory could not furnish a more exact or a more clear definition of the amphi-mundane Omniarch!

ANALOGOUS INDUCTIONS UPON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS. (EARTH AND HEAVEN.)

A serious difficulty presents itself to the mind when first called upon to receive the data of different revelations as emanations more or less divine; this is the state of incoherence, of contradiction, of shadowy darkness, and even of monstrosity in which seven eighths at least of the prophecies present themselves. We cannot admit at first sight that all this creation of doctrines containing in its vast bosom so many ridiculous, unreasonable or shocking words can have come from God, while the words of harmony, the words of light, capable of conducting humanity to Truth, to Unity, to Happiness, appear in the proportion of hardly an eighth, and even then by very incomplete manifestations. This difficulty is only an apparent one when we become acquainted with the serial law, of which all types, in which harmony predominates, offer a transitory imperfect, weak, and incoherent example at both extremities of the career. Children are born weak, ignorant, and liable to a thousand diseases of body and mind. The aged, before leaving this world, pass through a phase of weakness and infirmity. It is the same thing with a globe and a human race. Now, terrestrial humanity has not had more than

sixty centuries of history; * and by applying analogy to the theory of the transmigration of souls, we shall find that a humanitarian revolution, analogous to an annual revolution of our globe around the sun, must extend to more than eighty thousand years.

In fact, a year contains three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter; each diurnal revolution of the earth upon itself embraces a day and a night, or a phase of light, and a phase of obscurity: a generation which is born and dies in humanity embraces a visible career here below, and an invisible career in the other world. Still there is a reversal in the analogy: the ultra mundane or invisible existence must be considered as the truly luminous one and the mundane or visible existence corresponds to the phase of obscurity. A terrestrial career may be estimated at eighty years of duration, and as the luminous phase must endure at least twice as long as the correlative obscurities, we may estimate the ultra mundane career at one hundred and sixty years; which gives two hundred and forty years for a revolution of humanity upon itself, by alternation of existence, according to the theory of transmigration, and of the periodical return of souls from one life to the other; 240 years multiplied by 365, give us 87,600 years: such then must be the time necessary for humanity to complete a career analogous, in the first degree only, to the four seasons of the year, and to the four cardinal phases of every complete career of life.

Humanity upon our globe has then a career of at least eighty thousand years to go through, to pass the four seasons of collective life, childhood, youth, maturity and decline. The period is perhaps longer still, for if the degree of analogy be composite instead of simple, as we suppose it here, the proportions change enormously, and the collective being will pass through eighty times eighty thousand years to accomplish like the individual, eighty times the four solar seasons, during the four cardinal phases of the integral career.

In any event, taking only eighty thousand years as the term of the integral career upon this globe, the six thousand years already passed by Humanity are only the weak and suffering, obscure and incoherent childhood of the collective life, whence it follows that every thing must be exceptional, and more or less subversive during this first phase of existence. But as the elementary individual passes from weak and ignorant childhood; to youth, strong in body and mind, so Hu-

manity, as the collective being, will pass from its weak, and ignorant, subversive and discordant childhood, to happy, enlightened youth, strong and free from all the evils which have oppressed it during the age of obscurity and incoherence.

It is for this very reason that what is at present exceptional must be considered as a type of general harmony to come, and what is now the rule, must in future be the exception in the world. It is on this account also, that the doctrine of moral compression must have reigned during the dark phase of religion, and that the doctrine, or principle of harmonic liberty, must prevail in social and religious harmony. Hitherto we have understood contrariwise, the mysteries of Nature and of the Word, which, henceforth, are to be explained by the doctrine of progressive Unity, by the Series, which distributes the harmonies of revelation in all degrees.

The compressive doctrine is to the harmonic doctrine, in humanity, what the root is to the stem of the tree. The root, as we have before said, pushes *inversely* in the darkness, before the stem can develop itself *directly* in the light. Still, the two systems belong to the same vegetable beings, as the two contrasted doctrines will belong, at a later period, to the same religious unity in humanity, because the doctrine of progressive, serial unity is only the extension of the doctrine of universal charity, which already exists in the Christian Church. The agreement of these doctrines in the Catholic and truly Universal Church, will be the subject of a special chapter. In the mean while every one will readily admit that nothing can be more dark and obscure than are the mysteries and doctrines of religion to the mass of the faithful. To be assured of this, we need only adduce the general statistics of all creeds among all nations. This is the first thing to be done to enable us to explain and throw light upon all by the doctrine of progressive unity, which must harmonize all the mysteries and discords which God has permitted upon the earth; for in a world which God has made, nothing is useless, and every thing must have a reason for its existence; economy of means being an attribute of God and a fundamental principle of harmony.

In support of this thesis, we will here quote a detached note, which we find in one of Fourier's manuscripts: "The Christian religion will govern the universe in the fulness of time; but modified, as in the caterpillar; the butterfly is still the same body, through transformed and this transformation is the consequence of the passage from falsehood to truth."

This note of Fourier's contains exactly

our idea upon the natural transformation of religious creeds; but there remains a very great work of analysis to be performed in order to exhibit all the details of this question. Some minds may doubt the utility of such a work, but there are others who will judge differently.

There may be much intellectual garbage in the world; we do not dispute that, but a good economist knows how to find use for all, even for filth, and to make it advantageous in the production of nourishment for the body. Those who wish to nourish the human soul, must make use of every earnest idea which has served for the moral and religious development of any nation, at any epoch in history.

We must nevertheless be strictly on our guard against the theory of a confused pantheism, which mixes all without science, and, so to speak, without conscience. It is not by mixing muck with bread, that we employ the corrupted element; so, in the intellectual order, the study of obscure notions, and of moral and religious mysteries, ancient or modern, must serve only to fertilize the mind, and cause healthy ideas to spring up, and the more impartial and integral or universal are our studies in the religious sphere, the more will the ideas produced be abundant, and of a superior quality, provided always, we have a sure instinct to guide us in this labyrinth of mysteries, or, in default of *manly* instinct, a sufficient knowledge of the serial method. This method is a special science explained in the works of Fourier, and would require too long a time to develop here in its elementary details. We must limit ourselves for the moment to what has already been said above, and pass to a rapid examination of the various religions and their doctrines.

To be Continued.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Be thy cares forgotten quite!
Day approaches to its close;
Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawn in light,
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumber blest!
Now 'tis still and tranquil all;
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Heavenly forms thy fancy greet!
Be thy visions from above,
Dreams of rapture, — dreams of love!
As the fair one's form you meet,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrows with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!
Good night!

* The conjectures of *simplistic* geology and of philosophic scepticism have as yet said nothing serious against the authenticity of this chronology.

STUMP-SPEAKING.

One branch of American oratory is stump-speaking. It is so called from political meetings being held sometimes in the woods, and an old stump being selected as the rostrum. It is a peculiar sort of eloquence — it is everything and nothing, as occasion may be — mixes up poetry, philosophy, and politics in singular combinations — laughs and cries — becomes clown and gentleman, as clown or gentleman suits best. It is the most effective style of popular speaking, without doubt, as it adopts the people's words. It borrows language from Mississippi boatmen and market-house rowdies — comes down on you "like a thousand of brick," &c. &c.

There is something to be learned from this stumping-oratory. It has popular adaptation, though it must be confessed, it brings injury to the public mind. To talk abstractions to the people is just equivalent to talking Dutch to the Indians. A man must be peculiarly a human animal in public-speaking. You can't be a philosopher or an angel, in addressing crowds. Once in boyhood, Old Gilbert saw a Rifle Company lay down on the ground and shoot: the idea impressed him. Now there is a great deal in shooting low. Take aim before you shoot. If you don't hit, your smoke will do no good.

We confess our likes for effective pulpit-style. A minister is not a pulpit-essayist. A minister is not a philosophic-lecturer. A fine book-style is not a fine pulpit-style. The heart is the minister of the desk. The best style is that which brings the intellect down through the heart and melts all its precious metals in that hot furnace. If you want a specimen, take good old South — see what edge is in all he said. Playful, but not light — sharp, but not sour — imaginative, but not dramatic — using common words with uncommon power — speaking to you as if he expected to convince you — full of earnestness — decided, without dogmatism — witty, but not vulgar. All his words strike you like the explosion of torpedoes.

Some preachers use a sort of air-gun. You hear no report — you see some effect. Others are real artillery-men — thundering and blazing. No objection to the artillery-men, if they will only throw balls, but it is rather funny, to fire loud guns, and have very small shot.

Let every man keep to his own natural style. All children can't cry alike. Some cry easy — some make a great blubbering. All preachers can't preach alike. Personal taste should be rectified and then become personal law. How would Milton's old Gothic architectural style suit simple-hearted Cowper! How would Charles Lamb look in Coleridge's Germanic idioms! How would Hall look in Chalmers's garb! How would Wesley appear in Hervey's gaudy robes? Let every man be natural, but let him take care what is natural. Nature is a very indefinite word now-a-days. If you have the volume of water of Niagara, then you may become a cataract, but a bucket full won't answer. If you have electricity, you may afford to thunder, but not without. Do you hear that, me-friends! — *Methodist Protestant.*

One half the amount of physical and mental labor now performed by mankind, would be amply sufficient (if properly adjusted), to feed and clothe all sumptuously. The cause why it is not so, — too much finery and luxuries.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

XIII.

"Albert's history will be concluded in a few words, my dear Porporina, because unless I repeat what you have already heard, I have not much more to tell you. The conduct of my cousin during the eighteen months which I have passed here, has been a continual repetition of the extravagancies of which you have been informed. Only his pretended recollection of what he had been, and what he had seen in past ages, assumed an appearance of frightful reality, when Albert began to manifest a peculiar and truly wonderful faculty of which you may have heard, but in which I did not believe, before having the proofs which he has given. This faculty is called, I am told, in other countries, the second sight; and those who possess it are the objects of great veneration among superstitious people. As for me, who know not what to think of it, and will not undertake to give you a reasonable explanation, I find in it an additional motive to deter me from being the wife of a man who could see all my actions, even if I were a hundred leagues off, and who could almost read my thoughts. Such a wife ought to be at least a saint, and how could she be one with a man who seems pledged to the devil!"

"You have the gift of jesting at all things," said Consuelo, "I wonder at the cheerfulness with which you speak of those which make my hair stand on end. In what does this second sight consist?"

"Albert sees and hears what no one else can see and hear. When a person whom he loves is coming, although no one expects him, Albert announces his approach and goes to meet him an hour before hand. In the same way he retires and shuts himself up in his chamber, when he perceives any one whom he dislikes coming afar off.

"One day when he was walking with my father in a bye-path on the mountain, he suddenly stopped and made a great circuit through rocks and bushes in order not to pass near a certain place, which nevertheless, presented nothing peculiar. They returned by the same path in a few moments, and Albert again played the same game. My father who observed him, pretended to have lost something, and wished to draw him to the foot of a cedar which appeared to be the object of his repugnance. Not only did Albert avoid approaching it, but he even had the affectation not to walk upon the shadow

which the tree cast over the path; and while my father passed and repassed under it, he manifested extraordinary uneasiness and anguish. At last, my father having stopped directly at the foot of the tree, Albert uttered a cry and recalled him precipitately. But he refused for a long time to explain himself respecting this fancy, and it was only when overcome by the prayers of the whole family, that he declared that the tree was the mark of a sepulchre, and that a great crime had been committed on the spot. The chaplain thought that if Albert knew of any murder which had formerly been committed in that place, it was his duty to inform himself of it, in order to give burial to the abandoned bones.

"Take care what you do," said Albert, with an air both sad and ironical, which he often assumes. "The man, woman, and child, whom you will find there were Hussites, and it was the drunkard Wenceslas who had their throats cut by his soldiers, one night when he was concealed in our woods, and was afraid of being observed and betrayed by them."

"Nothing more was said to my cousin of this circumstance. But my uncle, who wished to know if it was an inspiration or a caprice on his part, had search made during the night at the place which my father pointed out. They found the skeletons of a man, a woman, and a child. The man was covered with one of those enormous wooden shields which the Hussites carried, and which are easily recognized by the chalice engraved upon them, with this device in Latin around it. 'O Death, how bitter is thy coming to the wicked; but refreshing to him whose actions have been just, and directed with reference to thee!'"

"The bones were transferred to a more retired spot in the forest, and when, several days after, Albert repassed at the foot of the cedar, my father remarked that he manifested no repugnance at walking on the place, which had nevertheless been again covered with stones and sand, and in which nothing appeared changed. He did not even remember the emotion he experienced on that occasion, and had some difficulty in recalling it to his mind on its being mentioned.

"You must be mistaken," said he to my father, "and I must have been warned in some other place. I am certain there is nothing here, for I feel no cold, nor pain, nor shivering in my body!"

"My aunt was inclined to attribute this power of divination to a special favor of

* "O Mors, quam est amara, memoria tua hominibus injustis, viro quieta cuius res sunt ordinate et ad hoc." This sentence is taken from the Bible. But there the rich are named instead of the wicked, and the poor instead of the just.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Providence, but Albert is so melancholy, so tormented, so unhappy, that one can hardly think Providence would have bestowed on him so fatal a gift. If I believed in the devil, I should much sooner receive the supposition of our chaplain, who charges all Albert's hallucinations to his account. My uncle Christian, who is a more sensible man and more firm in his religion, than any of the rest of us, finds very reasonable explanations for many of these things. He believes that, notwithstanding all the pains taken by the Jesuits, during and after the thirty years' war, to burn all the heretics in Bohemia, and particularly those who were found at Giants' Castle, notwithstanding the minute explorations made by the chaplain in every corner, after the death of my aunt Wanda, some historical documents of the times of the Hussites, must have remained concealed in a secret place unknown to everybody, and that Albert must have found them. He thinks that the reading of those dangerous papers vividly impressed his diseased imagination, and that he naively attributes to a wonderful recollection of previous existences upon the earth, the impression which he then received of many details now unknown, but contained with exactness in those manuscripts. By this means, the stories he relates to us can be naturally explained, as well as his otherwise inexplicable disappearances for days and whole weeks; for it is as well to inform you, that this event has been repeated several times, and that it is impossible to suppose it can be accomplished out of the chateau. Every time he has so disappeared, he has remained undiscoverable, and we are certain that no peasant has ever given him refuge or nourishment. We know of a certainty, that he has fits of lethargy which keep him confined to his chamber whole days. Whenever the door is broken open, and much noise made about him, he falls into convulsions. Therefore they take good care not to do this, but leave him to his ecstasy. At those moments, extraordinary things certainly take place in his mind; but no sound, no outward agitation, betrays them: only his conversations inform us afterwards. When he comes out of those states, he appears relieved and restored to reason; but by degrees the agitation returns, and goes on increasing, until it overpowers him. It would seem that he foreknows the duration of these crises; for when they are to be long, he goes afar off, or conceals himself in some supposed lurking place, which must be a grotto of the mountain, or a cellar in the chateau, known to him alone. Hitherto, no one has been able to discover it. That is the more difficult, as we cannot watch him, and he is made dangerously ill if any one follows, or ob-

serves him, or even questions him. Thus it has been thought best to leave him entirely free, since we have come to regard these absences, which were so terrifying at the commencement, as favorable crises in his malady. When they occur, my aunt suffers, and my uncle prays, but nobody stirs; and as to me, I can assure you that I am much hardened in that respect. Anxiety has been succeeded by ennui and disgust. I would rather die than marry this maniac. I recognize his great qualities; but though it may seem to you that I ought not to care for his freaks, since they are the effect of his malady, I confess that they irritate me as a thorn in my life, and that of my family."

"That seems to me somewhat unjust, dear baroness," said Consuelo. "That you have a repugnance to becoming Count Albert's wife, I now understand very well; but that you should lose your interest in him, I do not understand."

"It is because I cannot drive from my mind the idea that there is something voluntary in the poor man's madness. It is certain that he has much force of character, and that on a thousand occasions, he has great control over himself. He can put off the attacks of his crises at will. I have seen him master them with much power, when those around him did not seem inclined to consider them in a serious light. On the contrary, whenever he sees us disposed to credulity and fear, he has the appearance of wishing to produce an effect on us by his extravagancies, and abuses our weakness with regard to him. This is why I feel vexed, and frequently request his patron Beelzebub to come for him at once, that we may be freed from him."

"These are very cruel witticisms," said Consuelo, "respecting so unhappy a man, and one whose mental malady seems to me more poetical and marvellous than repulsive."

"As you please, dear Porporina," returned Amelia. "Admire these sorceries as much as you will, if you can believe in them. As for me, I look upon these things as our chaplain does, who recommends his soul to God and does not try to understand them; I take refuge in the bosom of reason, and excuse myself from explaining what I am sure must have a solution entirely natural, though at present unknown to us. The only thing certain in my cousin's miserable lot, is, that his individual reason has entirely disappeared, and that imagination has unfolded such broad wings in his head, as completely to crack his brain. And since I must speak clearly, and use the word which my poor uncle Christian was obliged to articulate with tears, at the knees of the Empress Maria Theresa, who is not satisfied with half answers or half explana-

tions; in three letters, Albert of Rudolstadt is mad: insane, if you consider that epithet more decent."

Consuelo answered by a deep sigh. At that instant, Amelia seemed to her a very hateful person and a heart of iron. She tried to excuse her in her own eyes, by reflecting upon what she must have suffered during eighteen months of a life so sad, and filled with such multiplied emotions. Then returning to her own misfortune, "Ah! why cannot I place Anzoleto's faults to the score of madness!" thought she. "If he had fallen into delirium in the midst of the intoxications and deceptions of his debut, I feel for myself that I should not have loved him any less; I should only need to know that his unfaithfulness and ingratitude proceeded from insanity, to adore him as before, and to fly to his assistance."

Several days passed without Albert's giving by his manner or his discourse, the least confirmation of his cousin's assertions, respecting the derangement of his mind: But one fine day, the chaplain having unintentionally contradicted him, he began to utter some very incoherent sentences; and as if he were himself sensible of it, went hastily out of the saloon and ran to shut himself up in his chamber. They thought he would remain there a long while; but an hour after, he reëntered, pale and languishing, dragged himself from chair to chair, moved around Consuelo, without seeming to pay any more attention to her than on other days, and ended by seeking refuge in the deep embrasure of a window, where he rested his head on his hands, and remained completely motionless.

It was the hour of Amelia's music lesson, and she wished to take it, in order, as she said in a low voice to Consuelo, to drive away that gloomy figure which destroyed all her gaiety, and diffused a sepulchral odor through the apartment.

"I think," replied Consuelo, "that we had better go up to your chamber; your spinet will do for the accompaniment. If it be true that Count Albert does not like music, why augment his sufferings, and consequently those of his family?"

Amelia yielded to this last consideration, and they ascended together to her apartment, the door of which they left open, because they found it a little smoky. Amelia wished to go on in her own way, as usual, singing cavatinas of great display; but Consuelo, who began to show herself severe, made her try several simple and very serious descants, extracted from the religious songs of Palestrina. The young baroness yawned, became impatient, and declared that the music was barbarous and soporific.

"That is because you do not under-

stand it," said Consuelo. "Let me sing some passages to show you that it is admirably written for the voice, besides being sublime in the thoughts and intentions."

She seated herself at the spinet, and began to sing. It was the first time that she had awakened about her the echoes of the old chateau; and the sonorousness of the high cold walls gave her a pleasure to which she abandoned herself. Her voice, so long mute, that is, since the last evening when she sang at Saint Samuel, and fainted, broken down by fatigue and sorrow, instead of being impaired by so much suffering and agitation, was more beautiful, more wonderful, more penetrating, than ever. Amelia was at once transported and affrighted. She comprehended at last that she did not know any thing, and that perhaps she never could learn anything, when the pale and pensive figure of Albert showed itself suddenly in front of the two young girls, in the middle of the chamber, and remained motionless and singularly affected, until the end of the piece. It was then only that Consuelo perceived him, and was somewhat terrified. But Albert, falling on his knees and raising towards her his great black eyes, flooded with tears, cried out in Spanish, without the least German accent, "O Consuelo! Consuelo! I have at last found thee!"

"Consuelo!" cried the astonished girl, expressing herself in the same language. "Why, Senor, do you call me by that name?"

"I call you Consolation," replied Albert, still speaking in Spanish, "because a consolation has been promised to my desolate life, and because you are that consolation which at last God grants to my solitary and gloomy existence."

"I did not think," said Amelia, with repressed rage, "that music could produce so prodigious an effect on my dear cousin. Nina's voice is made to accomplish wonders, I allow; but I will remark to both, that it would be more polite towards me, and more proper in general, to use a language which I can understand."

Albert appeared not to have heard a word of what his betrothed had said. He remained on his knees, looking at Consuelo, with an indescribable surprise and transport, repeating in a tender voice; "Consuelo! Consuelo!"

"But what is it he calls you?" said Amelia, somewhat pettishly to her companion.

"He is asking me for a Spanish air, which I do not know," said Consuelo, much troubled; "but I think we had better stop, for music seems to affect him a great deal to-day." And she rose to go out.

"Consuelo!" repeated Albert, in Span-

ish, "if you leave me, there is an end of my life, and I will never return to the earth!" Saying this, he fell in a swoon at her feet; and the two young girls, terrified, called the servants to carry him away and assist him.

XIV.

Count Albert was laid softly upon his bed; and while one of the two domestics who had carried him, searched for the chaplain, who was a sort of family physician, and the other for Count Christian, who had given orders that he should always be called at the least indisposition of his son, the two young girls, Amelia and Consuelo had gone in quest of the canoness. But before either of these persons could reach the bedside of the invalid, and they made all possible haste, Albert had disappeared. They found his door open, his bed hardly marked by the moments' repose he had taken, and his chamber in its accustomed order. They sought him every where, and as always happened in similar cases, found him nowhere; after which the family fell into one of those fits of gloomy resignation, of which Amelia had spoken to Consuelo, and they seemed to wait with that mute terror, which they had become accustomed not to express, the always hoped for and always uncertain return of this singular young man.

Although Consuelo could have wished not to inform Albert's parents of the strange scene which had occurred in Amelia's chamber, the latter did not fail to relate the whole, and to depict in vivid colors the sudden and violent effect which Porporina's singing had produced upon her cousin.

"Then it is very certain that music affects him unfavorably," replied the chaplain.

"In that case," replied Consuelo, "I will take good care he shall not hear me; and when I am engaged with the young baroness, we will shut ourselves up so closely, that no sound can reach Count Albert's ears."

"That will be a great trouble to you, my dear young lady," said the canoness, "Ah! It will not be my fault if your residence is not agreeable."

"I wish to share your sorrows and your joys," returned Consuelo, and I ask no other satisfaction than to be associated in your confidence and your friendship."

"You are a noble child!" said the canoness, extending to her her long hand, dry and polished as yellow ivory. "But listen," added she; "I do not believe that music really does harm to my dear Albert. From what Amelia has related of this morning's occurrence, I see, on the contrary, that he experienced too vivid a delight, and perhaps his suffering arose

from the termination too speedy for his liking, of your admirable melodies. What did he say to you in Spanish? That is a language which he speaks perfectly well, as he does many others which he learnt in his travels, with a surprising facility. When we ask him how he can retain so many different languages, he answers that he knew them before he was born, and that he only recalls them, say this one because he spoke it twelve hundred years ago, and another when he was at the crusades; what do I say? alas! As we must conceal nothing from you, dear signora, you will hear strange accounts of what he calls his anterior existences. But translate to me in our German, which you already speak very well, the meaning of the words which he said to you in your language, which none of us here are acquainted with."

Consuelo at that moment experienced an embarrassment for which she could not account. Still she thought it best to tell almost the whole truth, and explained that Albert had requested her to continue, not to depart from him, saying at the same time that she gave him much consolation.

"Consolation!" cried the quick-witted Amelia. "Did he use that word? You know, aunt, how significant it is in my cousin's mouth —"

"In fact, it is a word which he has frequently upon his lips," replied Wenceslaw, "and which has a prophetic sense to him; but I see nothing on this occasion, which could render the use of such a word other than perfectly natural."

"But what was that which he repeated so often, dear Porporina?" returned Amelia pertinaciously. "He seemed to say a particular word to you many times, and in consequence of my agitation I am not able to remember what it was."

"I did not understand it myself," replied Consuelo, making a great effort to tell a falsehood.

"My dear Nina," said Amelia to her in a whisper, "you are quick-witted and prudent; as for me, who am not entirely stupid, I think I understand very well that you are the mystic consolation promised by the vision to Albert in his thirtieth year. Do not think to conceal from me that you understood this even better than I did; it is a celestial mission of which I am not jealous."

"Listen, dear Porporina," said the canoness, after having reflected a few minutes: "we have always thought that Albert, when he disappeared from among us, in a manner which might be called magical, was concealed not far off, in the house perhaps, thanks to some retreat of which he alone has the secret. I know not why, it seems to me that if you would sing at this moment he would hear you and come to us."

"If I thought so;" — said Consuelo, ready to obey.

"But if Albert is near us, and the effect of music should be to augment his delirium;" remarked the jealous Amelia.

"Well," said Count Christian, "it is a trial we must make. I have heard say that the incomparable Faranelli had the power of dissipating by his voice the black melancholy of the King of Spain, as young David had that of appeasing the furies of Saul, by his harp. Try, generous Porporina, so pure a soul as yours must exercise a salutary influence around it."

Consuelo, much moved, seated herself at the harpsichord and sang a Spanish canticle in honor of our Lady of Consolation, which her mother had taught her when a child, and which began with these words: *Consuelo de mi alma*, "Consolation of my soul," &c. She sang with so pure a voice and with an accent of such truthful piety, that the hosts of the old mauer-house almost forgot the subject of their anxieties, and surrendered themselves to sentiments of hope and of faith. A profound silence prevailed within and without the chateau; the doors and windows had been opened in order that Consuelo's voice might reach as far as possible, and the moon with her greenish light illuminated the embrasures of the vast windows. All was calm and a sort of religious serenity succeeded to the anguish of their souls, when a deep sigh, as if breathed forth from a human breast, responded to the last sounds uttered by Consuelo. That sigh was so distinct and so long, that all present perceived it, even Baron Frederick, who, half awake, turned his head as if some one had called him. All turned pale and looked at each other, as if to say: "It was not I; was it you?" Amelia could not withhold a cry, and Consuelo, to whom the sigh seemed as if proceeding from some one at her very side, though she was seated at the harpsichord apart from the rest of the family, experienced such a fright that she could not pronounce a word.

"Divine goodness!" said the terrified canoness, "did you hear that sigh which seemed to come from the depths of the earth?"

"Say rather, aunt," cried Amelia, "that it passed over our heads like the breath of night."

"Some owl attracted by the light must have traversed the apartment while we were absorbed by the music, and we have heard the slight noise of his wings at the moment he flew out through the window." Such was the opinion put forth by the chaplain, whose teeth nevertheless, chattered with fear.

"Perhaps it was Albert's dog," said Count Christian.

"Cynabre is not here," replied Amelia. "Wherever Albert is, Cynabre is always with him. Some one has sighed here strangely. If I dared go to the window, I would see if any one were listening in the garden; but if my life depended on it, I should not have strength enough."

"For a person so devoid of prejudices," said Consuelo to her in a low voice, and forcing a smile, "for a little French philosopher, you are not very brave, my dear baroness: I will try to be more so."

"Do not go, my dear," replied Amelia aloud, "nor pretend to be valiant, for you are as pale as death, and will be ill."

"What childish fancies amuse your sorrow, my dear Amelia," said Count Christian, advancing towards the window with a grave and firm step. He looked out, saw no one, closed the sash calmly, and said, "It seems that real evils are not sharp enough for the ardent imaginations of women; they must always add to them the creations of their own brains, too ingenious in searching for causes of suffering. Certainly that sigh had nothing mysterious in it; some one of us, affected by the beautiful voice and the wonderful talent of the Signora, must have breathed forth unwittingly that sort of exclamation from the bottom of his heart. Perhaps it was myself, and yet I was not sensible of it. Ah! Porporina, if you should not succeed in curing Albert, at least you know how to pour celestial balm on wounds as deep as his."

The words of this holy old man, always wise and calm in the midst of the domestic misfortunes which overwhelmed him, were in themselves a celestial balm, and Consuelo felt their effect. She was tempted to throw herself on her knees before him and ask his blessing; as she had received that of Porpora on leaving him, and that of Marcello on a bright day of her life, which had been the commencement of the series of her unhappy and solitary days.

To be Continued.

SOMETHING FUNNY. — On the arraignment of McNulty at Washington, the clerk, after reading the indictment, asked the prisoner if the "*gentleman* pleaded guilty or not guilty?" The prisoner facetiously replied, that as to the *gentleman*, he pleaded *guilty*, but as to the *indictment*, *not guilty*. — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Something funny," call you it! It was a most pointed rebuke to the official toady who could not divest himself of his obsequiousness to the rich, though addressing one of them as prisoner—a criminal. We venture to aver if a poor man stood before him, though it were for a far less heinous crime, the tone of this same clerk towards him would be haughty

and overbearing. It is ever the way. The most abject flatterers of the great, or those whom they so class are invariably the greatest contemners of the poor. — *N. O. Picayune*.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. IV. — BOOKBINDERS.

The Bookbinders, as a class, are perhaps one of the most contented, respectable, and industrious Trades in the city. The number of those employed in the respectable establishments is about 700, and they earn on the average, from \$8 to \$9 per week. Perhaps one-half of them are engaged by the week, and the others by the piece. The regular price per week is \$8, though some get \$8 50 or \$9. They work ten hours a day. The piece-workers have a greater range of prices, though the average, except for extra workers, is about the same. Some journeymen have great skill and industry, and average as high as \$15 per week. We could mention a man who makes, whenever he chooses, \$20 a week.

A majority of the Journeymen Bookbinders are Americans, and the proportion of foreigners is probably smaller than in any other trade. Those educated in this country work indiscriminately at Forwarding and Finishing; but the English workmen understand only a single branch — Forwarding, Marbling, Gilding, Stamping, or Finishing. Spending the whole of their apprenticeship thus on a single branch, they usually become very neat workers, but not swift. They don't seem to get into the way of driving business like the Americans. There are a few Germans engaged in the business — and, so far as we can ascertain, but one Irishman.

The prices paid for piece work of course vary with the different size, style, &c. &c. of the book to be bound, so that a full list of prices would occupy too much room. The prices for the most usual kinds of work are as follows:

For 18s. and 12s. in skiver out of boards, \$1 50 or \$2 for Forwarding, and the same for Finishing.

Sheep, 8vos. cut in boards, (such as Law Books, &c.) \$5 per hundred for Forwarding, and from \$3 to \$4 for Finishing.

Calf sewed on vellum, 20 cents per volume; Gilt edge, 24 cents; Morocco, 34. Extra work, however, is generally done by the week, and is paid from \$10 to \$15.

Although we say that American-bred workmen work indiscriminately at Forwarding and Finishing, yet these two branches are carried on separately and by two sets of hands. The number of Forwarders is about twice that of the Finishers. Many establishments send their work out to be lettered and gilded. The ornamental borders on the covers of books, whether leather or muslin, are done by machinery. This process is called stamping.

The Journeymen Bookbinders generally have constant and full employment (those we mean who hold regular situations,) from September to January, and from March to July, the two "seasons" in all business connected with Book-making. In the intervals work is slack.

The Bookbinders have a Society, incorporated by the Legislature in 1839, under

the title of the 'New York Benevolent Association of Bookbinders.' It is simply a benevolent institution, and has nothing to do with regulating prices, hours, &c. &c. 'The Bookbinders' Union,' however, has been recently instituted for these purposes, and many of the Journeymen have already become members.

As in the case of the folders and sewers, there are several establishments in the city where business is conducted upon any thing but honorable principles. The proprietors go round to the publishers and solicit work at half price, employ 'rats' at \$3 and \$4 per week, and turn out, of course, miserable work. Some of them do not pay their workmen at all, and when they become clamorous for their money, discharge them and hire a new set. There are employers who have practised this system for years, not only with the men, but with the women employed by them. The latter have been indeed infamously imposed upon in this way, and we have been told of cases where even respectable aged females, when importuning for their little earnings, have been repulsed and driven away with violence.

The Folders and Sewers, too, employed in these establishments are wronged in the most unprincipled manner. They are in the first place engaged as apprentices, and are told that they must work six weeks for nothing—after which they will be Journeywomen, and entitled to full prices. Well—they work patiently six weeks, and are then—*discharged* to make room for a new batch of apprentices, who are taken in and done for on the same terms! Probably one good worker is permanently retained to instruct the new recruits.

The girls employed in the respectable establishments, are for the most part much more comfortable and contented. Those among them who are industrious generally get along very well, and deserve the greatest credit for maintaining themselves by their work, and supporting a good name and reputation. Instances are not infrequent where they find time, in the intervals of labor, to enrich their minds by the acquisition of solid and useful knowledge, and to fit themselves for becoming happy wives and mothers. We can recall an instance of an old and wealthy gentleman, long one of the most influential citizens of the capital of our State, who years ago married a Folder and Sewer in his own establishment, and found that she graced the station in which she was placed. In painting a true picture, there must of course be strong lights as well as heavy shadows. Our object is to distort nothing, to conceal nothing—but to present every thing as it is.

NO. V. — THE MAP-COLORERS.

Although there are of course many exceptions to its application, yet it is a general truth, that the nature of an employment exerts a very strong influence over the manners and habits and even the appearance of those engaged in it. The Map-colorers, engaged in a light, graceful, and picturesque business, seem to imbibe something of the variegated and agreeable character of the colors which it is their task to lay so carefully and delicately upon the paper. They do not

work, on the average, more than eight or nine hours a day, and their wages range from three to five dollars per week.

There is only a fair proportion of apprentices engaged in this business, and they get about \$1 50 per week. The trade is not over-stocked with laborers, as comparatively few who work possess sufficient nicety of hand and artistic knowledge to excel at the business.

The number of girls engaged in coloring Maps in this city, is perhaps two hundred. They work by the piece, generally, and are paid from three to ten cents a sheet, according to the quality of the work done. Ordinary Maps containing four sheets, pay a shilling each for coloring. A common industrious hand will color five maps in a day.

Some of the work is very fine and requires a good deal of care and skill. Much of this is performed by girls who have partially studied painting and drawing, and frequently by those who have taught those branches, and find themselves out of employment.

The coloring of Lithographic Prints is an employment that comes under the same head as Map-coloring, and employs an equal if not a greater number of hands. The number of coarse, common Lithographs—such as the Black Feet Indians draw with elder-juice on the dried hides of buffalos—is almost incredible. Barbers'-shops, groggery-walls, country-taverns, pedler's packs, the parlors and bedrooms of sailors' boarding-houses, &c. &c. furnish ornamental use for hundreds of thousands of these pictures—to describe any one of which, accurately, would set one's teeth on edge.

The colorers and stainers of these inimitable and inappreciable works of art usually employed by the week, and receive, in the most extensive establishments, from \$2 50 to \$3 50 per week. Free competition, however, has over-supplied the demand, even for these precious pictures. Prices of coloring, consequently, have been pushed down, until in some concerns we see that wages are on a par with those of classes generally far less favored.

In these poorer establishments, if we are rightly informed, (we found it somewhat difficult to get accurate information,) a great portion of the work is performed by apprentices, who get at best very poorly paid and sometimes not at all. The mountains of colored pictures for sale at the cheap print-shops, emanate from these concerns, and can be afforded very cheap.

The harvest of the Colorists comes about mid-winter, when all the shops, high and low, are preparing for St. Valentine's Day. Then delicate pink fingers are in huge demand, and their lucky proprietors can have as much work as they choose. Better prices, too, are given at this time for all kinds of coloring, and the profession of paper-colorer rises to an equal importance with that of the paper-discolorers who scribble for the Journals and the Book-makers.

The majority of the girls engaged in the business are tolerably, and some very well educated, and they are generally of good character. Most of them reside with their relatives or friends, and nearly all have a great fondness for showy dresses—a taste which, whether acquired by their high-colored labors, or derived from the instinctive inspirations of the sex, many of them strain every nerve to grat-

ify. In common with many other classes of working women, they give themselves much needless anxiety in trying to reproduce in muslin and calico the gaudy vulgarisms which the unrefined wealthy flaunt along Broadway in silk and velvet. But, while many of them thus waste their earnings in hopeless attempts to imitate what is in itself only contemptible, others learn prudence and forethought from their observations and experiences, and lay aside all they can spare from the fruits of their labor. Many of them thus accumulate snug little sums of money, which, at the proper time, serve to establish them in life, and insure them comfortable and happy homes.

These remarks are true, to a greater or less extent, of all classes of female laborers in the city, who find the love of dress one of the strongest and most irresistible of the thousand temptations with which they are beset.—*Tribune.*

For the Harbinger.

"THE VOICE OF THY BROTHERS' BLOOD
CRIETH FROM THE EARTH."

I saw a curious little specimen of earth the other day, which was so interesting to me as to suggest almost a poem. It was a piece of clay found in one of the coal mines in England, marked with alternate black lines, like music lines, only there were six instead of five. Between each six lines occurred a wider space. These lines and spaces were formed as follows. During each day a stratum of coal dust settled when the poor miners were at work; at night there was a stratum of clay dust. The six days they labored there were six of these strata, and each night a dividing stratum of clay. On Sunday a wider stratum of clay formed, like the spaces between the musical clefs. This piece of clay was a section of these alternate strata. In one place there was a *seventh* black line, showing that there had been work on Sunday.

What an affecting record was this of the life of these poor toil-doomed miners! It seems as if unconsciously they were writing down (*not*, alas, in characters of music, but of discord and pain, which was only a *mockery* of music,) the terrible drudgery of their daily experiences. The very earth refused to keep their secret, though so far down down in those sunless unwholesome caverns, where all seemed so secret and still. The very *stones* do literally cry out and proclaim their heavy wrongs. Some day will not these little pieces of earth rise up in judgment against the tyrants who create and continue these evils! How much does that little black *seventh line* especially tell! The very day of sacred and peaceful rest filled up with the dust of the same old grinding, unending labor! Verily the wicked deeds of those hard task-masters are *brought to light*. Spiritual facts write themselves down as in ink, in the very strata of the earth. There is nothing

that shall not be revealed. And if the timid and custom-ridden conservatives, the hard-hearted selfish rich men, the kings, and queens, and nobles, and statesmen, playing their stupendous chess-games, with human souls in famishing bodies for puppets, as they sit calmly in their perfumed chambers, if these do not tell us of the miseries and foul wrongs of their fellow beings, our common mother Earth takes the record of life into her own hands, and calenders down in the tablets of her bosom, with mathematical and terrible precision, these days of weary unpaid toil, which the poor drudges of the mines can not, dare not, speak.

Why will not some philanthropic geologist send a specimen of this clay to some of the crowned and titled heads of Christian England? It *should* be a rebuke, silent, but more eloquent than the tongue of an angel coming in the clouds of heaven.

C. P. C.

THE RECONCILIATION.

A PROPHECY BY PUNCH.

Believe us, it is not true that wealth must be only another name for wickedness. It is not true that virtue must inevitably be found with rags. Money may be the root of evil, and yet he who cultivates the said root may be as clean a husbandman as any digger on this side of Eden. Human brutishness may be hung about with tatters—as human truth and sweetness may be found under richest purple and finest linen. Want and hunger no more deify the starving, than do three courses denaturalize the well-fed. All the household virtues do not, of necessity, hover about an empty cupboard, any more than do the imps of Satan nestle in the butler's pantry.

There are faults on both sides! otherwise, what a lop-sided world this would be!

Wealth and Poverty call one another hard names; and then reward themselves with an abundance of self-complacency. The rich man is an ogre, living upon the hearts of the poor; grinding them under his golden heel, like worms; penning them up like unthoughtful cattle in unions; for game and poor-law offences, locking them in jails; harrying them here and there; in any and every manner grinding their bones to make his fine white bread. And Wealth, with this report of wickedness upon it, is a monster—a new Dragon of Wantly—a hydra with a hundred heads, some bare, some coronetted. And so is Wealth abused, and pelted with hard names. To be sure, the missiles break like bubbles against its golden plates. Words are but air,—and Wealth, rattling its ingots, may laugh at the vocabulary of Want, be it ever so uncleanly.

And then Wealth has its say, too. Poverty is an ungrateful dog: a mere animal—an engine made for the express use of him who can purchase it. An ungracious, foul-tongued, coarse, disorderly wretch; a creature in no way tuned with the same moral harmony, ennobled by the same impulses, that animate the man with the pocket. Down with Pov-

erty! crush it—imprison it—brand it! The offal and the weed of the earth; the blight of the world, and the nuisance of the rich.

And after this fashion do Wealth and Poverty traduce one another. After this fashion do they—in the very hastiness of ignorance—commit a mutual wrong. After this fashion set up a false standard of mutual excellence.

“What!” says Wealth, “do I not fulfil my ordained purpose? Do I not profess myself Christian! Do I not go to church, and enact all the ‘inevitable deficiencies’ of life? Do I not pay the poor-rates, Easter dues, and all that? I envy no man his worldly goods. I am content with my own. I fairly, nay honorably, fulfil the station awarded me, and what care I—what should I care—for the rest? I know my duties, and I do them.”

And Poverty, in its sense of suffering, hugs itself that in the next world it will go hard with Drives, and lays up for itself in its own complacency, the reward of LAZARUS; confounding, in its wretchedness, its wants for excellencies.

Surely, there will come a time when the Rich and the Poor will fairly meet, and have a great human talk upon the matter: will hold a parliament of the heart—and pass acts that no after selfishness and wrong, on either side, shall repeal! The Rich will come—not with cricket balls or quoits in their hands—to make brotherhood with the Poor; but touched with the deep conviction that in this world the lowest created man has a solemn part to play, directed to solemn ends; that he is to be considered and cared for, in his condition, with tenderness, with fraternal benevolence; that there is something more than alms due from the high to the low; that human sympathies can speak otherwise than by the voice of money; and that, too, in at once a loftier and a sweeter tone of hope and comforting.

The time will come when Poverty will be relieved from its serfdom. We have emancipated the slave to the color of his skin. We have next to emancipate the slave to Poverty: to take from him the stain and blot, the blight and the disgrace of pauperism; to cure him of the leprosy he takes from want alone; to divest him of the collar and the chain, which human pride and prejudice have, for centuries past, beheld about the neck of the Poor. When Poverty shall be declared no longer infamous—no not declared; that, with pharisee-lip we declare now—but thought, believed, made a creed of, then may Poverty expect its higher rights. At present, Poverty has an ignominious, a felonious character; and honest, yet withal worldly men, give good steerage-room to the foul disgrace.

Then will it be pleasant to see—whoever shall see it—the reconciliation of the Rich and the Poor. When all old selfishness, old prejudices, old feuds, on both sides, shall be buried and forgotten; when the Rich shall have cast away the arrogance of wealth, their pride, their wicked and irreligious sense of exclusiveness—and the Poor shall have quenched all heart burnings, all thoughts of revengeful wrong,—then will it be a glorious sight (no bravery like it,) to see man reconciled to man; and knowing that, whilst human life endures, there must still be human inequalities—still to know there shall be a wise, a sympathizing, and an enduring reconciliation.

GAMBLING IN GERMANY.—Wisebaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, is the most famous watering-place in Germany, and is described as a very pleasant spot. It is, however, as such places are apt to be, polluted by some crying vices, among which is that of gambling, which is practised to a frightful extent. A correspondent of the New York Observer gives a graphic description of some of the gambling scenes he witnessed there. The extract below is from his description. The Kur Saal spoken of is a magnificent hotel at Wisebaden:

“In the public rooms of the Kur Saal, are roulette tables and other apparatus for gambling, which, after dinner, and especially in the evening, are surrounded with persons of both sexes, most of whom stake more or less money. Directly opposite me at dinner sat a young man whose countenance instantly attracted my attention. He was very pale and thin, while his cold blue eye, high cheek bones, and almost marble whiteness and hardness of features, together with a sullen morose aspect, made me shrink from him as from some deadly thing. Added to all this, when he rose from the table, I saw he had an ugly limb, which made him seem more unnatural and monster-like than before.

“Wandering soon after through the rooms, seeing what was to be seen, I came to a roulette table, around which were gathered gentlemen and ladies of all nations and ages, some of them staking small sums, apparently for mere amusement. Just then, this sullen, cadaverous looking young man came limping up and deposited a roll of twenty Napoleons, or about 80 dollars. A single turn of the wheel, and it was lost. He quickly drew forth another roll, which was also quickly lost. Without the least agitation or apparent excitement, he thus continued to draw forth one roll after another till ten of them, or about eight hundred dollars were gone. He then as quietly, and without saying a word, limped away. He had not spoken or changed a muscle the whole time, and manifested no more anxiety or regret than if he had lost only so many pennies. ‘There,’ said I to myself, as he sauntered away, ‘goes a professed gambler, and he has all the qualities for a successful one. Perfectly cool and self-possessed under the most provoking reverses, he does not get angry and rave at fickle perverse fortune, but takes it all as a matter of business.’ I then knew for the first time why I felt such an antipathy towards him. A gambler carries his repulsive in his face, in his eye, nay, almost in his very gait. He makes a chilling atmosphere around him, that repels every one that approaches him. Gambling seems to metamorphose a man more than any other crime except murder.

“At night the Kur Saal is thronged with persons of both sexes; as I strolled through it I came again upon a gambling table, around which were sitting gentlemen and ladies of every age and nation. English girls were teasing their ‘papas’ for a few sovereigns to stake on the turning of a card, and old men were watching the changes of a game with all the eagerness of youth. One lady in particular attracted my attention. She was from Belgium, and her whole appearance indicated a person from the upper ranks of society. To an elegant form she added a complexion of incomparable whiteness,

which contrasted beautifully with her rich auburn tresses, that flowed in ample ringlets around her neck. Clad in simple white, and adorned with a profusion of jewels, she took her seat by the table, while her husband stood behind her chair, and with her delicate white hand on a pile of money before her, she entered at once into the excitement of the game. As she sat, and with her small rake drew to her, or pushed from her, the money she won or lost, I gazed on her with feelings with which I had never before contemplated a woman. I did not think it was possible for an elegant and well-dressed lady to fill me with feelings of such utter disgust. Her very beauty became ugliness, and her auburn tresses looked more unbecoming than the fine locks of a sorceress. Her appearance and her occupation presented such an utter contrast, that she seemed infinitely uglier to me than the cold blooded, cadaverous-looking gambler I had seen lose his money a few hours before. While I was mentally comparing them, in he came, limping towards the table. I was half tempted to peep round and see if he had not a cloven foot. With the same marble-like features and forbidding aspect, he approached and laid down a roll of twenty Napoleons. He won, and, putting down another, won again; and thus he continued winning, one after another, till he had got back the ten rolls he had before lost, and two in addition. Then, without waiting for fortune to turn against him, he walked away without saying a word."

REVIEW.

The Genius and Character of Burns. By Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh, Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life: "the "Recollections of Christopher North." &c. 12mo. pp. 222. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway.

This is one of the themes which cannot grow old. Whoever loves humanity, poetry, and nature, must love Robert Burns. Whoever has any humanity and nature in himself, is qualified to love his poetry. And whoever undertakes to speak about him, is likely to speak from the freshest and most genuine part of himself. Formidable as may seem the task, then, of reading two hundred and twenty-two pages of loquacious Christopher North, after so much has been said and written, there is no one but would welcome a visit of that length from the bard himself, and next to such a visit, one from an appreciating, warm-hearted, gifted countryman and friend, who should reproduce to us in a warm gushing flow of enthusiastic talk all our pleasantest memories of him, and succeed in placing Burns before us and with us, nay, in reviving all the heart-thrill of his melodies within us, whatever we might think of his own comments. We should certainly be willing to tolerate much wordiness; it would take a great deal of detail to weary us; so long as he gave us the spirit of the matter and real-

ly touched our hearts, we could dispose of all those minor matters, as easily as the eye docs of the million trifles which fall within its scope when lit up with delight at beholding the *ensemble* of a landscape. We should feel it to be a very grateful episode in our hacknied life.

Such a visitor is Christopher North. He is a wonderful talker, to be sure; there is no end to his genial volubility, no cooling down for a moment of his warmth, no stint to his leisure for one of these his favorite themes, from which he would not let all the business of the world take him off; that being the business of all the world for the time, for him and his auditors. Marvellous as the microscope itself is the magnifying power of his mind, when he expatiates, as it would seem, forever upon some little topic, yet always adding something vivacious and original, which makes you wonder how you can afford to keep company with him so long. His style is mellifluous as if it flowed right out of his good-natured soul. He is full of his man; he knows him, and loves him, and reveres him; and he knows his reader, if he be not something very peculiar; he remembers everything; has his own generous construction of everything, which he does not fear to declare; is constitutionally and conscientiously the lover of poets and men of heart, with all their sins of looseness, in preference to men of faultless prudence, and most circumspect dullness. He writes as a Scotchman, to whom Burns is the noblest Scot; and that he liberally owns. He writes as a poet himself and member of the same guild, and with some honest warmth repulses the moralizing scandal which has been heaped even upon the grave of Burns, as an insult to the sacred order. This he does, too, without justifying excesses, which the spirit of the age condemns. He simply contrasts the frank and open failures of that sound-hearted, light-courting heir of heaven's genius and of earth's misery, with the grave hypocrisy of heartless, comfortable conventionalists, who love darkness rather than light. Honor to the Poet, while we mourn his weaknesses! Honor and love to the man who could afford to be poor and censurable to literal morality, in the richness of his resolve to be faithful to nature, to freedom and the Muses.

In the course of his disquisition, Professor Wilson intermingles liberal quotations from Burns's poems, with biographical incidents, and with criticism both upon the poems and the life, usually eulogistic or apologetic, of course. He passes him in review before you, both in his literary and in his social character; and takes great pains to clear away the clouds of prejudice which interfere with the true appreciation of both. Every heart accept-

ed Burns already; he says all that is just to lessen our reservation on the side of judgment. He gives us Burns, as we long to take him to us. He does not analyze the poet and the poet's office as philosophically and deeply as Mr. Carlyle, but, in his way, has rendered us a service not less valuable. Above all, we have reason to thank him for presenting Burns to us as a man, and a friend of man. The great Humanitary sentiment, which is fast becoming the active faith of men, and getting ready to reconstruct society upon principles which will not array a poet's instincts and a lover's duty against august prevailing forms and received moralities; the sentiment of love for man, of faith in his exaltation and in his union, of respect for each man's mission, and of trust in the great mainspring of all social life, THE PASSIONS, which are from God; this sentiment could find no nobler text than Robert Burns. To an Associationist, he should be dear; not because he had any very enlightened views of man's social destiny, or had outlearned all the prejudices of education, but because his man's heart beat truly in him, because he trusted and knew the heart of the people by his own, and sang so truly that all felt the strain to be divine, and found a place for poesy amongst all their economies; because he relied on the Passions, which are the ground of faith, rather than on rules, and customs, and self-interest, and resisted tyranny, and inhumanity, and hypocrisy, and dullness in every form, whatever it might cost him;—the Passions, now the source of misery and discord, in this age of unlimited competition and restrictive morality, but soon to be what light and colors are to the painting, when the genius of Christianity, aided by true Social Science, shall have resolved this shrieking dissonance of Civilization into the perfect accord of Harmony.

The Hermit of Warkworth, and the Two Captains. Boston: Jordan and Wily, 121 Washington Street. 1846. pp. 98.

The Hermit of Warkworth is a ballad, whether of ancient or modern invention we are ignorant. At any rate we can find in it no special claim to the distinguished honor which it here receives. The Two Captains, by Foque, is worth reading provided one can get nothing better.

☞ A notice of Mr. Hurlburt's work on Human Rights and their Political Guaranties, will appear in one or two weeks.

Men cannot but confound the Divine Infinity with infinity of space; and as they cannot conceive of infinity of space as being other than a mere nothing as it really is, they disbelieve the Divine Infinity.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

THE FOUR STREAMS FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

I. LOVE.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Since sight of thee first lit upon this altar
A deathless flame,
One prayer still pausing on my lips would
falter,
Too pure to name.

Ah! why, O Hope, why droops her wing
unsteady
Thine own brave Dove?
Finds she that earth no home as yet hath
ready
For azure Love?

Yet though this flame must burn till it consumeth
My mortal part,
All thoughts shall feed it, for 'tis this illumeth
With God my heart.

Say not my life is due to all that's human,—
Mine, poor half-soul;—
That cannot be till love hath been, till woman
Hath made me whole!

O! I am faint with mine own life's o'er-
flowing,—
Be thou my urn,
And catch the streams, and gladden with
their showing
All hearts in turn.

To love the whole was aye a cold abstraction,
A thing above:—
One hour of thee, of life one real fraction,
And all is love.

O miracle of Love! O first rehearsal,
In thee begun,
Of loftier life and love that's universal!
O world in one!

World wide and warm! Of vaster worlds let
Science
Spread out her map:
Not there I lay my head with blest reliance,
But on thy lap;—

There feel thy spirit softly, mid my rhyming,
Bend over mine
Like the whole skies, whose vault my
thoughts upclimbing
Like stars do shine:—

Not idle thoughts, of selfish, weak emotion
The sickly brood;
But thoughts which, like those orbs, unchain
devotion,
And prompt to good.

Earth hath its sky, in whose blue bounds we
see all
Those worlds above:
My heart hath Thee!—in thee all Truths
are real,
Thou sky of love!

Come, let us join hands! let our two flames
mingle

In one more pure,
Since there is truth in nothing that is single:
Be love love's cure!

Now all the hope there is for me in heaven,
Is in thy heart:
Then must I wrap me, like one unforgiven,
In gloom apart?

For O! my love, the sweet heavens will
reject me,
If thou reject;
All dear forms haunt me, but at heart neglect
me,
If thou neglect.

O! all the currents of my life are setting
With might to thee;—
My thoughts go after thee; for them thy
meeting
Sole rest may be.

If thou wouldst have me to all hearts come
nearer,
Take me to thine;
Can I light *their* paths, till thy ray fall
clearer,
Sweet love, on mine?

Now one high hymn from planet unto planet
Proclaims the birth
Of a new hope; 'tis time that we began it
On our sick earth;

'Tis time this thought, our secret souls long
haunting,
Stood built in deeds;
Time that we bared our strong arms for the
planting
Of all these seeds.

A solemn vision warns me of a beauty
Which all shall be;
That will I serve, and own but one great
duty
In that and thee:

For of that destiny I burn to follow
Thou art the type;
Unless thy love my life's great purpose
hallow,
It drops unripe.

But power to bless, and faith, and clearer
vision
Lie in that love.

Then, Hope, be brave! and to that home
Elysian
Fly straight, O Dove!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION FOR 1845.

The latter part of August is Singing-masters' and Psalm-book-makers' Fair in Boston. Here are assembled, day and night, for ten days, in one place, some three or four hundred teachers of singing, leaders of choirs, and choristers, male and female, from all parts of New England; and in another place, about the same time, another similar gathering, of large though inferior numbers. The first con-

vention was instituted by the Boston Academy of Music some half-a-dozen years ago, and has been held annually since, in the Odeon. The presiding genius is Mr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated teacher, and the *Magnus Apollo* among singing-masters and congregational church choristers. On this occasion he gives the teachers lessons, with practical illustrations, on the Pestalozzian method of teaching the elements of Vocal Music, for which no man in the country possesses so much tact. This occupies two or three hours of each day's session. The rest of the day is divided between lessons by the other Professors, Lectures of a moral or aesthetic character upon music, and the practice of Psalms, Chants, Choruses, and Glee. Mr. Johnson teaches Thorough Bass; Mr. Root, the formation and cultivation of the Voice; and Mr. Webb, the finer arts of expression in Glee and Song singing. The Teachers' Classes of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, conducted on similar principles, were of later origin, but already rival their prototype of the Academy.

The Convention at the Odeon is interesting under several aspects. In the first place, to the student of human nature it is a curious spectacle. Nowhere will you see more pleasantly illustrated the magic which a certain sort of talent hath to draw to itself a little encompassing world, and reign therein supremely gracious. Lowell Mason, the source and centre of a popular movement, namely, "singing schools for the million," in this country, here sits surrounded by the first fruits of his educational machinery, supported and cheered by the chiefs and captains and leaders of the hosts which he hath raised up. He is the magnet, and they are all true as steel. They are his army mustered from all parts of the land; and in them he greatly delighteth; for they think there was never one in the long line of singing-masters like unto him, and the unction of their orthodoxy bears witness to his own. Some you will see of a bustling character, whose whole body is a smile, whose enthusiasm and devotion to their general will not let them keep their seats, but they must be continually approaching him, and volunteering to do his errands to all corners of the house, to the admiration of all ladies, with all the proud officiality of the general's aids upon a muster-field. We overheard one saying: "Mr. M. is the master spirit of the age;" and he looked as if he believed it; it was not the master's fault if he did not. It is a world within a world. They have come together to get new inspiration, new knowledge and arts of communication, and to brighten up the treasure which they are to carry through all the country towns, till all

New England shall have experienced a musical revival, preliminary and subordinate always to the "revival" proper. They would be reformers in the sphere of the country choir and singing-school, thence operating upon the community at large. Rev. Mr. This and That tells them in his lecture, that the Bible not only warrants but enjoins sacred music as a means of divine grace. They find their pleasure, and their interest, and their duty all in one. They tarry together in the Convention, till they are agreed in ideas, agreed in method, and of one spirit; and this they carry home and diffuse through their own circles.

It is interesting again as an instance of the spirit of the age in a peculiar sphere. It is Mammon seeking a kingdom in music; it is the same universal tendency to a Commercial Feudalism, organizing itself in the sphere of this most unselfish of the arts. Here is a machinery for making a unitary trade of Psalmody. In all the villages, the singing-schools feed the choirs; the choirs, growing expert in the reading and performing of music, must have fresh annual supplies of new music. The great Psalm-King, with or without assistance, (for he has shown that he has little need of any,) has always ready by the first of August a new collection of Psalmody, perhaps also a new Glee book, or an elementary Manual, which altogether outdoes anything ever offered before. The books, with their bran-new, tempting covers, strew the seats of the Odeon; are turned over and perused by the teacher-pupils during the dull parts of the lesson; and are used for illustration of the various lessons, as well as for the exercises in choral singing, and in reading at sight. These pivots of the general movement introduce the books into their respective choirs, and thus is the circulation complete. Certainly a most ingenious and philosophically devised system for creating a market and a supply at once! We find no fault with it: it is of a piece with all the business of this glorious state of Civilization. All parties find their interest in it, and the cause of music certainly is much the gainer, though developed, it may be, in rather a mechanical and superficial, and in not the purest phase.

And now we wish to speak of the positive good which we can see in these Conventions, trusting that our pleasantry thus far, will not be taken for malignity. If they operate on the one hand to circulate a vast amount of very indifferent compositions, (since a true tune, like a true poem, is a thing inspired, and when tunes are manufactured annually by hundreds, their average inspiration must be small,) yet they do much to develop the musical sense and organs of thousands,

to establish habits of grammatical propriety, and at least an *accurate* style in the many choirs and vocal circles of our land; to qualify teachers and leaders, and impress them with the dignity of their vocation, and above all to give a unity to the musical efforts, however humble, which do promise such an addition to our social resources, and such a deepening, purifying, and blending influence to our national character. We are grateful to Lowell Mason for the movement he has commenced, and which he only could have commenced and carried on so far. He was the providential man for it. From this loosening of the surface of the soil, good will come: germs of real genius doubtless slumber in the ground; they will spring up in beauty and bear fruit, when the soil shall have lain some time open to the sun, and the atmosphere become musically genial. It was in the order of Nature that a practical and literal people should begin its progress towards higher Art, by the most literal and mechanical forms thereof; our highest destiny must be arrived at through our own peculiar attributes, be they worldly or poetic; and our besetting sin must point the way to our deliverance.

There was a unitary feeling in that meeting, which was often sincere and high. Those men and women all loved and worshipped an Art, which the busy stir around them seemed to despise. Here they countenanced each other in a pure pleasure, a beautiful devotion. When the trained voices of all these three or four hundred teachers joined in Old Hundred, or some such time-honored and grand strain, the effect was most sublime, and their souls no doubt were raised.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

IF Any of our friends who have extra copies of Nos. 1, 5, or 6, of the Harbinger, by forwarding them, will confer a great favor upon us. The edition of those numbers is exhausted, and many persons are anxious to obtain the volume complete. Direct to "The Harbinger, Brook Farm, Mass."

IF We would direct the attention of our readers to the Prospectus in another column, of a new paper about to be issued by the Publishers of the Tribune, which we think cannot fail to prove interesting.

ASSOCIATION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. NO. I.

I. THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS. A prophecy in the Spirit of this age announces that a new era in Humanity is opening, and sounds forth more fully than ever before the venerable yet new gospel, that the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND.

Doubtless, in all generations, the seers and the seekers, who are usually one and the same, have felt that their times were the culminating points of history, the mountain of vision, the border overlooking the promised land. Doubtless, the great of all nations and ages have felt that they were a peculiar people, called to a peculiar work, inspired and led by divine guidance to sublime ends. No age, no people, have wholly wanted such signs of providential commission. And doubtless, too, the works, bravely attempted from such high promptings, have always in actual results *seemed* fruitless. Yes! compared with his vision, the gains of the martyrs' labors *seem* tantalising,—a dropping shower upon the droughty earth. Always the Ideal entering the soul of man, like a God descending to the embrace of a mortal, *seems* to engender a son but half divine. Yet this disappointment is a delusion of the moment. Quite opposite are the facts. No man yet upon earth, ever boldly aspired, and faithfully obeyed his clear convictions of good, without transmitting through his Race an all but omnipotent energy. Winds waft, streams scatter, birds of the air carry in their beaks, each seed that drops in ripeness from the Tree of Life. The failures of man have been from infidelity to his Faith. Infinitely grander consequences than the doer could estimate, have followed every executed purpose of heroism and humanity, and holy hope. Each age has been right in feeling that its mission was *all-important*. Each prophet has chanted as if for very life, his warning and cheering, for God spoke through him in the language of his land and era.

The Infinite Being, who through generation upon generation, progressively incarnates himself in the human race, and so manifests his glory upon earth, calls this age to its heavenly mission, and speaks through it with an eloquent longing, that cannot be uttered, his welcome and promise.

The word whispers through the nations—"Man made One; a World at Peace; Humanity, the Earth round."

At the nativity of this great Hope, of this present Immanuel, the angels of our highest aspirations bend from their cloudy thrones,

"Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir."

And the burden of the song that interprets their symphony, is this:

“Justice and Truth again
Shall down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen, [steering
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
palace hall.”

The hope of Universal Unity has been born, cradled, in the rude manger of Labor; nurtured by Charity, ever virgin; worshipped by shepherds, guarding humble, humane thoughts, like flocks in the fold of their hearts; it has sat with the doctors in the temple, unsullied by timidity and prudence, and has astonished them at its profound doctrine of unbounded love; it has grown in favor with God and man, and answered to its half-doubting, half-hoping parents of the Church and State, “wist ye not that I must be about my father's business;” and now is it driven away into the wilderness of poverty and hard toil, of loneliness and mortification, to be tempted of the devil.

Let us first consider awhile these temptations; then review the forty days meditation upon the divine mission of this principle of Perfect Love; and so be ready to preach, “Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.”

To the scattered band, who few and weak, are here and there withdrawn from the thoroughfares of life, to commune together and to coöperate in the Grand Movement of the Age, the world comes in with scarce dissembled sneer, and ironically says, “If Association is really this Messiah to the ages, this pledge of universal prosperity, of overflowing wealth, then let it make these barren fields into gardens, these thick growing woods into palaces, these ‘stones into bread.’”

And all the while the shrewd, the rosy, sleek, and full-fed world, with title deeds in pocket, and scrip and stock in hand, thinks of its factories on rapid streams; its warehouses of three thousand dollars rent; its dividends at seven per cent. half-yearly; its iron limbed and tireless steeds, hurrying with the spoils of myriads of acres; its carpeted, curtained, glowing, shining, pictured, sculptured, perfumed homes. The victorious World, so confident, and easy, and jocular, so beautiful in its own right, so wrapped about in kingly purple! How strangely is it metamorphosed to the eyes of the Child of God! Its factories change into brothels; its rents to distress warrants; its railroads to mighty fetters, binding industry in an inextricable net of feudalism; from under the showy robes of its success, flutter the unscented rags of an ever-growing beggary; from garret and cellar of its luxurious habitations, stare out the gaunt forms of haggard want; the lash of the jailer,

the gleam of swords, the glitter of bayonets, are its garters and stars of nobility.

If Association has been elated by the thought of its miraculous power, or meditated to use it for selfish ends, it deserves the taunt of the yet more selfish world. And it is reason for great rejoicing, that the difficulties of transition from the isolated to the harmonic mode of life are so great. God thus *sifts* his people. None are worthy to enter upon this work who are not *dusted*. We need to hunger. We need to feel dependence, in order that we may judge competition in contrast. We need to know actually, how pinching is necessity; how deep it ploughs its furrows into brow and brain; how tight it knots up the muscles, and cramps back and limbs, by exhausting toil.

Association must be in its very essence disinterested; holding power as something given from above, to be used not for self alone, or chiefly, but for universal good; consecrating itself as a servant. And its answer to the boasting world, is, “Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” We are learning in these trial times, the beauty of reciprocity, the wealth of sharing all; we are studying experimentally the law of coöperation; we are estimating the value of justice by its practical application; above all, are we opening our hearts to the glad conviction, that it is possible, ay, easy, for men to grow more kindly by adversity, and to love each other better for each other's wants. The word which is proceeding out of the mouth of God to Associationists now, to all the true-hearted, and brave, and devoted, and hopeful of them, is, “Union with fellow beings by usefulness is the very life of life.” Let patience have its perfect work. Let no man be so mean as to emphasise the “If thou be,” &c. Let no doubt enter from present humiliation. Association is the Divine Form of Humanity. So ends in piety the first temptation.

Then the Satan of Selfishness takes council of his cunning, and subtly states a new suggestion. “If Association is this glorious truth to renovate the nations, then glorious should be its announcement, loud, wide, startling, should be its call, sudden, as from the skies, its appearing. Here, on the pinnacle of the Temple of Peace, (or of Salem,) shalt thou stand, and cast thyself down among the multitudes like an angel. Some splendid boldness should introduce thy reign. Take no heed of care and caution; count not the cost; risk all in a providential career. Surely thou shalt be guided safe. God's angels will bear thee up, that thou dash not thy foot against a stone.”

O, bragging, advertising, placarding, circular-scattering, auctioneering, hum-

bug World! And you would thus prove Association to be also a wind-bag and a lie. Just in so far as Association has been rash, and precipitate, and swollen with promises, and dizzy in its towering pretensions, it has been truly carried to the pinnacle.

The Child of God *waits for opportunities*. There will be occasions soon enough for manifestation. According to the hour is the duty. And the duty now is performance. Calm, wise, large and balanced plans, discriminate selection of persons, discreet preparations of industry, a sober estimate of the greatness of the undertaking, and a summoning of all energies to its fulfilment, is the vocation just now of Association. Enough for the day it is, honestly, honorably, humanely, to lay the *foundation in the earth unseen*, for the glorious fabric which the future shall rear in light. In so far as the inculcation of principles, the instruction of the national mind, the calling out of enthusiasm and courage, of hope and heroism, demand publicity, of course Association must not be backward. It must no more be behind, than before the time. But the special call to-day is, in practical endeavor to prepare the way for a future gospel preaching. We need complete science, clear understanding, solid judgment. We need to solve innumerable problems, to comprehend principles exactly by their detailed development in practice. We need inward concentration, to gain singleness and unity of purpose.

“Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,” either by anticipation or by tardiness. If Association is the Salvation of mankind, there will be time enough to let mankind know it. Meanwhile, let us give ourselves wholly up to God, to be filled with His love, inspired with His wisdom, strengthened with His might, and so made ready for the sublime work of manifesting Man made One in a Perfect Society. We will humbly wait the opening of opportunities by Providence. And so ends the second temptation in patience.

Thus baffled twice, the Prince of this world gathers up his routed forces for the final charge. “Surely the power of united effort is irresistible. What has it not already accomplished! — tunneling mountains, bridging oceans with boats, wringing from the gnomes of the mines their wealth long buried in sparry palaces of salt and diamond, of gold and silver, — preparing to sever the bond that unites twin continents, summoning storms and staying them, making the desert yield an hundred fold, using the lightning for post-boy, giving iron weavers coal for bread and fire for drink, that they may spin garments for the nations, — prodigious power of combined effort, what may it not do! We will appeal to the rich and mighty.

We will show them how they can multiply their means seventy times seven. We will unite the Race in one grand effort of prolific production and unlimited voluptuousness. We will be kings upon earth. All these things that thou seest from this high mountain of exceeding enterprise, all these kingdoms and their glory shall be thine, if thou wilt but give thyself up, O, Association! body, soul, spirit, to the worship of Worldly Power, and Splendor, and Enjoyment."

Ah, Satan! that was thy wildest web. What! no poor, all nobles, all fat, all glittering in court raiment, all surfeited with sweets, all bathing in Johannisberg and Champaigne, all tended by Houries, all pillowed on orange scented beds, and covered with gauze or eider down, according to the season! Charming Satan! Selfishness made universal will be selfishness no more. Thou art an angel of light!

Just in so far as Association, using the tact of worldly training, has in its planings and pleadings, lowered itself to exaltation of the outward, by merging the inward, it has permitted the magic of sin to dazzle its vision.

It is indeed a splendid prospect, this of a world reclaimed, of overflowing plenty. And it shall be realized. Perfect beauty shall one day enwreath this earth with its clustering vines. The long folded petals of this little planet flower on the tree of the sun, shall open and distil sweetness; its gorgeous fruit of consummate joy shall swell and ripen. Far more than all the voluptuaries of all ages have dreamed of shall exist, heightened by a purity they could not conceive of. Yes! O, devil, the kingdoms and the glory of them are there before us. But know this,—they do not belong unto thee to give. Thou poor devil, always mocked and always mocking. Have not six thousand years taught thee yet, that self-love is always a suicide! Thou wilt give the kingdoms of the world as thou always hast, first by stealing them for thy slaves, and then stealing them from thy slaves! No! thou forlorn devil, thy rule is ended, thy sceptre snapped into shivers; henceforth thou art so wholly accursed, that God and man will heartily forgive thee, whenever thou canst forgive thyself.

The condition of universal wealth is universal service. It is by giving, not by gaining, that all will be rich. It is by equitable attractive labor, that health will flow through our frames, like a new tide of youth, rounding us to symmetry, and lengthening out our happy years. It is by perfect temperance that we shall learn the skill of refining all nature to be our minister, and through delicate senses, become conscious of latent joys entering us at every pore. It is by sharing all soli-

tary pleasures, and abjuring all which cannot be shared, that shame shall be banished, and innocence once more pluck fresh leaves and wreaths for its mantle and coronal.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Make it the end of Humanity, of the Nations, of each Community, to glorify the Good of beauty upon earth; and instantly shall we hear throughout our race that infinite benediction, "all mine is thine". In the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, all will be princes, but by a *divine*, not a *natural* birth-right; by God's *gift*, not by man's *robbing*. Association is to learn and then to teach, that the miracle of life is by Art to beautify Nature, and so to make earth the palace of the Great King. "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," must be the crown and the breast plate, the girdle and sandal, the bridle of the horses, the yoke of the steer, the corner and the capstone, of Temple, and Forum, and Exchange. Let Association consecrate itself not to license but to liberty; not to sense but to spirit, not to lust but to love. Thus by laboring to fulfil all the leadings of Providence upon earth, Eden will be recovered, and God will come down once more to walk with Adam in the Garden. And so in purity ends the third temptation.

Straightway the angels of majestic benignity and meek nobleness, and heavenly courtesy, and gracious manners, like the Gods of Greece, and courage that knows no peril, and vigor renewed by effort, and child-like buoyancy and unworn freshness, shall come and minister to us.

If any reader now has it in his heart to say, "it is impious thus to symbolize by the Trial-hours of the God-Man, the miserable perplexities of this crack-brained visionary abortion, of 'Each living for All, and All for Each.'" Let the answer be given: friend and brother,—friend though thou art rude, and brother though thou deniest thy kindred,—we do verily believe, that Association is nothing less than a *Divine life in Humanity*; that the whole experience of the best beloved Son of Man, made The Beloved Son of God by the fullness of the Spirit, was intended to be, and was actually, the symbol of the transfiguration and glorification of the Human Race. We believe that by the Christ was introduced the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and we accept with unspeakable awe and gratitude, the dying bequest of the "first-born among many brethren." "These things have I spoken unto you, that *My Joy* might remain in you, and that your *Joy* might be FULL."

The condition of abiding in his love, as he abode in his Father's love, is keeping his commandments. And the New Commandment is, that we love one another,

even as he loved us. Once and forever surrendering our whole spirits, souls and bodies up to God, and consecrating the whole of existence,—all powers in all relations,—purely, perfectly to good, and we hear thenceforth sounding from the heavens, "I have called ye Friends."

LOVE vs. RELIGION. The following anecdote is related in a foreign Journal. A medical student of Berlin lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at whose house he lodged; his passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity, and entered into a promise to marry. But there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union, in the fact of the lady being a Protestant Christian, and the gentleman a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress couched in the following terms;

"My dear friend: The difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage, have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel,—as you have so often called your faithful Minna,—who yesterday became a Jewess."

Scarcely had this letter been despatched, when its writer received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect:

"My dear Minna: The obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference in our religious faiths no longer exists; and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity; I yesterday became a Christian."

How the lovers contrived to get over this new dilemma is not recorded.

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE. A few days ago, says an exchange paper, about fifty sturdy laborers were employed in baling the water out of a canal for the purpose of laying a foundation for a bridge. The labor and expenses were found so great, that it was determined to put up a steam baling machine, and the laboring men were consequently discharged, being no longer required. One, whom by his appearance, we took for one of those who had been employed, was seen looking for some time moodily and sorrowfully at the machine. At last he gave vent to his feelings and reflections by muttering,—"Well, any how, you can't vote."

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. We are a nation of flat chests and round backs, cramped gait and pale faces. Our brains and stomachs are overworked, and other limbs and organs are neither trained, or called upon to contribute strength to the system. The consequence is, we are *inferior to most nations of the world in manly beauty*.

But, at the same time, we are the most painstaking and expensive of nations in our attention to the exterior. Broadway is full of young men who are half ruined by their extravagance in broadcloth and gloves, patent leather and Macassar oil,—ignorant every one of them, that a secret, which they can have for nothing, would do more for their beauty than tailors and

bootmakers. Not one in fifty has a straight back and free actions of a man used to healthy exercise—but forty nine out of fifty have coats upon their crooked backs, and pantaloons over their cramped legs, which would serve a nobleman in Europe. Exercise, and a little attention to the gait and the action of the chest and arms, might in one month double the personal attractiveness of many men in New York, not to mention the more remote stimuli of national pride and healthy posterity.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

LABOR IN ENGLAND.—See the following testimony—one item only out of thousands which fill the British and Irish papers:

"In the *Northern Star* of June 28th, we find an account of 1000 agricultural laborers assembled at Uphevan, in Wiltshire, England. This meeting was addressed by two laborers named Wm. Perry and Ozias Sealy. The former stated that he had five children, from ten years downwards. He had only 7s. a week, with which to maintain them, pay rent, buy clothes, fuel, soap, &c. He travels three and a half miles to his work, eats a little bread and water, and when he returns at night his children are generally in bed, and they begin crying 'Father, bring me a bit of bread.' He has none to give, and is faint from exhaustion himself. He concluded his speech by saying if he could procure an acre of land at two pounds, or even three pounds a year rent (\$10 or \$15), he could not be in want with his family. Sealy, who had eight children to support on 7s. a week made a similar statement. The children, if they saw a potato, would rush across the house and quarrel about who should have it. He had come home that night and found them crying for food. He had none to give them, and he thought it would drive him mad. A single acre of land, he said, would save him from destitution; but he could not procure it."

We might add facts connected with the systematic expatriation of the tenants of the Duke of Sutherland, who owns 100 miles long by 70 wide.

"The Duchess is said to possess more valuable jewels than any peeress in the realm. The Sutherlander peasant is the poorest of the poor—barley meal a Sunday luxury—four shillings a year the allowance to the poor, technically. Of course it would be very absurd to draw an inference criminating the Duke or Duchess. It would be perfectly monstrous to say that the Duke should have paid more regard to the interests of his dependants. What should he know about barley, or sheep walks, or the herring fisheries? He has enough to do to sustain his rank at court, to say nothing of a couple of months' grouse shooting. Seriously, the misery is the fault of the structure of society, and not of individuals." *Herald of Freedom.*

GAMBLING IN BOSTON.—It appears by recent inquiries which have been carefully made in the "literary emporium," that two hundred gambling establishments are in successful operation, where billiards, faro, dice, &c. are played for money; and nearly one thousand professed

gamesters, who have no other means of subsistence—to say nothing of the scores of young men who visit these haunts of pleasure, and who are victimized as a matter of course. Some of these sporting places, says the Mail, are fitted up in the most expensive style, and are nightly thronged with fashionable visitors, who are "done for" in the most polite and hospitable manner. It is even stated that some of our first men are in the habit of frequenting these establishments and losing large sums of money.

"TOUCH NOT, HANDLE NOT." One of those meddling gentlemen, who, like Thomas of old, are never satisfied until they have put their fingers on every thing they see, was not long since observed by a friend, with his hand "done up," to use an every day phrase, in some half a dozen handkerchiefs. He accosted him with the usual question—"What ails your hand?" "Why," said he, "'tother day I went into the mill to see 'em saw clapboards, and I saw a thing whirling around so swift, and it looked so smooth and slick, that I thought I'd just touch my finger to it and see how it felt, and don't you think it took the end of it right off, and then they hollowed out, 'You mus'nt touch that—it's the carcular saw, that saws all the clap-boards.' But they spoke half a second too late—the end of my finger was gone, and I never seen it since."

☞ A writer on swearing, says that an oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible; he would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud!

PROSPECTUS

For Reviving and Publishing a Weekly Paper entitled

THE NEW YORKER.

THE NEW-YORKER, a Weekly Journal of Literature and General Intelligence, was established by the present Editor of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, in March, 1834, and discontinued, or rather merged, on the establishment of the Weekly Tribune, in September, 1841, after having been published just seven years and a half. Having now ample and able literary assistance, and having recently extended and perfected our Mechanical arrangements, we propose to revive and re-issue it on and after the 1st of October, 1845, on a sheet slightly differing in size or character from the old New-Yorker, but at a much lower price.

The plan of this paper will combine—

1. *Original Literature*—Reviews, Poems, etc.
2. *Select Literature*—Tales, Sketches, extracts from new books, etc.
3. *Miscellany*—Letters from Europe and different parts of our own country, Statistics, Anecdotes, &c.
4. *Hints on Domestic Economy*—Agriculture, Inventions, Recipes, &c.
5. *General Intelligence*—Foreign and Domestic, including Political Events, Proceedings of Congress, &c. &c.

This last department will be carefully prepared, and will be as ample and varied as that of any other Weekly paper whatever. The extensive correspondence and other facilities for obtaining information which we have been years engaged in

concentrating on the Daily and Weekly Tribune, will enable us to present early and authentic accounts of all transpiring events through this our cheaper Weekly, from which political essays and all matter of a partisan character will be carefully excluded. In fine, The New Yorker will be simply and truly a Family Newspaper, of moderate size and the lowest possible price, intended for such readers as either dislike political discussion, or prefer to obtain this portion of their intellectual aliment through the gazettes of their respective localities. We intend that no matter to which rational men of any Political, Religious, or other persuasion can object, shall appear in this paper, though a large portion of its contents will appear also in the Weekly Tribune.

THE NEW-YORKER will be published every Saturday morning, but printed and mailed on Thursday and Friday, so as to reach as many of its patrons as possible, before the Sunday rest of the Mails. It will be printed on a sheet of fine white paper, identical in size and quality with that of the Daily and Semi-Weekly Tribune, and afforded to subscribers at the low price of ONE DOLLAR a year, payable always in advance.

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August 16, 1845.

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1845.

NUMBER 16.

MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

XV.

Several days passed without any news from Count Albert; and Consuelo, to whom this situation appeared terribly dismal, was astonished to see the Rudolstadt family remain under the weight of so frightful an uncertainty, without showing either despair or impatience. Familiarity with the most cruel anxieties produces a sort of apparent apathy, or real hardness of heart, which wounds, or perhaps irritates those souls whose sensibility has not yet been blunted by long misfortune. Consuelo, affected by a sort of nightmare, in the midst of these doleful impressions and inexplicable occurrences, was astonished to see the order of the house hardly disturbed, the canoness always as vigilant, the baron always as eager for the chase, the chaplain always as regular in the same devotional exercises, and Amelia always as gay and as trifling. The cheerful vivacity of the latter was what particularly offended her. She could not conceive how she could laugh and play while she herself could hardly read or work with the needle. At that time, the canoness was embroidering an altar front for the chapel of the chateau. — It was a master-piece of patience, of fineness, and of neatness. Hardly had she made a round through the house, when she returned to seat herself at her work, were it only to add a few stitches, while waiting to be called by new cares to the barns, the kitchens, or the cellars. One should have seen with how much importance these little concerns were treated, and how that diminutive creature hurried, with a pace always equal, always dignified and measured, but never slackened, through all the corners of her little

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

empire; crossing a thousand times each day, and in every direction, the narrow and monotonous surface of her domestic domain. What also appeared strange to Consuelo was the respect and admiration attached in the family and in the country, to this employ of indefatigable servant, which the old lady seemed to have embraced with so much love and jealousy. To see her regulating parsimoniously the most trifling affairs, one would have thought her covetous and distrustful. And yet she was full of nobleness and generosity at the bottom of her soul, and on decisive occasions. But these excellent qualities, especially her maternal tenderness, which rendered her so sympathetic and venerable in the eyes of Consuelo, would not have been sufficient in the eyes of others, to make her the heroine of the family. She required, moreover, indeed, she needed above all, that solemn attention to the puerilities of the household, to be appreciated for what she really was, (notwithstanding all these), a woman of great good sense and strong character. Not a day passed that Count Christian, the baron, or the chaplain, did not repeat each time she turned her back, "How much wisdom, how much courage, how much strength of mind, dwells in the canoness!" Amelia, herself, not distinguishing the true elevation of life, in the midst of the puerilities which, under another form, constituted the whole of hers, did not dare disparage her aunt under this point of view, the only one that, for Consuelo, cast a shadow upon the bright light with which shone the pure and loving soul of the humpback Wenceslawa. To the *Zingarella*, born upon the highways and lost in the world, without any other master or any other protection than her own genius, so many cares, such activity and intensity of thought, to produce such miserable results as the preservation and maintenance of certain objects and certain provisions, appeared a monstrous perversion of the understanding. She who possessed none, and desired none of the earth's riches, suffered

at seeing a beautiful soul voluntarily extinguish itself in the occupation of possessing wheat, wine, wood, hemp, animals and furniture. If they had offered her all these goods, so desired by the greater part of mankind, she would have asked instead, a minute of her ancient happiness, her rage, her clear sky, her pure love, and her liberty upon the lagoons of Venice; a bitter and precious remembrance which was depicted upon her brain in more and more brilliant colors, in proportion as she receded from that cheerful horizon to penetrate into the frozen sphere which is called positive life.

Her heart was affectionately oppressed, when at night-fall she saw the old canoness, followed by Hanz, take an immense bunch of keys, and herself walk through all the buildings and all the courts, to go her round, to close the least openings, to examine the smallest recesses into which an evil doer could have crept, as if no one could sleep in security within those formidable walls, before the water of the torrent which was restrained behind a neighboring parapet, had rushed roaring into the trenches of the chateau, while the gates were chained and the draw-bridge raised. Consuelo had slept so often in her extensive travels, at the roadside, with a cover of her mother's torn cloak for all shelter! She had so often saluted the dawn upon the white flagstones of Venice, washed, as they are, by the waves, without having a moment's fear for her modesty, the only riches she cared to preserve! "Alas!" said she, "how unhappy are these people in having so many things to take care of! Security is the end of their pursuits day and night, and so much do they seek it, that they have no time to find or enjoy it." She, therefore, already suffered, as did Amelia, in that black prison, in that gloomy Giants' Castle, where the sun himself seemed to fear to penetrate. But while the young baroness dreamt of fêtes, of dresses, and of adulations, Consuelo dreamt of the waves, of a bush or a bark

for her palace, with the horizon for all circumference, and the immensity of the starry heavens for all pageant.

Forced by the cold of the climate and the closing of the chateau, to change the Venetian custom which she had of watching during a part of the night, and rising late in the morning; after many hours of sleeplessness, of agitation, and melancholy dreams, she at last succeeded in submitting to the savage law of the cloister, and recompensed herself by undertaking alone several morning walks in the neighboring mountain. The gates were opened and the bridges lowered, at the first dawn of day; and while Amelia, secretly occupied in reading novels during a part of the night, slept until awakened by the first breakfast bell, Porporina went out to breathe the free air and brush the dewy herbage of the forest. One morning as she descended very softly on tiptoe in order to awaken no one, she mistook her direction among the numberless staircases and interminable corridors of the chateau, with which she was hardly yet acquainted. Lost in that labyrinth of galleries and passages, she traversed a sort of vestibule which she did not recognize, and thought to find through it an exit to the garden. But she reached only the entrance of a little chapel of a beautiful ancient style, hardly lighted from above by a rosace in the vaulted ceiling, which threw a dim light upon the centre of the pavement, and left the extremities in a mysterious vagueness. The sun was still below the horizon, the morning gray and foggy. At first Consuelo thought herself in the chapel of the chateau, where she had heard mass the preceding Monday. She knew that the chapel opened upon the gardens; but before crossing it to go out, she wished to salute the sanctuary of prayer, and knelt upon the first flag-stone. Still, as it often happens to artists to be preoccupied with outward objects, in spite of their attempts to ascend into the sphere of abstract ideas, her prayer could not absorb her sufficiently to prevent her casting a curious glance around her; and she soon perceived that she was not in the chapel, but in a place to which she had not yet penetrated. It was neither the same shrine nor the same ornaments. Although this unknown chapel was quite small, she could as yet hardly distinguish the objects, and what struck Consuelo most was a white statue kneeling in front of the altar, in the cold and severe attitude which was formerly given to all those with which tombs were ornamented. She thought herself in a place reserved for the sepulchres of some distinguished ancestors; and having become somewhat fearful and superstitious since her residence in Bohemia, she abridged her prayer and rose to go.

But at the moment when she cast a last timid look at the figure kneeling ten paces from her, she distinctly saw the statue disjoin its hands of stone, which were stretched out one upon the other, and slowly make the sign of the cross, while uttering a deep sigh.

Consuelo almost fell backwards and yet she could not withdraw her haggard eyes from that terrible statue. What confirmed her in the belief that it was a figure of stone, was, that it did not appear to hear the cry of terror which escaped from her, and that it replaced its two great white hands one upon the other, without seeming to have the least connexion with the outer world.

XVI.

If the ingenious and fruitful Anne Radcliffe had been in the place of the candid and unskilful narrator of this veracious history, she would not have permitted to escape so good an opportunity of leading you, lady reader, through corridors, trap-doors, spiral staircases, and subterranean darkness, during half a dozen beautiful and attractive volumes, to reveal to you only at the seventh, all the arcana of her learned work. But the strong-minded reader, whom it is our duty to please, would perhaps not have been so much gratified, at this epoch in which we live, with the innocent stratagem of the romancer. Besides, as it might be difficult to make her believe it, we will tell her as soon as possible the solution of all our enigmas. And to confess two at once, we will avow that Consuelo, after some moments of cool observation, recognized in the animated statue before her eyes, the old Count Christian, who was mentally reciting his morning prayers in his oratory; and in the sigh of compunction which escaped from him unwittingly, as often happens to old men, the same unearthly sigh which she believed she had heard at her ear, on the evening when she sang the hymn of our Lady of Consolation.

A little ashamed of her terror, Consuelo remained chained to her place by respect, and by fear of disturbing so fervent a prayer. Nothing could be more solemn or more touching than to see that old man, prostrate upon the stone pavement, offering his heart to God at the opening of the dawn, and plunged in a sort of celestial ecstasy which appeared to close his senses to every perception of the physical world. His noble face did not betray any sorrowful emotion. A fresh air, penetrating by the door which Consuelo had left open, agitated the half crown of silvery hair which remained upon the back part of his head, and his broad forehead, bald to the very top, had the polished yellowness of old marble. Clothed in an old fashioned dressing-

gown of white woollen, which somewhat resembled a monk's frock, and which fell in large, stiff, and heavy folds about his attenuated person, he had all the appearance of a funereal statue; and after he had resumed his immobility, Consuelo was obliged to look at him a second time, in order not to fall again into her first illusion.

After having looked at him attentively, placing herself a little on one side to see him better, she asked herself, as if involuntarily, in the midst of her admiration and emotion, if the kind of prayer which this old man addressed to God was very efficacious for the restoration of his unhappy son, and if a soul so passively submissive to the letter of his tenets, and to the rough decrees of destiny, had ever possessed the warmth, the intelligence, and the zeal which Albert required in the soul of his father. Albert also had a mystic soul; he also had led a devout and contemplative life; but from all which Amelia had related to Consuelo, from what she had noticed with her own eyes, during the few days passed at the chateau, Albert had never found the counsel, the guide, the friend, who could direct his imagination, diminish the vehemence of his feelings, and soften the burning sternness of his virtue. She understood that he must feel isolated, and look upon himself as a stranger in the midst of this family, so determined not to contradict him, and to grieve for him in silence, either as a heretic or a mad man; she felt herself in the kind of impatience she experienced at that impassible and interminable prayer addressed to Heaven, as if to transfer to it entirely, the care which they themselves ought to have employed in searching for the fugitive, in finding him, in persuading him, and bringing him home. For it must require severe attacks of despair, and an inexpressible trouble, to withdraw so affectionate and so good a young man from the bosom of his relatives, to throw him into a complete forgetfulness of self, and to deprive him even of the thought of the uneasiness and anxiety he might occasion to those beings who were dearest to him.

The resolution they had taken of never opposing him and of feigning calmness in the midst of horror, seemed to Consuelo's firm and true spirit, a kind of culpable negligence, or gross error. There was in it a sort of pride and egotism which a narrow faith inspires in persons who consent to wear the band of intolerance and, who believe in only one path, by which they can attain to heaven, and that rigidly marked out by the hand of the priest. "Good God," said Consuelo, praying in her heart; "can this great soul of Albert's, so warm, so charitable, so pure from human passions, be less precious in

your sight than the patient and slothful souls, which accept the injustice of the world, and without indignation see justice and truth forgotten upon the earth. Was that young man possessed by the devil, who in his childhood gave his toys and all his ornaments to the children of the poor, and who at the first awakening of his reflective powers, wished to deprive himself of all his wealth, in order to solace human miseries? And they, these kind and benevolent lords, who weep for misfortune with sterile tears, and comfort it with trifling gifts, are they wise in thinking that they are to attain Heaven by prayers and acts of submission to the Emperor and Pope, rather than by great works and immense sacrifices? No, Albert is not mad; a voice cries to me from the bottom of my heart, that he is the most beautiful type of the just man and of the saint that has issued from the hands of nature. And if painful dreams, strange illusions, have obscured the clearness of his vision, if in fine he has become deranged, as they think, it is their blind contradiction, it is the absence of sympathy, it is solitude of the heart, which has brought about this deplorable result. I have seen the cell in which Tasso was confined as mad, and thought that he perhaps was only exasperated by injustice. In the saloons of Venice I have heard those great Saints of Christendom, whose histories have made me weep and dream in my childhood, treated as madmen; their miracles called juggleries, and their revelations diseased dreams. But by what right do these people, this pious old man, this timid canness, who believe in the miracles of the saints and the genius of the poets, pronounce upon their child this sentence of shame and reprobation, which should be borne only by the diseased and the wicked. Mad! but madness is horrible and repulsive! It is a punishment from God for great crimes; and can a man become mad by the very consequence of his virtue! I thought it was enough to suffer under the weight of undeserved evil, in order to have a right to the respect as well as to the pity of men. And if I myself had become mad; if I had blasphemed on the terrible day when I saw Anzoleto in another's arms, would I then have lost all title to the counsels, to the encouragements, to the spiritual cares of my Christian brothers? Would they have driven me forth or left me wandering upon the highways in saying: 'There is no remedy for her; let us give her alms, and not speak to her; for since she has suffered so much she can understand nothing!' Well! it is thus that they treat this unfortunate Count Albert! They feed him, they clothe him, they take care of him, and in a word, bestow upon him the alms of a puerile so-

litude. But they do not speak to him; they are silent when he questions them, they bow their heads or turn them away when he strives to persuade them. They let him fly when the horror of solitude drives him into solitudes still more profound, and wait till he returns, praying to God, to watch over him and bring him back safe and sound, as if the ocean were between him and the objects of his affection; and yet they think he is not far off; they make me sing to awaken him, if he is buried in a lethargic sleep in the thickness of some wall or in the trunk of some neighboring old tree. And they have never explored all the secrets of this old building, they have never dug to the entrails of this excavated soil! Ah! if I were Albert's father or his aunt, I would not have left one stone upon another until I had found him; not a tree of the forest should have remained standing if it did not restore him to me."

Lost in her thoughts, Consuelo had departed noiselessly from Count Christian's oratory; and she had found, without knowing how, an exit to the country. She wandered among the paths of the forest, and sought out the most savage, the most difficult, guided by a romantic instinct, full of heroism, which made her hope to discover Albert. No common attraction, no shade of imprudent fancy carried her onward in this venturesome design.

Albert filled her imagination and occupied her dreams it is true; but to her eyes it was not a handsome young man enthusiastically attracted towards her whom she was seeking in those desert places, to see and be alone with; it was a noble unfortunate whom she imagined she could save, or at least calm by the purity of her zeal. She would, in the same manner have sought out a venerable hermit to nurse him, or a lost child to restore him to his mother. She was a child herself, and yet she had in her a revelation of maternal love; there was in it a simple faith, a burning charity, an exalted bravery. She dreamed and undertook this pilgrimage as Joan of Arc had dreamed and undertaken the deliverance of her country. It did not even come into her mind that she could be bantered or her resolution blamed; she did not imagine that Amelia, guided by the voice of blood, and at the commencement by the hopes of love, had not conceived the same project and not succeeded in executing it.

She walked rapidly; no obstacle deterred her. The silence of that vast forest inspired no sadness nor fear in her soul. She saw the track of wolves upon the sand, and was not troubled lest she should meet the famished pack. It seemed to her that she was urged on by a divine hand which rendered her invulnerable. She knew Tasso by heart, from

having sung it every night upon the lagoon, and imagined that she was walking under the protection of his talisman, as did the generous Ubaldo to the discovery of Rinaldo, through the snares of the enchanted forest. She walked lightly and freely among the briars and the rocks, her brow glowing with a secret pride and her cheeks tinged with a slight color. Never had she been more beautiful upon the stage in her heroic characters; and yet she thought no more of the stage at this moment, than she had thought of herself when she entered the theatre.

From time to time she stopped thoughtful and reflective. "And if I should meet him all of a sudden," thought she, "what could I say to convince and tranquillize him? I know nothing of those mysterious and profound matters which agitate him. I comprehend them through a veil of poetry which has been raised before my eyes, dazzled by such new visions. I ought to have more than zeal and charity, I ought to have science and eloquence to find words worthy to be listened to by a man so much my superior, by a mad man so wise, when compared with all the reasonable beings in the midst of whom I have lived. I will go on, God will inspire me when the moment comes; for as to myself, I might search forever and should only lose myself more and more in the darkness of my ignorance. Ah! if I had read many books of religion and history, like Count Christian and the canness Wenceslawa! If I knew by heart all the rules of devotion, and all the prayers of the church, I should no doubt be able to apply some one happily to this circumstance; but I have hardly understood and consequently hardly retained a few phrases of the catechism, and do not know how to pray except in the choir. However sensitive he may be to music, I shall not be able to persuade this learned theologian by a cadence or the strain of a song. No matter, it seems to me there is more power in my persuaded and resolute heart than in all the doctrines studied by his parents, so good, and so kind, but undecided and cold as the fogs and the snows of their country."

END OF VOL. II.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES. The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that throughout France, seventy thousand children under the age of sixteen are employed in the factories; none are admitted under eight; the work of those from eight to twelve years of age is restricted to eight hours per day; from twelve to sixteen, to twelve hours.

And this is according to law! Think of it! A little boy or girl, yet in the gristle, confined in a villanous factory to work, from six in the morning to twelve, and from two in the afternoon, to eight o'clock in the evening! Every child of that age requires at least nine hours sleep;

this would leave just three hours for dressing, washing, eating, recreation, and mental improvement. We confess if we were compelled to choose for our children, life under such circumstances in the factory, or life among savages, we would prefer the latter. It is evident that these seventy thousand children are regarded and treated as mere animals—as instruments in the hands of capitalists for accumulating wealth. No wonder they deteriorate physically. Last year, according to the same correspondent, in the Department of the Lower Seine (manufacturing,) of one thousand conscripts, four hundred and ninety-seven, or nearly one half, were rejected as physically unfit for service; in the Calvanos (agricultural and of the same race,) only two hundred and eighty-one. A similar proportion is stated officially for other departments (same races) contradistinguished as manufacturing and agricultural.

These facts show the dreadful effects of excessive labor, especially in factories. Take any county in this State, and draft a thousand men for military service, taking them as they come, and how many would be found physically disqualified? Not fifty of the whole number. — *Cincinnati Herald*.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. VI.—HAIR SEATING AND CURLED HAIR MANUFACTURE.

This branch of Manufactures is carried on pretty extensively in New-York, but not near so much so as it would be under a different regulation of the Tariff. The duty on Hair Seating is twenty-five per cent. which is very well of itself: but then the duty on Hair is ten per cent. which reduces the real protection to the Manufacturers down to fifteen per cent. Under the present regulations, owing to the extremely low price of labor in Europe, (one would think it was low enough here,) European Hair Seating can pay a duty of twenty-five per cent. and then be sold cheaper than the American-made. But foreign Hair Cloth is by no means of so good a quality as the American; and it is here that our Manufacturers have their only chance for reimbursing their outlay. The processes of this manufacture are carried to as high perfection in this City as in any part of the world; and the only reason for the difference in price is in the lower wages of labor and the inferior quality of the European article.

Nearly the whole of the raw Hair used in the Manufacture of Hair Seating and Curled Hair is imported—some from Russia, but mostly from Buenos Ayres. The very best article comes from the Rio Grande. A small supply of a tolerable second-rate article, comes from Cincinnati. It is composed of bristles and the inner hair or wool of hogs, mixed in equal proportions. This is only used for Curled Hair.

The Hair after it comes into the hands of the manufacturer is first sorted—that is, the long hair which will answer for weaving is separated from the other, which goes in to be curled. It is then hackled, and becomes ready for being spun. These two processes are performed by men and boys. It is very dirty and disagreeable work—the Hair containing

a large quantity of dust and dirt, which renders it almost impossible for one not accustomed to it to breathe in the apartment where this is going on. The men and boys, covered from head to foot with this dirt, and their faces blotched all over with the finest of it carefully rubbed in with perspiration, present studies worthy of the grouping of Freeman, whose Italian Lazzaroni would well stand for these, except that they are by no means so active. This work is principally done by boys, who get all prices, from \$1 50 to \$4 and \$5 per week. The general range is not more than \$2 50 and \$3. A few men are engaged by the day at \$1 and \$1 50.

The hair for weaving now goes into the more delicate fingers of the Hair-Drawers, who sort it into different lengths, each length corresponding to the width of the cloth to be woven. The girls engaged in this work make from \$3 to \$3 50 and sometimes \$4 per week. After it is drawn it is dyed in bunches about one third as thick as a horse's tail, and is then ready for the looms. The dyeing is done on a large scale, and the head dyer and Engineer gets \$9 per week.

The weaving is done by hand-loom, each worked by two girls—one to handle the hook (answering the purpose of a shuttle) and the other to serve the Hair. The warp for the best Seating is of linen, but most usually it is cotton, and each hair is as long as the cloth is wide. The server has two bundles—one with the large ends up and the other with the small ends. Serving from each alternately, the cloth is smooth and even. We have seldom seen any mechanical operation requiring more dexterity or constant attention than this. The prices paid for weaving vary from 20 to 32 cents per yard. The average, including plain and figured cloths, is 24 cents. A fair average day's work is four or five yards. But this requires two hands, you must remember—so that perhaps a fair estimate of the wages of Hair Cloth weavers would be from 50 to 62 1-2 cents per day. The labor is severe, and we should think it impossible or very injurious for young women to work at it more than two thirds of the time.

The manufacture of Curled Hair is carried on in the same establishments as that of Hair Seating. That portion of the Hair which is rejected as being unsuitable for weaving is spun into a coarse three or four stranded rope. This work is done by men and boys, who receive about the same average compensation as those who sort and hackle. After being spun it is backed up (the twist put into it) and then boiled and thoroughly cleansed. It is then baked and confirmed in its kinkiness. All these processes are performed by men and boys.

It is now ready for the pickers. These are almost entirely Irish women, who come and carry off large bundles of the Rope, which they take to their homes, where mother and children fall to picking it to pieces. A smart woman can pick 25 or 30 lbs. per day; and some of them, with the help of the children (of which there are generally plenty,) open 40 or 50 lbs. per day. They receive for this work two cents per lb. After they have finished what they brought home they tie the loose hair (now ready for the upholsterer) into a large blanket, mount it on their heads, and stagger off under it to the manufacturers. Every person will at

once recollect having often met these women and wondered how they were able to walk under such enormous loads, or where they were carrying them.

These women all or nearly all have husbands, who work at various employments—any that they can get—or at none at all. They live for the most part in quite a wretched manner—squeezed into hot and suffocating garrets or crushed into dank and deadly cellars. Hundreds of families rent a single room each in the shanties and sheds which the cupidity of landlords has caused to be erected in the rear of small poor buildings, whose tenants sadly need and ought to have every square foot of ground and every mouthful of unbreathed air that they can any way lay hold of. When one goes about these miserable and crowded sheds and shanties, and sees how much unnecessary suffering and privation is occasioned to the poor by the avarice or thoughtlessness of landlords, he is ready to conclude that the right to thus build and overbuild every inch of ground a man owns by title-deed ought to have some restriction, founded upon the general health and sanity of the community.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I observed in your paper of the 19th instant an article in which you state that a great portion of the Artificial Flowers are made by apprentices who receive from 75 cents to \$1 per week. Allow me, sir, to correct a small error into which you have fallen. That portion of the Trade to whom you allude as continually advertising for apprentices, do not pay them *one cent* for the first month; and what is worse, they do not teach them as much as they might and ought to do in *three* days. They thus commit a direct fraud, in taking a month's work of these poor girls without teaching them any thing or paying them either. The work principally done at these establishments is of the most inferior kind, as you will readily perceive—being done by learners of only a few days practice, and who are discharged at the end of the month, to make room for fresh dupes. The remedy for this is, that parents should inquire strictly into the character and respectability of establishments before they permit their girls to take situations as apprentices.

ONE OF THE TRADE.

NO. VII.—MORE ABOUT THE BOOK-BINDERS.

MR. EDITOR: I rejoice that the public mind is awakening to the claims of Industry and Labor. The *circumstances and rewards* of those who produce the wealth of society have been too long overlooked. Neglected by those who are selected for legislators and rulers; or only noticed when oppression and want impel them to the use of sudden and inconclusive remedies to redress their own grievances by means of *combinations and strikes*, they are met by statutory enactments and driven back by the prospect of prison and starvation, to the scantily remunerated toil which had goaded them to resistance. But this inequality in the distribution of rewards cannot endure always. The laborer is beginning to think; education opens for him the storehouse of knowledge, and the result is manifested in the efforts which he makes for the improvement of his state; thus far he has accomplished but little, but his progress is forward; the wave of discontent heaving beneath the surface of Society unfelt, unheeded by the dulled sense of the children

of Mammon, will by and by sweep away the barriers which hem him in and he will then take the management of his affairs into his own hands.

For the attention Mr. Editor, which you have bestowed upon this subject the thanks of the laborer are due, and I trust they have been manifested on your subscription book. In the examination of so multifarious a subject, some inaccuracies in detail may escape your notice. Permit me then to restate some facts relative to the Book-binders. Several attempts have been made heretofore to form a Trade Society for the purpose of regulating prices, but from a want of the proper principle of cohesion after a short existence they have dwindled and expired. Early in the present year, impelled by the necessity of making an effort to improve their general condition a Union of Book-binders was formed, and already more than 300 Journeymen have been admitted as members. This enterprise will prove more successful than those heretofore attempted, because in addition to its supervision of the affairs of the Trade, it contemplates the moral and intellectual improvement of its members. The harmony and decorum which have marked its proceedings thus far reflect favorably upon its members, and offer strong inducements to all Journeymen in the City to join its ranks.

From a report on the state of the Trade read before the Union within the month, we learn that there are 67 shops in the city, employing 352 Journeymen and 187 apprentices, making a total of 539; and if we add to this number a few jobbers and employers who work themselves, the effective force cannot be less than 600 men and boys. The Bible Society, Tract House, and Methodist Book Concern pay by the piece, and give work to 104 men, *but no apprentices!* The Forwarders may average through the year \$9 per week; the Finishers \$10. It is true there are a few men in these establishments who by unceasing industry and the closest application, earn more; but even these do not affect the general result. In Harper's bindery there are 28 men and 22 apprentices; the Forwarders receive \$9 per week, the Finishers \$10; and to make it a matter of certainty that these sums are earned, each man is obliged to furnish a statement of the quantity of work done within the week. There is one other firm having 1 Journeyman and 17 Apprentices, who probably pay their men about the same wages. There are 2 or 3 other shops where fine work is chiefly done, and some of the Account-Book establishments, which pay \$9 and \$10 per week. The smaller shops pay less, the quantity of their work being uncertain, but the quality governed by the price: sharp and grinding competition having reduced the price of binding a large 12mo. of about 500 pages to 11 cents, and probably school books of this size are done for 8 cents. The only mystery in this case is that workmen are paid at all.

The number of foreigners cannot be less than 16 per cent. — a few Germans, some Irishmen, more English, who are not only generally perfect in the branch to which they confine themselves, but as a natural consequence of the division of labor, *swift*. And here let me express my admiration for that wondrous individual "who makes whenever he chooses \$20 per week." You may be able to "name him," but when you look for him depend upon it he

will be found in company with the Flying Dutchman. [You are mistaken and we were right. We can both name him and find him.]

Some reflections upon the mutations in our Trade, its ups and downs, the little prospect it affords to those who become apprentices of arriving ultimately at a state of competence, &c. &c. I will defer to another article.

We find on looking over our remarks upon lithographic pictures that our criticism on their artistic qualities is rather too much like that of a certain distinguished Lecturer and Critic upon the Poets; and we take back some of our sweeping remarks, on account of some very neat and pretty lithographs which have been shown us, and which sell for *six cents a piece*. At this rate how any body concerned in the making of them gets paid at all is more than we can see; and yet our informant assures us that the girls engaged in colouring them receive on an average from \$3 50 to \$4 per week. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

THE SEASON.

BY T. HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.
Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature,
Getteth short of leaves.
Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.
Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh, —
Night and Day together,
Taking half-and-half.
So September endeth,
Cold and most perverse,
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

For the Harbinger.

NO. II. UNION OF ALL REFORMERS

in Behalf of a Great Political Reform.

Laws Generate Motives. Laws cannot generate motives in the people that do not exist in themselves. Laws claiming obedience to higher motives than are embodied in the fundamental law or constitution are anomalous, and all obedience to such laws will be justly considered as self-denial or self-sacrifice.

In every government yet established on this globe, the desire to establish and extend its power is the predominant motive. Thus the law commands peace and order so that it may be enabled to draw from all quarters the means of supporting and extending its power. It has direct or indirect ownership of all property, personal and real, and the control of all persons so far as it may be needful to call upon them for its great purpose.

All questions that it decides are settled upon principles of state policy and never upon principles of justice; its diplomatists are paid for overreaching foreign nations, its armies and navies for coercing those whom they cannot convince. It aims to keep its machinery in operation, right or wrong, and to crush every thing that may impede its movement, in a word to take care of itself, and upon all occasions and in all places of action, it exhibits a *professed morality* and a *practiced selfishness*.

The essential character of government will ever by irresistible necessity be reproduced in every sphere of action under it. Thus following the example of the laws, you fortify your position, and extend your powers wherever you stand. If you are connected with the enactment or administration of the laws, you multiply them and render them obscure, that you may be paid for amending or explaining them; if you organize a church, the church must think and act more earnestly in collecting poor rents, contributions and donations, and cringing therefore to purse-proud hypocrisy, than in leading the meek and humble penitent to the fountain of living waters. If in trade you endeavor to distance all competitors in recommending your goods; if a manufacturer, you give your waste and worthless scraps the appearance of substantial and beautiful fabrics; if a *mere* journeyman, you save your labor by veiling the appearance of it, and thus sacrifice the best materials; if you are without a position suitable to your talents or aspirations, you attach yourself to any of the pursuits of business or ambition without fear that a perfect morality will be required of you as a candidate, for perfect morality being excluded from the constitutions and laws, can never have free action under them, and always wears in our false societies the garb of self-denial.

It must not be supposed that these governments of physical and intellectual force generate motives to wrong actions only. All actions, good or evil, have motives flowing from the same great fountain; and the social condition is just what it inevitably must be, as the natural production of the motive-generating power of the institutions of government. While one is employed in seeking power by writing a poem, another opens a mine; while one receives usury another invents a rail road; while this party builds a vessel for the slave trade, those unite to found a library. The tavern, the brothel, the newspaper, the lyceum, the police, all, all are driven onward by the same motive power: and no action in society which is not impelled by love of power, can succeed, but must

ever meet with rebuffs as impertinent, or be sneered at as visionary.

The progress of the human race is in strict analogy with the progress of the individuals of which the race is composed: first physical, second intellectual, and third moral. In the first stage of the first epoch, we observe great beauty, innocence and freedom; but if means are not found and applied to develop the intellect, and bring the physical powers into subjection to law, the result is a coarse, degraded and brutal being, such as in all civilized countries fill, for the greater part, the prisons, the armies, the navies, dig the canals, and to a great extent, perform the labors of the fields and workshops.

Where this want is general the savage state is only attained, such as we find it among the Caffres and Hottentots of Africa, and the rudest tribes of North American Indians, under such governments as now exist.

Where the first great step in human progress has been taken by a people, where the intellectual faculties obtain the mastery of the physical, and through the institution of laws and government, wielding power under a ceaseless stimulus to increase and perpetuate that power, generating the same impulse in all departments of human activity, the most wonderful achievements are made. To this we owe the discovery, improvement, and surprising activity of the press, the discoveries in science, the *chef d'œuvres* in art, the diversified and colossal literary productions, the rail road, the steam engine, and all the wonders of modern improvements in machinery.

One leading characteristic of this epoch is, that the greater the development, the more it tends to concentration in the hands of the few, and as the government is not responsible for the *happiness* of the people, but only for its own free working, so no obligation for mutual support is acknowledged in any sphere except for the members thereof. Thus the government takes care of itself, the church takes care of itself, commerce takes care of itself, manufactures take care of themselves, classes and societies take care of themselves; but worst of all, while the learned, the cunning, the strong and the rich, are taking care of themselves, the ignorant, the simple, the feeble, and the poor are left to take care of themselves.

The moral sentiment being no part or parcel of the laws of the land, and yet being a most important part of humanity, during all this intellectual and physical progress, is still in course of development, and first in feeble tones but ever with a voice of increasing firmness and authority, demands that the selfishness of

the laws and consequent actions of men, should be changed; and that nobler principles should be adopted.

Up to this time, the moral sentiment has only found expression in protests against false and oppressive relations, that exist in those spheres of action wherein he who protests is not an actor, or if an actor, the suffering party.

Nations protest against the rapacity or bad faith of their neighbors; parties against the proscriptive spirit of their successful opponents, merchants against the quirks and delays of the law. Those not engaged in trade, protest against its duplicity; those engaged in trade against the duplicity of all trades but their own; while each feels that if he should act only from the highest moral motives he must inevitably come to beggary.

The moral sentiment, in search of means to alleviate human suffering, and to establish righteous relations in society, turns with instinctive truthfulness to the laws, and seeks through them to redress the wrong; but hitherto with perfect blindness to the great fact that the moral sentiment is not recognized by the constitution of the United States, or of any of them; and that such a government cannot enact laws that will generate moral motives. It has also not been known, that all the great moral movement of the time, whether of a public or private nature, have in all their phases been in diametrical opposition to the motives, naturally arising under the laws of society.

These reflections show of what immense importance to humanity it is to have right principles comprised in the fundamental law of a nation or state, and how hopeless is any attempt to secure freedom to the noblest attributes of the man, unless these attributes are recognized as the rule of action of the state as well as of the subject.

The friends of any, or all of the popular reforms of this age and nation, will perceive, that what they demand is, that such injustice should be mitigated or abolished, that a greater morality should prevail and be supported by the laws, or such other means as will prove efficient; they will also perceive that all they can do under the existing systems of law, can lead to no conclusive triumph.

The people of these United States fought and conquered the foreign foe in the revolutionary war, under the pledge that the government should emanate from the people, and should only exist as an instrument to be used for the purpose of obtaining for them the greatest good. This was the bright promise of a government of the third phase of progress; of a government that would use the whole intellectual and physical force of the nation under the

direction of the moral sentiment, for the purpose of developing the virtues and promoting the happiness of all the people; which would seek the happiness of the people by love, instead of limiting its action to peace and order by force. We were to be guaranteed the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and what more legitimate means for attaining these objects can be suggested, than for the whole people to exercise a paternal guardianship over each person, pledging the whole exhaustless, yet rapidly increasing resources of the whole land, for the extirpation of ignorance, poverty, and dependence.

A government of this character is the blood-bought inheritance of the American people, though by the ignorance of the framers of the present constitution, it was postponed. They gave us instead, a government upon the basis of the English constitution, carried on by almost all the machinery that is proper for the support of such a system of monopoly and misery, luxury, and destitution, refinement and brutality.

Let us unite, and call upon all the people of the land whose interests or aspirations would lead them to take the side of justice in the spirit of love, to organize in order to enacting that the power of the national, state, and municipal authorities, shall not, at any time, or upon any occasion, be used except for the benefit of the person or persons over whom such authority is exercised, or in self-defence against rude violence;

To elevate and dignify useful occupations, and render them universal, by making them the only passport to office, and the only basis of the right to vote;

To secure the right to labor, by connecting the obligation to cultivate with the ownership of land; by taxes upon monopolized machinery, and by such other checks upon monopoly as may from time to time be required;

To pledge the whole resources of the state for a useful, industrial, and scientific education for all children, considering ignorance and idleness as the only enemies, that as a people we need to dread.

These radical measures may startle many a timid mind, even among sincere reformers, and will certainly be rejected by those who cry in the top of popular questions, for the purpose of making themselves the objects of observation, but they grow out of those universal principles, upon which alone the masses can be united; the character of our institutions must be changed and brought into harmony with the great principles of the declaration of independence. Then, but not till then, will there be freedom in moral action; then men will just

we naturally and spontaneously seek to do good to each other as they do now seek the contrary. By great good fortune we have it in our power to bring about a peaceful revolution, and to carry, through the ballot-box, the pure principles of Christian morality into the laws of the land, and through them into the daily practice of the whole people. Let us do this and the second advent of the Redeemer will be no more a mystery.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY DOW, JR.

NEW SERIES. NO. 258.

My present discourse is drawn from this text:

You love your country mother earth;
Of this I cannot doubt you —
The soil is rich; but, from your birth,
Why carry it about you?

My hearers — inwardly and outwardly you are more or less filthy. The scurf upon your hearts is tantamount to that upon your heads and other portions of your skin. Some of you appear to be as clean as a dog-licked platter upon the outside, while within you are as foul as an old musket. You once a week at least, seem to take a great deal of pains to rid yourselves of exterior dirt, but care not a straw for the moral mange that infects the interior of the soul's habitation.

But, my hearers, I regret to say, that not a few of you are as careless of the carnal as of the spiritual portion. In fact, I have knowledge of two or three members of my church, whose persons are so located with soil, that I wonder weeds don't grow in the place of whiskers, and hop-vines flourish in lieu of hair. Such men can never enjoy anything more than a kind of counterfeit happiness in this world; for it is impossible to be happy without first feeling comfortable, and how, I ask, can a man feel comfortable with dirt enough about him to attract and support toads, tumble-bugs, muck-worms, and ground-mice? No, these folks must feel as uneasy all through life, as I would feel in a bed suspected of fleas and flavored of ehintzes. If they die in their filth, they will be filthy forever; but instead of being allowed to bedaub the costly furniture within the walls of salvation with their slime, they will receive orders from the ramparts to march downward, to the quickstep tune of "go to the devil and shake yourself."

My friends — I like to see a man entertain an ardent love for his country; but his patriotism should not induce him to eat of it with his porridge and potatoes; neither should he have such an attachment to the soil of his birth, as to take pride in carrying a cart-load of it into his neighbor's domicile. Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of the body as pure virtue is to the welfare of the mind, or soul, if you choose to call it, and he that neglects it commits a heinous crime, inasmuch as he is a self-murderer by omission, a defacer, ay, demolisher, of the beautiful temple built for him by Omnipotence, and which it were the worst kind of sacrilege for him to injure. You are surrounded with conveniences for performing daily ablutions; and yet, rather than spend a shilling, or take advantage of a few leisure minutes, you go about mangy, sick-

ly and drooping, relying in vain upon pills and the wrong sort of piety, when nothing under the canopy of heaven is wanted but soap, cold water and a clean shirt, to make you feel as though you belonged here.

My friends — not a little of our boasted soil is borne hither upon the back of imagination; and considerable of it is carried to foreign shores by those who are too dirty and too lazy to obtain a decent and permanent livelihood any where. O! that a mighty Ganges rolled from pole to pole, and that all were possessed of just enough rusty religion, combined with sufficient superstition, to compel them to bathe daily in its waters, for the purification of both body and soul! The baptismal rite was ordained for a duality of purposes; and I would recommend certain of my congregation to turn Baptists, and suffer the wholesome horrors of immersion, for the sake of having it said that they have been washed, at least once in their lives. If you ever expect to be saved, my friends, you must commence in season to make yourself clean; for nothing unclean can enter the gates of eternal happiness. Scour up your morals, apply soap and sand to your scurf-covered souls, and cleanse yourselves thoroughly, from the outward skin to the interior of the heart. You must begin *now*; for when Death calls for you, you will have no time to wash your feet, cut your toe-nails, and put on a clean garb of holiness. He will take you as he finds you, though you were never so filthy. Take care that you be not found more fit for the cellar kitchen below than for the grand parlor above, which is carpeted with righteousness and festooned with the amaranthine flowers of endless joy and love. So mote it be. — N. Y. *Sunday Mercury*.

ASSOCIATION IN ONTARIO CO., N. Y.

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, N. Y., }
August 20, 1845. }

HORACE GREELEY, Esq.: — It seems the misfortune of certain persons that their selfishness and cupidity make them bungling discerners of character. Nothing puzzles them like an honest man. To judge of others by themselves is with them a cardinal virtue. Can their friendship be purchased to-day, by an institution with which they were at deadly enmity but yesterday? they forthwith infer that all men are sufficiently light of heel to *pirouette* with the same surprising dexterity. Are they "every thing by turns and nothing long" — guided solely by a profligate expediency? — they straightway infer that they are but a type of the race. Do they deem generosity or even justice to the laboring man an emotion of vulgar and unpardonable folly; against the "frozen current of their souls" — impossible, in short, to them? they deem it equally impossible to others. A man no sooner invests a portion of his means to aid an association of laboring men to acquire a less dependent and more substantial living for themselves and families, than he becomes, in their view, influenced by the most sinister and avaricious designs. In what other way can his conduct possibly be accounted for? No matter how irreproachable his character before; no matter if he has surplus wealth which in no true sense 'enriches him, but makes them poor indeed;' no matter if his head is 'blossoming for the

grave;' it is still, say they, 'the ruling passion strong in death.' While it is hoped that this class is not the most numerous, it is certainly one of the most clamorous.

We presume it has been the fortune of every Association to meet with men of this moral calibre, to be placed on their defence against attacks like these, or to treat them with the silent inattention to which only, perhaps, they are entitled. It has been the purpose of this Association to avoid notoriety. Commencing with few of the requisites which can command success, either in the ability of the men upon whom it devolved to assist in guiding its course, in the amount of means upon which it was founded they could rely, or in the acquaintanceship of its members with the principles upon which they undertook to act — there was an even chance, at least, of failure, in any other than an economical point of view. Something, however, we wished to contribute toward improving the condition of men in the way of affording CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT TO ALL WHO WISHED TO LABOR; AND A SACRED GUARANTEE OF WHATEVER THEY PRODUCED. We were content to pursue the "even tenor of our way," not greatly disturbed by aspersions such as we have named, when we find ourselves dragged before the public in the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in connection with calumnies so enlarged, and various and new, that silence would be a crime.

We are glad that charges so heinous come to us in a tangible shape and in a responsible form. We should have noticed them with less delay if we could have sooner obtained a copy of the sheet. It says:

"The recent *explosion* of the establishment near Canandaigua has been very generally noticed. Another was formed at about the same time at a place called *Smith's Mills*, in the northern part of West Bloomfield. This has also exploded within two or three weeks. The lawyers hereabouts are reaping no inconsiderable harvest from those establishments. A great number of chancery and other law-suits have grown out of them, which may not be settled for years. In both cases persons of small means were induced — in some instances by palpably false pretences — to put their property into the Association. The result has been in each, that they have been stripped of every thing and turned adrift, while two or three of the leading men have got the whole property into their own hands. Among others, a man named Butler, living in Lima, in this county, was induced to sell his small farm and put one thousand dollars — all he had — into the Association at Smith's Mills. With the funds thus collected from various quarters, water-power, land, &c. were purchased, grist mills, saw mills, factories, &c. erected; a large building for the members was fitted up somewhat on the plan drawn out in Brisbane's book, and the scheme began with some two or three hundred members. Presently the Association became involved in debt; members became dissatisfied, some with the treatment they received, others with their mode of life; and soon the whole 'domain,' including all the property of the concern, being heavily mortgaged, was offered at public sale. The affair is still in progress; but it is well understood that a few of the leading members who had money and have constantly controlled the concern, stand ready to buy the whole property, which of course will sell at a great sacrifice, and thus put the proceeds of the whole operation in their own pockets. Meantime Mr. Butler, whom I mentioned above, has been turned

adrift, leaving his little all — for which he had worked hard through a long life — behind him; and in advanced age is forced to become a *day laborer* to earn a living! And like his case are those of many others.

"Now it is perfectly true that these establishments have failed, because they were in the hands of unprincipled men, who made them the instruments of their own purposes. Their organization was in many respects imperfect; but had they started with the "indispensable" capital of \$100,000, would not the leaders in the end simply pocketed that amount instead of the smaller sum?"

This passage forms part of a letter of one of the assistant editors, dated July 12, and purports to have been written in Livingston County. As the writer's father is understood to reside in Lima, we presume the letter was written there, *within less than four miles of this place!* The public will learn how to estimate his veracity and scrupulousness, when they are told every allegation made by him to the discredit of this Association is an untruth; a Munchausen tale, a very foolish essay at lying on the high pressure principle.

It is not all false. It is true an Association was formed here one year ago last spring. It is quite true we purchased land and water power, and have a grist mill, saw mills, factory, &c. Nor can it be denied that we erected the first season a building for the temporary residence of the members on a plan resembling, perhaps, in outline, the form sketched by Mr. Brisbane, but having only an imperfect resemblance, we are sorry to say, in every thing else. It is a fact we may have had for a short time nearly two hundred members. It is true, also, that some of these members, failing to realize at once their too sanguine expectations, as well as from other causes, became dissatisfied and left, in most instances, to the immediate advantage of the Association. To these enormities we shall have to plead guilty, and humbly crave forgiveness, for, after all, it is these things we fear, which most deeply move the grief of the *Courier*.

But it is *not* true that this Association has "exploded" within two or three weeks, nor at any time. So far from this, it was never in more prosperous circumstances than at present, so far as regards all the accessories of wealth. It is *not* true that "the lawyers are reaping a considerable harvest," nor that "a great number of chancery and other law suits have grown out of them," so far as relates to this Association, and we believe it is still less true of the other. We have had two chancery suits commenced by restless stockholders. One of them remains undecided; the other was withdrawn by the complainant, before issue was joined, he paying the costs.

It is *not* true that "persons of small means," or of large means, have been "induced by palpably false pretences to put their property into the Association." It is *not* true that "they have been stripped of every thing and turned adrift." We venture to assert that not a man has left the Association with less than 90 per cent. of the property invested, in cases where the stock has been surrendered to the Association.

It is *not* true that "a man named Butler, living in Lima, in this county," or living any where else, "was induced to sell his farm and put one thousand dollars into the Association at Smith's

Mills," that "he has been turned adrift, leaving his little all — for which he had worked hard through a long life — behind him." Lest the denial may not be deemed sufficiently broad, permit us to say that every branch of the paragraph is untrue. No man of the name of Butler was ever a member of this Association or a stockholder to the value of a farthing. No man was induced to sell his farm — no man has put in one thousand dollars under circumstances like these — no man has been turned adrift.

It is *not* true either that the Association has increased its indebtedness. Somewhat unwisely it commenced with a debt of some \$12,000 — most of it, however, on long time. At the end of the first year this had become \$9,000, and arrangements are now perfected by which we shall reduce it \$4,000 more this fall. By this means, our indebtedness will amount to but \$5,000, of which at the same time we have changed \$3,000 into the hands of one of our members, who can afford, and is willing to wait longer for the payment. We have met every pecuniary engagement and shall continue to do so.

It is *not* true that the domain or any part or parcel of our real estate, or that our personal property has been offered at either public or private sale.

The only foundation for this misrepresentation is this: We are not fully satisfied with the tenor by which our real estate, under the existing laws, is obliged to be held. Conveyances, pursuant to legal advice, were made, originally, by the owners of each particular parcel to the Committee of Finance *in trust* for the stockholders and members, and a Power was executed by the stockholders to the committee, by which, under certain regulations, they were to have authority to sell and convey the same. The absurdity of the Statute of Trusts never having been licked into shape by judicial decisions, a close and unavailing search has since been instituted for the fugitive legal title.

Some counsellors, learned in the law, find it in the Committee of Finance, as representatives of the Association; others have discovered that it is vested in them as individuals; others, still, of equal eminence, and equally intent at arriving at a true solution, find, perhaps, that it is in the committee and stockholders jointly; while there are those who profess to find it in neither of these parties, but in the persons of whom the property was purchased, and to whom has been paid its full valuation!

In order to educe order out of this confusion of opinions, and to enable us to acquire if possible a less objectionable title, it has been proposed to petition the Chancellor for a sale, as a title from the court would be free from doubt. We are not without hopes that the Legislature of the State, having sated the maw of monopolist corporations, will become able, at some future time, so far to consider the claims of Labor, as by the passage of a general law to remove some of the uncalled for obstacles which environ the holding of real estate by Industrial Associations.

The public will now be able, without farther comment, to appreciate the cool mendacity of the libellous assertion that "two or three of the leading men, after turning the members adrift, stripped of

every thing, have got the whole property into their own hands!"

We are at a loss in what light the author should be viewed; whether as the victim of an easy and indolent credulity, an opinion which the blundering inaccuracy of other parts of his letter, not relating to Association, would seem to justify; or as one by whom, in order to gratify a morbid animosity against Association, truth, courtesy, probability itself, are to be rashly violated.

The charges he brings, with such evident gusto, against men, some of whom are old, respected, and well-known citizens, and had attained to that distinction probably before he was born, are of the gravest character. Had their conduct been such as he represents it — maugre their age — they would deserve to be "lashed naked through the world." But if it has been in all respects the reverse of this, what shall be thought of the man who invents or aids in propagating, without proof, charges so calumnious and infamous!

ELIAS D. WIGHT,
EDWIN A. STILLMAN,
Committee of Finance.

REVIEW.

Essays on Art, by GOETHE. Translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

In a former paper we barely noticed the publication of this little volume. It is too significant a contribution to the philosophy and criticism of Art, to pass without some further attempt at least to do it justice. A philosophy of Art, so far as it is true, is also a philosophy of life; the existence of Art in these discordant eras is an annunciation of the destiny of man, prophetic of his true, harmonic life. There cannot be Art without belief in progress, without the fact of progress. Dear to the heart of humanity must each true artist be, however isolated in outward position, and difficult as it may be to appreciate him. Seldom a politician, yet is he unconsciously a social architect; with no unquiet radicalism, he with plastic hand reforms his own ideals, with a power that haunts men's souls and raises up whole armies of reformers; seldom theological so far as church and creed are concerned, yet are his whole work and world most deeply religious, most reverent, harmonious and full of love. Not warring with the present, he creates a future. Not given to philosophising, yet all he does proceeds from a profound sentiment of Unity; for what is all his Art but the translation of the natural into the human, and their mutual exaltation to the divine! in other words, the unity of mind and matter through beauty, "the unity of Man with Nature and with God!" But of this hereafter.

We believe there have been no profounder criticisms on Art than these of Goethe. No man has better seized the spirit, comprehended the aim and meth-

ods, classed the styles and tendencies, embraced and reconciled the opposite theories of Art, than he. In this he does what all true art itself does, unites opposites, and blends the contradictory in the beautiful unity of contrast. He is an Idealist, and he is a Realist. He can criticise from the stand-point of the one, fully comprehending at the same time all of true and good which underlies any excess in the opposite direction. He has been charged with an objectivity which makes him a mere observer where he should be a feeling actor; and moral indifference has been set down as the result of his intellectual many-sidedness. But to him the objective and the subjective, in matters of universal import, which offer anything for permanent beauty and for Art, were identical. "Seek within yourself, and you will find everything; and rejoice that without (as it may be always called) there lies a Nature, that says yea and amen to all you have discovered in yourself;" is one of his innumerable aphorisms. And again: "When Artists speak of Nature, Idea is always understood, without their being clearly conscious of it." "That very thing that strikes the uncultivated as Nature in a work of art, is not Nature (outward,) but Man (inward nature.) We know no world but in relation to man. We will have no art, except it be an expression of this relation."

For faithful imitations of Nature, and for ideal creation from within, he has equal respect, and only separates them to speak of them, to settle the controversy between them. He shows how Art begins with imitations, prompted always first by love of that which we would imitate; how, in the very act of copying it, the artist finds that nature has a soul, that every form covers an idea; in tracing its expressive outline the inmost spirit and essence of the thing seizes upon him; he becomes inspired with the idea which made it, and out of that inspiration he proceeds to recreate it, reproduce it. The spiritual and the material are made one in Art. For the end of Art is always Beauty; and beauty is the common term which unites man with nature, thought with form, the spiritual with the material, soul with body. What is a beautiful person, properly, but a body in harmony with a true soul within, a life externalized, expressed, and realized in an organization so obedient to all its motions, so conformed to all its will and character, to all its inmost affections, that body and soul seem one, and matter itself becomes alive and spiritual? Thus the universe is beautiful because expressive of the will of God. But only to the human soul, only to the spiritual sense of man made after the image of God, does

it reveal its beauty. Man holds the key to Nature, because, and in so far as his life answereth to the life of all things, to the living God. But Man degraded and fallen, man with stunted manhood and abused endowments, looks on Nature listlessly with faint perceptions of her beauty; he loses sight of the spiritual in the natural; all things around him limit him, but do not set him free; the actual rules him and tyrannizes over him; he cannot see beyond the literal fact of Nature; he becomes her slave and not her willing servant and coöperator in the expression of the Godlike and true; and if in art he strive to imitate her, the closer he adheres to his copy, the more will the real beauty therein elude him. So true it is that we cannot even copy successfully without feeling; and feeling always is creative, originates somewhat from itself, in coming nearer to its model. Art is living; a daguerrotype likeness may be likeness, but it is dead; it is an optical transfer of Nature's image, without the intervention of the human, consequently dead and uninteresting to man, however exact mechanically.

Thus is Art the triumph of the mind over matter and over all circumstances; a triumph in which the vanquished party shares the exaltation of the victor; for the result is beauty, the glowing expression of an ideal of the mind,—the mind not capriciously dreaming and weakly striving for the impossible, but finding itself in Nature, as Nature becomes alive to it in beauty. Beauty may be defined the marriage of thought with matter.—And it is the mission of Art to span with her beautiful bridge of rainbows, the chasm which falsely yawns between the material and the spiritual; to change even painful histories into beauty; to find a unity in scenes of strife and conflict; to represent in the repose and beauty with which the wise soul reads the meaning of all things, however puzzling and frightful for the time, even the most tragical event of life. This is admirably illustrated by Goethe in his inimitable analysis of the Laocöon, where he shows every circumstance of horror contributing to the beauty of the representation; not to the stifling of sympathy, but artistically realizing thus the prophetic which there is in all true sympathy, in all deep affections of the human soul. What the soul would have all life to be, that Art foreshadows in every thing it represents. In a work of art, whatever emotions the subject-matter may awaken, the emotion of beauty still surmounts them all.

"Are not the dead sons and daughters of Niobe here made use of as ornaments? This is the highest luxury of Art; she adorns no longer with flowers and fruits, but with the corpses of men, with the

greatest misfortune that can befall a father or mother, to see a blooming family all at once snatched away. Yes, the beautiful genius who stands beside the grave, his torch reversed, has stood beside the artist as he invented and perfected, and over his earthly greatness has breathed a heavenly grace."

The book has eminently a Grecian air, and it is known how wonderfully in sympathy was Goethe, both by nature and by culture, with that chosen people of the Muses. From the Greeks he draws most of his illustrations. A Grecian sky is over all the work. The papers which make up this little volume, were chiefly contributions to an artistic Magazine, which was called "The Propylæum," a name borrowed from the edifice which led up to the Citadel of Athens and the Temple of Minerva. In an introductory address he makes known the general plan and spirit of the discussions and criticisms to follow. In the paper called Laocöon, and in the wonderful restorations of the pictures of Philostratus, he illustrates in those untheoretical inspirations of Grecian art the theories, or rather solutions of theoretic difficulties, which he gives us in the remaining Essays, part of which are only suggestive hints and sketches, and part mere aphorisms, none of them without weight and point.

The largest and most significant piece is called "*The Collector and his Friends.*" It is a series of letters depicting the artistic life and studies of a circle of persons, who represent respectively and in unity the various classes, tendencies, and theories of Art. The Collector is an amateur artist, who lives surrounded by the gallery which he has inherited from wealthy and artistical ancestors. He has his theories, as had his father and grandfather before him, the discussion of which in the pure love of truth, is the daily food of conversation with his family, and with connoisseurs and artists of all sorts who are attracted by the fame of his collection. The result is a classification of artists into (1) *Imitators*; (2) *The Imaginative*; (3) *Characteristic*; (4) *The Wavy*; (5) *Artists in Little*; (6) *Sketchers*. These again fall naturally into two great divisions, and stand opposed to each other thus:

The Imitator to the Imaginative.

The Characteristic to the Wavy.

The Artist in Little to the Sketcher.

The six are but graduated scales of the two great parties to the controversy which runs through life, in every other sphere as well as in that of Art, viz. the controversy between the actual and the ideal. In the first column stand those who take things literally, who adhere to what exists, and fear to transcend the actual copy. In the other column, those who seek in

all things a fulfilment of the mind's ideal, who paint themselves in every thing they undertake. The first are right in that they sacrifice their own narrow idiosyncracies to facts as they stand without and independent of themselves; but wrong when they forget or fail to see that nature is devoid of meaning without man, that every fact is but an expression of a sentiment or thought, the key to which must be in man, and that, as every actual is the result of an ideal, so only through the ideal can you comprehend and reproduce it in its life and spirit. The last are right in that they seek to idealize every thing, and so to realize the proper unity of mind with matter, of the finite with the infinite, and create something which shall be of permanent value, whose meaning can never be exhausted; but wrong when they doubt the correspondence of every form with its idea, of nature with the soul, and the tendency of all fact, truly understood, to ultimate unity and beauty; eager to escape the limitations and details, they wander into the vague and unsubstantial, only to find themselves forever imprisoned in the still more limited circle of their own moods. Goethe unites the two by their truer phases, making the characteristic and the ideal one. He traces a graduated series in these one-sided deviations from the universal and true in Art, and by assigning to each group or class its place in the ascending or descending wing, which pivots upon true Style, he ends the quarrel, by revealing an integral unity in their very variety, a solidarity, so to speak, of Art. As specimens of fine discrimination, and catholic taste for finding the elements of a unity among things which are discords taken singly, we quote a portion of his definitions:

“First Division — Imitators.

“This talent may be regarded as the basis of the plastic arts. Whether they take their rise from it, may remain a question. Beginning with this, the artist may at last raise himself to the highest. If he sticks to it, we call him copyist, which title in itself conveys an unfavorable idea. But if a genius of this sort manifests a desire to advance continually in his narrow path, a demand for perfect imitation must at last grow out of it, which the amateur seeks for, and the artist endeavors to realize. If you miss the transition to true art, you are in the most out of the way by-path. You at last come to painting statues, and go down to posterity, like our good grandfather, in your damask dressing gown.”

“The Imitator only makes a duplicate of his original, without doing any thing with it, or carrying us beyond it.”

“Second Division — The Imaginative.

“In their treatment of this class, our friends indulged in too much satire. It seemed as if the subject enticed them to step a little out of the track; and though I, professedly of this class, was present, and demanded justice and civility, I could

not prevent their loading it with a heap of epithets that did not sound altogether commendatory. They were called *Poetizers*, because, instead of recognizing the poetic side of art, and striving for its attainment, they rather emulated the poets, trenching upon their prerogative, and mistaking and neglecting their own interest. They were also called the *Showmen*, because they strive so hard to get up an appearance, and excite the fancy without troubling themselves how far their execution is sufficient to satisfy it. They were nicknamed *Phantomists*, because a hollow spirit-world has so much charm for them; *Phantasmists*, because dreamy distortions and incoherencies are not wanting; *Nebulists*, because they will not refrain from using the clouds as a suitable ground for their air-pictures.

“It was maintained that they were without reality, and had never anywhere had existence; that they were wanting in artistic truth and real beauty.

“As the Imitators had been accused of a false naturalness, so this class were not free from the reproach of a false nature, and more sins of the like kind were attributed to them. I perceived that it was the gentlemen's object to provoke me, and I did them the pleasure to become really mischievous.

“I asked them, whether genius did not chiefly express itself through invention? whether this prerogative could be disputed with the poetizers? whether we should not feel grateful, when the mind was charmed by a beautiful dream-picture? whether, after all, in this department, that had been disgraced by so many questionable epithets, the ground and possibility of the highest art was not comprised? whether wearisome prose had any mightier opponent than this capacity to form new worlds? whether it were not an estimable talent, an estimable quality, of which one should always speak with reverence, even when one finds it astray?

“The gentlemen soon yielded. They reminded me that we were now only speaking of a one-sidedness, and that this quality, which is of such importance in its relation with the whole, was, on that very account, injurious when it was isolated, separate, independent. The Imitator does no injury to art, for he brings it laboriously to a point where the true artist can and must take it up. But the Imaginative, on the other hand, is the cause of endless harm to art, because he drives it beyond all bounds, and the greatest genius would be requisite to bring it back from its license and wildness, into its true and appointed circle.”

“Fourth Division — The Wavy.

“This name designates those who stand in opposition to the Characteristic, and who love the soft and agreeable, without character and significance, by which means their highest attainment is an indifferent gracefulness. They were also called *Serpentine*, and we called to mind the time when the Serpentine line was adopted as the model and symbol of beauty, and this was thought a great step in progress. This serpentine and soft style manifests itself in artists as well as amateurs, by a certain weakness, sleepiness, and if you will, sickly gracefulness. Such works are in demand by those who wish to find in a work of art something that is a little more than nothing at all; who never see the varied colors of a

soap-bubble in the air without delight. Works of this class can hardly be said to have a body or substance, so that their merit chiefly depends on the handling, and a certain appearance of softness. They are wanting in meaning and power, and are therefore generally acceptable, as Nullity is in society; for rightly speaking social entertainment is but little more than nothing at all.

“As soon as the artist or amateur abandons himself to this one-sided inclination, art touches a despairing chord, and disappears like a stream in the sand. The handling becomes weaker and more superficial; the colors vanish from the pictures; the lines of the engraver become points; and so by degrees, to the delight of soft amateurs, all ends in smoke.”

“Fifth Division — Artists in Little.

“This class came off well. No one found cause of quarrel with it. Many spoke for it, few against it.

“Looking only at the effect, they are not amiss; they cover a small place with the greatest care, and the amateur can possess the labor of years in a small casket. As far as their labor is artistic, they deserve the name of Miniaturists. When they fail in spirit, have no feeling for the whole, cannot bring any unity into their work, they must be set down as Dot and Point makers.

“They are not in opposition to true art; they hold the same position towards it that the Imitators do. They remind the true artist, that this quality which they make exclusive, must be added to his other talents to complete his culture, and give to his work its highest perfection.”

“Sixth Division — Sketchers.

“My uncle confessed himself a member of this class, and we were inclined not to say any thing very bad concerning it, when he himself called upon us, to take notice that it promoted a one-sidedness, equally dangerous for art with that of the heroes of the other rubrics. It is the aim of art not only to address the soul through the outward sense, but to satisfy the outward sense itself. The soul may then accompany the sense, and not withhold its applause. But the Sketcher addresses himself immediately to the soul, thus enchanting and bribing the inexperienced. A happy idea, only half shown, and as it were symbolically expressed, glides through the eye, stirs up the mind, the understanding, the imagination, and the beholder, taken by surprise, sees what does not exist. There is no longer any question about form, character, expression, grouping, harmony, execution, but instead we find an appearance of each. Mind speaks to mind, and the medium of communication is naught.

“Those enchanting hieroglyphics, the admirable sketches of great masters, are the chief sources of this passion, and lead the true amateur by degrees to the threshold of united art, from which he has no sooner cast a look forward than he is safe from falling back again. — pp. 106 — 113.

The great thought which we derive from all this is, that Art in its respective spheres is all a prophecy and pledge of the time when life itself shall be crowned with Beauty, and society and business

shall be a Fine Art, the Ideal still presiding over every Use, and every form of necessity transformed to a smile of love, just as the artistic passion of those old Greeks transformed the Furies into "Eumenides," (Gracious). The evil in the world, whatever may have been its origin, has had this for its characteristic fact, namely, the separation and antagonism between mind and matter. The circumstances, the body, as it were, of the life of Humanity, have not been in conformity with its inward spirits' wants and aspirations. Art and Poesy alone have sought and found the reconciliation between the spiritual and the material, between the actual and the ideal; the result of which is always Beauty. It is the problem of all Social Science to do the same. The old war between mind and matter must end in discovery of their harmony and mutual correspondence. All partial dogmas must be resolved into the doctrine of Universal Unity; and the faith which Art has kept alive in the soul of man, must be realized in the same beauty, the same unity of the outward with the inward, of the form with the idea, the same religious dedication of the partial to the whole in every department of life, and in the whole constitution and frame-work of the life of Humanity upon the globe. Hitherto the artist has wrought in silence and obscurity. No one has seemed less of an active reformer than he. But he in his sphere has been solving the problem, which society now has got to solve, to make society possible.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

LABOR.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

What is the poet's task?

To tear the grave clothes from the buried ages,

To lift the mighty curtain of the Past;
And, 'mid the war that old Opinion wages,
Deal out his warnings like a trumpet blast.

This is the poet's task.

Thank God for light!

Praised be the source of mortal life and being,

That he hath stripped the veil from off our eyes;

Now, in the blessed consciousness of seeing,
Man may gaze upward through the glorious skies

With a strong sight.

Labor hath raised its voice;

The strong right arm, — the mighty limbs of iron, —

The hand embrowned by stout, heroic toil,
The eyes that on the perils which environ
Gaze from the honest soul that bears no soil —

These are its silent voice.

Silent, but oh! how deep!

Rousing the world to grapple with its curses; —

Speaking the hope of Freedom to the earth; —

Vulcan-like stand again those iron nurses,
To give the panoplied Minerva birth
From her long death-like sleep.

Forth shall the nations start!

Labor is calling on the heart and spirit;

Labor is casting all its gyves away;

Labor the garland and the sheaf shall merit;

Break thou upon my sight, O glorious day,

Bless thou the poet's heart.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CIVILIZATION:

THE ISOLATED FAMILY.

We are frequently asked why we do not devote our columns more exclusively to scientific expositions of Association, and to statements of results from the experiments in which we are engaged. Undoubtedly the main business of the Harbinger is to set forth the doctrines of social science, but it should be understood that these doctrines embrace the whole range of human interests, and that hardly any subject can arise on which they have not a judgment to give. We have accordingly given a considerable breadth to the discussions of the Harbinger, and have treated matters which some of our friends may have thought quite remote from the all-important question of social reform. Moreover we address a public occupied with other things, — absorbed in the chances of the hour, and stultified by prejudices of every kind. We must gain its attention by approaching it at every accessible point, — by touching every nerve that is not entirely insensible, and by omitting no occasion of insinuating the truth, which might not be received if directly and positively enforced.

The present mission of our journal is not so much to publish the doctrines of Universal Unity in their fulness, as to announce them and prepare the way for their ultimate adoption. We are for the time the heralds rather than the bearers of the light; we stand to foretell the day, and to wake all men to its duties, rather than to utter the shouts of thanksgiving that will salute its dawn. On all sides, we behold unequivocal evidences that

Providence is leading the nations into Unity. Each hour anew discloses to us some germ of fairer growth, in the tangled and pestilential thicket of civilized selfishness, which, by a strange contradiction, has been called society. By every way, men are being conducted to one point. Through practical necessities as well as spiritual impulses, we are carried forward. All things are charged with one prophecy. The squalid rags of the beggar, the pomp of wealth, the roar of machinery, the lonely toil of the farmer, the prison, the church, the reformer's conventicle, and the conservative's counting-room, all variously betoken the coming revolution. Ripening through slow ages, cherished by the watchful care of Heaven, the vital instinct of Humanity, the instinct of universal peace, of universal justice, of universal brotherhood, now grown almost omnipresent and omnipotent, makes every thing its organ, utters its own words in all voices, and like a God, compelling darkness to become luminous, forces even that which is opposite to itself to engage in its service.

Our duty, however, is not fulfilled by recognizing and welcoming the higher tendencies which chequer the gloomy back-ground of civilization. Cheering as these tendencies are, they form but a small part of the whole. They exist in the midst of evils, inherited from the past and original in the present, which disfigure and disgrace Humanity, corrupt its life and hinder its progress. Against these evils, whether venerable and respected with age, or flourishing in lusty youth, we raise voices of earnest warning, though never of bitter declamation. We declare that they are not necessary results and concomitants of society; they have their origin not in the essential nature of man, but in its temporary developments. Hideous, fatal to his happiness and well-being as they are, they are still not incurable. But they are not curable if taken individually. No one of the whole legion can be extirpated alone. There is no single vice against which the honest and zealous efforts of reformers are directed, that can thus be remedied. Its form may be changed, it may be modified and even ameliorated; but it must still remain a mark of the perversity and unfaithfulness of man.

It is our deliberate conviction, that the radical fault is in the very frame-work of society; that the real disorder begins in its central mechanism, whence innumerable ills flow forth into all the extremities, so that complete health cannot be found in any part of the system.

A conviction of this sort once admitted, the smooth and easy road on which, alas! the majority of men travel in lazy satis-

faction ceases to be the road for us. We are at once forced out of the routine of custom and prejudice. An institution is no longer regarded as sacred solely because it has hitherto been thought so, nor can any man's authority pass for absolute evidence of the truth. But still our convictions are not merely negative, nor our modes of investigation fanciful or capricious. There is no class of men more truly unfortunate than those who are cast adrift upon the sea of opinion, without chart or compass. Lost in error, while through obscure instinct and not through knowledge, they reject established falsehoods, they are like travellers who in the twilight perceive that they have been led astray, whose ignorant efforts to regain the true path are worse than fruitless. Without positive principles, without better standards of judgment than their own patched-up notions, they fall into a melancholy dogmatism and shift from theory to theory, and from sophism to sophism, until at last they end either in utter atheism, or in blindly surrendering the intellect which has led them about so strangely, to the very authority which they had fiercely rejected and trampled under foot.

Upon no such erratic and uncertain course do we seek to lead our readers. Though we condemn not parts and fragments alone, but declare the whole order of society which is called civilized, to be essentially and fundamentally absurd and unchristian, we preach no boyish rebellion against it; though our criticism is unsparring, it incites to no foolish innovations; though we are radical reformers we are also staunch conservatives.

We propose in a series of articles to examine candidly and freely, some parts of the mechanism of civilized society. We believe that it needs but an impartial study of this so-called society in any of its prominent features, to justify the condemnation which the Associative School does not hesitate to pronounce upon it. Viewing it in its industrial, its social, or its political relations, we apprehend that it must receive the like verdict. It matters not whether we regard it with the eye of the laborer, the artist, the philosopher, the poet, the business man, or the philanthropist,—from whatever point of view, we are able to see the facts as they are,—we cannot avoid being filled with disgust and pity, disgust at such monstrous and all-prevailing error, and unspeakable pity for the millions of men who are its victims.

We do not intend to confine ourselves to what will generally be admitted to be abuses, but shall show that even where existing social arrangements are supposed to be faultless, they are liable to

weighty objections. The fact is that nothing in society is free from perversion. It is like a garden where roses are distorted into brambles, and noxious vapors are caused to exhale from flowers that were designed to make the air fragrant with their perfume.

We shall commence with some remarks upon the isolated family, because that is the pivot of the whole social machine, and because civilized thinkers regard it as perfect in every respect.

We are aware that in treating this subject we shall touch very closely upon the inmost prejudices and fears of perhaps the majority of our readers. Women, especially, are apt to suppose that the whole of domestic happiness and all the beautiful affections which are represented as clustering around the family hearth, are entirely dependent upon the isolated household for their development. They suppose that if this is changed, the fairest,—to them almost the only fair part of life, is altogether lost. They fear too, that the domain which man leaves them,—their little kingdom of the family will be taken away, and that they will fall into a powerless and inferior position. Besides this they are alarmed for their children, who will, as they fancy, grow up in the associated household, without those influences which mould their characters into tenderness and grace. There is also a strong surmise that out of the isolated family their is no independence; no doing as one desires; no personal comforts and gratifications; no allowance for cherished tastes and habits, but that every thing must be yielded to iron rules which can neither be bent nor broken. For the present we will only say that all this is utterly a mistake, from first to last. Our purpose is with the family in civilization: we shall discuss its position in the combined order in the proper place. Meanwhile we ask our friends, as far as possible, to suspend their prejudices and let their reason act.

There are three insurmountable objections to the isolated family, either one of which seems sufficient to condemn it: these are, that it is wasteful in economy; that is to say, for a given expenditure it does not afford the highest amount of comfort and enjoyment: it engenders selfishness of the worst and most subtle kind; and does not tend to the healthy and complete development either of the heart, mind, or body. For all these reasons it is characterized by general unhappiness, though in particular instances there are striking exceptions. And previous to the separate consideration of the three objections we have mentioned, we appeal to the experience of every man and woman, if the immense majority of the families with which they have been

acquainted have not been marked by tedium, petty vexations, anxieties, discord, and unhappiness, more than by their opposites. Having admitted this fact to ourselves, we shall perhaps be better prepared to inquire whether there is not a better system than that in which such results are produced.

For an illustration of the wastefulness of the isolated family, take a village of two or three hundred families, where each has its separate domestic establishment. It is plain that the whole of the domestic labor is necessarily conducted in the least economical manner. In the first place, at least twice as many persons are employed in it as would be needed in the associated household, which at once would set them free to engage in positively productive employments. In the preparation and consumption of food the loss is perhaps most striking. The waste in fuel, where three hundred fires are employed in the cooking, which in a large establishment would be done infinitely better with only three or four, is enormous, and so on through every department. But besides this positive waste, there is a negative loss which is quite as fatal an objection to the system. That is to say, there are means of physical comfort and health which the associated household would furnish, which are not possible to isolated families, such as the graduated and equable temperature produced through all parts of the social edifice by means of its extensive apparatus for heating, and the possibility of going from house to house, and from workshop to workshop, without exposure to the inclement weather. Now to our minds to say that any system is wasteful, that is, that for a given expenditure it does not yield so large an amount of results as another, is a sufficient reason for preferring the other. But as this may seem a low and material argument to many persons, we will not dwell upon it, but pass to the moral evils of the isolated family.

To say that there are moral evils arising from this source, will, we are aware, strike many minds as altogether erroneous. It must, however, be borne in mind, that in so saying, we do not utter any thing derogatory of the family relations in themselves. They are sacred ground on which we would be the last to set a profane foot; they originate in the most delicate and elevated sentiments of the human heart; they are the crown and flower of life,—the opening sunlight of infancy and youth, the sweet solace and inspiration of maturity, and the joy and support of age.

In criticising the part that the family now performs in the great drama of society, and in declaring that it produces most frightful evils, we merely under-

take to separate the pure gold from the dross with which it has been too long mixed and degraded. These evils are not the necessary results of the family, but of the false relation it sustains to the other elements of society. The harmony and equilibrium of society, as well as of everything else, depends upon the just development and relations of all its elements. When any one of them, higher or lower, is carried out of its proper position, or developed beyond its legitimate proportions, the harmony of the whole is injured. It is precisely in this way that what we call the moral evils of the civilized family are produced. The family relations are founded upon two of the four social affections, namely, upon love and the parental sentiment, or that which unites parent and child. When these affections are in their just place, balanced by the other affections and harmonized with them, they necessarily produce only good, but when they get the entire control they become subverted and do great harm. But to come to facts and to our charge, that the isolated family engenders selfishness of the worst kind. Here we shall hardly fail to be met with the exclamation, that we are altogether in the wrong, and that the family is the mother and nurse of generosity and all social virtues. But let us be careful not to judge from partial views of facts, or to set up exceptions as the rule. We apprehend that we shall upon examination find our charge to be too true.

The whole mechanism of civilized society tends to the production of the greatest amount of individual selfishness. This comes from the universal disagreement of interests which it establishes. Thus, where two physicians reside in the same town, their interests are entirely opposed. The one thrives by the diminution of the other's practice. The same real hostility runs through the whole of society, making it infernal in spite of all the good influences that can be brought to bear upon it. Now in the family, by the peculiar position which it holds in our social arrangements, this selfishness of individuals, is refined and intensified, so the man who is even generous himself, if his family be called in question, becomes selfish and narrow. The incoherence and antagonism which civilization establishes between individuals, it establishes between families in a higher and worse degree. What is meaner or more destructive of all that is good and beautiful in human nature than this spirit of family? A father may be the most noble and benevolent of men, but let necessity once reach him and his family, and what a transformation. Instead of liberal views and endeavors to promote the good of the community, that little word family has blotted out all other

words from his sight. It is now his duty to labor for the exclusive good of his family, and to hold it paramount to the world. He has even become hostile to whatever interferes with its success; his hand is set against every man's, and he enters upon the universal career of conflict and selfishness. Even those affections, which were given as the sources of the purest happiness, and which seem to lie nearest Heaven, are poisoned. The deeper and truer the man's love for his wife and children, the more it urges him into deadly competition with his brethren. Thus does our boasted civilization, corrupt the best gifts of God, and turn his blessings into curses! Have we painted the picture in too strong colors? We believe we have not painted it strongly enough, or brought out its ugliest tints. Our statements ought not to be judged by any exceptional cases. Correct opinions in this or any other matter relating to society can be based only upon *all* its classes and conditions and not upon any one of them alone.

We have said that the civilized family does not produce a healthy development of either the head, the heart, or the body of man. We might more justly have said that it makes such a development almost impossible. This branch of the subject however we will omit until we treat upon Education.

It is remarkable that the hostility of interests which brings the family into collision with the rest of society is not always a stranger to its own bosom. Not to mention those extreme instances that are said to occur among the poorest classes, in which the starving parent grudges to his child the wretched crust that hardly prolongs its famishing existence, or the equally extreme cases that are reported to occur among the wealthy, in which the children wait with greedy impatience for the death of their father to put his estate into their hands,—the household does not always wear the placid beauty with which the imagination invests it. There are petty quarrels, jealousies, trifling in themselves, but fatal in their fruits, which make life one prolonged scene of weariness and disgust, chargeable too, not so much to the fault of the individuals who suffer, as to the false social organization in which they are placed.

One of the most obvious objections to the isolated household is its intolerable monotony. It is, with all its possible happiness, stupid beyond measure. Day after day, the same routine of narrow, soul-consuming cares, and unvaried, and therefore unsatisfactory pleasures. Think for instance of shutting a woman up within the four walls of a house to spend the greater part of her life in the care of her kitchen and furniture, while the husband is sweat-

ing away his strength in labor, or drudging in a lawyer's office, or smirking behind a counter! What destinies for immortal beings! The birds of the air and the beasts of the forest are enviable in comparison.

We have sometimes been told, that in Association there will be no such thing as Home, or the unity of families. We think civilized society has nothing to boast of in this respect. What family ever remains together after the children have become men and women? Who knows the happiness of seeing his children and children's children settled around him, working lovingly together for the common interest of all? It is enough to ask the question, and to say, that in Association all this may actually be the case.

In closing, we repeat, that we make no attack upon the family in itself: we do not propose, as has most falsely been said, to dispense with any of its blessings. But we do wish to bring it into harmony with all the other parts of society, and to make it what God designed it should be, a source of unmixed good and happiness to Man.

THE SKANEATELES COMMUNITY.

We are gratified to learn from a late number of "The Communitist," that the prospects of this institution are brightening, and that it will without much doubt, overcome the difficulties with which, for some time past, it has been compelled to struggle. Although as believers in the doctrines of Associative Unity as set forth by Charles Fourier, we differ in many important points from the principles maintained by the Skaneateles Community, we have always taken a lively interest in its progress, and cherished the most cordial wishes for its success. We are not aware that the obstacles which it has had to encounter were anything more than all new enterprizes must expect, and we are truly glad to find that there are faithful and resolute spirits, which are not daunted by suffering, and are yet determined to carry through the endeavor which they commenced with faith and courage. We regard this movement as an important element in the formation of a true combined order; it will show the advantages of Industrial Association over isolated labor; and if prospered, as from present indications we have a right to expect it will be, it will occupy a superior position to most other establishments in this country, founded on the principle of community of property. We object to the principle itself, persuaded, as we are, that the command of property is essential to the complete independence of the individual; but we should certainly greatly prefer it to the selfish and antagonistic relations of the

present order of society; in whose seething and foaming vortex such a large portion of individuals are swallowed up and annihilated. It is idle to dread the effects of a Community in this respect, compared with the actual evils of Civilization. A state of society, in which existence is but one perpetual struggle of the weak against the strong, in which the great breathing multitudes are virtually the tools or slaves of the more cunning or the more fortunate few, in which the countless mass of men and women who do the work of the world, create its wealth, provide its food, shelter, and clothing, are considered, even in the vulgar language of the day, as "nobodies," surely cannot present any very lofty claims to the exercise of justice towards the individual. This, we believe, will be fully done in the true Associative order; it can be thoroughly accomplished in no other way; but let us have the dead level of the Community, rather than the outrageous inequalities of Civilization. It is clearly better that all should share alike, rather than that one should be satiated, while another is starving.

We have no sympathy, moreover, with the Skaneateles Community, in its hostility to the religious sentiment and religious institutions. In this respect, as appears to us, it fails to do justice to the whole nature of man. It is based on a superficial and narrow philosophy; one which will not stand the test of an enlightened consciousness; and which, under the influence of a more profound and comprehensive experience, will pass away. We are not surprised, however, that it should have imbibed such a strong antipathy, even as it would seem, to the very name of religion. There is so much pretence without practice, so much solemn jugglery, such a dead resistance to vital progress, such pitiable prejudice, such fierce bigotry, in most of the great religious bodies of the present time, that it is no wonder so many should prefer the religion of humanity to the religion of the Church. There will, however, be a reaction. A true worship will be instituted. A real Church of God will be established on earth; and the passionate yearnings of the heart for the Divine and Infinite will find repose in the religion of Love and Justice, purified from superstition, addressing the whole nature of man, and exhibiting to every eye the beautiful impress of Divinity and Humanity at once.

With these exceptions, we repeat it, we cherish a strong interest in the Skaneateles movement, as we must do, in every attempt to establish the supremacy of justice over duplicity, and of combined industry over isolated labor. We sincerely trust that the hope expressed in the following extract from the article alluded

to in "The Communist," will not be disappointed.

"Our prospects are now good. The disorder and confusion that characterized our business affairs, in the commencement of the enterprize, have disappeared, and we now have order, system and harmony; and with these, a few individuals can accomplish more than could be effected by a disorganized, and disorderly multitude. Our farm has yielded us a rich reward for our labor upon it; and our mill and machinery are in fine operation, running night and day, and doing a profitable business.

"With our present facilities for producing wealth, and the persevering, determined spirit which pervades our midst, we shall soon be able, even with our present number, to relieve ourselves from embarrassment, and become independent; and our friends without may rest assured, that if the most untiring devotion, self-sacrifice, industry, and perseverance, can accomplish the object for which we came together, the end shall be attained."

CORRESPONDENCE.

SODUS BAY PHALANX, }
Wayne Co, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1845. }

Nothing has yet been said in the Harbinger concerning this Association. It should be understood that it still has an existence, the reports to the contrary notwithstanding. We have an excellent Domain, said by visitors to be the best and handsomest they ever saw, beautifully situated on Big Sodus Bay. It contains buildings amply sufficient to accommodate twenty-five or thirty families, besides a large school-room. There are also a saw-mill, a first rate brick yard, with sand and clay in alternate layers, and several mechanic shops. And what adds much to the attractions of this Domain is a large orchard, containing a variety of choice fruit. We should be happy to treat our Brook Farm friends with some of our apples, peaches, pears, and plums. We have only about twelve or fifteen adult males, and we believe we may safely say, (from the amount of labor performed the present season), not many unprofitable ones. Learning from the many difficulties and privations of last year, there is now evidently a settled and determined will to succeed in our enterprize. There is, however, a debt which is very discouraging; \$7,000 principal, beside \$2,450 interest, which will come due next spring, and an ability on our part, of paying no more than the interest.

A noble and generous friend of Association in the city of Rochester, (whose name I am sorry I have not the liberty to give,) has agreed to meet the \$7,000 rather than we should fail. But we are unwilling one individual should pay this amount. It is desirable that capitalists should visit this Domain, and judge whether an investment of stock according to the plan of Charles Fourier, would not be ul-

timately a good outlay. They might not receive more than three per cent. for the first two or three years, but they would doubtless get their ten or twelve per cent. in a few years. We only ask them to come and see us. We have a good school, and a scientific lecture once a week, from Dr. Worcester, a man eminently qualified as a Principal for an Agricultural Seminary.

Intelligent individuals will not long remain blind to the fact that every invention of labor-saving machinery is a conclusive argument against the present isolated system of society. Respectfully,

LORENZO MABBETT.

BATAVIA, Sept. 2, 1845.

I went to Buffalo a few days since, and visited a German settlement a few miles from there, which has adopted Associative principles in part, from pure interest. Six hundred persons came to this country two years since. They had plenty of money, some individuals having as much as \$20,000. They bought 640 acres of land; they put all the property in common, but guarantee to every person who invested capital, four per cent. upon the original sum. The balance of the total product after paying their interest, is divided equally among all the members, it being supposed that each will do his duty honestly. They have founded two villages; they live in separate houses, but work together. Six or eight families unite, and have one kitchen and one table. The houses are all near each other. It is amazing to see the work which these people have accomplished in two years: they have cleared large fields and brought them under cultivation; they have built I should judge, forty comfortable houses, handsomely finished and painted white; many are quite large. They have the frame work for quite an additional number prepared; they are putting up a large woollen manufactory, which is partly finished; they have six or eight large barns filled with their crops, and others erecting, and some minor branches of manufactures. I speak of the number of houses and barns with uncertainty, as I was there but a short time; but I shall return again and stay a day or two, and examine the place thoroughly. I was amazed at the work accomplished in less than two years. It testifies powerfully in favor of combined effort.

A. B.

☞ We are indebted to the Fall River Weekly News for the full account of the recent Workingmen's Convention which we publish to-day. We regret to learn that the attendance was not large, but we trust that the desire for a thorough reform exhibited at the meeting, is an omen of further progress.

NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S CONVENTION.

The New England Workingmen's Association met in Convention at Berean Temple, Fall River, Mass., Sept. 11th, the President, L. W. Ryckman of Brook Farm, in the Chair. The Secretary, Mr. George W. Robinson, of South Boston, being absent, W. F. Young, of Fitchburg, was chosen *pro tem*.

The President, on opening the meeting, made some philosophical and interesting remarks upon the general character of the Workingmen's reform, and the necessity of a renewed interest and some well-concerted, matured, and efficient plan of operations, that shall unite all the friends of human rights upon one great and universal reform for the moral, physical, and intellectual elevation of mankind, in which labor shall be honored, respected, and rewarded, and the laborer ennobled and perfected! He argued that governments generate motives in all spheres of human action; that the motives of government being to maintain and extend its power, every individual and subordinate action has to proceed from the same motive. Also, the importance of so directing the attributes of humanity and the human organization, as to secure the greatest good of all men. On motion of Mr. Kaulback, of Boston, a committee consisting of L. W. Ryckman of Brook Farm, J. S. Babcock of Boston, Wm. M. Allen of New Bedford, N. W. Brown of Lynn, Wm. F. Young of Fitchburg, S. Cooper of Fall River, and G. Douglass of East Bridgewater, was chosen to report resolutions for the consideration of the Convention. Then adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After the organization of the meeting, the Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That there is little and most uncertain power in the present grasping, selfish and monopolizing institutions of society, to develop the virtues, secure the rights, or promote the happiness of the people; that on the contrary, while the social and political institutions remain as they are, there is an absolute certainty of a constant and rapid increase of vice, oppression and misery, destined for them to suffer.

Resolved, That the first inherent right of man, is the right to paternal protection, and that the relation of the parent to the child is the antetype of the true relation that exists between the government and the individual; and that this relation ought to be acknowledged and practically adopted as the basis of all law and government.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Convention, a resort to the Polls is the only practical and effectual measure which the Workingmen can at present adopt for the defence of their rights.

Whereas, All means of Reform heretofore offered by the friends of Social Reform, have failed to unite the producing classes, much less attract their attention, therefore

Resolved, That Protective Charity and concert of action in the purchase of the necessaries of life, are the only means to obtain that union which will end in their amelioration.

The report was accepted, and also a report from the Lowell Female Labor Reform Association, which was presented and read.

The Resolutions were then brought up for discussion and action.

Mr. Kaulback, of Boston, spoke at some length in favor of the last Resolution, upon the necessity of some new

measure, or "concert of action and protective charity," that shall produce some united system to protect the workingmen against the cupidity of mercenary speculation and grasping monopoly and unite them into a charitable business organization. He said the Mechanics of Boston had in view a plan to better the condition of the Workingmen of that city. It was simple in its nature, but he hoped the plan might not be despised because of its simplicity. They proposed to form a Society, the initiation fee to which should be two dollars. None of this money was to be expended, until it had accumulated to a sum of \$500; then three-fifths might be taken to purchase provisions, &c. at cheap, wholesale prices, for the benefit of the members. Mr. K. enlarged somewhat upon this subject and showed that it might be made beneficial to those who would engage in it.

Mr. Denton of New Bedford, opposed the Resolution, contending that nothing short of an entire revolution in society, can remedy the evils under which the laboring people suffer. Mr. Brown was inclined to doubt the efficacy of such a measure to do away with the present destructive state of things—he wished to remove the cause of our evils and the measure embodied in the Resolution would fail to accomplish such a desirable end, being too superficial in its character; but should favor it so far as it went towards a relief.

Mr. Ryckman regretted that such a Resolution should be urged, as the New England Association was organized upon a broader and nobler basis—it aimed at something more fundamental in its character, that shall not merely ameliorate the working classes, but disenthral the laborer from the power of misused capital, and place him upon his own true platform, and secure to him the right to all that legitimately belongs to man in his individual or collective relations. He wished to see some united, moral, intelligent action through the ballot box. He thought the sentiments embodied in the Resolution tended to retrograde rather than progress.

Mr. Young thought the object of the Resolution under discussion, was not fully understood by the President—it did not conflict with any general principles upon which the New England Association was founded, or theories that might be entertained by any friend to social and political reform. It merely recommended a united, mutual, and charitable action, whereby the producers might secure the necessities of life without having them enhanced by passing through the speculators' and exchangers' useless hands. It is a point of no small importance, to provide the half-starved women and children of Boston and New York, with the means of daily subsistence, without being dependent upon the mercenary inanity and heartless capital of the day. The Resolution suggested the importance of some *mutual pecuniary organization* among the mechanics and laborers, that shall accumulate by degrees a reserved fund, from which they may purchase on an economical scale, the daily necessities, and protect them from many calamities with which they are visited; thus furnishing a stepping stone and providing some means for their future progress, and preparing the way for their final elevation.

Mr. Adams of Pawtucket, felt inte-

rested in the great cause of labor reform—the present state of society tended to degrade the human character, but he could not conceive how the Workingmen could accomplish any prominent good by political association.

Mr. Pierce of Fall River, had just left his work "to get a small portion of the Convention—expected to take the meeting by piece-meal; felt much interested in what was going on in the Convention,"—spoke favorably of the Resolution and left for his work.

Miss Mary Reed, a factory girl of Fall River, addressed the meeting in a brief and interesting manner upon the factory system, and the unjust number of hours required for labor—looked with hope to a better day when this burden would be removed.

Several persons spoke upon the Resolutions with much ability and a good amount of interest was elicited. After which, voted to adjourn till 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Almy, of Fall River, introduced the following Resolutions, which on vote of the Convention, were taken up and discussed.

Whereas, The Mechanics and Laborers of New England, are now compelled by the prevailing customs and long established usages of society, to work a number of hours in a day altogether incompatible with a proper development of their powers, either physical, mental, or moral; therefore

Resolved, That the reduction of the hours of labor is an important step towards the elevation and advancement of the laboring classes, and that we use our several abilities towards affecting so desirable an object.

Whereas, The prices of labor which now obtain are altogether inadequate to compensate for the number of hours exacted for a days' work, or to secure a comfortable support in sickness and old age, therefore

Resolved, That of the profits arising from the various departments of industry, a far greater per cent. is due to labor and less to capital than now obtains.

Mr. Smith of Fall River, arose and spoke in favor of the Resolutions and showed very clearly that the present number of hours required by the manufacturers of New England, are *unjust, detrimental, and pernicious* to the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the operatives and working classes.

Mr. Denton of New Bedford, spoke against allowing the capitalists any part of the products of labor which they do not produce.

Rev. Mr. Phelon of Fall River, spoke feelingly upon the subject; that the workingmen had proved recreant to their true interests, and suffered themselves to be duped and degraded.

Mr. Borden of Fall River, thought the apparent apathy was merely a respite to gain renewed strength—that soon the Workingmen would come up to the work with new energy and effect.

Mr. Babcock of Boston, was of the opinion that the working people would not accomplish the objects of the Resolutions without resorting to the ballot box; thought we should send workingmen to the State and National councils; who will legislate for labor as well as for capital. He also gave an interesting account of the manner in which the mechanics of Boston were treated by the State Legislature last winter, when that body was petitioned from many parts of the State to pass a Lien Law for the pro-

tection of mechanics against dishonest, soulless contractors, of whom there were many in the city. He showed conclusively that if the workmen ever expect any thing from the Legislature, they must send men there from among themselves who would pass such laws as shall aid and protect them in securing and defending their rights. This sentiment was warmly responded to by the Convention.

Mr. Brown of Lynn, favored the resolutions but opposed political action, contending that it would generate new wrongs and new abuses. Other gentlemen addressed the Convention until it was voted to adjourn to 10 o'clock, Friday morning.

MORNING SESSION.

Mr. March, of Lowell, took the floor and spoke in favor of the resolutions introduced the previous evening. He urged political action as the best means to gain a reduction of the hours of labor, in our manufactories, and the final redemption of the working classes from the power of combined, incorporated, protected capital. His Association had instructed him thus to speak, and he felt bound in justice to his constituents and his own feelings, to call the attention of the Convention to the necessity of resorting to the ballot box to ameliorate the condition of the working people. He spoke at some length upon the condition of the Lowell operatives and of the Factory system of New England.

Mr. Douglass of Bridgewater, was of the opinion that the present system of labor was such, that a resort to the ballot box would fail to accomplish any immediate good, or unite the mechanics and laborers into any efficient organization.—He thought the community should have more light upon this subject; the Press should be invoked, and public opinion set at work.

Mr. Allen wished to say a word relative to the workingmen's movement. He had some previous knowledge on this subject. He attended a convention held in Boston in 1824, when political action was introduced and adopted, and the result was a signal failure and death to the movement at that time. He had no confidence in such a course as it would, in case of a political triumph, merely transfer the evils instead of exterminating them. He wished to see more preaching of the truth, more talking and more thinking among the working classes. Mr. A. spoke at some length, feelingly and consistently.

Mr. Brown agreed with the gentleman from New Bedford, but Mr. March was still of the opinion that but little could be done without the aid of the ballot box.

Mr. Adams could not think any political movement calculated to benefit the laboring people in any degree; he contended that moral action had done all for the elevation of mankind that had ever been done.

The morning hour having expired the convention adjourned until 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

As Mr. Young, the Secretary, was about to leave the Convention to return home, he urged, briefly, that owing to the small number of delegates present, and the importance of the resolutions, it would be well for the meeting to adjourn to meet at some other place after a short

time, without taking any final action upon them.

Mr. Solomon Cooper was chosen Secretary.

Mr. Ryckman addressed the Convention, (Mr. Almy in the Chair,) for about an hour, in support of the following resolution, which he introduced and requested should be published in the proceedings of the convention.

Whereas, A strong representation has been made to this Convention, of the oppressed and destitute condition of the laboring population of New England—of the increase of their burthens, and decreased means of supporting them—of the certainty that the present relation of capital to labor is destructive of the rights, the dignity, and the happiness of mankind;

And Whereas, We hold that the first right of a human being is the right to Paternal protection, and that this claim is the rightful claim of each individual upon society;

And Whereas, This protection is not extended to the laboring classes, nor is the obligation to secure the people from destitution and all manner of degradation, acknowledged;

And Whereas, We, the Workingmen of New England, can see no practical means of improving their condition, or of obtaining that paternal protection to which we feel we have an inherent and inalienable right, therefore,

Resolved, That we do hereby appeal to the wise and the good, the generous and the brave of all classes, in behalf of this useful, suffering, and numerous class of their fellow creatures; that we earnestly crave the active exertion of their sympathies in our behalf; That we earnestly solicit that they would discover and promulgate some plan of General Political Reform, which would be worthy of our united support, and which would have the effect to improve the Social Relation, so that the laws and institutions shall be practically a Social Providence, responsible for defending the whole people, against all conditions degrading to humanity.

The Resolution was received and the Convention was addressed by Messrs. Denton of New Bedford, Smith of Fall River, and Brown of Lynn.

Mr. Lapham of Fall River, made some remarks upon the necessity of a Lien Law for the protection of Mechanics and Laborers, and cited the case of Lien Laws for the protection of the Legal and Medical professions, resulting, chiefly from concert of action, and a watchful regard of their own interests by those professions.

The president gave a brief history of the Lien Law in other states.

It was then voted that when the Convention finally adjourned, it should be to meet in Lowell on the 29th of October next. Then adjourned to 7 o'clock.

In the evening, addresses were made by Messrs. Ryckman, Pierce, Brown, Phelon and others.

It was then voted that the Resolutions before the convention, be referred to its next meeting to be holden in Lowell, on the 29th of Oct. next. Adjourned.

EDITING A PAPER. Hear what the "National Intelligencer," published by Messrs. Gales & Seaton, at Washington City, one of the most valuable and ably conducted papers in the country, says about editing a newspaper:

Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the industry and talents of its Editor, by the quantity of editorial matter which it contains. It is compara-

tively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily, columns of words—words, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in "one weak, waahy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his "leaded matter" ever so largely, to that imposed on the judicious, well informed Editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of its responsibilities and its duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible Lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane Physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper, is but a small portion of the work. The industry is not even shown there. The care, the time employed in selecting is far more important—and the tact of a good Editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that we all know, is half the battle. But as we have said, an Editor ought to be estimated and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its uniform, consistent course—its principles—its aims—its manliness—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most Editors have to encounter, the wonder is, how they can find time or room "to write at all!"

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N. R. GERRISH.

June 26, 1845.

THE HARBINGER

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THE HARBINGER,

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

VOLUME THIRD.

I.

After many turnings and windings in the inextricable paths of this forest, sown upon rough and hilly ground, Consuelo found herself on an elevation over which were scattered rocks and ruins very difficult to be distinguished from each other, so destructive had been man's hand, jealous of that of time. It was nothing more than a mountain of ruins, where a village had formerly been burned by order of the redoubtable blind man, the celebrated Calixtin chief, Jean Ziska, from whom Albert believed himself to have descended, and from whom perhaps he was so in reality.

During a dark and dismal night, this ferocious and indefatigable captain having commanded his troops to attack the fortress of the giants, then guarded for the Emperor by Saxons, heard his soldiers murmur, and one among others not far from him say: "This cursed blind man supposes that all can do without light like himself." Thereupon Ziska turning to one of the four devoted disciples who accompanied him every where, guiding his horse or chariot, and giving him a precise account of the position and movements of the enemy, said to him with that certainty of memory, or spirit of divination, which in him supplied the place of sight: "There is a village near here?" "Yes father," replied the Taborite guide, "on your right upon a hill in front of the fortress." Ziska then summoned the discontented soldier whose murmuring had reached his ear: "My child," said he to him; "you complain of the darkness; go at once and set fire to the village upon the hill on my right, and by the light of the flames we can

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

march and fight." This terrible order was executed. The burning village lighted the march and attack of the Taborites. The castle of the giants was carried in two hours, and Ziska took possession of it.

At dawn the next day it was observed and made known to him, that in the midst of the ruins of the village, and quite at the top of the hill, which had served the soldiers as a platform for observing the movements of the enemy, a young oak, rare in those countries, and already strong, had remained standing and green, apparently preserved from the heat of the flames around it by the water of a cistern which bathed its roots. "I know the cistern well," replied Ziska. "Ten of our number were cast into it by the accursed inhabitants of that village, and since that time the stone which covers it has not been removed. Let it remain there and serve as their monument since we are not among those who believe that wandering souls are driven from the gates of heaven by the roman patron, (Peter the key-bearer whom they have made a saint,) because their bodies rot in ground unconsecrated by the hands of the priests of Belial. Let the bones of our brothers rest in peace in that cistern. Their souls are living. They have already taken other bodies, and those martyrs fight among us though we know them not. As to the inhabitants of the village they have received their reward, and as to the oak, it has done well in defying the conflagration; a destiny more glorious than that of sheltering miscreants was reserved for it. We needed a gallows, and there it stands. Go and bring to me those twenty Augustine monks whom we took yesterday in their convent and who make a difficulty about following us. We will hang them high and dry on the branches of that brave oak, to which such an ornament will quite restore health."

It was done as soon as said. The oak from that time was called the *Hussite*, the stone of the cistern the *Stone of Terror*,

and the ruined village on the deserted hill, *Schreckenstein*.

Consuelo had heard this frightful chronicle related in all its details by the Baroness Amelia. But as she had as yet seen the theatre of it only from a distance or in the night, at the time of her arrival at the chateau, she would not have recognized it if on casting her eyes below, she had not seen at the bottom of the ravine which the road crossed, the large fragments of the oak rent by the lightning, which no inhabitant of the country, no servant of the chateau, had dared to cut or carry away, a superstitious fear being still attached in their minds after several centuries, to this monument of horror, this contemporary of Jean Ziska; while the visions and predictions of Albert had invested this tragical place with a still more repulsive character.

Thus Consuelo, on finding herself alone and brought unexpectedly to the Stone of Terror, upon which she had even seated herself, overcome with fatigue, felt her courage shaken, and her heart strangely oppressed. Not only according to Albert, but to all the mountaineers of the country, terrible apparitions haunted the *Schreckenstein*, and drove from it all hunters rash enough to come there to wait for game. This hill, though very near the chateau, was consequently often the abode of wolves and wild animals, who found there a secure refuge against the pursuits of the baron and his hounds.

The imperturbable Frederick did not believe much on his own account, in the danger of being assailed by the devil, with whom, moreover, he would not have feared to measure himself hand to hand; but superstitious in his own way, and where his predominant occupations were concerned, he was persuaded that a pernicious influence there threatened his dogs, and attacked them with unknown and incurable disorders. He had lost several of them, from having suffered them to slake their thirst in the rills of water which escaped from the veins of the hill, and which, perhaps sprung from the co-

demned cistern, the ancient tomb of the Hussites. So he recalled with all the authority of his whistle, his griffin, Pankin, or his double-nose Saphir, whenever they wandered in the neighborhood of the Shreckenstein.

Consuelo blushing at this attack of cowardice which she had resolved to combat, forced herself to rest a moment on the fatal stone, and to retire from it only with the moderate pace becoming a calm mind in such trials. But at the moment she turned her eyes from the charred oak which she saw two hundred feet below her, to cast them upon surrounding objects, she saw that she was not alone upon the Stone of Terror, and that a mysterious figure, had seated itself at her side without announcing its approach by the slightest noise. It had a large face, round and staring, moving on a deformed body, thin and crooked as a grasshopper, dressed in an indescribable costume belonging to no age or country, the raggedness of which amounted almost to slovenliness. Yet this figure had nothing in it frightful, but its strangeness and the suddenness of its appearance, for there was nothing hostile about it. A gentle and kind smile played round the large mouth, and an infantile expression softened the wandering of mind which was betrayed by the vague look and hurried gestures. Consuelo, on finding herself alone with a crazy man, in a place where no one would come to her assistance, certainly felt alarmed, notwithstanding numerous bows and kind smiles which this insane person addressed to her. She felt obliged to return his salutations and motions of the head in order to avoid irritating him, but she made haste to rise, and went away pale and trembling.

The maniac did not follow her, and did nothing to recall her; he only climbed upon the Stone of Terror to look after her, and continued saluting her by moving his arms and legs and hopping, articulating several times a Bohemian word which Consuelo did not understand. When she found herself at a certain distance, she recovered courage to look at and listen to him. She already reproached herself for having felt terrified in the presence of one of those unfortunates whom a moment before she had pitied in her heart, and vindicated from the contempt and desertion of mankind, "He is a gentle maniac," said she to herself, "perhaps made crazy by love. He has found no refuge from coldness and contempt but on this accursed rock, on which no other person would dare to dwell, and where demons and spectres are more kind to him than his fellow men, since they do not drive him away nor trouble him in the indulgence of his moodiness. Poor man, who laughest and playest like a

child, with a gray beard and a humped back! God doubtless protects thee and blesses thee in thy misfortune, since he sends thee only pleasing thoughts, and has not made thee misanthropical and violent, as thou hadst no right to be!" The maniac seeing that she walked more slowly, and seeming to understand her kind look, began to speak to her in Bohemian with great volubility; and his voice had an exceeding sweetness, a moving charm which contrasted with his ugliness. Consuelo not understanding him, and supposing that he wanted alms, drew from her pocket a piece of money which she deposited upon a large stone, after raising her arm to show it to him, and to point to him the spot where she placed it. But he commenced laughing more loudly, rubbing his hands and saying to her in bad German: "useless, useless! Zdenko needs nothing, Zdenko is happy, very happy! Zdenko has consolation, consolation, consolation!" Then, as if he had recalled a word which he had sought for a long time in vain, he cried with a burst of joy, and intelligibly, though he pronounced very badly. "*Consuelo, Consuelo, Consuelo de mi alma!*"

Consuelo stopped astounded, and addressing him in Spanish: "Why do you call me thus?" she said; "who has taught you that name? Do you understand the language which I speak to you?" At all these questions, to which Consuelo waited in vain for a reply, the maniac did nothing but jump, rub his hands, like a man enchanted with himself; and as far as she could distinguish the sound of his voice, she heard him repeat her name in different tones, with laughter and exclamations of joy, like a speaking bird when he tries to articulate a word which he has been taught, and which he interrupts with the warblings of his natural song.

On returning to the chateau, Consuelo was lost in reflection. "Who then," said she to herself, "has betrayed the secret of my disguise, so that the first savage I meet in these solitudes calls me by my own name? Can this crazy man have seen me any where? Such people travel; perhaps he has been in Venice at the same time with myself." She tried in vain to recall the faces of all the beggars and vagabonds she had been accustomed to see on the quays, and on the Place St. Mark: that of the maniac of the Stone of Terror did not present itself to her memory. But as she recrossed the drawbridge, an association of ideas more logical and interesting came to her mind. She resolved to clear up her suspicions, and secretly congratulated herself on not having quite failed of her purpose in the expedition which she had just concluded.

To be Continued.

A FASHIONABLE PREACHER.

... He accepted the invitation; and, on the arrival of the appointed hour, might have been seen in the earl's carriage driving to the Rev. Morphine Velvet's chapel, Rosemary Chapel, near St. James's Square. 'Twas a fashionable chapel, a chapel of ease, rightly so called, for it was a very easy mode of worship, discipline, and doctrine, that was there practised and inculcated. He was a popular preacher; sleek, serene, solemn, in his person and demeanor. He had a very gentleman-like appearance in the pulpit and reading-desk. There was a sort of soothing, winning elegance and tenderness in the tone and manner in which he *prayed* and *besought* his dearly beloved brethren, as many as there were then present, to accompany him, their bland and graceful pastor, to the throne of the heavenly grace. Fit leader was he of such a flock! He read the prayers remarkably well, in a quiet and subdued tone, very distinctly, and with marked emphasis and intonation, having studiously studied how to read the service under a crack theatrical teacher of elocution, who had given him several "points" — in fact a new reading entirely — of one of the clauses in the Lord's Prayer, and which, he had the gratification of perceiving produced a striking, if not, indeed, a startling effect. On the little finger of the hand which he used most, was to be observed the sparkle of a diamond ring; and there was a sort of careless grace in the curl of his hair, which it had taken his hair-dresser at least half an hour, before Mr. Morphine's leaving home for his chapel, to effect. In the pulpit he was calm and fluent. He rightly considered that the pulpit ought not to be the scene for attempting intellectual display; he took care, that there should be nothing in his sermons to arrest the understanding, or unprofitably occupy it, addressing himself entirely to the feelings and fancy of his cultivated audience in frequently interesting compositions. On the occasion I am speaking of, he took for his text a fearful passage of Scripture, "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." 2 Cor. iv. 3. If any words were calculated to startle such a congregation as was arrayed before Mr. Velvet, out of their guilty and fatal apathy, were not these? Ought not their minister to have looked round him and trembled? So one would have thought; but "*dear Mr. Velvet*" knew his mission and his flock better. He presented them with an elegant description of heaven, with its crystal battlements, its jasper walls, its buildings of pure gold, its foundations of precious stones; its balmy air, its sounds of mysterious melody, its overflowing fulness of everlasting happiness — amidst which, friends, parted on earth by the cruel stroke of death, recognize and are reunited to each other, never more to pronounce the agonizing word, "*adieu!*" And would his dear hearers be content to lose all this — content to *enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season!* Forbid it, eternal mercy! But, lest he should alarm his hearers, he took the opportunity to enforce and illustrate the consolatory truth, that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

and presently, resuming the thread of his discourse, went on to speak of the really serious consequences attending a perse-

vering indifference to religion; and he went on to give striking instances of it in the merchant in his counting-house and on 'change, the lawyer in his office, the clerk at his desk, the tradesman in his shop, the operative in the manufactory, showing how each was absorbed in his calling—laboring for the meat which perisheth, till they had lost all appetite and relish for spiritual food, and never once troubled themselves about the momentous concerns of hereafter. Upon these topics he dwelt with such force and feeling that he sent his distinguished congregation away—those of them, at least, who could retain any recollection of what they had heard five minutes after they had entered their carriages—fearing that there was a very bad lookout, indeed, for the kind of persons that Mr. Velvet had mentioned,—tailors, mercers, jewellers, and so forth; and who added graver offences and of a more positive character, to the conduct which had been pointed out—in their extortion and rapacity! Would that some of them had been present! Thus it was that Mr. Velvet sent away his hearers overflowing with Christian sympathy; very well pleased with Mr. Velvet, but infinitely better pleased with themselves. The deep impression which he had made was evidenced by a note he received that evening from the Duchess of Broadacre, most earnestly begging permission to copy his "beautiful sermon," in order to send it to her sister, Lady Belle Almacks, who was ill of a decline at Naples. About that time, I may as well here mention, there came out an engraved portrait of "the Rev. Morphine Velvet, A. M., Minister, Rosemary Chapel, St. James's:"—a charming picture it was, representing Mr. Morphine in pulpit costume and attitude, with his hands gracefully outspread, and his face directed upwards with a heavenly expression, suggesting to you the possibility that some fine day, when his hearers least expected it, he might gently rise out of his pulpit into the air, like Stephen, with heaven before him, and be no more seen of men.—*Blackwood.*

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. VIII. — THE CLOCKMAKERS.

Although Mr. Samuel Slick told a very good story, and was in other respects a worthy and companionable man, he was not much of a clockmaker. This is a branch of business about which a great deal is said and a very little generally known. The following facts have been furnished us by a Yankee operator from Connecticut, who is considerable of a Clock 'case' himself, and is familiar with the business in all its details.

The number of Clocks manufactured in this country is very great, and the improvements in the manufacture of the article introduced during the last four years, have materially reduced the price as well as the wages of the operatives. Connecticut, we believe, is the only State in which Clock 'Movements' are made. But there are many shops all over the North where the Cases are manufactured. There are about twenty of these in this City. The business thus consists of two distinct branches. The Case-maker sells his Cases to the 'Movement' maker, or buys of him the Movements and puts them in himself.

Formerly the wheels for Brass Clocks

were cast, then turned and smoothed with great labor. Now the Brass comes rolled in plates of the proper thickness for the different wheels and is pressed out—one motion of the press being sufficient to cut and centre the wheel. This saves much time and money.

There are quite a number of firms in Connecticut that put up ready for market Two Hundred Clocks per day, and they are sold at \$2 and \$2 50 a piece, according to quality.

The Cases (which are extensively manufactured here) are sold for 60 to 75 cents each. Good Mahogany and Zebra Cases, well made and polished, can be bought now for 65 cents—the same quality of article as would have cost \$2, three years ago. The wages of workmen in the Clock business are poor. An experienced and skillful hand cannot get more than \$1 or \$1 25 per day. A great many young men and boys work at the business who receive only from \$8 to \$9 per month.

The Movement or running part of Clocks can now be bought for less than \$1 a piece—three years ago they were worth \$2 50. We knew a gentleman who made a grand speculation in the Clock business as follows: He sold his farm for three thousand dollars and added to this sum three thousand dollars in cash, the whole amount of which he invested in Clock movements at \$2 50 a piece, to be delivered as he wished. This was three years ago; and clocks being just then rather dull of sale, he kept 'holding on' for better prices, until Movements could be bought for 85 cents a piece. Now his Movements cost him in cash 40 cents more than they are worth, to say nothing of the Farm. This is the way the Clock-makers get rich.

The Clocks were formerly sold at the South, bringing from \$25 to a hundred dollars a piece. But of late years the Southerners, either more knowing or less flush, purchase very few, and the Universal Yankee Nation has been for some time extensively engaged in supplying Great Britain with 'Improved Patent Brass Clocks.' Great numbers are also sent to the West India Islands, and more to China. Nearly all that are made are now sent out of the country. There were three months ago probably Three Thousand Clocks per day sent from the State of Connecticut; but since that time many of the manufacturers have *run down*, owing to their selling too much *on tick*, and the business has somewhat fallen off.

NO. IX. — THE DRESS-MAKERS.

The Dress-making business is divided into several very distinct branches. First there are the large expensive establishments patronized by nobody but wealthy and aristocratic ladies, and in which the principal does nothing but the smiling and bowing, the putting off of impatient customers, the patching up of broken promises, &c. while a foreman is employed at a salary of \$5 to \$7 per week to cut, fit and measure. This process is not done as with the tailors—by a single measurement and subsequent calculation; but each customer has to be fitted and measured in a process not much less fatiguing, we should think, than sitting for one's portrait. And yet we have heard of ladies who seemed actually to find pleasure in it!

In the Spring, early Summer, Autumn and Winter seasons these fashionable establishments are crowded with work, to an almost inconceivable extent. Every few days the windows of some leading shop in Broadway displays some new figure or style of dress, (perhaps adroitly kept back from the left-over stock of a former season,) which creates of course a positive necessity for every lady in the City having the slightest claims to being considered one of the 'Upper Ten Thousand' to have a dress from the new article of 'so desirable a style.' Of course, too, nobody but 'Mrs. —' or 'Madame —' could make a dress fit to be seen, although neither of them ever puts a stitch or a pair of scissors into her customers' material. But every fashionable lady must have it in her power to say that her dress was made at such or such a well-known establishment. This occasions a grand rush to the popular Dress-making concerns, and work is frequently engaged three and four weeks ahead by them. They charge slashing prices, which are paid without grumbling, (sometimes by people who beat down little barefoot girls in the price of a box of matches for the sake of 'economy' and to avoid 'foolishly squandering their husbands' money.) Almost all of these establishments realize immense profits, and their proprietors frequently acquire fortunes in the course of a few years.

But the industrious Journey-woman whose busy fingers, plied incessantly from morning to night, and often late into the night, 'on account of the hurrying season,' do the work for which her mistress gets so extravagantly paid—how is it with her? She is employed by the week, and very often works fourteen and sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with scarcely an intermission long enough to swallow her food. Her toil, too, is of the most unhealthy and destructive character, bending constantly with her chest doubled up in one position; and she does not dare to seek for relaxation lest she should lose her place. Well—for this she gets \$2 50 per week, sometimes; often but \$2, and we have evidence that many of them receive but \$1 25. Just before New-Year's, or in preparation for some great party or *soiree* in the fashionable season, sometimes these fashionable establishments are piled lip-deep with the gorgeous silks and satins and costly embroidered evening-dresses of their aristocratic customers, which *must* be done by a certain time; and in order to effect it the workwomen are coaxed, driven and stimulated by every imaginable artifice to push their work ahead. They sometimes eat in the chair in which they sew, and then fall to work again, continuing all night long, on extraordinary occasions, to work without sleep or rest. They are few of them healthy-looking—nor can we see how they manage to prolong life at all. Dyspepsia, Consumption, Liver Complaint, would seem to be the inevitable reward of their mode of labor and life.

The making of a dress in the present era of fashionable refinement, requires talent and artistic skill of rather a high order; and a few girls of more than ordinary intelligence, by their dexterity and the 'style' they are enabled to impart to their work, (which is simply genius employing itself unworthily) command much better prices. They generally, however, either become employers themselves or take in

work on their own account; and the exceptions to the state of things we have described are rare.

Another class of Dress-Makers are those who go out by the day. They are far more independent and get better paid than the Journeywomen in the large establishments, and are frequently employed by wealthy people. They are also often engaged by the better and more pretentious among the wives of Mechanics, and the great Middle Class, who are aristocracy so far as they by utmost and constant struggle and agony are able. Many, also, of course, need help in their sewing; and altogether, there is room in New-York for one hundred or one hundred and fifty good Dress-Makers to be constantly employed in this way. They receive from five shillings to seventy-five cents and even \$1 per day, beside their board; and we do not see why more women who can sew well and understand cutting and fitting dresses do not go into this branch of the business. To succeed in it, however, requires real skill and knowledge of their profession, and some little time to become known. Families dislike to change their dress-maker as much as their physician; and good dress-makers have often to be engaged three or four weeks beforehand.

Beside the journeywomen and apprentices employed in the larger establishments, there are hundreds of females in all parts of the City who take in work at their own house, and support themselves (and very often their families) by making dresses for all prices,—from \$1 to \$2 and \$3. Servant girls very seldom make their own dresses, and scarcely ever pay over \$1 apiece. There are ten thousand servant girls in the City, who have from three to six and eight new dresses per year. Some idea therefore can be formed of the extent of this cheap Dress-making; and when we state that it is two days' work to make the plainest dress now worn, we can come pretty near the amount of the compensation—which, with steady work, would probably average from \$3 to \$4 per week.

We have as yet said nothing of the Apprentice system adopted in this business—which is quite as bad as any other part of it. A girl wishing to learn Dress-making must first pay \$10 or \$15 to the employer, and work six months for nothing—boarding herself during this time—or she can avoid the \$10 or \$15 initiation by working a year instead of six months for nothing. If there is a great press of work, the apprentices of course are kept closely at sewing the plain seams in a dress (which they already understand) 'until the hurry is over;' and as this 'hurry' generally lasts two-thirds of the year, the opportunities for learning the trade are by no means such as they ought to be. A large proportion too of apprentices are not competent to learn readily if at all, any thing but plain sewing; and thus at the end of the six months' during which they have worked hard and boarded themselves—paying \$10 or \$15 for the privilege—not more than one-third or one-quarter turn out good Dress-makers.

THE PARISIANS. I have heard people complain of the physical degeneracy of the Parisians. One of them quoted a saying from a report of Marshal Soult, that the Parisian recruits for the army of late years were neither men nor soldiers. This seems to imply a moral as well as a phy-

sical deterioration.—“They are growing smaller in stature,” said the gentleman who made this quotation, “and it is difficult to find among them men who are of the proper height to serve as soldiers. The cause is to be found in the prevailing licentiousness. Among that class who make the greater part of the population of Paris, the women of the finest persons rarely become mothers.” Whatever may be the cause, I witnessed a remarkable example of the smallness of the Parisian stature on the day of my arrival, which was the last of the three days kept in memory of the revolution of July. I went immediately to the Champs Elysees, to see the people engaged in their amusements. Some twenty boys, not fully grown, as it seemed to me at first, were dancing and capering with great agility, to the music of an instrument. Looking at them nearer I saw, that those who had seemed to me boys of fourteen or fifteen, were mature young men, some of them with very fierce mustachios.—*W. C. Bryant.*

THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS,

To be held in the City of New York on the 14th of October next.

H. GREELEY, Esq.: Sir—The Workingmen of New England and the National Reform Association of the city of New York, at Conventions held last spring in the cities of Boston and New York, called an Industrial Congress, for the purpose of deliberating upon and maturing measures for the improvement of the condition and the ultimate elevation of the laboring or producing classes. Convinced by long experience and bitter disappointment, of the inefficiency of the partial reforms that have heretofore been advocated by the Workingmen, they have at length come to see the necessity of fundamental and organic reforms. To obtain light upon the exact nature of these reforms—to discuss and decide upon those which are primary and to be advocated first—to direct with efficiency and combined action their propagation and execution, and to rally the producing classes around a central body which shall inspire confidence and general concert of action among them. For these objects has this Convention been called, to which the name of “Industrial Congress” has been given, and which it is intended shall become a permanent body, meeting annually and representing the interests of the Industrial classes.

The elevation of the laboring classes is the great work of this age and of this country, as it is in fact the noblest work of any age; for just in proportion as they are elevated, is all society elevated—are intelligence, abundance and virtue rendered more universal; vice, crime and degradation dissipated, and security and the respect of all rights established; and, on the other hand, just in proportion as those classes sink in the scale of social existence, do all the opposite vices and

evils come over the world, and in the same proportion is the condition of the higher or privileged classes rendered precarious, debased and miserable. There is a mutual union and dependence—a solidarity between all classes, and none can attain to a high state of elevation and happiness without the relative happiness and elevation of the others. Slavery proves this. A degraded slave population drags down the privileged freeman in part into the social corruption and degradation into which the slaves are sunk—of a contrasted character it is true, yet is not the less a state of corruption and degradation. An ignorant and debased laboring population produces a corresponding debasement of the higher classes who live among them.

There is no escaping this law of Solidarity, and hence the great question of Social Progress, interesting alike to the poor and rich, is the elevation of the laboring classes. Their progressive enfranchisement and elevation has been going on in Europe for some centuries past, and has been continued in this country. A decided step has been taken with us by the abolishment of all political and hereditary privileges, and this act has rendered still more close the dependence and solidarity which exist between the laboring classes and the rich, and should stimulate the latter to seek the elevation of their less fortunate brethren.

The Workingmen who have convened this Congress wish to undertake, in a peaceful manner and under the guidance of calm deliberation, such reforms as will secure their elevation. To aid them in this great work, they invite men of philanthropy and science to join them in their counsels. They ask for light and the enthusiasm and energy which the love of Humanity begets, wherever they can be found; and particularly they call upon all the tried leaders of the various reforms that are now agitating the country—the Social, the Abolition, the Temperance, and others, to join them in this great work, and to decide whether the question of an Industrial Reform and the elevation of the laboring classes does not offer a platform on which all can unite and advocate certain great leading measures which, while they forward the great object immediately in view, will forward also at the same time the particular reform advocated by each.

Several distinguished leaders have already promised their cooperation, and others to whom the subject is new are earnestly requested to give it their consideration, and if they believe the times are prepared for a great Industrial and Intellectual Movement, to be present at the Congress of the 14th of October.—

Tribune.

EVENTIDE.

This cottage door, this breezy gale,
 Hay-scented, whispering round, —
 Yon pathosic rose that down the vale
 Breathes increase from the ground —
 Methinks should from the dustiest clod
 Lavate a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet bending low,
 Seems better moved to praise, —
 From us what scanty blessings flow!
 How voiceless close our days!

Father, forgive us, and the flowers
 Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

Graham's Mag.

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND AND THE COURT. The moral and social aspect of society here is by no means encouraging, and the most conspicuous feature is gross sensuality. Man, woman, and child, — beggar, laborer, mechanic, tradesmen, all are beset by the beastly habit of drinking gin, porter, beer or ale. Out of these large masses one out of every four has what is called *enough*, that is, but little more would take him from his legs and senses, and the rest are very likely to be in the various degrees of inebriation between him and sobriety. Among eight decently dressed women I met on a Sunday forenoon in an Omnibus, four visibly were under the influence of the habit of intoxication, and one of the completest embodiments of all kinds of sensuality imagination can picture. Men and women servants require commonly a weekly stipend for beer, and generally spend the whole of it in drink on Saturday evening the moment they get it. In two thirds of the city the constant carrying of tin ale-mugs of all sizes, empty or full is a sorrowful sight. From an estimate roughly made, but not far from the mark, there can be no doubt that the quantity of beer and ale consumed in this city exceeds the quantity of Croton water used in New York. In proportion to the wretchedness of a street or neighborhood, the gin palace rises in size and show, where a miserable violin helps to fiddle the trashy drinks down and to kill the time and morals of the lower classes of both sexes.

Of course, the higher classes consider ale vulgar and French brandies and wines taken more moderately, are the *respectable* beverage, but the omnipresent stomach is always the first and special concern of the father of an English family, and there is a story that the Duke of Wellington paid, when strawberries were out of season, ten shillings sterling for each strawberry contained in two dishes that graced his table, and that one of his guests, a certain lord, found them so "very fine," that he finished one dish by himself, and sent the other round to his wife that she might follow his example. Such is the way, rather than in the formation of libraries and galleries that an immense income may be spent. Even at Court there is no expression of real elevation: the King of Prussia, having on his visit here, been introduced to all the lords and nobles with long and pompous titles, inquired for the literary men of the Court, but these, alas! could not be found. Such at least is the story currently told here, and it has the air of probability, for in Prussia, the literary men are always around or at the Court, but here the Queen, instead of extending her patron-

age to literature and art, is more likely to give it to Tom Thumb, the Mysterious Lady, and such like shows. Nor is Prince Albert more Princely; he called upon Eastlake to paint him a picture, saying he wished to present it to the Queen on her birth-day, and intimating what kind of picture he wanted by describing one which Eastlake had painted, enquired the price. The artist replied, "I received three hundred guineas for that one." "Three hundred guineas! I cannot afford to pay so much, and must be mistaken in the picture I allude to, which I am told cost only thirty." Eastlake painted the picture for thirty guineas! — *Tribune*.

FOURIER AND INFIDELITY.

To the Editor of *The Tribune*:

The doctrine of SOCIAL UNITY given to the world by the genius of FOURIER is frequently accused of Materialism, Infidelity, &c. an accusation which is accredited probably by a majority of persons who have heard it without the time or inclination to examine its truth. In one of the manuscripts of Fourier, copies of which I obtained last year, I find the following remarks on the relation of Mind to Matter, which offer a very clear and concise answer to the charge at least of "Materialism." I translate it as a beautiful conception, and for the information of those who believe that Association is based upon a material foundation. For the better understanding of the subject I will remark that according to FOURIER the universe is a Trinity in Unity, that is, a whole composed of three principles.

The active or creative principle — Mind. (Divine Love.)

The passive principle, which is acted upon — Matter. (Divine use or industry.)

The regulating or arbitrating principle — The laws of mathematical order. (Divine wisdom.)

Yours truly. A. B.

"God, considered as the pivot and soul of the Universe, the generating centre of Unity, must first connect himself with the two other principles of nature; with Matter to carry on creation and universal movement, and with the laws of Mathematical order, to base upon just laws the system of creational movement. This alliance, which is the first of the Three Divine relations, engenders the simple Trinity, represented by the number Three, which is the first of the sacred numbers.

"To secure the predominance of good and repress evil in the Universe, the two noble principles, which are God, or Love, and the laws of Mathematical Order, or Justice, must combine to subject the vile principle, which is Matter — a principle which produces the reign of evil wherever it is predominant, wherever the soul is subjected to the empire of the senses. The good, or Harmony is based then upon the league, and the supremacy of the

two noble principles, which are God and Mathematical Order; these two principles furnish seven springs of action, motive, powers, or passions in the system of creation. God, who is the source of Love, engenders the four cardinal Loves, and Mathematical Order, the source of justice, furnishes the three directing powers, which are source of balance and equilibrium in the Universe.

"It would be on the part of God a despotical plan to wish to reduce Matter to a subaltern condition, to maintain it in a state of degradation, in which it does not fail to sink when it gains the predominance over the two noble principles, as it happens in our subversive societies. God wishes to control Matter only to raise it to a state of nobleness and of full liberty, which it cannot attain and enjoy of itself. We have seen the proof of it in the analysis of the material principle (*contre-lurisme*), the elements of which are in permanent conflict in our false societies. It is this conflict which God must absorb and change into a permanent concert, to raise Matter to the noble rank of harmonious principle, operating in concert with the two other principles, Divine Love and Mathematical Justice, and enjoying like them a full development, but under their guidance and in full obedience to their all-attractive laws.

"From the moment that Matter is thus elevated, from the moment that the Human Race are resplendent with Justice and Truth, with Honor, Charity and Philanthropy, from the moment that the exercise of their sensual faculties, although enjoying full liberty, shall maintain themselves constantly in balance with the demands of the spiritual faculties, the body, that mechanism of the senses, considered at present as the vile principle, will become a most noble principle by its perfect coincidence with the views of the two others; but this effect is reserved for the passionless Series in the Combined Order. We must endeavor then in our social theories to produce an accord in three primary developments of our human nature — in the material principle or tendency to riches and material harmonies, in the spiritual principle or tendency to social affections and groups, and in the intellectual principle or tendency to Series and order — and form of their combined development the harmonic Trinity, of which we see no traces in the present Order of society, in which the material principle is predominant, debasing the two other principles, and drawing the seven spiritual passions or affections into a state of conflict with the material passions. As a consequence, the Trinity of principles is in simple and discordant development, instead of a state of compound and harmonious development.

"The means of social salvation and of harmony for man consists then in causing the predominance in all his relations of the seven spiritual or noble passions, which are derived from God and their alliance to restrain the five ignoble or material passions. He could not have created matter, and the five sensitive impulses or passions which represent it, to exclude them from an intervention in His scheme of harmony, nor to admit them as slaves, which would be unworthy of a Being who is all Love, and who engenders the four cardinal Loves."

[The four cardinal Loves are those manifested by all finite beings throughout the Universe, that are made in the image and likeness of God. They refract, so to say, the Divine Love as the prism refracts the white ray. If we distribute the three primary elements of the human soul, in a Series, with a centre and two wings, the Love principle or the social affections form the centre or pivot of the Series, the intellectual faculties the sources of wisdom, the ascending wing, and the five senses the source of industry, the descending wing, corresponding to Divine Love, Divine Wisdom, and their ultimatum in material or finite existence and creation.]

GETTING POOR ON RICH LAND, AND RICH ON POOR LAND. A close observer of men and things, told us the following little story, which we hope will plow very deeply into the attention of all who plow very shallow in their soils:—

Two brothers settled together in a county. One of them on a cold, ugly, clay soil, covered with black jack oak, not one of which was large enough to make a half dozen rails. This man would never drive any but large, powerful, Conestoga horses, some seventeen hands high. He always put three horses to a large plow, and plunged it in some ten inches deep. This deep plowing he invariably practised and cultivated thoroughly afterwards. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the acre.

This man had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich White river bottom farm, and while a black jack clay soil yielded seventy bushels to the acre, this fine bottom land would not average fifty. One brother was steadily growing rich on poor land and the other steadily growing poor on rich land.

One day the bottom land brother came down to see the black jack oak farmer, and they began to talk about their crops and farms, as farmers are very apt to do.

"How is it," said the first, "that you manage on this poor soil to beat me in crops?"

The reply was "I work my land."

That was it, exactly. Some men have such rich land, that they wont work it; and they never get a step beyond where they began. They rely on the soil, and not on labor, or skill, or care.—Some men expect their lands to work, and some men expect to work their lands, and that is just the difference between the good and bad farmer.

When we had written thus far, and read it to our informant, he said "three

years ago I travelled again through that section, and the only farm I saw, was the very one of which we have just written. All the others were desolate, fences down, cabins abandoned, the owners had become discouraged, and moved off. I thought I saw the same old stable door hanging by one hinge, that used to disgust me ten years before; and I saw no change except for the worse in the whole county, with the single exception of this one farm."—*Indiana Farmer and Gardener.*

REVIEW.

Wrongs of American Women. First Series. The Elliott Family; or the Trials of New York Seamstresses. By CHARLES BURDETT. New York: E. Winchester. 1845. pp. 162.

This little story may be regarded as a counterpart of the admirable articles on "Labor in New York," which we are now republishing from the Tribune. It sets forth in another form, the wrongs and abuses inflicted on industry, the sufferings of the unprotected classes of society, and the impositions which so many of the honest and deserving poor are compelled to sustain from the heartlessness of those, whom a false social arrangement has put in possession of power which they are incompetent to manage for the common good. We rejoice in every attempt to arouse the public attention to these momentous evils. The favors of fortune too often not only benumb the intellect but petrify the heart. We need every kind of influence to awaken men from the lethargy, into which they are sunk, in regard to the waste of human happiness, of human life, from the existing organization of labor. Our fat and drowsy citizens,—our sleek and perfumed exquisite, — our respectable men and women, who hope to gain a high place in the courts of Heaven by lounging in the corner of a crimson cushioned pew on Sunday,—our magnanimous politicians, laboring under the intensest sentiment of patriotism, and sacrificing even their own integrity for their country's good, have no time to consider the miseries on which their own comforts are built; far be it from them to sully their dainty fingers with the work of reform; the poor, they are convinced, from reason and religion, will be always with them, and what were the poor born for, but to toil; and thus they repose, in supine and listless apathy, in the midst of social outrages, which cry loud enough almost to raise the dead,—of social miseries, which would seem able to melt a heart of stone. The facts presented in this book; — for they are facts, though in a fictitious garb, — may serve to quicken the public interest in this appalling subject. We hope it may find a wide circulation and be read by all classes with attention. At the same time, we have no belief that the evils which it de-

picts can ever be cured, without a most radical reform in our social institutions. These evils are not the work of individuals, but of a general system. They do not grow from voluntary and cherished malignity or selfishness, but are the inevitable fruits of an erroneous arrangement in the relations of industry. While this arrangement continues the great mass of laborers will be defrauded of their rights. Moral diseases, of the most virulent stamp, will be the consequence. The contagion will sink deeper and deeper, until the whole social body becomes corrupt. But there is a remedy, which, applied in season, will be certain in its effects. The union of labor and capital, the organization of industry on Associative principles, will meet all the difficulties of the case. If this be impracticable, the reform of society is hopeless. With the present diseased body, the inherent poison is so active and universal as to neutralize the most sincere efforts of the philanthropist, to defy the schemes of the politician, and even to render the pure and sweet influences of Christianity of little practical avail.

The American Shepherd: being a Complete History of Sheep, with their Breeds, Management, and Diseases. By L. A. MORRELL. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845. pp. 437.

This is a work, which we can recommend, almost without reserve or qualification. Its aims are high, and it succeeds in reaching them. It is not a compilation, although free use is made of the best writings on the subject, but has the force and authority of actual experience. It will be found an invaluable guide to the farmer, engaged in the branch of husbandry of which it treats, while it may be perused with interest by the general reader, both on account of the clearness of its style, and the various information which it imparts. If the Messrs. Harper would always supply the public with books as free from humbug as this, they would deserve better of their country.

By the bye, our regular agricultural reader complains that he has not had a chance to notice the last number of Friend Skinner's "Library," as no copy has yet made its way to these "diggings."

The National Magazine, and Industrial Record. Edited by REDWOOD FISHER. Sept. 1845. N. Y. Office 161 Fulton Street.

Mr. Fisher presents, in his Magazine, a new claimant to the patronage of the commercial community. The present number contains a History of Commerce, an interesting account of the Mining District of Brazil, a Sketch of New Bedford, Mass., some valuable Statistics as to the Internal Improvements of the State of

New York, besides a variety of minor pieces and extracts.

The real character of Commerce as it is at present organized, Mr. Fisher does not appear familiar with, nor could a journal devoted to free analysis and discussion of the subject, hope for the support of commercial men generally. He furnishes a variety of useful facts in an agreeable style, and we trust his labors will meet with a due appreciation on the part of those to whose benefit they are devoted.

Cosmos: or a Survey of the Physical History of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This great work of Von Humboldt's the Messrs. Harper are publishing in numbers. Enough to say it justifies its reputation which had reached us long ago. It is an eloquent and profound expression of the great idea which this age is inspired with, the idea of Unity. It is especially devoted to the physical sciences, but in the precision of the *savant*, the imagination of the poet is not deadened. Baron Von Humboldt combines both these characters.

While the science of Nature more and more positively affirms the Unity of things, can thoughtful men long overlook a higher branch of science, — the science of Social Unity? Seeing that harmony reigns in the material creation, and that attraction every where fulfils the designs of God, how can philosophers and philanthropists refrain from inquiring whether earthly society is fated to remain in perpetual subversion, and whether the attractions of the human Soul are not appointed by their author as agents in some undiscovered social harmony, which shall be entirely opposed to the war, the falseness, and the misery which prevail even in our so-called Christian countries.

The name of the translator of *Cosmos* is modestly withheld; but, though we have not seen a copy of the original and cannot speak from actual knowledge, the apparent excellence of the translation entitles the public to know to whom they are indebted. We shall hereafter notice the whole work at length.

The Improvisatore. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by MARY HOWITT. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1845. pp. 124.

In this novel we have a charming union of northern sentiment with southern warmth and luxuriance. It is a picture of Italian life by a Dane. However successful as such, it is still the work of a genuine Teuton, and never could be attributed to any other source. It lacks, so to speak, the physical softness of the

south, and is slightly stiff and angular in its bearing. But it is full of the ideal and chivalrous tenderness of the north, — a feeling which contains more soul and less sense, more imagination and less grace of movement than the passion of the south. The story is the old tragedy of genius; dependance, misfortune, fruitless aspirations, hopes blossoming fair and soon blighted, wretchedness in full proportion to the capacity for life and joy.

Is it not a significant fact, that souls thus highly endowed and sent as the special messengers of Heaven, should find no home in the society of men? We can only wonder that a social order in which the poet and the artist are proverbially wretched, has not sooner been called in question. Had men possessed a real, active faith in God, instead of a whining and artificial resignation which is an insult to his mercy, they would have obeyed his commandments by endeavoring to discover a constitution of things in which his choicest gifts would not be worse than wasted.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

AUTUMN SONG.

The gold corn in the field
And the asters in the meadow,
And the heavy clouds that yield
To the hills a crown of shadow,
Mark the ending of the Summer,
And the Autumn coming in,
A crimson eyed new comer,
Whose voice is cold and thin,
As he whispers to the flowers,
'Lo, all this time is our's.'

I remember long ago
When the soft June days were wasted,
That the Autumn and the snow
In the after heats were tasted;
For the sultry August weather
Burned the freshness from the trees, —
And the woods and I, together,
Mourned the winter, that must freeze
The silver-singing streams
Which fed our summer dreams.

Through the yellow afternoon
Rolls the wagon harvest-laden, —
And beneath the harvest moon
At the husking sings the maiden;
While without the winds are flowing
Like long aerial waves,
And their scythe-sharp breath is mowing
The flowers upon the graves.
When the husking is all o'er
The maiden sings no more.

EXAMPLE

FROM GOETHE.

When I for lack of patience sink,
Of patient mother Earth I think,
Who, they say, doth daily spin
Round and round, year out, year in.
Am I, then, for aught else put here?
I follow my lady Mother care.

KATHLEEN.

[It is a common custom in Scotland, for lovers to chose a star as a memento of betrothal.]

Kathleen, I mind me still,
The star ye gave to me,
To look upon when far awa',
That I might think of thee.
I ken'd that ye were puir,
Or some worldly gem ye'd given;
But thy sister angels cared for thee,
And lent thee this frae Heaven.

That was lang syne, Kathleen,
The night ye gave it me,
And mony's the heart-grief I've had since
I parted then frae thee;
But it glads me that ye tauld me,
Should ye die before we met,
Ye'd mak' your heaven that pure star —
So I maun love it yet.

Oh! weel do I remember
That bitter hour, Kathleen,
When our last farewell was spoken —
Ah! it seems but as yestreen!
But when I sadly count the time,
And sorrows I hae known,
My puir heart feels as if, since then,
Whole centuries had flown.

I left thee then, Kathleen,
And I labored mony a year,
That I might, dearest, win for thee
A wee bit o' wardly gear;
And aye my heart was comforted
In all my toils afar,
For I knew thy love was steadfast
As the light of that dear star.

Blythe was the hour, Kathleen,
When I reached my native shore;
I wept in joy when I beheld
Thy cottage-haue once more;
An' lightly sprang I forward
Where it stood by the burn side,
To meet thee at the door, Kathleen,
My ain sweet bonnie bride.

Thou wert not there, — Kathleen!
No! my call ye answered not,
And the wind was sighing desolate
Through thy deserted cot!
Where did I find thee, darling?
Ah! my poor brain turned that e'en
As I read on the cauld marble
Thy pretty name — "KATHLEEN."

Years have gone by, Kathleen,
Since I came back that night,
But the bright gem ye gave to me
Shines on with its pure light,
An' I fondly think night's jewels,
The homes of angels are,
And that thou dost inhabit,
As thy heaven, my ain bright star.

I see thee now, Kathleen,
My ain — my gentle one —
I hear thy voice's melody
Sae touching in each tone,
Thy angel-like expression, —
Thy een sae full of love, —
All, all come back as I look up
To that dear star above.

N. Y. Mirror.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Musical Class Book, for the use of Female Seminaries, High Schools, Adult and Juvenile Singing Schools, Private Classes, &c. By A. N. JOHNSON. Boston: George P. Reed 17 Tremont Row.

The teaching of singing in classes has become so methodised and uniform, since the introduction of the Boston Academy's Manual, based upon the Pestalozzian system, that what is now most needed is good teachers, and good exercises. The method, being philosophical, prevails of course. The "Elementary Principles" which we find prefixed to all the various collections of sacred and secular music which have appeared of late, are, with some slight modifications, essentially the same. But there are things which systems cannot teach. Such are good taste, a true deep feeling, and, in the highest sense of the word, *style*. These must be inspired. Familiarity with music which has style, besides the quickening influence of a person who has music in him, and whose teachings are not merely mechanical, are altogether desirable. Such a person, if he undertake to teach, will find a double difficulty; first, that of presenting the elements of the science clearly, and of overcoming the natural repugnance of the generality of pupils to a close application of the mind to the study of relations, so that they shall proceed understandingly and earnestly at every step, not carelessly and by rote; and secondly, the difficulty of forming any thing like style in their performance, and of converting that superficial sense of melody, which seeks gratification in most, into a taste for what is high and beautiful and true. He has got to teach those how to study, who perhaps never studied in their lives. And he has got to inspire the very love he seeks to gratify.

With respect to the first qualification, the elementary portion of Mr. Johnson's book offers all the aid to the teacher, which a teacher ought to have. It is complete, systematic, thorough. *Thoroughness*, we should say, is his peculiar virtue. The questions affixed to each chapter are almost tediously thorough; but there can be no great danger of erring on that side. They illustrate the method which the teacher is to pursue; let him vary or abridge it, as he finds desirable.

Then comes the substance of the book, which is "more than five hundred exercises and solfeggios, (songs without words, that is, to be sung with syllables,) varying from four measures, to three pages in length, and in point of difficulty, from the easiest to the most difficult rhythmic and melodic combinations." This comes

to supply a real want. The greatest difficulty of the teacher is to find exercises enough. Should he have the happy faculty of extemporizing them, then the inconvenience and loss of time in writing them on the black-board seriously interfere. Besides they ought to be so good, these exercises, as to be worthy to be preserved and referred to more than once. They should be prepared with care, not only with a view to properly graduating the succession of difficulties, but also to ensure in them some intrinsic merits, something of style, of beauty. The most thoughtless whistle, or idle passing touch of the piano, of a person of real musical feeling, has an expression. So the earliest vocal exercises should not merely exemplify a rule, but also speak not unmeaningly to the mind. Accuracy and beauty should vouch for one another in every one of them, *so far as this is possible*.

Mr. Johnson's "Solfeggios" offer certainly a rich and varied supply of examples at every stage of progress in the elements. This is a great thing gained. They moreover are arranged for various combinations of voices, generally in three-part harmony, so that they may be sung by either sex alone, or by both. In respect of beauty, let his preface speak again: "One hundred of the solfeggios are popular airs arranged for three voices, forming lessons at once agreeable and useful." There are also added various songs, chiefly from the German. This is well. But as to the harmonizing of these airs, we may complain that the effect and expression of true harmony are sometimes wanting; that there is more of mechanical than of artistic talent in the book, after all.

As a whole, the book indicates the faithful experience of a teacher, and affords conveniences for teaching and for study, which have been long desired in vain.

25 Etudes faciles et progressives, composees pour le Piano, par HENRI BERTINI Jr. op. 100. Boston: George P. Reed.

Here are exercises (in another sphere to be sure,) admirable for the quality, of the want of which we just now complained. Everything that Bertini touches has a true Italian grace. His exercises are beautiful as compositions. Of these twenty-five, each is truly a characteristic piece, contains at least the glimmer of an idea, of which more could be made. The child who should master them, would ask afterwards for real compositions, and not be content to practice merely showy things. These are written "expressly for young pupils, who are unable to reach an octave." In his larger collection of exercises, Bertini has produced much that

is intrinsically valuable, and fit to be esteemed as classic. The great names of the modern Italian opera must yield to him in some of the higher qualities of style.

Mr. Reed has also published "*Six Songs, by TELFOURD.*" Telfourd is a *nom-de-guerre*. The songs speak for themselves as *amateur* productions, evidently by a gentleman of taste, familiar with most of the opera and song styles which have prevailed publicly or in circles, for some time. They are characteristic as melodies for words; and they show more of judgment than of ambition. They cannot be called very original, though they differ much from one another, and are free from mannerism. They are rather echoes and reproductions of the various styles of song, of which we have spoken. Thus, one reminds you of Bellini; another is of the Spanish sort; and another is, after English models. That they are the work of an amateur is plain, in that they do not evince the habit of composition, that the harmonies in the accompaniment sometimes betray a choice between awkward difficulties, and that generally a quick ear and retentive memory serve instead of science. We can commend them as pleasing and practicable songs, for the majority of those who can entertain a parlor circle by their voice.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

Dr. CHANNING.

INDIVIDUALITY IN ASSOCIATION.

The most prevailing fear about Association is on the score of that undefined thing, Individuality. The very vagueness of the term, as used, however, is proof that it covers more than is understood. False Individuality is a thing very well defined; but of true Individuality the scientific account is locked up in the future. Yet it shall soon be unlocked, since this new light has been thrown upon its complement, or true Association. We are prepared to take the ground that there is not and never can be Individuality, so long as there is not Association. Without true union no part can be true. The members were made for the body; if the whole body be incoherent, every member of it will be developed falsely, will become shrunken or overgrown, distorted and weakened, since it will have

either more or less than its share, both of duty and of sustenance. Variety itself is dull, if it lack unity; for unity is the beginning and end of variety.

Another fact, the counterpart of that just stated, must be put with it to make up the truth. If we must comprehend the unity of the whole, before we can decide what is due to each component part, if Association only can explain Individuality; so too, on the other hand, our idea of true Association, of the collective destiny of Man, comes mainly from our knowledge of the individual. The rule "*Attractions proportional to Destinies*," is all the guide we have. Personal peculiarities furnish all the data to any calculation of the true laws of Society. They are troublesome enough now; each demands what no existing society can give; each is strongest where least work awaits him, and most willing where he is not wanted. The "general good" is so abstract, and general measures are so blind, that each is driven even to exaggerated assertion of himself, stands upon "reserved rights," pleads the "law within," grows transcendental, as it were, in self defence, and feverishly afraid of getting swallowed up and lost in that soul-less corporation, called the Whole. The individual sphere protests against the violation to which it is continually liable from any public interest short of that of true integral Association, concentric with the universal unity of all things. Individualism, to be sure, is one-sided, and passions are unreasonable, and characters and tendencies unmanageable, and unavailable, almost, for harmony; and yet they are the only elements given in the problem. Think not to silence them, but study them. They are but so many distracted cries of each one for his place. They clamor to fulfil their destiny. We are letters sealed and sent by the hand of the All-Wise; but whither? each is clearly superscribed and directed, could we only read the language; the superscription is our individuality; that we must know, and the general geography of the world, into which we are sent, we must know, to reach our points of delivery respectively. These individualities, well read, are the compass which will conduct us, understandingly, and in harmonic distribution, into all the unexplored ports of the boundless continent of Universal Unity.

The doctrine of Association, being itself altogether the fruit of the study of individual attractions, being the first full calculation of destinies according to the "Passions," or primary springs of action and of character in men, cannot be supposed to conflict with any sound and legitimate individuality; nor can its charter of legitimacy be in any way narrow or

exclusive. The Social Science consults all attractions till it finds their Unity. It deems no planet free, while it remains unsphered, and owns no central sun. It calculates all orbits, but does not prescribe any. And having traced and everywhere verified the Law of Social distribution, it pronounces the hitherto incoherent attempts at Society among men to be but the necessary preliminary, the painful transition and "teething-time," as it were, of infancy, which precedes the buoyant youth and manhood of society; the first struggling "turbid modulations" of a chaos of sounds, big with the thought of harmony, fitfully trying every resolution, ere it finds the way out into the grand accord with which the answer comes to the command, *Let there be Light!* The individual characters conflict, the little phrases of melody which get developed, strangle one another as long as the chaos lasts. Their only security will be in harmony, where each obeys its law, and in serving the whole, feels its own power, and reaps beyond its own utmost ambition. Only in the Combined Order, only when the solidarity of mankind shall be realized, can healthy individuality find place.

In these subversive ages, during the allotted centuries of Competition's reign, there is and can be no sort of association which is not at the expense of individuality. The "general good" is an abstraction, the interest of the whole is but a crushing of interests. False association effects peace, not harmony. It kills by its machinery. Dead uniformity is its highest boast. Where have there been such matchless combination, such iron bonds of unity, as in the order of the Jesuits? Their policy was to discipline and drug the individual, until nothing of himself was left, except a blind passive force at the disposal of his superior.

But true Association is the living solidarity of Man. Differences it will not crush, but happily absorb into its harmonies. From his state of jealous antagonism, from his weak self-exaggeration, from the weary monomania of his character, made mad by contradiction and confinement, it will deliver him, and let him be himself, and open free delightful channels to his suppressed impatient love. He will no longer die with fruitless longing to go out, and find himself in others. He will afford to give himself away, which is the main-stream of all passion in a man, call the branches by what name you will. There it cannot be difficult to settle the question of Individuality. The collective interest is but the harmonious balance, not the dreadful rival of private interest. It is the acting out of himself, the finding of the true sphere of the passions, the satisfaction of his soul's

desires, the entering into life and finding God in the one way which is possible to his given nature, the chance to be free and genuine, and true, but above all, to be an actor, with the full force that is in him, a creator, that he may not be a blot upon creation, a lover, that he may not die of love, a part and parcel of an Order which is great enough to embrace him, and all the circumstances, and all the relations of his life, — relations which stop not short of the whole human race, and beyond that, reach to worlds and systems without number, the universe and God! Why is this his *private* interest? Simply because he, while he is of this great living whole a representative and minister, must needs be that in a peculiar way, the only way in which it is given him to be it; a way, too, wholly useless and forsaken, unless travelled by him. There is solidarity of life. The life of the branches is in the vine. But each human being is a special determination of that life, the embodiment of its activity in some one direction. We, our individualities, are the *habits* of the Universal Soul. They must be respected; they are sacred; they must not be thwarted, nor diverted from their God-derived attractions. In a true order of society, can they clash! can they degenerate to selfishness! can they be true to themselves, and not enrich the whole grand harmony! can they sacrifice themselves, and not live all the more! is not their individuality, expressed in act, their most religious prayer and thanksgiving! The word selfishness will become obsolete in true Association. In the complete Phalanx, in Association realized, individualism is but the definite and actual side of the reigning unitary idea, which otherwise were but an idea, an abstraction without life. In such a Phalanx, pure attraction would determine each one to his place, where he would be most useful to the whole; and doing what his soul most loves, he would do what was most acceptable, nay, indispensable, to all. The passions regulated, but not ignorantly suppressed, exalted to a religious end, would weave their warm life-colors into the beauty of the Collective Man, and the more intensely they pursued their objects, the more lively the variety they would lend. They cannot burst or escape the general bond, however individual their action. As surely as attraction is their law, they must gravitate all to one centre. For, as the poet says,—

"From God there is no flight, but only to Him."

With regard to full Association, therefore, in a Phalanx where all the elements of a society exist, well organized, where industry already has become attractive, where the globular form, which may be taken as the type of individuality, tends

like every drop of water, to unite itself with others, till it finds its way into one of the little rills, which all seek the rivers, that flow into the ocean; where private interests converge with all their strength; with regard to that high stage of progress, (which we trust is not far off,) the question of Individuality decides itself. The real difficulty appertains to this half-way, transitional state. Where Association does not exist, but only feeble, half-enlightened, ill-provided attempts to prepare the way for Association; where the Solidarity of man is only an aspiration; where the elements of harmony, spiritual and material, are not collected; where few have science, and theirs too dim for every emergency; where the terms of the union must be more or less, for the time being, matter of compromise, and the superior energy of individuals, rather than any law of Divine Order, determines the complexion of the thing from day to day; where sphere enough is not created to occupy the whole energies of every nature; and where, however sublime the ultimate idea and aim, the special organization, by which its realization is sought, is too small for their whole devotion; — there the question does arise: What relation do individual interests sustain to the general interest? and can one merge his whole strength in the general policy, without loss of individuality? — Can he trust the mechanism to act as he would? Will what he does be his own deed, self-determined, intelligent and free, — the expression, as every deed should be, of an ideal in his mind? or will he not be possibly but a spoke in the great wheel?

This danger is incident, of course, to all transitions. But it is essentially diminished, when we are on the look out for it; and its amount is always in the inverse ratio of the real purity of purpose, harmony of characters, and depth of wisdom and experience among those engaged. And if to all these qualities you add firm faith and devotion, new light and new freedom will steadily crown the honest effort, whatever mistakes and blindness there may be at first.

The organization should be wisely proportioned to the exigencies of such a stage of growth. Too much should not be demanded; but everything should conspire to make devotion voluntary, and to draw as far as possible, the whole life and energy of each individual member into the experiment, without tying his hands so as to make him a slave to the mechanism at the cost of his idea. Association, in its founders, requires almost incredible patience, devotion, and forgetfulness of self; in the nourishing of that very virtue, there may be danger of a blind devotion, of losing sight of the end in the temporary means.

Here individual idiosyncracies come in. The fact that men do differ so in temperament, is sufficient cause why the most liberal policy should prevail, why the largest individuality should be allowed, consistent with the life and safety of the enterprise, and why a tender personal justice, a degree of deference and delicacy, should prevail, rather than the cold, inflexible methods of general rule. There is every occasion for the law of love, which is the only justice, inwardly and really, whatever may be the literal appearance. One man, by his very nature, throws himself without reserve into any enterprise, which he thinks worth undertaking, identifies the measures of the moment in respect of importance, with the great idea which claims his religious homage, surrenders himself, body and soul, not only to that idea, but to the first temporary organization in which the idea seeks to approach its actualization. Another is jealous of the genuineness of his action, would do all, would compromise to an unlimited amount, for the sake of harmony, but still reserves always something of his energy which he may apply in his own way; he would keep some bridle upon the horse he rides; he would be sure that it is *his* idea for which he is working, and that he is not passive in the hands of others or of accident. Every man devotes himself most readily to that work, which he does freely from himself, and which he can keep to the level of his ideal aim. It is harder to be enthusiastic in carrying out the ideas of another. Now, when multitudes engage, before perfect union and the law of attraction are possible, there must be mutual compromise. Some will lead, some of more active will than others will control the movement. Such may throw themselves into the stream, to sink or swim, with a devotedness that knows no bound; they may well advocate entire and unreserved absorption of the individual in the general interest, for the general measures are their own idea, and a man will die for his own idea. Let them not, however, demand all that, as a matter of right, of their associates who only follow, or perhaps yield to them against their own proper judgment. Let the terms of union be such that compulsion shall not scare away attraction. It is *men* that we want in Association, it is genuine, self-centred, independent characters; and not the indifferent, though faithful and uninterrupted service, in which men feel not a man's influence.

¶ We have been gratified with the letters we have recently received, from friends in different Associations at the West. They give us cheering accounts of their condition and prospects. Let us hear from them often.

ORNAMENTAL FARMING.

"We have long wondered that farmers do not take more pains than they do to ornament their farms. Handsome rows of shade trees by the road side, along the farm avenues and around the house, stables, corn-houses, &c. give a beauty to the farm that always makes it more attractive, and hence more saleable and valuable. One hundred dollars (in labor) expended in such ornaments about a farm of one hundred acres, will ordinarily make it appear worth five hundred dollars to a purchaser, more than is another that appears bare and cheerless for the want of such refreshing appendages."

We take the above paragraph from the *Augusta Banner*, a paper which we always look into with a certain sense of refreshment, enlivened as it usually is, with some quaint or pithy articles from its Editor, whose pen seems to have the power of never growing rusty or dull. We can tell him, however, that it is no use to wonder at the neglected and cheerless appearance of the farms which he visits on his little excursions. It is very well to talk about the beauty of shade trees, of fine animals, of perfect utensils; but certain it is that seven-eighths of our farmers in New England are not able to have them, and you may preach up their importance till the crack of doom without effect. The reason is, that the farmer gets hold of so little ready cash; the money goes to swell its own amount in the hands of the capitalist; precious little of it sticks to the fingers of those "whose talk is of bullocks and who glory in the goad." It is as much as they can do to pay the necessary hands they must hire to raise corn and potatoes, without going into the slow business of embellishing their land with trees. They are usually more or less embarrassed with debt, and at any rate the number is very small, whose farms enable them to handle much money in the course of the year. All they can get is wanted for taxes, for the blacksmith's and wheelwright's bill, for the little "notions" they owe for at the "store;" and when they have so little sunshine it is not to be expected that they will feel disposed to lay out much for shade. In fact, a man must have a pretty strong mind not to lose his spirit and enterprise, in the monotonous drudgery of isolated farming. He is likely to grow discouraged, to let the spirit of a sleepy conservatism creep over him before he thinks of it, to become contented even when disorder stares him in the face, and scarce to muster resolution to pick up a hoe or shovel when he sees it out of place.

It is only in combined industry, well organized and in successful operation, that we can hope to see extensive rural embellishment, except on the estates of proprietors who have plenty of means at

their command. A prosperous Association can well afford to clothe its domain with the richest ornaments. Those whose taste leads them to the cultivation of trees will have ample room for its gratification. They will take pleasure in preparing luxuriant shrubberies, beautiful flower-gardens, and in transplanting and tending choice forest-trees. This can be done without inconvenience or injury; for their labors will tend to enhance the value of the estate; while the current expenses are provided for from other branches of industry. But so long as the present system of isolated and repulsive labor prevails, we must not expect any thing but its inevitable fruits. The land, and he who works on it, will equally suffer; and the traveller of taste, with an eye for picturesque beauty, will experience perpetual disappointment.

THE WORKING MEN'S MOVEMENT. We regret that it was not in our power to attend the recent Convention at Fall River, although we understand that the occasion was not one of so great interest as previous meetings in Boston and Lowell. We trust, however, that there will be found no lack of energy or zeal in those who are especially devoted to this movement, and on whose efforts now the prosperity of the laboring classes for a long time to come may greatly depend. The present is as favorable a moment as any for action in this matter. It is idle to suppose that because business is brisk and wages high, it is well to postpone exertion for the present. The question is not one concerning temporary relief. The movement is not intended as a benevolent operation to mitigate any immediate distress, but to correct the errors of the prevailing system. We may allow that just at this time there is great encouragement given to most branches of mechanical industry, that there is an uncommon demand for labor, and good pay to be obtained, in most instances. But what of that? Is the relation of the employer and the employed, as it now exists, based on sound principles of equity? In the distribution of the avails of industry, is the proportion of the capitalist and laborer correctly adjusted? Does the present system of labor offer full justice to the nature of man, guarantee to it the enjoyment of all its rights, the satisfaction of all its inherent wants; or is it on the contrary at war with the noblest interests of humanity? If you are convinced that this is the case, it is surely unwise to be lulled into a treacherous lethargy by any present advantages. You have a great work to perform. You are called to aid in a movement which aims at the correction of evils that have endured for centuries. The condition of

the laborer, produced by the present organization of industry, in all civilized countries, calls loudly for redress. The system may not be so oppressive just at this moment as it has been in other times. It may not weigh so heavily here on the arms of industry as it does in foreign lands. But yet it is a system contrary to the first elements of natural justice, fatal to the true expansion of the mind, shedding a pernicious gloom over the most necessary pursuits of life, at war with the dearest hopes of man, and unsanctioned and unblessed of God. If you have unwonted strength, then, at this moment, use it in behalf of a cause which concerns not you and your children alone, but the highest welfare of unborn generations.

LABOR IN LOWELL. Our esteemed friend of the New York Tribune, took occasion the other day to speak with some severity of our article upon this subject, and especially of that part of it which related to the letter of its correspondent C. D. S. We are happy to learn that C. D. S. is in favor of organizing industry upon more equitable principles than now prevail, but we do not see how that renders our animadversions upon his letter from Lowell at all improper. On the contrary, a man whose mind has been opened to the injustice which governs civilized industry, is less pardonable for such remarkable flights of imagination, than the most obstinate of those who look upon the masses as the God-appointed drudges of the few.

Nor can we admit that our criticism of the factory labor of Lowell was liable to the objection of the Tribune. We brought no special charges against Lowell; we admitted every thing that the Tribune or any of its more zealous advocates claim in its favor; but having done so, we applied to it in our "bungling and blundering manner," the standard of social justice revealed by science and by the Christian gospel. Thus tried, we found in it some very grave vices which we briefly commented upon. Our design was to arouse the attention of thinking men to the fact, that the best organization of industry which now exists does most grievous wrong to the laborer. We aim on every occasion to incite men to bring civilization and civilized arrangements of all sorts, to the test of justice and reason, so that they may be led to inquire what is the social order which both justice and reason demand? Nor are we over-careful to mince our words, in speaking of those who are content to reap the fat harvests of the great Golgotha of labor, which long ages of falsehood and oppression have enriched with the blood and tears of the toiling masses, without even reflecting

whether the gold which abounds in their coffers has not been somewhat tainted in the coining. It is perhaps our fault that our sympathies on the side of the millions of human creatures, whose dumb and patient toil builds up the world, are somewhat warm and youthful, and that our claim that they shall not be overlooked, and that the dictates of justice in their behalf, shall not be scorned, is both earnest and persistent. But no man can lay to our charge any wrong either of word or thought to the more prominent and better guarded interests of the world. We preach no doctrine but Reconciliation, but let it be reconciliation upon just terms, in which all parties shall receive their legitimate share of the advantages. Herein we have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall always be found at the side of the Tribune, however in minor and local matters we may in the opinion of that Journal sometimes be mistaken.

COMPETITION. We wonder that any practical man should be blind, for one moment, to the tremendous evils arising from the principle of free competition, in its application to business by selfish and worldly-minded men. Talk of the charms of friendship, the beauty of disinterested goodness, the divine harmonies of human nature! It is all folly. Are you not aware that there is no friendship in trade, that he is good on 'Change who pays his notes the day they are due, and that the divinest harmony which commerce knows is a correct balance sheet, with an enormous amount on the profit side? Throw together any large number of men in a promiscuous crowd; what pushing and pulling and profane swearing are sure to take place; what savage noises and dire confusion; but arrange the same disorderly mass in systematic bands; they all move forward without interference; and present one of the most beautiful spectacles on which the eye can rest. We want this harmonious order instead of the confused violence which now prevails in the relations of business. The experience of every day brings to light some new evidence of the evils of the system. How long before the wise, the active, the energetic, the leaders of society will begin to search for a remedy, or give their attention to that which is proposed by Association?

This topic was suggested to us directly by the valedictory notice of the South Western Farmer, Raymond, Mississippi, a paper which we have always regarded as one of the most valuable on our exchange list, conducted, as it has been, with great freedom of thought and expression, and evincing an unusual degree of editorial strength and skill. We regret very much to hear of its discontinuance;

although we have no doubt that its able Editor, N. G. North, will find opportunity to benefit and gratify the public, in some other sphere of intellectual labor. His closing paragraphs display such a clear perception of the prevailing evils of society, as well as of the only effectual remedy, that we need offer no apology to our readers, for inserting them in this place.

"With some considerable knowledge of our business—having done the drudgery of its various departments, and having written for newspapers, throughout a period of twenty-odd years—and having still the capacity and the industry to toil both mentally and bodily, alternately, for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, we find ourself in an attitude by no means singular, that of Labor seeking for Employment. In the present confused state of Industrial Anarchy, want of employment, or (which is the same thing) want of remuneration is the general rule; while actual employment—sure, regular, remunerating employment—is the exception. To explain; there are, for instance, four printing offices in the county of Hinds; from which four weekly newspapers are issued. In the adjoining county of Warren there are three, which issue three weekly papers and two dailies. And yet, in these two counties, thus apparently supporting seven weekly and two daily papers, there are only 4027 white males above the age of twenty years, a number about sufficient to yield a good support to one press. As it is, however, four of the presses, we venture to say, have not been able, during the last three years, to pay up all expenses as they were incurred, and then have money enough left in the drawer to go to market to provide for the families dependent upon them. The fifth would be in the same predicament, were it not for the public crib whose ponderous doors are biennially opened to it. We see, then, that the printing patronage of a society or region of 4027 men is divided among seven presses; and the consequence of which is that the majority are not remunerated for their labors. And yet there are men, even conductors of newspapers, who inculcate the dogma, that competition is the life of business. In the better part of man—his intellectual nature—the attrition of minds, engaged in the same pursuits, augments instead of diminishing the stamina of their life; and mental conflict or competition is in truth the life of the mind. Not so with the individual, material man, in his efforts to earn bread. To make the bread of labor sure, there must be a co-operation among the different wings of the Industrial Army. And such an organization is just as attainable by the joint efforts of intelligence and industry, as the appointments of any military array that ever marched forth to drench the ground with blood. A proper understanding of the real causes of the uncertain tenure and the inadequate rewards of labor, will soon suggest to an intelligent mind the remedy. And as competition in industrial pursuits begets embarrassments, suretyships, usury bankruptcy, with a thousand other evils still worse, so an Association of industrial pursuits will ensure profitable employment and a vast reduction of expenditure to all thus becoming associated.

Our convictions on this point are of eighteen months' continuance; and instead of wearing away, they sink deeper every time our thoughts revolve about them.

To the mass, competition is death, rather than life. It not only makes the laborer and his children wan and lank and ragged in body, but it starves the mind, the soul and the spirit. Not only is man thus compelled, by a false system of society, to strive against his brother, but machinery, too, is continually wedging itself in among the workers, to elbow them away from their bread. Man has a right to labor, and yet a capitalist can at any time, by means of his machines, cut off men from that right; and all from the want of intelligence among the disjointed, conflicting, competing masses. In our own business scarcely a week passes without a call for charity from some craftsman wandering over the country, searching in vain for employment. Within the week previous to writing this, there have been two in our village; stout, hearty, intelligent men; able and willing to work, but unable to procure employment. In the city of New York there are 20,000 persons daily on the streets, seeking for jobs of work. The whole structure of society, in its bearings upon labor, rests, or rather it totters, upon a false basis of antagonistic principles. The bone and sinew of the country, its labor, excites no earnest, no intense interest in the deliberations of our statesmen, no investigations in the press, no philanthropic impulse from the pulpit. Political parties have their organizations, so have the different churches. Even the follies of men, such as the sports of the turf; their crimes, such as gaming, counterfeiting, highway robbing, all these have a net-work of organization, securing each other's support in emergencies, by ties as strong as guaranteeism could make it. The courts of justice, the army, the navy and all the departments of government are brought to a perfect system. The only thing left in total anarchy, as if unworthy of thought, is Labor, the most important interest of all, the very foundation of the social edifice. The body of our industrial power is diseased. The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. The press might at least call out for a physician to examine the patient; and if the Congress of the United States were called in to consult upon the case, a correct diagnosis might be soon effected. In one short year, by organizing industry on a small scale, the true therapeutic method to be adopted might also be demonstrated. Why should the intellect of the land subserve the schemes of politicians and office-seekers; while the laborers, those whose toil and skill produce the wealth of the land, are, for the want of a systematic direction of their industry, working against each other? They might and they should be so organized, that all would co-operate for their own glory and the general good."

Do not forget the Industrial Congress to be held on the 14th inst. in New York. An article in reference to this will be found in another part of to-day's paper. The Call, signed by several well known friends of Industrial Reform, is on our last page.

THE WOMEN OF THE BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

We see that the usual call for the annual Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, has been put forth this year by an increased number of ladies.

We bid them God-speed: for though we look upon the course pursued by the abolitionists as inadequate to the object they have in view, and see no hope for the chattel slave but in the annihilation of all kinds of slavery, yet brave and warm hearts are stirred by their appeals, and few who earnestly endeavor to repair one rotten spot in the frame-work of society, but will, if clear sighted enough, sooner or later see that the whole is so fastened together, and so far decayed, as to render partial remedies useless, and to require a thorough overhauling.

We did not, however, take pen in hand to make remarks upon Slavery or Anti-Slavery. Far other thoughts were excited within us, on reading the call referred to. In the long list which follows it, are the names of many women whom we know to be fitted for any position, and capable of any work, for which Society will open a sphere to them. Of some of them it may be said, that by their lives they have proved their capacity, their integrity, and their common sense; in short, that they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves.

And yet these women are slaves! "Many of them do not bear their own names, but are called by the names of their legal masters; they are in a state of perpetual minority, and cannot dispose of anything which belongs to them, not even of the products of their own labor. They have no voice before the law in the marriage of their children," and unless they do violence to all the feelings and prejudices in which they have been educated, and place themselves in opposition to society, "they must submit, and follow their masters to the ends of the earth."

Many of the women whose names are thus brought before the public, as advocates for the chattel slave, are, as we have said, themselves slaves, and those of them who are not so, have either been rendered partially free by the death of their masters, or have not yet entered that state, to which society and their own inherent nature, impel them all.

In all ages and under all circumstances, the stronger, who are the law-givers, have known how to make laws, which reduce the weak to a state of subjection and slavery. In our social relations, man has so reduced woman. It matters not that the oppressor makes himself unhappy and miserable by the very act which brings the oppressed into such a condition. This is a universal law, which by no means alters the fact. It matters little

that the slave knows not the degradation to which he is reduced, and by means of craft or management can in some measure modify his unfortunate position, or so wind his chains with flowers, as to make them appear bright and pleasant in his eyes; this only shows the debasement of his soul, and the degree to which he has been cast down from the position for which he was born. The oppression and the slavery remain the same, but only the more melancholy, the more hopeless.

We call, then, upon the noble women who now use their efforts for the liberation of the chattel slave, to turn their attention to their own condition, and to that of their sex throughout the world, assuring them that they can do nothing efficiently for the freedom of others until they are themselves free. We know that many of them have signalized themselves by their advocacy of what is called "women's rights;" but by these words, we understand, not only freedom to speak in public, to vote, or to do many other things which are of trifling importance in our eyes, but social freedom also, freedom from the bonds which do absolutely degrade them from the equal rank which is their right, and deprive them of their true position, their power to use the faculties which God has given them, for their own service and the service of humanity.

We look, indeed, to woman for the regeneration of humanity, and to her social condition, as the gauge of the progress which the race has made. As a general rule, "*Social progress is in proportion to the progress of woman towards liberty, and the decline of the social order in proportion to the diminution of that liberty.*"

The social condition of woman is the pivot, the determining character, of each phase of social progress, and without a change in that condition, no change from one period to another is possible. To exemplify; the Turks may adopt most of the institutions of civilization, excepting monogamy; but so long as they retain their harems, they will remain barbarous; while we, on the other hand, need only to adopt that style of life, to fall at once from civilization to barbarism.

We are satisfied then, that no change for the better can take place in the condition of the human race, that is, the civilized portion of it, until justice is done to woman, and that, with this justice, will come the reign of love and purity upon the earth.

If we examine the various phases through which the human race has passed, in its progress towards its present state, we shall see the truth of the above rule, and acknowledge the love and wisdom of the Creator in making the advancement of the race depend upon the justice of the stronger towards the weaker sex.

In the savage state, women are the slaves, the hard working drudges of the men; in the patriarchal, a portion of them, the titular wives of the chiefs, have been elevated from that condition, into one which possesses certain rights before the law, and has an acknowledged social existence, while in the remainder, it has been modified in a trifling degree; in the barbarous state, women are no longer drudges, field laborers, but are looked upon as so many ornaments to the men; the subjects of their caprices, the amusers of their leisure moments, and as having value only so far as they contribute to the pleasure of their lords. In civilization, women have advanced to a condition which may be called half free. So long as they remain unmarried, they are considered by the law as equal to the men, except in a political point of view, and have a right to control their actions and their property; but the moment they are married, they descend from free-women into slaves, and are subjected to all the disabilities we have mentioned at the commencement of this article. We know it may be said, that women can live unmarried, and thus avoid this degradation; but the family tie is a necessity of human nature, and were woman not impelled to it by her own inclination, man has closed to her all other avenues to real life, and she must, in a manner, vegetate rather than live, if she refuses to enter it. Though we consider the political disabilities of woman as of trifling consequence compared with her social disabilities, yet they are important enough to drive into marriage many who would otherwise keep aloof from it, and so avoid the general degradation of their sex. For an exceptional organization is required to enable a woman to find a useful and consequently, happy sphere, out of the marriage state.

The rule we have mentioned applies to individuals as well as to society. The loss of social liberty to woman, involves her degradation, (we use the word in its scientific, and not in its ordinary sense), for as a general rule, the brightest, happiest, and most universal, consequently, the highest, part of woman's life, is before her marriage, before she becomes the property of any man. Do not the greater portion, even of those whose talents and acquirements might make them useful to society and ornaments of the human race, become fitted only to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer!" and is not this a melancholy fate for the half, and the best half, of the human race. What is the condition of those few who escape this almost inevitable lot? They are transformed by the necessity they feel for excitement, into devotees or frivolous votaries of fashion, and with some few hon-

orable exceptions, alas, how rare! become almost equally useless to society under either form.

From woman, we say again, must come the salvation of the race, and from woman necessarily, the salvation, the freedom, of her sex, which will carry with it the advancement of humanity. This is, moreover, not to be done by individual, but by concerted action, and we again call upon those noble spirits who feel in themselves the capacity and the inclination to labor, not for selfish and partial objects, but for a universal end, to coöperate and use their efforts for a purpose which will effect the liberation of the chattel slave sooner than any other means. Let them unite in the endeavor to open the eyes of their own sex to the condition of semi-slavery in which most of them live, and in determining upon measures which shall appear, after wise and earnest consideration, best fitted to effect their emancipation. Let them prove to men, by irrefragable arguments, as they can, that the happiness and advancement of the race depend upon woman's assuming her true and equal position in society, and they will effect their purpose. When this shall have been accomplished, with the abrogation of all laws degrading to woman, and with her restoration to her true rank, will necessarily come the abolition of all slavery, and of all the disabilities with which the larger portion of the human race is now afflicted, for the nominal advantage of the smaller.

Had the noble women who have from time to time appeared upon the stage of human life, seen clearly the condition to which man has reduced their sex generally, and been true to their own convictions of right and justice, this might have been effected long ago. Had they but supported and upheld those who have dared to lift their heads above the down-trodden mass, and loudly proclaim their right to the liberty which God intends for all his creatures, the world would now be in a state far different from its present wretched and miserable condition. But, alas! even those who knew better, have surrendered those exceptional spirits to the contempt and obloquy of the mass, and have not found courage enough to stand by those who were willing to become martyrs for the sake of their sex, and of humanity. Martyrs they were, nor was their self-sacrifice useless, for already the seeds of truth which they have sown, are springing up, and will in time bear an abundant harvest. In this field, pure and high-minded women must be the laborers, and no grudging, no self-sparing work must be theirs; they must count neither the hours or the days, but give their whole time, their whole lives, to the task. They too, must for a time endure contempt and

obloquy, and be willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of humanity. But the consciousness of their purpose will support them during their trials, and the crowning triumph will be a recompense more than sufficient for all they have to undergo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAYDENVILLE, Sept 22, 1845.

Messrs. Editors :

Permit me to invite the attention of your justice-loving readers and friends, to the condition of that interesting portion of humanity — the Factory Girls.

In doing so I intend merely to speak of a few of the privations which they are compelled to endure in this place, where I know what they are.

In the first place they must be deprived of home, with all its endearing associations and sacred influences, the society of brothers and sisters, and cherished friends, to become the companions of strangers; possessing neither the education nor moral principle requisite to prepare them for being fit companions for those who seek to become intelligent and useful members of society.

When they arrive at the factory, they must submit to all the tyrannical regulations necessary for making themselves as profitable as may be, for the employer. Nothing is left untried to effect this object; every consideration of choice, taste, privilege, and right, must be disregarded, when they conflict with the great object of the manufacturer in "getting gain."

The bell, whose voice should alternately invite to united, attractive, and cheerful labor and recreation, is made to utter the odious voice of tyranny; forever calling its poor victims to their never varying, monotonous, life-consuming toil; they must be in when the bell rings, and remain there until it rings for their departure.

They are deprived of boarding where they please, unless they submit to the rule of boarding at the companies' boarding houses, under a penalty of having a shilling a week deducted from their hard earnings.

By this rule, which has been adopted the present year, a poor widow, living in the neighborhood, loses fifty cents a week on her daughters' board, because they choose to board at home. Several other poor families suffer in the same way.

Those who board at the regular boarding houses are deprived of the necessary accommodations for making their situation comfortable and agreeable; being restricted to the smallest possible amount of room, and furniture.

The sleeping apartments are about 9

by 10 feet; these are each furnished with two beds, and occupied by four girls.

The two beds and a small stand make up the list of furniture. The rooms contain no chairs, no table, no wash-stand, no closet. These are all the accommodations the very wealthy manufacturers allow these poor girls for sleeping apartment, closet, drawing room, sitting room and parlor.

Another most unjust and oppressive rule to which they must submit, is to have a good part of their daily earnings filched from them, by compelling them to take one half of their earnings in goods from the store, at the most unreasonable prices.

D. E. R.

OUR SUCCESS.

TRUMBULL PHALANX, Sept. 13, 1845.

R. M. RIDDLE: Sir, — I have the pleasure of informing the public, through the columns of the Commercial Journal, that we consider the success of our Association as entirely certain. We have made our fall payment of five hundred dollars, and, what is perhaps more encouraging, we are at this moment engaged in industrial operations which yield us thirty dollars, cash, each week. The waters are now rising, and in a few days, we, in addition to these works which are now in operation, will add as much more to the above revenue. The Trumbull Phalanx may now be considered as an entirely successful enterprise.

Our crops will be enough to carry us through. Last year we paid over a thousand dollars for provisions. We have sixty-five acres of corn, fifty-five of oats, twenty-four of buckwheat, thirty of wheat, twenty of rye, 12 of potatoes, and two of broom corn. Our corn, owing to the excellent soil and superior skill of the foreman of the Farming Department, is the best in all this region of country. Thus we have already one of the great advantages of Association, in securing the services of the most able and scientific, not for individual, selfish good, but for public good. We are fortunate, also, that we shall be able to keep all our stock of fifty cows, &c., and not be obliged to drive them off or kill them, as the farmers do around us, for we have nearly fodder enough from our grains alone. Thus we are placed in a situation for building up an Association, for establishing a perfect organization of industry, by means of the Groups and Series, and in education of the monitorial manual labor system, and hence demonstrate that order and not civilization is Heaven's first law.

Some eight or ten families have lately left us, one-fourth because they had been in the habit of living on better food, (so they said), but the remainder because they were averse to our carrying out the principles of Association as far as we thought they ought to be carried; and they left, receiving in return whatever they asked of us. They who enter Association, ought first to study themselves, and learn which stage of Association they are fitted for, the Transitional or the Perfect. If they are willing to endure privations, to eat coarse food, sometimes, with no meat, but with milk for a substitute, (this is a glorious resort for the

Grahamites,) live on friendly terms with an old hat or coat, rather than have the society run in debt, and to have patience when many things go wrong, and are willing to work long and late to make them go right, they may consider themselves fitted for the transition period. But if they sigh for the flesh pots and leeks and onions of civilization, feel melancholy with a patch on their back, and growl because they cannot have eggs, and honey, and warm biscuit and butter for breakfast, they had better stay where they are, and wait for the advent of perfect industrial Association. I am thus trifling in contrast, for there is nothing so serious, hearty, and I might add, sublime, as the building up of a Phalanx, making and seeing it grow, day by day, and anticipating what fruits we shall enjoy, when a few years are past. Why the heart of man has never yet conceived what are to be the results of the equilibrial development of all the powers and faculties of man. It is like endeavoring to comprehend the nature and pursuits of a spiritual and superior race of beings.

We are prepared to receive members, who are desirous of uniting their interests with us, and of becoming truly devoted to the cause of Industrial Association.

Yours, truly,
N. C. MEKKER.
Pittsburgh Journal.

COLUMBIAN PHALANX, }
September 10, 1845, }

DEAR FRIEND:

..... If I have said aught in high toned language of our future prospects, preserve it as *truth*, — sacred as Holy Writ. *We are in a prosperous condition.* The little difficulties which beset us for a time, arising from lack of means, and which the world magnified into destruction and death, have been dissipated.

Our crops of grain are the very best in the State of Ohio, a very severe drought having prevailed in the north part of the State. We could, if we wished, sell all our corn on the ground. We have one hundred and fifty acres, every acre of which will yield one hundred bushels. We have cut one hundred acres of good oats. Potatoes, pumpkins, melons, &c., are also good. We are now getting out stuff to build a Flouring Mill in Zanesville, for a Mr. Beaumont; two small groups, of seven persons each, make \$25 per day at the job. We have the best hewed timber that ever came to Zanesville; and it is used in all the mills and bridges in this region. Plenty to eat, drink and wear, with \$300 per week coming in, all from our own industry, imparts to us a tone of feeling of a quite different zest, to an abundance obtained in any other way. The world has watched with anxious solicitude, our capacity to survive alone; now that we have gained shore, we find extended to us the right hand of the capitalist and the laboring man; they beg permission to join our band.

You are already aware, no doubt, that the Beverly Association has joined. The Integral, having failed to obtain the location they had selected, some of the members have united their efforts with us. Tell Mr. W——, of Alleghany, to come here; tell him for me that all danger is out of the question. Please by all means tell Mr. — to come here; tell him what I have written. Tell —,

of Beaver, to come and see us, and say to him that you have always failed in depicting the comforts and pleasures of Association. And in fine, say to all the Associationists in Pittsburg, that we are doing well—even better than we ourselves ever expected, and if they wish to know more to judge for themselves, let them come and see us.

We have purchased fixtures for a new steam saw mill, with two saws and a circulator, and various other small machinery, all entirely new, which we will get into operation soon.

Yours, J. R. W. — *lb.*

CLERMONT PHALANX, }
September 13, 1845: }

..... I am pleased to have to inform you, that we are improving since you were amongst us. We have had an accession of members since you were here, three single men, and two with families. One of them attends the saw-mill, which he understands, and the others are carpenters and joiners, which we much need.

We are now hard at work on our large brick edifice: we are fitting up a large dining-hall in the rear of it, with kitchen, wash-house, bakery, &c.

..... We think we shall get into it in about five weeks from this time. We now all sit down to the Phalanx table, and have done so for about six weeks, and all goes on harmoniously. How much better is this system, than each family to have their own table, their own dining-room, kitchen, &c. We have admitted several other members, who have not yet arrived. We have applications before us from several members of the Ohio Phalanx. How much I regret that these people were compelled to abandon so beautiful a location as Pultney Bottom, merely for want of money to carry on their operations. Their experience is the same as ours, though their movement failed. They have become confirmed Associationists; they know that living together is practicable; that the Phalanstery is man's true home; and the only one in which he can enjoy all the blessings of earthly existence, without those evils which flesh is heir to, in false civilization. *x. w. v. — lb.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY. It is stated that the publication of the "True American" will be resumed; but it is not stated whether in Lexington or Cincinnati. Mr. Clay writes a letter to the Cincinnati Committee, from which the following paragraphs are extracted:—

"I hope I shall always be able to show, that I am neither a 'madman' or a 'fanatic.'

"They who sent back from Thermopylae the sublime message, 'Go tell it at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws'—the Roman who returned to captivity and to death that his country might be saved,—Sydney, Hampden, and Russell—Emmett, who uttered the mighty instincts of a great soul, 'the man dies, but his memory lives'—Adams who exclaimed 'Survive or perish, I am for the declaration'—Henry, who cried 'Give me liberty or give me death'—were all, in these men, 'madmen' and 'fanatics.'

"With regard to the Press, I would briefly remark, that my banner, 'God and Liberty' will never be struck.

"Though overpowered by numbers, I have the same unconquerable will and defiant spirit, as though the day had not gone against me. It is for those who fight for the wrong, to despair in defeat.

"I shall not 'die through mortification' as my enemies would have it. I trust I shall yet live to see those who, on the 18th of August, 1845, rose in arms, overpowered the civil authorities and overthrew the constitutional liberties of the state, and established on its ruins an irresponsible despotism, hurled from their usurped places of fancied security, and Kentucky yet made free.

"If, however, this be a vain hope, still I will not repine, for I should feel prouder to have fallen with her honor, than to have ingloriously triumphed with my enemies over the grave of the liberties of my country."

SHOE PEGS. A writer in the Boston Evening Traveller, says: Perhaps you have not seen what I have, many and many a time, a shoemaker take a block of maple wood, and with his hammer and knife, split off a piece for pegs; then pare, point, and split off his pegs at the rate of ten a minute. Well, instead thereof, you may now go into a peg mill and see saws, knives, and chisels, driven by water power, and forty bushels of pegs all pointed, smoothed and polished, turned out in a day. I cannot describe the process to you, but only say, they are made *as neat as a pin*, the last process being to put them into a large cask, which is kept revolving long enough for the friction of each peg against its neighbor to do the business of polishing itself to a charm. They are put up in clean cotton bags of a bushel each, and sent to Boston. This Yankee peg is now exported and used in the shoe shops of London!

EUGENE SUE has terminated the *Juif Errant* with an epilogue, in which he declares the motives which have governed him in writing it. It commences by refuting the charge that he has systematically endeavored to undermine the Catholic Church and Jesuitism. He has indeed rebuked certain dangerous jesuitical doctrines which have, and may again be highly injurious, but this was a literary accident, for his dominant thoughts dwelt on a higher and graver question. He has been accused of having endeavored to excite the rancor of the poor against the rich, and even the envy which the splendor of wealth animates among the unfortunate. To this he answers that he has, on the contrary, endeavored, in the creation of Adrienne de Cardoville, to personify that portion of the aristocracy of name and fortune, who, animated as much by a noble and generous impulse, as by a recollection of the past and a presentiment of the future; extend, or should extend, a charitable and fraternal hand, to all who retain honesty in company with poverty, to all who are ennobled by labor. Is it, in one word, sowing the seeds of division between the rich and the poor, to show Adrienne de Cardoville, the beautiful and rich patrician, calling La Mayeux her sister, and treating with a sister's love the miserable and infirm op-

erative? Is it exciting the workmen against the employer, to paint Mr. Francois Hardy, establishing a maison commune? No! he has endeavored to effect a reconciliation between the two extremities of the social scale, and for the last three years written these words: *SI LES RICHES SAVAIENT!* Mr. Sue concludes his work by expressing his gratitude to those of his friends in Belgium and Switzerland, who have given him public proofs of their sympathy, and to his friend M. Camille Pleyel, to whom it is dedicated, for having encouraged and sustained him during its long and laborious composition. M. Pleyel is at the head of a celebrated manufactory of pianos, and is noted for his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his workmen. A subscription has been opened to have a medal struck and presented to Mr. Sue, as a testimony of the gratitude felt for his zealous labors, by all who desire the emancipation of labor, and the fraternal union of all classes. It is also proposed to establish a model *maison commune*, bearing his name, to carry out his favorite scheme of enabling laborers to reap directly the fruits of their industry, without the intervention of the speculating employers, by an organization of labor not unlike that proposed by Fourier. The subscriptions to the medal are limited to ten cents each, that all classes may contribute. — *Atlas.*

FREDERICA BREMER. A series of "Letters from Sweden," has the following paragraph in relation to the parentage and personal appearance of the piquant authoress, whose fame has reached from Central Europe to America:—

"Frederica Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, a rich merchant and proprietor of mines, she resided at Schoned, and subsequently with a female friend in Norway. She now lives with her mother and sister alternately in the Noorlands Gaten, at Stockholm, or at their country seat at Arsta. If I were to talk to you about Miss Bremer's romances, you would laugh at me, for you are doubtless ten times better acquainted with them than I am. But you are curious, perhaps, to learn something about her appearance, and that I can tell you. You will not expect to hear that Miss Bremer, a maiden lady of forty, retains a very large share of youthful bloom; but, independently of that, she is really anything but handsome. Her thin, wrinkled physiognomy, is however, rendered agreeable by its good humored expression, and her meagre figure has the benefit of a neat, simple, style of dress. From the style of her writings I used always to take her to be a governess; and she looks exactly like one. She knows that she is not handsome, and on that account has always refused to have her portrait taken. The one they sell of her in Germany is a counterfeit, the offspring of an artist's imagination, stimulated by speculative booksellers. This summer there was a quizzing paragraph in one of the Swedish papers, saying that a painter had been sent direct from America to Rome and Stockholm, to take portraits of the Pope, and Miss Bremer."

CONSUMING SMOKE. A French official committee on steam engines, lately appointed the chief engineer of the mines to

pursue experiments for determining a mode of obviating or curing the smoke of boilers and engines. It is stated in the *Moniteur* that he has entirely succeeded. The operation was on Belgian coal, which emits the most smoke. The smoke is consumed (burnt) by means of the abundant introduction of air. Hereafter steam factories will not be uncomfortable neighbors; the black and thick smoke gives place to a light and whitish vapor. London may rejoice. The great boilers in the royal manufactories of tobacco are to be subjected to new experiments. The government, it is added, will soon publish a practical manual for the service of iron and other factories in which coal is used. — *N. Y. Ev. Post.*

NEWSPAPERS. In Paris we see vast plans broached as to newspapers. "The Epoch," "The Universal," are names not too grand for these publications, should their prospectuses be carried into effect.

The Newspaper promises to become daily of more importance, and if the increase of size be managed with equal discretion, to draw within itself the substance of all other literature of the day. France, England and America, are the three fields in which this modern development can show its powers and tendency freely. The lightest leaf of Germany shows the high culture which pervades that country, and her gazettes are a great class-book for the People, but owing to the circumstance of Government, they can only partially represent the popular mind in its present life. In France and England there is an approximation to representing *both* in the journals of the day — especially in France, where not only men of the greatest practical ability and tact, but of correspondent literary attainments, are engaged in the conduct of these journals. But America will excel them all, when the character of her people shall have ripened, and her journals propose to themselves, not merely a great temporary circulation, but a long life of honor and truth. They will then be, indeed, the servants of the people — their best servants, because their candid and well instructed teachers. Such a time may come when through London, Paris, and New York — each the heart of its respective world — shall pour in pure and equal motion the best blood of the lives they animate. — *Tribune.*

HORRIBLE AGRARIANISM. In the British House of Commons, during a debate on the recent events in New Zealand, Mr. C. Buller, a member of the present conservative ministry, avowed the following (atrocious!) agrarian sentiments:

"It is preposterous to expect that the existence of such a population on portions of the soil of a vast country, ought to exclude the rest of mankind from turning the unoccupied soil to account — God gave the earth to man to use — not to the particular races, to prevent all other men from using. (Hear.) He planted the principle in us; he limited our existence to no particular soil or climate; but gave us the power to range over the wide earth. I apply to the savage no principle which I should not apply to the most civilized people of the world. If by any unimaginable calamity the population of France, for instance, were reduced from 35,000,000, which it now maintains, to 200,000, which is about the proportion of

New Zealand, and if those 200,000 were almost limited to Brittany and Normandy, and cultivated as the New Zealanders do, not more than one acre in a thousand, do you think that we should allow this handful of men to devote that fine country to perpetual embarrassment?" (Cheers.)

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Union of Reformers. Industrial Congress.

The evils that afflict society have been criticised by the progressive spirit of the age, and organized efforts have been made for their correction.

Every prominent abuse of the human faculties, every prevailing vice, every oppressive and degrading relation that prevails, has caused the friends of humanity to array themselves in bands, for the purpose of resisting, and if possible of eradicating some one or more of the evils that disgrace our age and country, and these bands have been justly entitled Reformers.

The Democratic party is an organization of reformers, whose principles tend to perfecting our political system, by securing to each citizen the greatest amount of individual independence, but they have made but little progress, because their leaders, corrupted by place and power, have almost always found that their interests were hostile to the principles of their constituents.

The Abolition movement, sincere, ardent, heroic with attacks upon chattel slavery, has not succeeded, because those engaged in it have not perceived that it was only one of the many modes of oppression that the productive labor has to endure, which every where condemn him to ignorance and want.

The Temperance reformers have done much real good, but they find a constant tendency to reaction, from the great inducements to accumulate wealth by a traffic injurious to society; from the too frequent profligacy of the rich, and from the despair of the weak, who fail in the universal conflict of interests, and from the merely animal education that is the lot of the mass.

The Peace Societies are built upon a noble foundation of justice and philanthropy, but must not expect success in establishing permanent peace, or its parent, justice, in the intercourse of nations, while the internal affairs of life are, in all their ramifications, established upon the right of conquest. Why shall not the laws, which create motives in all men to obtain from all their fellow citizens, by cunning, or any force not expressly forbidden in the law, all their lands, houses, goods, wares, and merchandize, also stimulate nations to foreign conquest and warlike aggression!

The Moral Reform Society and its auxiliaries are engaged in a noble attempt, but are entirely unable to stem the headlong tide of depravity, which is the natural result of the false and corrupting relation that exists between capital and labor; continually increasing the power of the luxurious idler, to spread the allurements to infamy in the presence of half-starved and squalid industrials.

Associationists, a rapidly increasing band of Reformers, are also earnest in their endeavors to evade the evils of the age, and by constructing a township upon principles of scientific justice, they hope to lead the way to a brighter future for Humanity.

The National Reformers aim to restore the Soil to the People, contending that the thing of first importance is to establish rights, and believing that Social and Moral Reform would almost necessarily follow.

Now the desideratum is that the different classes of Reformers should concentrate their efforts, and ascertain how best they can unite their forces against the common enemy. It seems impossible that they should affect this except by a convention representing all the different reforms of the day, and it is hoped that in this manner the work may be accomplished.

Pursuant, therefore, to the instructions of the National Convention of Reformers, assembled at Croton Hall on the 5th, 6th, and 7th, of May last, and pursuant to the instructions of the New England Workingmen's Convention held at Boston on the 28th and 29th of May last, we, the undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose, invite the Farmers, Mechanics, and other useful classes of the Union, and all the friends of Reform to send delegates, in number not exceeding the number of their State representatives for each locality, to a National Convention, to be commenced in the City of New York, on the second Tuesday of October next, and to continue in session, if possible, till a Constitution for an Industrial Congress shall be agreed upon.

PARKE GODWIN, BENJ. D. TIMMS,
GEORGE H. EVANS, WM. H. CHANNING,
A. E. BOYAT, ALBERT GILBERT,
RANSOM SMITH, Committee.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 7 A. M., and 2 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 9 1-2 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday excepted. N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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ALL THINGS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, STAND PROVIDED AND PREPARED, AND AWAIT THE LIGHT.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

NUMBER 18.

MISCELLANY.

CONFIRMATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF ASSOCIATION.

DRAWN FROM THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.
Translated for the Harbinger.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FOURIER.

"They be blind leaders of the blind."—
Matt. xv: 14.

"Therefore I speak to them in Parables; because they seeing, see not; and hearing, hear not; neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear and not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive."—Matt. xiii: 13. *et seq.*

And what is the cause of the blindness with which civilized nations are smitten? It is because they have neither faith nor hope in God. Those even who appear religious, have but a half belief in the Divine Wisdom; they imagine that God has not provided for his whole creation; they consult philosophers for the means of social happiness; they doubt the universality of Providence; they hope for no good result from the discovery of the laws of God.

Why such a homily? Is the author a pilgrim on his way from the holy sepulchre, or some anchorite returning from the desert? No, he is a man brought up in the midst of you, but who, trusting to a newly discovered guide, to a new science which your strong minds do not possess, is able to discover the way of egress from the political labyrinth in which you have wandered for so many centuries, to undeceive you concerning the vaunted title to superior understanding with which weak and superficial minds delight to clothe themselves. It will not be long before sentence of "folly" will be passed upon every age and every philosopher that has doubted the universality of Divine Providence.

I have heretofore shown that the two despised, and almost ridiculed virtues, faith, and hope in God, would have directly led men to discover the theory of the associative mechanism; I shall proceed upon the subject of destinies, and upon the want of faith which has for so long a

period deferred this important discovery.

Like Moses, who smote the rock twice, religious men seem to fear that God delays to interfere, when the human family implores his assistance, for its necessities; they are the weak disciples to whom Jesus Christ reproachfully said (Matt. vi: 31.) "O ye of little faith! Take ye no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," and again, (Luke xii: 24.) "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store house nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?"—and consequently more worthy of the solicitude of God.

Moses, as a punishment for his outrageous doubt of Divine Providence, was deprived of an entrance into the promised land; and in like manner the human race, as a penalty for its want of faith, is banished from the land promised to it in the Evangelists. The kingdom of heaven, or social harmony, was announced to men; they might have entered it at once, had they been willing to "see with their eyes, and hear with their ears;" To see the absurdity of the philosophical system called Civilization, always favorable to injustice and oppression; To hear the divine word which promises them the kingdom of heaven, even in this world, if they will only seek it? "*quaerite et invenietis, seek and ye shall find,*" said Jesus Christ.

In this essay, I shall endeavor to open their eyes by explaining the mysterious sense of a parable not comprehended even at this day, the parable of the *kingdom of heaven*, which the Messiah conceives in a double sense; he announces a kingdom of heaven *here as well as hereafter*, as is evinced by the promise of physical blessings, which he formally guarantees to men, so soon as they shall have found

the kingdom of God and his righteousness, social harmony, the image of the celestial kingdom, and the counterpart of the felicity promised to the elect in the life to come.

Jesus knew that in the next world, we should want neither food nor raiment; he speaks then, not of a future life, when he promises these earthly blessings; and as if to prevent all misunderstanding, he continues by saying, "he that hath ears to hear let him hear." It is enough to show us that the parable has a double signification, and that it must be reflected upon, to arrive at its true sense.

Different causes, which we shall hereafter explain, have hindered mankind from understanding this allegorical revelation of social destiny, and prevented a more full explanation of this subject by Jesus Christ. He clearly announces a kingdom of heaven, which shall come in this world, independent of the happiness promised in another; he shows that if we want for temporal goods, God would be less generous towards man, than towards the birds of the air. I shall set forth the true meaning of these words of the Messiah, in the two following articles, in which I shall examine, 1st, the errors in the interpretation of the holy scriptures, and 2d, the want of skill in the application of their wise precepts to our subject.

1st Point.—*Errors in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.*

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." No parable is better known, none less understood. Who are the poor in spirit of whom Jesus thus speaks? They are the men who keep themselves aloof from the false learning of uncertain philosophy, the rock on which genius is wrecked, the road to perdition, since it leads us astray from every useful study whence might arise the discovery of that social harmony, that kingdom of heaven and of righteousness which Jesus commands us to seek. He would forewarn us against the abuse of the mind, against the labyrinth of that philosophy condemned by its very authors, who say to its shame, "But

what nocturnal darkness yet hangs over Nature." (*Voltaire.*) "These libraries, the pretended treasures of sublime wisdom, are only an humiliating collection of errors and contradictions." (*Anacharsis.*)

Jesus teaches us that the true wisdom, the discovery of the associative mechanism, is reserved for those upright minds who shun sophistry and study attraction; such is the meaning conveyed in the following text, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that thou hast concealed these things from the wise and hast revealed them unto babes." *Matt. xi.*

There are then branches of knowledge which are reserved to the simple, among others the discovery of social harmony, to which philosophic minds could not attain. Thus in saying; "Blessed are the poor in spirit!" Jesus does not praise ignorance as railers would insinuate, for he himself astonished the doctors by his profound learning; he is not then an apologist for ignorance, but he testifies his displeasure with the scientific darklings who obstinately grope in the mire of civilization, and who refuse to seek for the new sciences which God will reveal to minds upright enough to distrust human reason, and modest enough to rally around the divine reason or collective attraction. This subordination will double their strength and conduct them to the desired end: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The allegorical language of the Holy Scriptures can never be clearly comprehended so long as we remain ignorant of the fact that there are new sciences and new social mechanisms to be discovered. Ignorance of the calculation of destinies spreads obscurity over several passages of scripture, where they are foretold *indirectly* or *allegorically*, prophecies which the most skillful commentators cannot explain in a satisfactory manner, by reason of their ignorance of the future social change, a change from false human societies, to the kingdom of righteousness and social harmony which these passages foreshew.

For example, how are these words of Jesus in the Evangelists to be explained, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell ye nay, but rather division; for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother, the mother-in-law against her daughter in law, &c. I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" *Luke.*

xii. Nevertheless, God is a God of peace and not of contention, said St. Paul; how strange then, to hear the angel of peace, the Redeemer, declare that he comes to bring every kind of discord upon earth! How many other passages of scripture must cause the same surprise, when we do not understand their true sense, which I shall set forth in a general way, because I cannot here enter into a detailed interpretation of them.

Two revelations are necessary to man for his guidance; That which has reference to the salvation of the soul has been made by Jesus Christ and the prophets; it is not an object of study but of *pure and simple faith*. That which concerns the destiny of societies, is revealed to us by attraction; it is an object of study, an object of *speculative faith*, of hope in the intervention of the Deity, and of a methodical research after his social code.

This second revelation is conditional; the social world may penetrate the mystery of happy destinies if it will only make the research; but it can never arrive at this knowledge without seeking for it. To this end Jesus said "Seek and ye shall find, ask, and ye shall receive, knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Do you believe that God has less care for you than he has for the birds of the air? *Luke xii.* But why search farther, if we can find no other lot than civilization, an abyss of miseries, reproducing always the same scourges under different forms?

There remains then without doubt some more happy order of society to be discovered, since the Saviour so earnestly excites us to seek after it. But why did he not himself enlighten us upon this point? Knowing the past and the future, comprehending the whole frame of destinies, according to this verse, "My Father hath put all things into my hands." *Matt. xi.*, could he not have instructed us as to our social destiny, instead of leaving the discovery to be made by men, whose foolish confidence in philosophy has deferred it for so many centuries.

To this objection I answer, that Jesus Christ was charged by his Father with a religious revelation alone, the social revelation being specially excepted from his teachings, as he himself says in these words, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." He carefully refrains from all concerns of government or social polity. He could not have informed men of their social destiny, without transgressing the decrees of his Father, who purposed that this discovery should be the work of reason and the reward of a true research after attraction. Jesus knowing this happy destiny, without being able to reveal it to us, often groaned in spirit, by reason of

the limit imposed upon him for according to *John iii*: "God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." This mission then was confined to the salvation of souls, the noblest part of our destiny; hence God entrusted this sublime office to his well-beloved son, reserving to human reason the secondary and inferior duty of working out the political salvation of society, through the discovery of the laws of God in the social mechanism, laws which can only be discovered by the calculations of attraction.

Jesus Christ not having it in his power to enlighten us upon this subject, nor to absolve us from investigations imposed upon us by his Father, limits himself to an allegorical announcement of the social destiny of man under the name of the kingdom of heaven; of which it is really a part by reason of the reign of righteousness, and because it is an image of the celestial harmonies. It is in allusion to this happy destiny, that Jesus says to us *in substance*; I open to you the way of the soul's salvation, for this is the most important of all; as for the body and human societies, they are yet in the abyss of injustice called civilization; my leaving you there, is the bringing upon you all the horror of discord, "the dissension of father with son, of mother-in-law with daughter-in-law," &c.; Obligated to conceal from you the issue from this social hell, "I am come to send fire upon the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled," *Luke xii.*

This desire of Jesus Christ, far from being malevolent is only a noble impatience to see philosophy heap up the measure of its errors, aggravate all the evils which it pretends to heal, and bring us at last from pure shame at our foolish confidence in her, to seek an exit from the political labyrinth into which she has plunged us.

Thus our divine master zealously opposes the sophists who would turn us from this study; he even curses them saying, "Wo unto you lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in, ye hindered." *Luke xi.*

True it is that the philosophers have taken the key of knowledge, for they have begun the calculation of attraction in a comparatively useless branch, and are unwilling that we should complete it in a useful path which may be a means of access even in this world to the kingdom of heaven. To shut us out from its entrance, they strive to render the study of man of difficult attainment by surrounding it with metaphysical subtleties, a study otherwise the most simple of all, and which only demands a mind free from prejudices, and

imbued with a child-like confidence in attraction. It is our duty to return to this natural reason to which Jesus Christ alludes when he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; Verily, verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter therein." Mark x.

In what consists this aptness of children to receive the kingdom of God? It is because they are led by attraction and not by mere moral speculation. They possess then the kind of spirit adapted to initiate itself in the calculation of attraction, which leads to the discovery of the kingdom of Heaven or the associative order of society. The fathers, on the contrary, wholly imbued with philosophic prejudices, are incapable of the calculations of attraction. Even one of their best writers Condillac addressing them reproachfully says: "Those who have studied least, comprehend better than those who have studied much, and yet better than those who have written much." In fact these men imbued with sophistry, are confounded with the least novelty which occurs out of their narrow circle, whilst the man of plain understanding and the child, less prejudiced against attraction are more disposed to undertake the easy study of it.

A great obstacle to the pursuit of true science by philosophers is the *selfism* with which they are imbued, all hidden as it is under the mask of philanthropy. Jesus earnestly reproaches them in these words, "how can ye being evil, speak good things?" Matt. xii. "Whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Matt. xxiii. In fact their civilization with which they are infatuated, rests only upon the most odious principles, such as the following. "There must be many poor in order that there may be a few rich; we must turn a deaf ear to the miseries inseparable from civilization," &c. Imbued with these selfish doctrines, they cannot raise themselves to a comprehension of the first principles of justice, such as the guarantee of a competency to the people, a concession explicitly required by Jesus Christ; for when the Pharisees reproached him, saying that his disciples did that which was unlawful upon the Sabbath day, he answered, "Have ye never read what David did when he had need, and was an hungered, he and they that were with him? How he entered into the house of God and did eat the shew bread, which is not lawful to eat, but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?" Mark ii. Jesus by these words renders the right of using that which is absolutely needful whenever the occasion may re-

quire, a sacred right, and this right implies the duty of assuring a competent support to the people; and so long as this duty is not recognised, no social compact can exist. It is the first principle, the very ground-work of charity; but this is a doctrine obstinately denied by philosophers, because they are ignorant of the means of securing this competence to the people; a concession perfectly impossible so long as we are not able to elevate ourselves to some one of the societies which are superior to civilization; at least to the society of Guaranteeism, the dawn of human social regeneration.

Fully comprehending the plans of social order and consequent social felicity, Jesus fully admits their consequences, such as the common enjoyment of well-being, and the practice of the virtues united to the enjoyment of the physical comforts of this world; he announces them to us in these words of Isaiah, lxi: 1. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, — he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." But how can liberty be given to captives, slaves and negroes, unless by the system of industrial attraction, which shall determine the masters upon the score of interest, to enfranchise their slaves (with mutual reciprocal guarantees), and thus deliver us from all social and domestic oppression?

Under all circumstances the Messiah exhorts us to live in a state of freedom from care and anxiety, provided we first seek the kingdom of righteousness, in which a perfect abundance of all temporal goods shall be enjoyed. A foretaste of this was given to the faithful by Jesus, when he turned the water into exquisite wine at the marriage of Cana of Galilee. Is it necessary that five thousand men should be fed, who confiding in his power have followed him into the desert? To satisfy their bodily wants, he performs the miracle of the loaves and fishes; it is a recompense for their faith and unhesitating confidence in him.

He himself illustrates his poverty in the good things of this world, by saying, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Matt. iii. Reproving the Jews because they reproached him with loving the pleasures of the table he says, "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and ye say behold a gluttonous man, and a wine bibber." Luke vii. Jesus answers them, "Widom is justified of her children." He decides wisdom to be quite compatible with the enjoyment of bodily comfort, and giving example as well as precept,

at the invitation of a pharisee he sits down to eat at a table spread with delicacies. A courtesan upon the occasion sprinkles him with perfumes, and while Jesus rebukes the pharisee for the censure he cast upon her, he addresses the woman thus, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, thy faith hath saved thee." Having compassion upon an oppressed sex, he pardons the adulterous woman and sinning Magdalen; and he says to us, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Mark xi.

We see from these words of scripture, that the divine master never shows himself the enemy of riches or pleasures; he demands only that to the enjoyment of these goods, we should join a lively faith, because it is that faith which must lead us to a discovery of the associative mechanism, of the kingdom of heaven, where all these good things "shall be added unto us." He does not blame a desire for wealth, save with reference to the vices which are practiced, to secure it in civilization; when he says "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," he censures in the parable, the injuries and acts of oppression committed by civilizes, in the attainment of wealth, and complains of these crimes saying, "From the days of John the Baptist, until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Matt. xi. In this text, the kingdom of heaven is emblematic of the temporal welfare seized upon by iniquity; but to excite the mind to a research after the kingdom of righteousness, and to protect us against the suggestion of a philosophy, which cries out "impossibility." Jesus shows the falsity of the assumption by saying, "There is nothing hid which shall not be revealed, and nothing secret which shall not be known." Luke, xi.

In fact, all might easily have been discovered, provided that in the investigation two qualities had been exercised, so strongly recommended by Jesus Christ, namely the simplicity of the child in the study of attraction, and faith in the promises of the Messiah, who assures to us, the advent of the kingdom of righteousness, provided we seek with full confidence, with that living faith *which will remove mountains*, an allusion to the strength of mind which faith affords for the solution of the gigantic problems of universal harmony which are deemed impracticable. They are at last resolved but they would have remained insolvable to blind generations, who, according to Mark xiii., abandon the law of God, (the divine beacon of attraction) to attach themselves to the tradition of men, to the false lights of philosophy.

I have shown that men, so long as they are ignorant of the happy destiny of which the Holy Scriptures contain the

figurative prediction, cannot truly appreciate their meaning. In opposition to this interpretation, it is vain to quote certain phrases, where the Messiah expresses himself in general and brief terms as follows, "my kingdom is not of this world." If it is not at this present time, it is because the divine law of the mechanism of the passions is neither known nor established; but this debased world may raise itself to a state of harmony under the reign of the virtues; and then it will become as much the kingdom of Jesus Christ, as the civilized, barbarian, and savage world, is the kingdom of Satan and Moloch. [My kingdom is not of this world, inasmuch as the kingdoms of this world are founded upon violence and constraint, whilst mine will be founded upon passionate attraction.]

Indeed Jesus Christ would not desire to reign over worlds which are the image of hell, but he would acknowledge us worthy of his sceptre, when obedient to his voice we seek and find that kingdom of righteousness whose pleasures he pictures forth in a parallel of which John the Baptist is the subject. "Verily I say unto you among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he," — Luke vii.; and in like manner the poorest man in the approaching kingdom of righteousness and harmony shall surpass in happiness the richest civilizee.

We will close this commentary by saying in the words of Jesus Christ to the civilized nations, "Do ye not err, because ye know not the scriptures neither the power of God!" Mar. xii., (of a God whose will is interpreted by attraction.) And again Jesus says, "Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this life nor in the life to come."

Why is such indulgence shown to blasphemy of the Father and Son, whilst an offence against the Holy Ghost is unpardonable? It is because the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, being the organ of the other two persons of the Trinity in unity, an insult to the Holy Spirit is resisting his collective impulse would be an outrage committed against the Trinity. This impulse is communicated to us by attraction whose collective developments, the collective tendency to the mechanism of the passionate series and universal unity we are left to determine. (This I say in answer to my calumniators, who pretend that I consider the individual attractions displayed in civilization as good, attractions which are always hurtful when exercised out of the passionate series.)

It is to excite us to this study of attraction, that Jesus Christ pardons the insults of which he was the object, but by no means forgives the blasphemy of the Holy Spirit, who, through the medium of attraction, is the constant interpreter of the decrees of the Holy Trinity upon the subject of social harmony. He who blasphemes the Father, or the Son, injures himself alone, and merits only displeasure, perhaps indulgence; but a philosopher who outrages the Holy Spirit, by opposing the calculation of attraction, injures the whole human family, by concealing from it its destiny, and removing its happiness to a greater distance; he deserves favor neither in this world nor in the world to come. We have thus clearly shown that the scriptures in certain mysterious passages, had need of an interpreter, guided by new knowledge. It now remains for us to speak of our incapacity to put in practice the good precepts with which they are interspersed: this will be the subject of the second article.

LIFE'S WORK.

All around thee, fair with flowers,
Fields of Beauty sleeping lie;
All around thee clarion voices
Call to Duty stern and high.

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win thee
From the work ordained of Heaven.

To remove the wide-spread darkness,
That the light of Truth may shine;
And recall the child of Error
To Jehovah's holy shrine —

To unbind the iron fetter
Of the maimed and wretched slave;
To uplift the long degraded,
Sin's abandoned victim save —

To encourage suffering virtue,
Lest despairing it shall die,
And the light of hope rekindle
In the darkened, vacant eye.

Cheerfully of thine Abundance
To the Sick and Poor impart,
And lift up the weight of Sorrow
From the crushed and burthened heart.

This, the work ordained of Heaven,
This is thine, and this for all —
O be faithful; ever ready
To obey the Heavenly call.

Follow every voice of Mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart;
And in all Life's earnest labor
Be thou sure to do thy part.

Now, TO-DAY, and not to-morrow,
Work, O work with all thy might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, TO-DAY, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
Thou too, mournfully departing,
Shalt have left thy work undone. — Trib.

THE WICKEDNESS OF WANT. When we see ladies and gentlemen driving about in their vehicles, fine almost as the carriage of the sun — when we see them clothed in the richest and best — when we know that they have their town palaces and their country palaces — when their sumptuous banquettings, are trumpeted through the columns of the *Morning Post* — it is to us a matter of surprise and sorrow that none of the offenders are made to answer for their manifold transgressions against a multitude of their fellow-creatures. We cannot understand why they escape the police-court. And yet, we doubt not, so strong are the prejudices of the world, so deep its reverence for the majesty of wealth, that were any Christian champion to call upon them to answer for their misdoings, — he, the aforesaid champion, would be speedily consigned to the inspection of a couple of doctors, preparatory to his committal to a madhouse. Imagine the Duke of Manystars charged before Mr. Greenwood with superfluity. Imagine a summons issued against his Grace for that he has half-a-dozen carriages, whereas thousands of his fellow-men trudge bare-footed; that he has as many mansions, whereas thousands have not a roof to cover them; that he dines every day in the Apollo, — while multitudes of his fellow creatures never dine at all. Now if Christianity be any thing more than the *Tales of the Genii* — such charges preferred against a rich man could not be considered so very preposterous. Surely they would not be so wide of its spirit as many most respectable church-goers might, at the first blush, believe. Their first astonishment a little subsided at the extravagance of the charge, and some time granted them to consult their Testaments, though they might still very strongly protest against the inconvenience of such charges to the rich and well-to-do, they could not, with any Christian face, condemn them as wholly subversive of the principles of the religion that, in comfortable pews, they once a week sacrifice to. "Charged and indicted for superfluity!" A man of monstrous wealth placed at the bar, to answer for his manifold possessions!

Well, we will allow that a man so indicted, would create much amazement — would attract to himself a world of sympathy. But we contend that the spectacle of such an offender would, in the eyes of true Christianity, be less monstrous than that of a son of Adam, charged with destitution! It is not an indictable offence to possess two or three hundred feather beds, but it is a social wickedness — an affront put upon the possessors of even one pallet — for a man to make his couch of a door-step. A case in the *Cork Examiner* — commented upon by the *Times* — strongly illustrates this wickedness of want. One Jane Coffee and Cornelius Connell were indicted, and tried before Mr. Justice Burton, 'as vagrants having no fixed residence or mode of living.' Well, their very looks convicted them. The case presented no knotty point to the jury: the atrocity of their destitution — the infamy of their having nothing, spoke for itself — was too apparent in their haggard faces, in their 'looped wretchedness.' Whereupon the Judge directed them each to find sureties for their good behavior for six months, to the amount of £5 — that is, two sureties of fifty shillings; telling them moreover,

that 'if they did not, they would be transported for seven years!'

Thus, your half-naked, houseless Adam is a felon, by the iniquity of his destitution. This is a beautiful world about us, teeming with plenty in its many forms, and the man who in this Land of Promise has neither milk nor honey, is a varlet to be chastized for his nothingness. To be sure, if he visits the dairy of another—if he rob the bee-hives of his neighbor, he is equally indictable for the wickedness of his ways. A hard case this for the ragged Adam of the nineteenth century. Chains and slavery if he have nothing, and if he steal from others who have too much—chains and slavery. It is a terrible truth, and strongly indicative of the inborn badness of want, that, let us search our statute-books centuries back, and we shall find poverty to have been always in the wrong. Man obtains virtue only with the goods of this world.

Nevertheless, when we read such cases as that of Jane Coffee and Cornelius Connell—when we hear starving, hopeless indigence 'charged' with destitution,—we should like to find a companion for the felon: it would give us a curious pleasure to contrast at the Bar beggarly want with plethoric wealth: and having sworn in a Jury—mind, a Jury with Christianity as described by its Founder—we should like, when the pauper culprit—the offender 'charged with destitution,' was disposed of,—we should much like to hear the verdict on the criminal indicted for superfluity. It is, in faith, a startling picture to contemplate a Dives on the tread-mill; and yet, according to our faith, he is in a much worse predicament.

'Charged with destitution.' Well, the Evil One—we are sure of it, from the horrid contradictions we sometimes see about us—has his Jest Book, and this is one of his bitterest pleasantries. — *Punch*.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

II.

When she found herself again in the midst of the down-cast and silent family, she felt full of animation and hope, and reproached herself for the severity with which she had secretly blamed the apathy of those deeply afflicted people. Count Christian and the Canoness ate almost nothing at breakfast, and the chaplain did not dare satisfy his appetite; Amelia appeared to be the victim of a violent fit of ill-humor. When they rose from table, the old count stopped for an instant at the window, as if to look at the gravel-walk from the rabbit-warren, by which Albert might return, and bent his head sadly as if to say: "Another day which has begun badly, and will finish in the same manner!" Consuelo endeavored to divert them by playing on the harpsichord some of the latest religious compositions of Porpora, to which they always listened with peculiar admiration and interest.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

She was distressed at seeing them so overwhelmed, and at not being able to tell them that she felt some hope. But when she saw the Count take his book, and the Canoness her needle, when she was called to the embroidery-frame of the latter, to decide whether a certain figure should have blue stitches or white, in the centre, she could not prevent her strongest interest from returning to Albert, who was perhaps dying from fatigue and exhaustion, in some corner of the forest, without knowing how to find his way back, or lying on some cold stone, overcome by dreadful catalepsy, exposed to wolves and snakes, whilst under the skillful and persevering hand of the tender Wenceslawa, the most brilliant flowers seemed to expand by millions on the canvass, watered, sometimes, by a secret but sterile tear. As soon as she could engage in conversation with the pouting Amelia, she inquired of her who was that very deformed crazy man, who traversed the country, singularly dressed, laughing like a child at persons whom he met. "Ah! it is Zdenko!" replied Amelia. "Had not you met him before in your walks? One is sure of meeting him everywhere, for he lives nowhere!"

"I saw him this morning for the first time," said Consuelo, "and thought that he must be the invited guest of the Schreckenstein."

"It is there, then, that you have been walking since dawn! I begin to think you are slightly crazed yourself, my dear Nina, to go thus alone at early morning into desert places, where you may have worse encounters than that of the inoffensive Zdenko."

"Be accosted by some hungry wolf!" replied Consuelo laughing; "it seems to me that the carbine of the Baron, your father, should cover all the country with its protection."

"It is not merely wild beasts," said Amelia; "the country is not so free as you imagine, from the worst animals in creation, brigands and vagabonds. The wars which have just finished have ruined so many families, that many beggars are in the habit of going to the length of soliciting alms, pistol in hand. There are also, swarms of those Egyptian Zingari, whom in France they have done us the honor to call Bohemians, as if they were aborigines of our mountains, from having infested them at the commencement of their appearance in Europe. These people, driven away and repulsed everywhere, cowardly and obsequious before an armed man, might well be bold with a young girl like you; and I fear that your fancy for adventurous walks will expose you more than becomes a person so proper as my dear Porporina affects to be."

"Dear Baroness," replied Consuelo,

"though you seem to consider the tooth of a wolf as a slight danger compared with those which threaten me, I confess to you that I fear it much more than I do the Zingari. The latter are old acquaintances of mine, and in general, it is difficult for me to be afraid of poor, weak and persecuted beings. It seems to me that I shall always know how to say to those people what will secure me their confidence and sympathy; for ugly, badly dressed and despised as they are, it is impossible for me not to be particularly interested in them."

"Bravo, my dear!" cried Amelia with increasing bitterness. "You have arrived quite at Albert's fine sentiments in regard to beggars, robbers, and foreigners; and I shall not be astonished to see you one of these mornings, walking like him, leaning on the rather dirty and infirm arm of the agreeable Zdenko!"

These words struck Consuelo with a ray of light which she had sought from the commencement of the conversation, and which consoled her for the bitterness of her companion. "Count Albert then lives on good terms with Zdenko!" she asked with an air of satisfaction which she did not think of concealing.

"He is his most intimate, his most precious friend," replied Amelia with a disdainful smile. "He is the companion of his walks, the confidant of his secrets, the messenger, they say of his correspondence with the devil. Zdenko and Albert are the only ones who dare go at all hours and converse respecting the most abstruse divine matters upon the Stone of Terror. Albert and Zdenko are the only ones who are not ashamed to seat themselves upon the grass with the Zingari, who stop beneath our fir trees, and to partake with them the disgusting meal which those people prepare in their wooden porringers. They call that communing, and they may say that it is communing in all possible elements. Ah! what a husband, what a desirable lover would my cousin Albert be, when he seized the hand of his betrothed with a hand that had just pressed that of a pestiferous Zingaro and carried it to those lips which had just drank the wine of the chalice from the same cup with Zdenko!"

"All this may be very witty," said Consuelo; "but for myself, I can understand nothing of it."

"That is because you have no taste for history," returned Amelia, "and because you did not listen attentively to all that I have said about the Hussites and the Protestants, during these many days I have been making myself hoarse in order to explain to you scientifically, the riddles and absurd practices of my cousin. Did I not tell you that the great quarrel of the Hussite with the Roman Church

arose respecting the communion in both elements! The Council of Bâle had decided that there was profanation in giving the blood of Christ to the laity in the element of wine, alledging, notice the beautiful reasoning! that his body and his blood were contained equally in both elements and that whoever ate the one drank the other. Do you comprehend?"

"It seems to me that the Fathers of the Council themselves did not comprehend very well. They ought to have said, if they wished to be logical, that the communion of wine was useless; but profaning! how could that be, if in eating the bread, you drink the blood also?"

"It was because the Hussites had a terrible thirst for blood, and the Fathers of the Council know it well. They also thirsted for the blood of the people; but they wished to drink it under the element of gold. The Roman Church has always hungered and thirsted for this juice of the life of nations, of the labor and sweat of the poor. The poor people revolted and took back their sweat and their blood from the treasures of the abbeys and the copes of the bishops. This was the origin of the quarrel, to which were united, as I have told you, the sentiment of national independence, and the hatred of foreigners. The dispute respecting the communion was the symbol. Rome and her priests officiated in chalices of gold and jewels; the Hussites affected to officiate in vessels of wood, in order to censure the luxury of the Church, and to imitate the poverty of the apostles. This is why Albert, who has taken it into his head to become a Hussite, after these details of the past have lost all value and signification; Albert, who pretends to understand the true doctrine of John Huss, better than John Huss himself, invents all sorts of communions, and goes communing on the highways, with beggars and simpletons. It was the mania of the Hussites to commune every where, at all hours, and with all the world."

"All this is very strange," replied Consuelo, "and can only be explained to my mind by an exalted patriotism, carried even to delirium, I must confess, in Count Albert; the thought is perhaps profound, but the forms he clothes it in, seem to me very puerile for so serious and so learned a man. Is not the true communion more properly alms-giving? What signification can there be in those vain ceremonies which have gone out of use, and which those whom he associates therein, certainly do not comprehend?"

"As to the alms-giving, Albert is not wanting in that; and if they would give him free scope, he would be soon rid himself of those riches, which for my part, I should be very glad to see melt in the hands of his beggars."

"And why so?"

"Because my father would no longer entertain the fatal idea of enriching me by making me espouse this demoniac. For it is well you should know, my dear Porporina," added Amelia with malicious intent, "my family has not yet renounced that agreeable design. During these last days, when my cousin's reason shone like a fleeting ray of the sun from among the clouds, my father returned to the attack with more firmness than I thought him capable of exhibiting towards me. We had quite a lively quarrel, the result of which seems to be that they will strive to overcome my resistance by the wearisomeness of retirement, like a citadel which an enemy endeavors to reduce by famine. Therefore if I fail, if I succumb, I shall be obliged to marry Albert in spite of him, in spite of myself, and in spite of a third person who pretends not to care the least in the world about it."

"Here we are!" replied Consuelo laughing: "I expected that epigram, and you granted me the honor of conversing with you this morning in order to arrive at it. I receive it with pleasure, because I see in this little comedy of jealousy, a more vivid remnant of affection for Count Albert than you are willing to acknowledge."

"Nina!" cried the young baroness energetically, "if you think you see that, you have but little penetration, and if you see it with pleasure, you have but little affection for me. I am violent, proud perhaps, but not dissembling. I have already told you: the preference which Albert awards to you irritates me against him, not against you. It wounds my self-love; but it flatters my hope and my inclination. It makes me desire that he would commit some great folly for your sake, which would free me from all circumspection with regard to him, by justifying the aversion against which I have long contended, and with which he now inspires me, without any mixture of pity or of love."

"May God grant," replied Consuelo sweetly, "that this is the language of passion and not that of truth! For it would be a very harsh truth in the mouth of a very cruel person."

The bitterness and anger which Amelia testified in this conversation made little impression upon Consuelo's generous soul. A few seconds afterwards, she thought only of her enterprise; and the dream which she cherished, of restoring Albert to his family, cast a kind of pure hearted joy upon the monotony of her occupations. She needed this excitement to escape from the ennui which threatened her, and which being the malady most opposed and hitherto most unknown to her active and laborious nature, would

certainly have been fatal. In fact, when she had given her unruly and inattentive pupil a long and tiresome lesson, she had nothing more to do, but to exercise her voice and to study her ancient authors. But this consolation, which hitherto had never failed her, was now obstinately disputed. Amelia, with her uneasy laziness, came every moment to interrupt and trouble her by puerile questions and unseasonable observations. The rest of the family were horribly sad. Already five mortal days had passed without the reappearance of the young Count, and every day of this absence added to the gloom and depression of the preceding.

In the afternoon, Consuelo wandering through the garden with Amelia, saw Zdenko on the other side of the trench which separated them from the country. He seemed busy in talking to himself, and from his tone, one would say that he was relating a history. Consuelo stopped her companion, and asked her to translate what that strange personage was saying.

"How can you wish me to translate reveries without connection and without meaning!" said Amelia, shrugging her shoulders. "This is what he has just mumbled, if you are very desirous of knowing: 'Once there was a great mountain all white, all white, and by its side a great mountain all black, all black, and by its side a great mountain, all red, all red—' Does that interest you very much?"

"Perhaps it might, if I could know what follows. O! what would I not give to understand Bohemian! I must learn it."

"It is not nearly so easy as the Italian or Spanish: but you are so studious, that you will quickly master it if you wish: I will teach you, if that will give you pleasure."

"You will be an angel. On condition, however, that you are more patient as a mistress than as a pupil. And now what does Zdenko say?"

"Now the mountains are speaking:

'Why, O red, all red mountain, hast thou crushed the all black mountain! And why, O white, all white mountain, hast thou permitted the black, the all black mountain to be crushed!'"

Here Zdenko began to sing with a thin and broken voice, but with a justness and a sweetness which penetrated Consuelo even to the bottom of her soul. His song said:

'O black mountains and white mountains, you will need a great deal of water from the red mountain, to wash your robes:

'Your robes black with crimes and white with idleness, your robes stained with lies and glittering with pride.

‘Now they are both washed, well washed, your robes which would not change color; they are worn, well worn, your robes which would not drag along the road.’

‘Now all the mountains are red, very red! They will need all the water of heaven, all the water of heaven to wash them.’

“Is that an improvisation, or an old song of the country?” asked Consuelo of her companion.

“Who knows?” replied Amelia; “Zdenko is either an inexhaustible improvisator, or a very learned rhapsodist. Our peasants are passionately fond of hearing him and respect him as a saint, considering his madness as a gift from heaven, rather than a disgrace of nature. They feed and make much of him and it depends upon himself alone, to be the best lodged and the best dressed man in the country; for every one desires the pleasure and the advantage of having him for a guest. He passes for a bringer of good luck, a harbinger of fortune. When the weather is threatening, if Zdenko happens to pass, they say: ‘O! it will be nothing, the hail will not fall here.’ If the harvest is bad, they ask Zdenko to sing; and as he always promises years of abundance and fertility, they are consoled for the present by the expectation of a better future. But Zdenko does not wish to dwell any where, his vagabond nature carries him to the depths of the forests. No one knows where he is sheltered at night, nor where he finds a refuge against the cold and the storms. Never, for ten years, has he been seen to enter under any other roof than that of Giants’ Castle, because he pretends that his ancestors are in all the other houses of the country, and that he is forbidden to present himself before them. Still he follows Albert to his chamber, because he is as devoted and submissive to Albert as his dog Cynabre. Albert is the only mortal who can at his will enchain this savage independence, and by a word put a stop to his unquenchable gaiety, his eternal songs, and his indefatigable rattle. Zdenko had, as they say, a very fine voice, but he has worn it out by talking, singing, and laughing. He is no older than Albert, though he looks like a man of fifty. They were companions in childhood. At that time Zdenko was only half crazed. Descended from an ancient family, (one of his ancestors figures with some splendor in the war of the Hussites,) he showed sufficient memory and quickness, to induce his parents, taking into view his want of physical strength, to destine him to the cloister. For a long while he wore the dress of a novice in one of the mendicant orders: but they could never restrain him

under the yoke of the rule; and when he was sent on a circuit, with one of the brothers of his convent and an ass to be loaded with the gifts of the faithful, he would leave the wallet, the ass, and the brother in the lurch, and go take a long vacation in the depths of the forest. When Albert departed on his travels. Zdenko fell into a black melancholy, threw off his frock, and became a complete vagabond. His melancholy disappeared by degrees; but the kind of reason which had always shone in the midst of the oddities of his character, was entirely extinguished. He talked no longer any thing but incoherence, manifested all sorts of incomprehensible manias, and became really crazy. But as he continued always sober, chaste, and inoffensive, he may be called rather idiotic than mad. Our peasants call him *the innocent* and nothing else.”

“What you tell me of this poor man, makes me sympathise with him,” said Consuelo; “I wish I could talk with him. He knows a little German!”

“He understands it, and can speak it tolerably well. But, like all Bohemian peasants, he has a horror of the language: and besides, when he is absorbed in his reveries, as he is now, it is very doubtful if he will answer when you interrogate him.”

“Then try to speak to him in his own language, and to attract his attention to us,” said Consuelo.

Amelia called Zdenko several times, asking him in Bohemian if he was well, and if he needed any thing; but she could not induce him once to raise his head bent toward the earth, nor to interrupt a little play he was carrying on with three pebbles, one white, one red, and one black, which he threw at each other, laughing and rejoicing greatly, every time he knocked them down.

“You see that it is useless,” said Amelia. “When he is not hungry, or is not looking for Albert, he never speaks to us. In one or the other of those cases, he comes to the gate of the chateau, and if he is only hungry, he remains at the gate. They give him what he wants, he thanks them and goes away. If he wishes to see Albert, he enters, goes and knocks at the door of his chamber, which is never closed for him, and there he will remain whole hours, silent and quiet as a timid child if Albert is at work, expansive and cheerful if Albert is disposed to listen to him, never irksome, it would seem, to my amiable cousin, and more fortunate in that respect than any member of the family.”

“And when Count Albert becomes invisible, at this moment for instance, Zdenko, who loves him so ardently, Zdenko, who lost all his gaiety when the Count set out on his travels, Zdenko his insepa-

rable companion, remains tranquil! He shows no uneasiness!”

“None whatever. He says that Albert has gone to see the great God, and that he will return soon. That was what he said when Albert was travelling over Europe, and Zdenko had become reconciled to it.”

“And do you not suspect, dear Amelia, that Zdenko may have a better foundation than all of you to enjoy this security? Has it never occurred to you that he might be in Albert’s confidence, and that he watched over him in his delirium or lethargy?”

“We did indeed think so and for a long time watched all his proceedings; but like his patron Albert, he detests all watching; and more crafty than a fox when hunted by the dogs, he circumvented all our efforts, baffled all our attempts, and bewildered all our observations. It would seem that he has, like Albert, the gift of making himself invisible when he pleases. Sometimes he has disappeared instantaneously from the eyes fixed upon him, as if he had cloven the earth that it might swallow him up, or as if a cloud had enveloped him in its impenetrable veil. At least, this is what is affirmed by our people, and my aunt Wenceslawa herself, who, notwithstanding all her piety, has not a very strong head as regards satanic influences.”

“But you, dear baroness, you cannot believe in these absurdities!”

“As for me, I agree with my uncle Christian. He thinks that if Albert in his mysterious sufferings, relies solely on the succor and help of this idiot, it would be very dangerous to trouble him in any way, and that there is a risk, by watching and thwarting Zdenko’s movements, of depriving Albert for hours and whole days, of the care, and even of the nourishment which he may receive from him. But for mercy’s sake, let us go on, dear Nina; we have bestowed time enough on this matter, and that idiot does not excite in me the same interest that he does in you. I am tired of his romances and his songs, and his cracked voice gives me a sore throat.”

“I am astonished,” said Consuelo, as she suffered herself to be drawn away by her companion, “that his voice has not an extraordinary charm to your ears. Broken as it is, it makes more impression on me than that of the greatest singers.”

“Because you are tired of fine things, and novelty amuses you.”

“The language which he sings has a peculiar sweetness,” returned Consuelo, “and the monotony of his melodies is not what you suppose; it contains on the contrary very delicate and very original ideas.”

“Not for me, who have been beset by

it," replied Amelia: "At first I took some interest in the words, thinking as do the country people, that they were ancient national chants, very curious in a historical point of view; but as he never repeats them twice in the same manner, I am persuaded they are improvisations, and was soon convinced that they were not worth listening to, although our peasants imagine they find in them a symbolical sense to their liking."

As soon as Consuelo could get rid of Amelia, she ran back to the garden, and found Zdenko in the same place, on the outside of the trench and absorbed in the same game. Convinced that this unfortunate had secret relations with Albert, she had stealthily entered the kitchen and taken thence a cake made of honey and fine flour, carefully kneaded by the canones with her own hands. She remembered having seen Albert, who ate very sparingly, show an instinctive preference for this dainty, which his aunt always prepared for him with the greatest attention. She wrapped it up in a white handkerchief and wishing to throw it across the trench to Zdenko, she called to him. But as he appeared not to desire to listen to her, she remembered the vivacity with which he had uttered her name, and she pronounced it first in German. Zdenko seemed to hear her; but he was melancholy at that moment, and without looking up, he repeated in German, shaking his head and sighing; "Consolation! Consolation!" as if he wished to say: "I have no further hope of consolation."

"Consuelo!" then said the young girl, to see if her Spanish name would re-awaken the joy he had testified on pronouncing it in the morning.

Immediately Zdenko abandoned his pebbles, and began to leap and gambol upon the bank of the trench, throwing up his cap into the air, and stretching out his arms to her, with some very animated Bohemian words and a face radiant with pleasure and affection.

"Albert," cried Consuelo to him again, as she threw the cake across the trench.

Zdenko seized it laughing and did not unfold the handkerchief: but he said many things which Consuelo was in despair at not being able to comprehend. She heard particularly and tried to remember one phrase which he repeated several times with a salutation; her musical ear helped her to seize the exact pronunciation; and as soon as she had lost sight of Zdenko, who ran off at full speed, she wrote it upon her tablets, with the Venetian orthography, intending to ask Amelia for its meaning. But, before leaving Zdenko, she wished to give him something which would testify to Albert the interest she felt for him, in the most delicate manner; and having recalled the

crazy man, who came back obedient to her voice, she threw to him a bouquet of flowers, which she had gathered an hour before in the green house, and which were still fresh and sweet smelling, at her girdle, Zdenko seized it, repeated his salutation, renewed his exclamations and gambols, and burying himself in the close thicket where it would have seemed that only a hare could have forced a passage, disappeared entirely. Consuelo followed his rapid flight with her eyes, for a few moments, by noticing the tops of the branches as they moved in a south-east direction. But a light wind which sprang up rendered her observation useless by agitating all the branches of the coppice; and Consuelo reëntered the chateau, more than ever bent upon the prosecution of her design.

To be Continued.

IMITATION OF THE PERSIAN

When love, sincere, the bosom knows,
Vain would the tongue the thought impart;
The ready speech no longer flows,
Check'd is the current of the heart.

That breast pure passion never knew,
Whose secrets language could unfold;
Nor was that heart to love e'er true,
That left not half its tale untold.

Love is a spark of heavenly fire,
From love we taste of heavenly bliss;
How then can human words aspire,
Of love the feelings to express?

ANECDOTE OF FATHER TAYLOR. While Father Taylor was delivering one of his powerful discourses at the seaman's Bethel, and in the middle of one of his most terrible pictures, an old rusty looking salt got up and was walking towards the door, when the parson sung out "the enemy flies—our fire is too hot for him—we have knocked his top-hammer down, and now he is crawling off under his lower masts." All eyes (the church was crowded, as it always is when he preaches) were turned towards the sailor, who, perceiving that the last remarks were levelled at him, turned round, and looking the old man full in the face, said, in a pretty loud voice—"you're damnably mistaken, old cock, if you think your shot has made this craft haul off—you never saw the day you could make me a story lower. I'm only jist going to get a glass of grog, and if you'll take a turn there till I come back, I'll let you see how I can stand your broadsides." "Good," cried half a dozen sailors, "go it Jack," cried others, "you'll make a first rate parson—try again," and other expressions followed. The whole audience was in an uproar, some laughing, others more pious, hushing and endeavoring to restore order. When all was quiet again, Father Taylor, by no means disconcerted—having apparently enjoyed the joke himself—said, "that is a tough old sinner; but we have hulled him—he has got it hot and heavy between wind and water, and unless he hauls into gospel dock, he'll go down all standing; pumping can't save him now." The sailor returned, and Father Taylor resumed his discourse; and it is a remarkable fact that he never

lost sight of the old salt until he succeeded in converting him. The sailor is now a very respectable man, and would blush to the eyes if any one would but even allude to this circumstance.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. X. — BOOT AND SHOE-MAKERS.

Although there are no establishments in our City manufacturing boots and shoes on so grand a scale as is carried on in some of the cities and towns in the Eastern States; yet, as a large number of the five or six hundred thousand souls of this great emporium are employed in the various branches of the Boot and Shoe-making business, its importance should claim our attention.

Owing to the great influx of foreign population within a few years past, the competition in this branch of industry, has been carried to such a degree as almost to drive the American mechanic from his work-bench, and make him exclaim with the Moor—"Othello's occupation's gone!"*

It is estimated that there are about Two Thousand Journeymen Shoe-Makers in this City, and of this number by far the greater part are Germans, Irish and French. The English and Americans engaged in the trade are comparatively very few, and these are chiefly employed on the Ladies' branch.

There is not perhaps a more industrious working class in our City than the Germans. They rise early and retire late, and though when arriving on our shores they do not *drive business*, as is a distinguishing characteristic of our native mechanics; yet after they have been some time among us a decided improvement in this respect can be plainly observed.

The Germans are generally found occupying basements and cellars, and pretty much all the capital one requires to start business is a bench and tools, a side of leather, a ball of thread, a little wax, and a glass show-case, stuck out by the door, containing a specimen of work. With these, aided by an untiring industry, economical habits and plenty of *elbow-room*, he manages to push along through the world.

The manner in which the different classes of the Shoe-Makers live varies according to the nation. The Germans and the Irish live more together and in smaller apartments than the French, English, and Americans, who live up nearer the max-

* Our correspondent does not state all the causes of the severe competition in the Shoe-making business here. One of the principal causes is the incredible number of shoes made at the East, and which come in direct contact with labor here and force down its price. These Eastern shoes are to a very great extent manufactured in the country—in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut—where the workman can get good board for a dollar or ten shillings a week, with plenty of healthy air and exercise. How can the price of making shoes in New York be kept up to a living point with these manufacturers working against us and sending in from every quarter their shoes to flood the country through the Lynn market? Shoes can be brought from Lynn here for a cent a pair, and they are made by the bushel in the country for twenty and twenty-five cents a pair. Beside, the purchaser of New York shoes expects to get better work for the same price asked for Lynn shoes.

ED. TRIBUNE.

im 'Live and let live' than the foreign brethren of their craft.

There is a society of Journeymen Shoe-Makers called "The United Benefit Society of Cordwainers on the Men's Branch of the City of New York." This Association has been in existence since the close of the Revolutionary War, and has always been in a flourishing condition. The number of its members varies at different times. There are now about three hundred, a majority of whom are Irishmen. Its meetings are held on the third Monday of every month. The object of this Association is for regulating working hours and the prices of the different works. In case of sickness its members are allowed a certain sum weekly from the general fund, and on the death of a member his funeral expenses are defrayed by the Association.

A Ladies' branch of this Society was started a good many years since; but is not very active except on momentous occasions affecting the interests of this class, when it shines out for a while, then flickers and remains inert until some other occasions may demand its action. At the present time it may be said to be in *statu quo*.

The system of apprenticing to the Shoemaking trade is now pretty much done away with in the city. The great number of foreigners who arrive here are ready workmen who have completed their apprenticeship in the father-land, and can be employed for small wages.

Boot-making is divided into different branches, the technical names of which are *Crimping*, *Fitting* and *Bottoming*.

Crimping is generally done by those who attend exclusively to this department—although there are some establishments where they do their own *crimping*. The process of *crimping* is for giving the boot-legs *shape*, and it may thus be described. The leather, (cut into the required shape for the boot,) is soaked in water for about one hour, then stretched over what is called a *tree*, (which is a flat piece of wood cut somewhat in the shape of a human leg and foot.) The leather is then greased, which is well rubbed in with a hard stick. It is allowed to remain on the *tree* for about a day, and it is then ready for *fitting*. The price for *crimping* is from seventy-five cents to a dollar for a dozen boot-legs. A crimper can make, working ten hours a day, from seventy-five cents to two dollars a day—a good deal depending upon the expertness of the crimper and the quality of the leather, some leather *crimping* easily, some on the other hand, being very difficult to work.

Fitting is sewing the boot-legs together—putting in the lining, straps, &c. making them ready for *bottoming*. *Fitting* is generally done by females, and is so simple a process that children can help work on it. There is a good deal of this work done among families; yet there are establishments where this is exclusively attended to by males.

The price for fitting a pair of legs is from two and six pence to seven and six pence—depending upon the quality of the work required. Some legs have a good deal of colored leather and fancy stitch-work about them; these embellishments take time to make them, and, of course, as *time is money*, all this must be paid for.

After the legs are *fitted* they are then ready for the hands of the journeyman,

whose labor is called *working on bottoms* or *bottoming boots*.

A journeyman can make from three to six pairs of *bottoms* a week, working about ten hours a day. The prices paid are from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents a pair—depending upon the work required. What are called *extras*, are such as *cork soles*, *patent spur sockets*, *double vamps*, *channel shanks*, *quilted half-soles*, *counters over the seams*, with *row of stabbing on the vamps*, &c. &c. for all these the journeyman gets more pay. The wages usually earned by a journeyman are from four to six dollars a week; but there are many who earn seven, eight and nine dollars a week. There are more who make six dollars than there are who make four or seven dollars a week; and to make eight and nine dollars the journeyman must *locomotive* it early and late.

There are many journeymen in the City who are employed by the month, and whose wages are from four to twelve dollars. They get their board, lodging and washing. The work done by this class is generally on the coarser boots and shoes. A good journeyman seldom works but by the piece.

NO. XI.—GENERAL CONDITION OF THE SHOE MAKERS—LADIES' BRANCH.

There is no class of mechanics who average so great an amount of work for so little money as the Journeymen Shoemakers. The number of Journeymen out of employment is also large, and out of all just proportion. There are hundreds of them in the City constantly wandering from shop to shop in search of work, while many of them have families in a state of absolute want. One by one the articles of their furniture have been sold to supply bread which the disheartened workman could not earn, and at last the family are turned out of their miserable garret or cellar because they cannot pay their rent. Even those who work, fare badly enough; and many of them live in such a way as to deprive life of every thing save the mere privilege of breath. But for those entirely out of situations the case is still worse. We have been in more than fifty cellars, in different parts of the City, each inhabited by a Shoe-Maker and his family. The floor is made of rough plank laid loosely down, and the ceiling is not quite so high as a tall man. The walls are dark and damp, and a wide, desolate fire-place yawns in the centre to the right of the entrance. There is no outlet back, and of course no yard-privileges of any kind. The miserable room is lighted only by a shallow sash, partly projecting above the surface of the ground, and by the little light that struggles down the steep and rotting stairs. In this apartment often live the man with his work-bench, his wife and five or six children of all ages; and perhaps a palsied grandfather or grandmother, and often both. In one corner is a squalid bed, and the room elsewhere is occupied by the work-bench, a cradle made from a dry-goods box, two or three broken and seatless chairs, a stewpan and kettle. Here is the whole of that thing so noble in the abstract, so lofty in the destiny intended for it, so full of every source of joy and gladness—a Family of human beings. Here they work—here they cook, they eat, they sleep, they pray (if

to pray they have not forgotten.) They procure a little something to eat by the chance jobs of gentlemen's or children's mending, brought in by the rich people above ground in the neighborhood, who are not celebrated for paying a poor cobbler high prices.

Now this picture is faithfully drawn—not over-colored in any one particular. We have written nothing that we have not seen over and over again with our own eyes. We permitted our correspondent to state his case, in a former number, in his own language. It is doubtless well as far as it goes; but it does not touch the dark shades in the condition of the Shoemakers in this City. They are the worst paid and live the least like life of all men who have spent years in learning trades that they might know how to live. We met recently going up the Hudson, a Journeyman Shoe-Maker, pale and haggard with unremitting toil. He had his wife and three children with him, and told us, with a truly thankful air, that he had at length escaped from New York, and was going to Herkimer county, where he owned a little patch of land, and could raise his own potatoes. Envious fortune, indeed! He said he had tried it faithfully for years—worked early and late—half clad and half fed his family, and almost ruined his own health—in the hope that something would turn up. But he had given it up. He used to get two-and-sixpence a pair for making Ladies' gaiter boots, and said this was the usual price paid for good second-rate work. He lived in a sort of shed in the rear of a wooden house, and paid for his room four dollars a month. He could make from eight to ten pairs of gaiters in a week, if he had steady employment—but this he seldom had. In Winter, when work is slack and expenses much increased, the employers come and offer even lower prices—and they are compelled to accept them. Oh, he said he was glad to think he was already so far from that 'hard-hearted City.'

There are often several hundred Journeymen in New York who have no regular situations; and of those who have work, a great number do not receive, on the average, over three and a half or four dollars per week. How they live we have attempted to show.

But of course there are a few very skillful and tasteful workmen who get more. They are employed on the choicest work, and receive for the first quality of Ladies' gaiters four and five shillings per pair. A man makes of these a pair in a day. A skin of French Patent Leather costs \$2, 50, and will cut six or seven pairs of foxings. The Satin *francaise* costs eleven shillings per yard, which cuts three pairs; the binding and closing costs fifty cents or five shillings per pair—and the boots are sold to the customers for \$3. This of course relates to the finest kind of Custom-work.

[P. S. Since the above was in type our correspondent has sent us the continuation of his article—from which we print the following confirmation of the observations we ourselves have made:]

The boots and shoes made in the City, are principally 'Custom-made,' that is, made to order. The more common article sold here, is chiefly manufactured in the Eastern States, where the workmen can live for almost less than half the sum it costs our city mechanics. Transportation

from those places here amounts to a mere song, and consequently our market is filled with this kind of work, and the laborer in this branch of Industry in our city is compelled to submit to the grinding competition engendered, and give all his labor, his time and his health to earn food and clothes. What, think you, the workman of our city gets paid for making boots and shoes which are sold at the *cheap* establishments at so low a price as to make the buyer eye the seller and wonder where he stole them? Does he get a fair remuneration—does he even get a remuneration for his time and labor? No—he cannot—he does not *live* on his wages—he merely *exists*—chameleon-like, on air.

The tools and implements, findings, &c. in fact, nearly all the articles used in the making of boots and shoes, have hitherto been imported, but of late years we have got to manufacturing these things ourselves, and it may be said that the importation does not now exceed twenty-five per cent.

The making of *Lasts*—though not carried on very extensively in our city—yet deserves a little notice from our hands, as a branch connected with the subject we are treating of.

There are about twelve establishments, employing, on an average, from twenty-five to thirty hands the year round. These manufacture chiefly for the city trade. A journeyman at this business, working ten hours a day, can make from seven to nine dollars a week. There are more who make eight than seven or nine dollars a week.

Of the many hard-working and industrious classes of our fellow-citizens, the journeymen shoemakers stand among the first in this respect. They are a temperate people, and a large portion of them attend Divine service on Sundays. As you pass along through the thoroughfares of our city, should chance lead you to take a peep into their workshops, you will always find them busy as the bee that draws honey from the flower. They are up with the dawn of the morning, and even after the shade of night has thrown its mantle o'er all things—when almost all the other trades have *knocked off work*—you will find them toiling and toiling during those hours which ought to be appropriated to relaxation from the cares of day.—*Tribune*.

THE LAW DIVINE.

Say not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, and afar removed!
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.
Soar not on high,
Nor ask, who there shall bring it down to earth;
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou hut know its worth.
Nor launch thy bark,
In search thereof, upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive branch to thee.
Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win,

At home! at home!
That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will,
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith that law fulfil.

LAW REFORM. This much needed reformation, says the Washington U. S. Journal, is finding new champions in all directions. That a reform of its unmeaning verbiage is indispensable, will hardly be questioned by any who have examined the subject. The following is a hit at some of the practices of the law:

A LAWYER'S STORY. "Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger." A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way: "And that whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, damages and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins and heels of said Richard, with divers sticks, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him the said Thomas."

FOURIERISM.

Perhaps we shall be more generally understood when we say "Fourierism," than Association—the term given by the disciples of Fourier to his system of social organization. We must confess that, until recently, we had looked upon this system, as at war, not only with the true interests of Labor, but with the actual and natural rights of Property. We have reason to believe that there are many who consider it a synonyme of agrarianism, and accompany it with ideas of the destruction of the domestic affections, and the annihilation of domestic ties.

We do not know that we can better employ the space we have now to spare than by a refutation of this fallacy. Although not yet converted, we are in a fair way of becoming a believer in the system of the French philosopher. In deference, therefore, to what may be our future faith, we proceed with our subject.

We defy any writer, the most conservative, to state the basis upon which the right to Property is maintained, with more correctness and justice to all sides, than it is stated in the following extract from "Godwin's Concise View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier"—a standard authority among the Associationists of this country:

"Yet Man, made in the image of God, may, like him, transform and create. Out of an ungrateful soil, he makes a fertile field; from the rude mass of rock, he constructs a palace; worthless earthy matter he converts into gems and precious metals; in a word he entuples the value of all that he has received. What man thus derives from his

labor, may with peculiar propriety be said to be his: it is that which, without him, would not have existed; he may dispose of it as he pleases; it is his property, his goods, his right to capital."

Here is certainly a refutation of the charge of agrarianism. Association promises as much security and as complete identity of Property, as does the present social organization.

But another inquirer may ask, is not this system, like all the rest, exclusive! one sided? Where is your definition of the rights of Labor? I should like to see whether you have any thing in your philosophy upon that subject, quite as important as the right to Property. We will endeavor to satisfy you.

"But each one may claim his share in every object which has received no improvement from the hand of man, and in the primitive and raw value of every thing that has been transformed or created by labor. This is the right of all,—it is the right of the laborer.

"This right is broadly recognized in the Phalanx, where each one may lay hold of all raw material which he expects to use, by enrolling himself in the group charged with the preparation of that matter. The Phalanx goes further; although it is impossible to live at this day without industry, upon wild fruits and roots, it concedes the right of doing nothing to whoever will content himself upon a minimum sufficient to secure him against every painful privation."

Association thus promises to labor a legitimate reward, while it protects capital in all its just rights. Its change consists in its placing labor above all contingency, making both its employment and its reward certain. In an Association, employment and compensation are provided for all who labor, in the very basis of its organization. The advantage which this system presents, over the present, is obvious. The only question is, is it practicable!

It will be seen then that Fourierism respects both capital and labor. How then are we to regulate them, so that they may act, each for the benefit of the other, and for their own welfare, at the same time! This is the great problem which Fourierism assumes to solve. In the mean time, Society is becoming hourly in greater peril from its present organization. Speaking of the relation between property and labor, the volume before us says:

"It is time to approach a question which science must resolve, if it wishes to prevent the commotions with which nearly all civilized society is menaced—a question which, in Europe, and perhaps ere long in this country, will leave the studies of philosophers and the pages of essayists, to take up arms in the streets, to get itself decided by broadswords and muskets. It is the question of Property—the question of the reciprocal rights of Labor and Capital—rights that we ought to respect in an equal force, because they are both legitimate.

"This question, we say, must be settled by Science, or it will be by revolution. No one who considers the circumstances under which the mass of the people every where exist; that while wealth is generally increasing, they are as rapidly deteriorating—a fact which puzzles all our political economists; that the many are growing poorer and the rich richer; that the very improvements of the age are still further depressing the working classes; no one can consider these, and a thousand kindred facts, without feeling that a great change, violent or peaceful, must be wrought in the condition of the

masses. They feel that the adjustments of Property are wrong, and they demand the remedy."

These are the facts, — we leave their consideration for the present. In the meantime, is not this same Fourierism worthy of our attention. Let us patiently examine it, and see whether or not it is the remedy. — *Pittsburg Journal.*

REVIEW.

Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guarantees. By E. P. HURLBUT. New York: Greeley and McElrath. 1846. pp. 218.

We have kept this book lying upon our table for some time under the hope that we should soon find leisure and space to examine the various subjects of which it treats, and give the more important of them an ample review in our columns. But having carefully and even elaborately perused the work, we find that we cannot at present do justice to the important considerations which it presents, consistently with other engagements, and are compelled to content ourselves with a brief notice.

To an Associationist — to one who has dwelt intently upon the evils and miseries to which Humanity in its present condition is subjected, — the title of this work suggests thoughts of intense interest. As a philanthropist aiming at universal deliverance from this abyss of sorrows, and earnestly desiring the coöperation of the gifted and the good, he will eagerly examine its pages with the hope of finding there a recognition of the fundamental rights of man, together with a demand upon society that such rights be duly respected and adequately secured. But in that hope he will be disappointed. The book solves none of those problems which he regards as of the first importance, and the solution of which, as he firmly believes, must precede any general and permanent improvement in the condition of the human family.

On the other hand, the work contains many principles and propositions which would startle the staid and sober conservative — the stickler for the present order of things in church and state — and he would tremble with alarm at the thought of putting them in practice. Though the author aspires not to a higher, juster, and nobler organization of society, and apparently dreams of none, yet he thirsts for progress in *pure civilization*, and has some glimpses, more or less distinct, of certain radical errors in existing political constitutions and laws. Viewed in this aspect, his thoughts, always expressed with clearness and force, and often with elegance, are of great importance, and we welcome them with cordial sympathy. He is one step in advance of the age,

though that step appears to us to be a short one.

The author bases most of his conclusions upon the analysis of the human soul as furnished by Phrenology, assuming the Phrenological system to be demonstrably true. We have less respect for that science than he has, believing it to be but partial and fragmentary truth, and therefore but imperfectly true, yet we substantially agree with him in his deductions from it as far as they go, only complaining that they are as imperfect as the source from which they are drawn. Indeed his own respect for Phrenology seems subordinate to that which he entertains for complete and pure democracy in government, with universal suffrage in its largest sense; and in connection with the democratic theory he assumes positions to which we are not prepared to assent. The laws of nature are better guides to truth than the best speculations of political theorists.

But unsatisfactory as is this work, when viewed from our position, it contains many practical suggestions which we should rejoice to see adopted in civilized society. As an instance, we will refer to the author's remarks respecting the treatment of criminals and the punishment of crimes. With all that he says on this subject we heartily concur, and are delighted to perceive that like sentiments are beginning to be entertained and freely avowed by some of the best minds in this country and in Europe. We cannot refrain from extracting from the work before us such passages as will explain the author's views (and our own) with reference to this important subject.

"Life, liberty and reputation are involved in the modes of inflicting punishment for criminal offences. These are the most sacred of human rights — and the question, how far an offender may be curtailed or deprived of their enjoyment, though often discussed, has never been settled by the laws to the satisfaction of philosophic minds. The State has no more important duty than to determine its proper line of conduct in this respect — and the leading principles of its criminal jurisprudence ought to be settled in its fundamental law. A barrier ought to be placed in the Constitution against any injustice to a prisoner of state — since the passions of mankind are apt to rage violently against him — and while his case demands the most careful and tender consideration, the passions of the multitude may hurry him to destruction. The prisoner of State — what a history has the world presented of his wrongs! — and who hath not risen from the perusal of that history in doubt whether, on the whole, the State has not been more criminal than its prisoners?"

"It is unfortunate that our language furnishes no word which expresses the idea of that procedure which the State can rightfully take for the prevention of crime and the reformation of offenders. We call it *punishment*, which conveys to most minds a wrong idea. It imports vengeance to answer the demands of human passions which have been excited by the offence — security from further wrong by disabling the offender — a terror and example to mankind — and,

in some cases, the reformation of the evil doer. But this latter is poorly provided for, and restitution to the injured party scarcely enters into the account.

"This compound idea of punishment is altogether wrong, as well because of the false elements which enter into it, as by the omission of proper ones. The offender is endowed with all the rights of a man — he is one of the people composing the State, and can claim the perfect enjoyment of every right as against the State and every citizen thereof, except when security for the rights of others demands that this enjoyment by him shall be limited or restrained. By his offence he forfeits no rights whatever, but only incurs a limitation, a restraint of their enjoyment so long as the public safety may require. This is justified by the principle of self-defence."

"Let the court and jury, then, determine that the prisoner has done an act for which the laws demand his imprisonment, and let him be imprisoned accordingly. Let those who have him in custody critically examine into his history and condition of mind, and by all the means which science affords, undertake his cure and correction. Let him remain in custody so long as his case may require — for life if need be — but for so long a time, at any rate, as the safety of society may demand. Let him be treated as a moral patient, with a view to his restoration to liberty; let every thing be done in his behalf in the spirit of kindness by intelligent, experienced, and scientific keepers; and if, happily, a cure be effected, let them dismiss him with the divine injunction, 'Go and sin no more.'"

We flatter ourselves that we have many readers in whose bosoms these sentiments will find a welcome reception.

Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 161 Broadway. pp. 93.

This little book is a sketch of New York city, in its present state, or, we should rather say, a sketchy outline. Big Abel is the lineal descendant of old Heinrich Hudson, and the Little Manhattan stands in the same relation to the old Indian Chief who once ruled the Island on which the city is built. The latter claims the city as his "Right of Nature," the former as discoverer, purchaser, navigator, trader, builder, and so forth.

In fine, the book seems intended as an allegory, showing the respective claims of nature and civilized man to the results of civilization, as manifested there. Perhaps we attribute more consequence to Mr. Mathews' conception than of right belongs to it, but we can find no other meaning in the book, and we have faith enough to believe it was not written without meaning. This doubt arises from the poor use made of the materials ready to his hand, and because it seems to us no man can once enter upon this ground and be contented with such a superficial, outside view as is here presented to us.

We need only say, to show the partial aspect in which Mr. Mathews has seen what he describes, that while he gives to the Little Manhattan the Battery and

other natural beauties of the city, he places to his account also, the Five Points, that necessary result of civilization, that back ground of the picture, upon the prominent figures of which he throws his strongest light.

Several characters are brought in as representatives of the various classes who play their parts upon the stage of the great city, and Mr. Mathews' conclusion is, that "the time could never come, in the great city, when Mrs. Saltus"—[a huckster] "could cease to be, for one; the great Packet Captain, for another; the two Pinkeys for two more; the Indian Doctor, with his home-grown herbs; the young seamstress, always."

"How their hearts sunk at that."

"A pale young laborer, like this, always; a poor attorney; and yet, a mighty merchant, at the water-side, to bring the city up again; and a Big Abel, always," for Abel represents the great landed-proprietor. Truly Mr. Mathews has no hope for the future.

And yet he says:

"The marching song of the great city, setting forth toward the mighty future he is called to fill."

We wish we had space for other extracts, for though, as we have said, Mr. Mathews sees but one side, and that the one most prominent outside, yet there are, here and there in his book, little passages, which seem to show he cannot quite shut out the saddening sights which forced themselves upon him as he looked, but which he turned away from, determined to gaze only upon such proofs of prosperity, as would most please his eye, and best proclaim the flourishing condition of the "great city."

Many readers will no doubt call the style an affected one; it may be so, or it may be Mr. Mathews' own, by birth-right or adoption; however this may be, its quaintness and the vividness of its imagery are pleasing.

Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs, late of the Tallapoosa Volunteers; together with Taking the Census, and other Alabama Sketches. By a COUNTRY EDITOR. With a Portrait of "Simon" from life, and other illustrations by Darley. Philadelphia: Cary & Hart. 1845.

The style in which this book is got up, and the uncommon excellence of its illustrations afford a pleasing contrast to the crowd of shabby and worthless publications with which the literary market is infested. Its humor is rich and genuine, and its scenes true to life. We commend the book to the lovers of fun, especially to those who can see through its wit the true picture it presents of the duplicity and selfishness which naturally spring from the isolated and antagonistic state of

society under which man is struggling. The scene with the office-seeker, and "fighting the tiger," are particularly worthy attention in this age and country, mad with politics and speculation.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The Sun, which lights our task, shuts out
The worlds that compass us about;
All day the spirits' sails are furled,
Moored in its little work-day world;
This work-day world is then the All,
For duty knows nor great nor small.

But labor done, then cometh Night,
Unveils the sky; and full in sight
Stars numberless salute our star,
And shoals of worlds tempt thought afar.
Then trim the sails, O soul, and try
The ocean depths of Unity.

A DIRGE FOR THE NAMELESS.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

In a dream, in a dream,
By the cool glimmering stream,
Her pillow, moss only,
She lay all white and fair,
With dead flowers in her hair,
Still, still and lonely.

Was it sleep? was it sleep?
With its dreams dark and deep,
That thus overcame her?
With her small snowy hands,
And long hair in raven bands,
How shall we name her?

O'er the robes thin and white,
That shrouded form so slight,
The wood-snail was creeping;
On the cheek wan and clear
There lay a piteous tear,—
She had been weeping.

Shut, shut beneath the skies,
Were her soft gleaming eyes,
The lids drooping over,—
Her sleep was deep and sound,
On the damp, chilling ground;
Where was her lover?

Above her, leaves were stirred,
For there a little bird
In sunshiny weather,
Had built a nursing nest,
And the brood beneath its breast
Nestled together.

Still, still and motionless!
Yielding us no caress,
Her white arms were folded;—
Thick-strewn along her way,
Dark-colored berries lay
Where they had moulded.

Low on her mossy bier,
Long had she lain we fear;
The stones were not colder,
Down in the glassy stream,
Nor did so whitely gleam
To the beholder.

Bright in her loneliness!
Whom did her beauty bless?
What rest her of reason?
Gave she her heart to one
Who some foul wrong had done?
Was it Love's treason?

Loved she as one we know,
Whose life is ebbing slow—
Whose love unrequited
Flows back upon the heart
With a dull pain and smart,—
Slighted, all slighted!

This much is all we know,
Here in her voiceless woe,
The green leaves around her;
Making no moan or 'plaint,
Calm, lowly as a saint—
Death came and found her!

Cincinnati Herald.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF PROVIDENCE.

The doctrine of Universal Association, and the man who spent forty years of a life of devotion and self-denial in discovering and developing its principles, are often accused of infidelity. We will say a few words on this subject—not that we care about refuting the accusations of suspicious ignorance and malignant prejudice, but we take the occasion to give to those who have the words of religion and religious faith most often in their mouths, a short lesson upon *true and genuine Faith*, or, as FOURIER calls it, "*Universal and Integral Faith*."

Of all the writers whom we have read, (we speak of scientific writers,) we have met with none in whose works there is manifested so deep and so universal a Faith in Providence as in those of Fourier, and we state and are prepared to prove that the plan of the Social Order given to the world by him, is the only truly religious system of society that has been proposed to mankind. The four societies that have already existed on the earth,—the Savage and Patriarchal, Barbarian and Civilized,—are either the work of mere human instinct and external circumstances, or of human legislators and law-givers. Not so with the "Combined Order" which Fourier proposes. He declares that God before creating man and the elements of society, such as Industry, the Arts, Sciences, &c., must have had the plan of a social organization in his intelligence, which, when estab-

lished, would produce the reign of justice and harmony on earth, and that the human passions and faculties are all adapted to this social mechanism. The task of human reason is to discover this divine social order, and establish it upon earth, as it has been to discover the positive sciences, industry, and the arts. At a hundred places in his works, Fourier declares that he gives to the world *no system of his own*; that he has endeavored only to discover the Social Code or Order predestined by Providence for Man before creating him. The plan he proposes can be tried upon a small scale without injury to any class,—without revolutions or bloodshed, and if it succeeds, it will spread gradually by general consent, and replace the existing order peaceably and with just regard to the interests of all.

Instead of seeking for the divine social laws, philosophers and legislators, from Solon and Lycurgus down to those of the present time, have devised and established laws and institutions of their own, and have forced obedience to them by the prison and the scaffold. We are now living under the arbitrary laws of Grecian and Roman lawgivers, slightly modified by those of modern times, maintained by a hundred means of constraint, and engendering still, as they ever have done, Indigence, Fraud, Injustice, Oppression, and War, filling the world with discord and misery.

The faith that God had created the human affections and feelings for order and harmony, that he had pre-composed a social Order which would secure the reign of happiness and unity on earth, burned with a deep intensity in the soul of Fourier, and sustained him in his long and laborious researches. We find in a great many persons a lively faith in God, but it applies to the other world only; it does not extend to this earth and the social affairs of men; they do not believe that God has provided for a true social order and the harmonious government of this world, for their faith is that it is given over to evil, and that suffering is to be for ever the lot of man. Their faith is limited, partial; it embraces the future life only, and not this life; it is not *universal*.

Now we want a *universal and integral* faith;—faith in God's social Providence:—faith that he has created the human passions and affections for order and unity;—faith that he has precalculated the organization of human societies as he has the laws of growth of the humblest thing in nature, and that happiness is to descend upon earth, from which it is now banished.

"Of all kinds of impiety," says Fourier, "the most unfortunate is that arrogant prejudice which suspects God of

having created Man, the affections, and the materials of industry, without having fixed upon any plan for their organization and government. To think thus is to attribute to the Creator a want of reason at which man would blush; it is falling into an irreligion worse than Atheism, for the Atheist does not lower the Divinity by denying him; he only lowers and dishonors himself by entertaining an opinion bordering upon madness. But our legislators strip the Supreme Being of his noblest prerogative; [his social providence and the providing a plan of social and moral harmony on earth;] they pretend in an implied manner that he has pre-composed no social Code, as they set up their own societies, and as a consequence, that his providence is limited and partial. It would be so if he had forgotten to provide for the most urgent of their *collective* wants, that of a uniform social Order, which would regulate with unity the relations and passions to their inhabitants."

There is no doubt that this faith in the universality of God's Providence was strengthened in Fourier's mind by his having a solution of the profound and mysterious problem of the cause of Evil. He understood the causes of the past suffering of Humanity on earth, and he knew how to reconcile it with the wisdom and goodness of God—the want of which understanding has driven so many into Atheism, and taken from almost all the faith that the Providence of the Divinity embraces this world as well as the other; that divine truth, justice, and harmony, are to govern here as in all other parts of the universe, and that "His kingdom is to come on earth as it is in heaven."

A gentleman of great discernment who was well acquainted with Fourier, (M. Jules Lechevalier,) once made to us the following remarks: we repeat them because they express perfectly a thought of our own. "Fourier," said he, "was domineered—was possessed by the idea of God: his conception of the universality of his Providence was so clear, he was so fully convinced that Divine Wisdom had provided for the general government of man on earth and the harmonious action of the several forces with which it had endowed him, that he could not reason outside of this hypothesis; in all his scientific researches, he sought solely to discover the plans of Providence; and the truths which he announced, he gave—not as conceptions of his own—but as simple discoveries of the laws of nature, which might have been discovered long since by men of science, had they had faith in the *universality of Providence*."

We now make a few quotations from Fourier to illustrate the view he takes of

the action of Providence in relation to the social affairs of mankind. His language always strikes us as full of simplicity and grandeur, of plain common sense, and yet of sublimity; it is a style singularly full of contrasts, but always united in the grandest thought; it is eloquent, but it is the eloquence of gigantic conception, not perhaps of flowery rhetoric.

"The idea of a preëstablished social destiny for mankind," says Fourier, "of a divine theory based upon mathematical justice for the regulation of the human passions and the social relations of man, will excite the derision of the scientific men of the day."

"Nevertheless how can we conceive that the Being infinitely wise, could have created our passions and faculties without having first determined upon their employment and social functions! The Deity, occupied for an eternity past in creating and organizing worlds, could he have been ignorant that the first *collective* want of their inhabitants, is that of a social order to regulate their relations and passions?"

"Left to the direction of our pretended sages, the passions engender scourges which would make us doubt whether they are the work of an evil spirit or of the Divinity. Try successively the laws of men the most revered, of a Solon or a Draco, of a Lycurgus or a Minos, and you will see them reproduce invariably the social scourges—Indigence, Fraud, Oppression, Carnage—which are the effects of the Passions in their false and inverted action. Must not the Creator have foreseen this shameful result of human legislation? He could have seen the effects of it in millions of globes created prior to ours; he must have known before creating us and giving us Passions, that human reason would not be capable of harmonizing them, and that the human race would require a legislator wiser than itself."

"As a consequence, the Creator, unless we believe that his Providence is insufficient and circumscribed, and that he is indifferent as to the happiness of his creatures, must have composed for us a social Code, or a system of social and industrial organization, applicable to all mankind, who every where have the same passions, and he must have given us the reason to discover it, which we can do whenever it shall please men to raise the question whether it is they who are to devise and institute laws and institutions of their own, or whether they are to search for those predestined for us by Divine wisdom."

"There must exist for us then a destiny of Order, or a plan of Providence, for the regulation and government of our social

relations. The task of genius was to search for and discover it in the study of the laws of human nature or *passional attraction*, which is the interpreter of it, and tends to it ceaselessly as to its natural mechanism."

"Another indication: how can we suppose the Creator more imprudent than the mereasthove among men! When a man collects building materials does he fail to make, either himself or by the aid of an architect, a plan for the employment of those materials? What should we think of a person who, purchasing stone, wood work, and materials of all kinds for a vast edifice, did not know what kind of a building he intended to erect, and acknowledged that he had collected all these materials without having thought of the use which he should make of them? Such a man would be pronounced to be in a state of mental aberration!"

"Such, nevertheless, is the degree of folly which sophists attribute to the Deity in supposing that he could have created the passions, characters, instincts, and other materials of the social edifice *without having fixed upon any plan for their employment and application.*"

Fourier has devoted some seventy-five or eighty pages in his large work entitled "Theory of Universal Unity," to proving that the Creator has not left to the genius of a Solon or a Justinian the care of framing a social order for the government of mankind and the regulation of the human Passions, but that prior to the creation of man, he fixed upon a plan of social unity and harmony, and that human reason should endeavor to discover this precalculated destiny instead of usurping, Titan like, the highest prerogative of God, and doubting the universality of his Providence. We have space for but two more short extracts. In speaking of the goodness of the radical affections implanted in Man, if properly applied and rightly developed, he says:

"We cannot too often repeat, that the Being who has created our twelve radical Passions, [by Passions, Fourier understands all the spiritual powers or forces in Man—variously called affections, feelings, instincts, faculties, &c.] and our eight hundred and ten characters, has been occupied for an eternity past in creating men and passions in thousands of millions of worlds. He certainly has had time to learn by experience what distributive proportions should be observed in such a work. He has wisdom enough doubtlessly to do without the advice of a few moralists and philosophers of our little globe, who not having the power to destroy or change a single one of the passions, or springs of action in the human soul, should, instead of declaiming against them, have sought for the social

mechanism to which the Creator destined them;—should have raised the question whether it was the Divinity who erred in the distribution of the passional system, or whether it is human reason which has wandered astray in adopting for the mechanism of the Passions, the Civilized and Barbarian Societies, which misdirect and pervert them, and are so incompatible with the nature of man that they can only be sustained by prisons, scaffolds, police organizations, and other means of constraint and repression."

In another place Fourier observes:

"We will terminate these remarks by a glance at the errors of worlds. If God permitted us to judge those worlds which have failed in their social career; if he gave us the power of visiting and inspecting some thousands of them in order to compare and analyze their social progress, as we analyze that of our own planet, should we be astonished to find among the number a few that were stunted and paralyzed, and arrested in their career like a vessel stranded on a sand bank! This backwardness or failure of some globes would not surprise us any more than to see some men stunted or crippled among the population of a city, or some blighted trees, without growth in a large forest. The same law applies to globes: they are creatures subject to individual accidents, to delays, both in their material and social growth; some even are failures. Our globe is not affected with any irremediable defect; [although the long continuance of social discord and subversion upon it, has produced the growth and spread of vast deserts, marshes, and steppes, destroying vegetation to a frightful extent and deranging the magnetic and atmospheric systems;] it is afflicted with a temporary derangement only, which acts both upon the material of the planet and the social condition of mankind. The material derangement is manifest by the congelation of the poles, and the devastated state of a large portion of its surface, and as to the moral derangement, it is still more palpable; we have but to look at the multitude of beggars that swarm in our civilized societies, at our battle fields, at our mercantile frauds and spirit of rapacity, at our financial and judicial spoliations, and what is worse at our *charlatans* in politics and philosophy, extolling the perfection of what they call their advanced Civilization, when the people ask for bread and employment, and when common sense demands that they should secure to the civilized multitude the privileges which the savage and even the animal enjoy, the right of labor and individual independence."

Fourier looks upon the human race as one great collective being, endowed with free will and independent action, having

a high and noble function to perform on earth, which it must accomplish by its own genius and its own labors. He reasons upon the progress of this collective Being and its social polity as he would upon those of a single individual; and he who cannot elevate his mind to take those general views, and speculate upon the career of the human race and the globe as he would upon that of a single being, is not capable of searching into the mighty plans and measures of Providence.

Fourier considers that the social career of mankind, owing to several causes which he points out, has been retarded; that the periods of social ignorance and weakness and their effects,—incoherence and discord, (which are attendant upon the career of every created thing;—the single individual, for example, must go through a period of infantine weakness and ignorance, through various diseases and sufferings of infancy, like teething, &c., and this law, though varied in application, extends to the human race,) these periods have been prolonged considerably beyond what was necessary; the consequences are the neglected and devastated condition of the earth's surface, particularly of Asia and Africa, and the social misery that reigns upon our globe. The characteristics of the former—the ravaged state of the planet, are pestilential exhalations from marshes and deserts, engendering the cholera, the plague, malignant fevers and other epidemic diseases, the terrible simoons, the deadly desert winds, the encroachment of the polar ices and snows upon the temperate zone, the derangement of seasons and climate, sudden and violent fluctuations in temperature, prolonged droughts and excessive rains, which exhaust vegetation, excess of heat and cold, &c. &c. As to the characteristics of Social Disorder, they are familiar enough to all; we may sum them up under the general heads of Indigence, national and individual; Fraud and Rapacity in all their varieties; Oppression, political and social; Carnage, Ignorance and Degradation.

SWISS TESTIMONY TO EUGENE SUE. The inhabitants of the valley of St. Imier in Switzerland have sent to the celebrated novelist a magnificent watch with a letter from which we extract a passage.

"The inhabitants of the valley of St. Imier, almost exclusively engaged in manufactures and agriculture, will not undertake a panegyric of the author of *The Mysteries of Paris*, and *The Wandering Jew*, but if they are deficient in brilliant artifices of language and the talent of uttering sonorous laudatory phrases, they can nevertheless appreciate the utility of

your excellent works, and their agreement with the spirit and necessities of the age.

"These books, whose fame is so wide spread and whose effect so great, have made us aware that the hostility to the Jesuits felt by the republicans of Helvetia, is shared by a man who holds so high a rank in the esteem of his cotemporaries. We look upon you as a brother in arms, for we are engaged in the same combat. You with thought and intelligence, we by moistening the soil of our country with our blood to free it from a political order so fatal to the prosperity and happiness of nations. Guided by these sentiments, we have opened a subscription to obtain a watch, a product of our national industry, which we ask you to accept as an evidence of our lively sympathy and our gratitude." — *Dem. Pacif.*

LABOR IN PARIS — LETTER FROM EUGENE SUE. The following letter was written during the difficulty, which recently occurred between the journeymen carpenters of Paris and their employers. We republish it as a clear statement of the condition to which the laboring population in Europe is reduced by the progress of civilization. We may be thankful that all the causes which produce these results are not in operation here. But one would enquire if our cities cannot furnish examples of such melancholy statistics as Sue here presents.

"To the Editors of the '*Democratique Pacifique*.'"

"Gentlemen; Permit me to be heard in the contest between the journeymen carpenters and their employers, not as a disputant but simply to set down a few figures, which as it appears to me will cast some light upon the question.

"The journeymen carpenters complain of the lowness of their wages, which they declare to be out of proportion with their necessities.

"These are the facts.

"A journeyman carpenter earns at present four francs a day; five days are to be deducted from each month for Sundays and festivals. The wages of a month is thus reduced to one hundred francs. But in a year there are four months in which the laborer is without work. So that the wages of a journeyman carpenter are reduced to eight hundred francs a year for eight months labor, (about one hundred and fifty dollars.) This is his income: now let us see his expenses. Suppose a family of three persons; a man his wife and child. For such a family a miserable lodging costs in Paris 200 francs a year.

"We have then rent, 200 francs; clothing for their persons, wear of apparel, soap, interest on the cost of furniture, fuel, lights &c. &c. 200 francs, making

400 francs. There remains then 400 francs a year for the food of three persons, or not much more than twenty sous a day.

"This food, such as it is, costs about as follows:

"Bread for three person 10 sous; wine for the man 6 sous; dry vegetables, fat, water, salt for soup 5 sous, making in all 21 sous. Two or three sous a day are also needed for unforeseen expenses or for the savings bank.

"The laborer never has meat to eat, except an occasional fragment of unwholesome pork; he works at one of the most toilsome and exhausting employments that exists.

"We are not engaged in *declamation*, we are merely writing down figures.

"Moreover in this estimate, it is supposed that the laborer is never sick or without work. But should he be compelled to lie still a month, how shall that be provided for? A coverlet, a mattress are carried to the *Mont-de-Piete*, and at night the family shivers upon straw. After a week of painful labor the artisan cannot think of amusements and pleasures, and as for the means or the leisure for intellectual development, he is totally deprived of both.

"The wife occupied with the cares of the household, with making or mending clothes, with washing, with taking care of her child, can earn nothing, or if she withdraw from these occupations to work in the city, her little gains hardly make up the expenses occasioned by her absence from home.

"We have supposed the workman and his family in the most favorable condition, for there are many who have two or three children with an infirm father or mother at their charge, and to support so many persons shut up in one chamber, never more than *twenty-one sous a day*. Now we ask are the claims of the journeymen carpenters who find their position unsatisfactory, exorbitant? Are they in the wrong in wishing to see their wages raised from 800 to about 1,000 francs a year?

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that it is unnecessary to add a word; our figures are more than eloquent; they have the all-powerful authority of a fact.

"EUGENE SUE."

PROGRESS IN FRANCE. We take from the *Democratique Pacifique*, the following remarks from the *Guetteur* and *Courier* of Saint Quentin, respecting a course of lectures delivered in that place by Victor Considerant, in the early part of July.

The *Courier* says, "The success of M. Victor Considerant in this place has been remarkable; the attendance upon the meetings, devoted to explanation of the theory

of Fourier, was daily more numerous; and the audience more than once manifested its approbation by warm applause. At the concluding lectures the public hall which was very large was completely filled. The rapid, clear, and energetic eloquence of the speaker has made a deep impression; and if all the ideas which he advanced were not instantly adopted, because of the brevity with which he was compelled to treat the various points, we may be sure that attention has been aroused; the works of the Associative School will now be studied with care, and we, who since the establishment of our journal have endeavored to propagate the general principles of the theory of Fourier, shall enter more fully upon the labor without fear of any lack of interest on the part of our readers."

"M. Victor Considerant" says the *Guetteur de Saint Quentin*, has finished his lectures before an audience of some eight hundred persons. In order to go through in six lectures with an exposition of the Associative theory, he was obliged to confine himself to the principal points. After having passed rapidly in review, the transformations undergone by Society from Savagism to the phase of Civilization in which we live, after having set forth broadly and clearly the evils produced by anarchical competition, and industrial incoherence, M. Considerant made a very distinct statement of the problem of the organization of labor, which now occupies thoughtful minds so entirely. He showed the organization of labor to be possible only by Association, and with the three essential elements of all production that is, by the combination of Capital, Labor and Skill. He then entered upon the proof of the fact, that it is according to the law of Providence that labor should be attractive, and demonstrated that the Associative theory alone furnished the means of realizing this *sine qua non* of terrestrial happiness, and finally he showed how this system ensures an equitable distribution of the products of labor, without condemning any one to the misery which for the greater part of the time is the lot of civilized laborers."

"M. Considerant's lectures have certainly inspired a large number of persons with the desire of becoming more completely acquainted with the system of the Associative School, and of comparing it with the theories in repute in the scientific world, in a word, of entering into an examination of the social problems of which political questions are only the preliminaries."

"We have already devoted several articles to the exposition of the theory of Fourier; we shall return to the subject from time to time as our limits may permit."

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—We daily receive letters from all parts of the country, on various points connected with Association whose writers altogether omit this most necessary ceremony. We are at all times happy to receive either inquiries or suggestions, but we must beg that our friends will bear their full share of the expense. It taxes our little stock of patience too severely, on receiving a letter from some distant quarter, glowing perhaps with zeal for the cause, or full of satisfaction with the Harbinger, to find that we are mulcted in a sum, which, however trifling in itself when added to a long list of similar charges, becomes a serious matter to our treasury. The least tolerable form of the evil is, a request for a specimen of our paper, with a promise that in case it is well thought of, the writer will subscribe. To all such persons, the injunction at the head of these remarks is especially addressed. Our friends who are not established contributors, who forward articles for the Harbinger, are also requested to be careful in this particular.

☞ **JOSEPH KELSEY, Esq.** of Winchester, Conn., is authorized to act as Agent for the Harbinger.

THE SANGAMON ASSOCIATION. *Mr. Editor*:—A short account of the Sangamon Association may not be uninteresting to you. Having had an opportunity to inform ourselves upon the Science of Social Unity, we last winter gave three lectures upon it, in this neighborhood, and got up too strong an excitement; (it is not best to have many out of the same neighborhood, on account of neighborhood prejudices,) we however organized in February, selected our officers, and location, got some five hundred acres of land invested, principally under cultivation and well proportioned as to prairie and timber. Our location is on the head of Lick Creek timber, fourteen miles from Springfield, and on the south side of a six mile prairie with good timber adjoining. The prairie is undulating,—has a deep rich and black soil, and is decidedly a healthy situation, as twenty year's experience proves. The railroad from Springfield to Meridocia, passes immediately by the domain.

We do not Associate until the first of March next. The present season we are making the necessary preparations, by building, &c. The plan of our present building is a frame 360 feet in length, 24 in width, the rooms to be finished off, 16 feet square, in front; two-thirds of the length, it is to be one story, and one-third two stories, and is intended for temporary dwellings, but eventually for work shops, the work, however is substantial. All the labor done the present year, is paid in stock at the customary prices of the country. We have now 64 feet in length of our building up, and inclosed, and the present season we shall burn brick, sow wheat, &c. We have a saw-mill that will be in operation by the first of August. We intend to proceed in every thing with the utmost caution, and yet with firmness,

and can see no reason why we should not succeed. Our constitution is liberal, but allows us to contract no debt to exceed five per cent. upon the capital.

We solicit Subscriptions of stock, and request those who are favorable to Association, to come and see our location, soil, &c. We however want none who view it only as a matter of dollars and cents, but those who are Associationists in deed and truth; no husy bodies in other men's matters, brawlers, nor contentious persons; but persons of good morals, who are willing to be pioneers in the regeneration of Society, and such as are not apt to put their hands to the plough and look back, but Philanthropists. We have now thirty-five productive members, and but fifteen unproductive (Children) members, and shall only admit new members as we can furnish rooms and profitable employment.

A. W. SWEET.

Springfield, July 5, 1845.

Alphadelphia Tocsin.

BEGGARS IN LONDON. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the "Great Metropolis," introduces the annexed into a late letter.

"The number of beggars in London is very great; one meets them at every step. Here is a poor fellow leaning upon a crutch, begging in the name of heaven for a penny to save him from starvation. Another step and a female is seen, limping from disease or accident, supplicating aid for herself and starving children; and as one turns with an aching heart from these wretched people, another group is presented, consisting of a mother and several children, all clothed in rags, evincing by their emaciated forms the most extreme hunger, the children clinging to the helpless parent, and all imploring for bread. Here is a poor man who has no employment; he has a family and they are starving; he saunters forth to beg; his evident misery excites the compassion of a very few, and he returns home only able to buy a two penny loaf, which must be the food of six persons for one day. While gazing a moment at the beggar's destitution, a splendid state coach and four rolls by, with two outriders and two footmen, wearing cocked hats and covered with shining lace. The Lord Mayor will spend more in one banquet than the beggar can obtain during the next year. A few paces further, a singular object is crouched upon the pavement almost insensible. His clothing consisted of the remnant of trowsers and vest *only*, and these literally dropping from his emaciated limbs. Pale and ghastly, like a patient recovering from protracted illness, he has not animation enough to raise his eyes. Some humane hand had chalked upon the pavement, "Come to this by starvation; he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

On a gloomy Saturday evening, when the density of the atmosphere exceeded London itself, and rain fell in fitful showers, and gusts of wind swept rapidly through the narrow streets, I repaired to a particular street, supposing the time, weather and place, well combined to depict the misery common in this great city. In a street where provisions are sold, the scene was of a most extraordinary character: some were selling, many begging, but few giving. Among the throng a little boy about six years old, stood in the

rain, without hat or shoes, and eagerly gazing at a butcher's stall where meat was arrayed for sale, the gas-light fell upon his visage, and exhibited an emaciated starving child. A penny was given to him and he was watched to learn the result. An American child would have bought a stick of candy or a toy, but not so with this starving boy. He immediately ran to an eating-house, and selecting that of which he could procure the most, without much regard to the quality, he came out devouring a handful of pudding, which is merely peas boiled until they become soft and form a consistent mass, strangely enough called pudding. At the next step was to be seen a man, his wife, and three children, the latter crying for bread. These people have neither employment, money nor food, and they are all starving in a mass.

AN ALARMING EVENT. "What news in the great world?" asked a country parson of a gentleman who had just left the great metropolis.

"An event, sir," answered he, "recently took place, which, from its aspect, threatened to affect every body in a manner that, if persisted in for any length of time, must have unavoidably produced the destruction of the whole town."

"Pray, sir, what do you allude to?" said the parson, with alarm.

"A general fast, sir," replied the other.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 7 A. M., and 2 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plain, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 9 1-2 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday excepted.

N. R. GERRISH.

June 28, 1845.

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CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.
Translated for the Harbinger.

III.

When Amelia was asked to translate the phrase which Consuelo had written upon her tablets and engraved in her memory, she said that she did not understand it at all, though she could render it literally by these words:

May he who has been wronged salute thee. "Perhaps," added she, "he refers to Albert or himself, saying that wrong has been done them in accusing them of madness, as they consider themselves the only sensible men on the face of the earth. But what good can it do to search for the meaning of a crazy man's talk? This Zdenko occupies your imagination much more than he deserves."

"It is the custom of the people in all countries," replied Consuelo, "to attribute to the insane, a kind of inspiration, higher than that enjoyed by positive and cold spirits. I have a right to preserve the prejudices of my class, and I can never believe that a crazy man speaks at random, when he utters words which are unintelligible to us."

"Let us see," said Amelia, "if the chaplain, who is deeply versed in all the ancient and modern formulas which our peasants use, knows the meaning of this." And running to the good man, she asked him for an explanation of Zdenko's phrase.

But these obscure words seemed to strike the chaplain with a frightful light. "In the name of the living God!" cried he, turning pale, "where can your ladyship have heard such blasphemy?"

"If it be one, I cannot divine it," replied Amelia laughing, "and therefore I await your explanation."

"Word for word, it is truly in good German, what you have just said, Madame, *May he who has been wronged sa-*

lute thee. But if you wish to know the meaning, (and I hardly dare utter it) it is in the thought of the idolator who pronounced it; *May the devil be with thee.*"

"In other words," returned Amelia, laughing still more; "*Go to the devil.* Well! it is a pretty compliment, and this is what you gain, my dear Nina, from talking with a fool. You did not think that Zdenko, with so affable a smile and such merry grimaces, would address to you so ungallant a wish."

"Zdenko!" cried the chaplain. "Ah! then it is that unfortunate idiot who uses such formulas! Well and good! I trembled lest it should be some other person—and I was wrong: it could issue only from that head crammed with the abomination of the ancient heresies! Whence can he have learnt things almost unknown and forgotten now a days! The spirit of evil alone can have suggested them to him."

"But it is only a very vulgar oath, which the common people use in all languages," returned Amelia, "and catholics are no more shocked by it than others."

"Do not think so, baroness," said the chaplain. "It is not a malediction in the wandering mind of him who uses it, on the contrary it is a homage, a benediction, and there is the sin. This abomination comes from the Lollards, a detestable sect which engendered that of the Vaudois, which engendered that of the Hussites—"

"Which engendered many others!" said Amelia, assuming a grave air to mock the good priest. "But come, sir chaplain, explain to us how it can be a compliment to recommend one's neighbor to the devil!"

"The reason is, that in the belief of the Lollards, satan was not the enemy of the human race, but on the contrary, its protector and patron. They said that he was a victim to injustice and jealousy. According to them, the archangel Michael and the other celestial powers, who had precipitated him into the abyss, were the veritable demons, while Lucifer, Beel-

zebub, Astaroth, Astarté, and all the monsters of hell wore innocence and light themselves. They believed that the reign of Michael and his glorious militia would soon come to an end and that the devil would be restored and reinstated in heaven with his accursed host. In fine they paid him an impious worship and accosted each other by saying: *May he who has been wronged*, that is to say, he who has been misunderstood and unjustly condemned, *salute thee*, that is, protect and assist thee."

"Well," said Amelia, bursting into shouts of laughter, "my dear Nina is under very favorable auspices and I should not be astonished if we should soon have to employ exorcisms to destroy the effect of Zdenko's incantation upon her."

Consuelo was somewhat disturbed at this raillery. She was not quite certain that the devil was a chimera and hell a poetic fable. She would have been led to take in earnest the chaplain's indignation and affright, if provoked at Amelia's laughter, he had not been perfectly ridiculous at the moment. Confused and troubled in all the belief of her childhood by this struggle, into which she saw herself cast, between the superstition of some and the incredulity of others, Consuelo, that evening, could hardly say her prayers. She searched for the meaning of all those forms of devotion which she had hitherto accepted without examination and which no longer satisfied her alarmed mind. "From what I have been able to see," thought she, "there are two kinds of devotion at Venice. That of the monks, the nuns, and the people, which goes too far perhaps; for it accepts with the mysteries of religion, all sorts of accessory superstitions, the *orco*, (the devil of the lagunes,) the sorceries of Malamocco, the gold seekers, the horoscope, and the vows to saints for the success of designs far from pious and often far from honest: then there is that of the higher clergy and of the fashionable world, which is only a shadow: for those people go to church as they go to

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

the theatre, to hear the music and show themselves; they laugh at every thing and examine nothing in religion, thinking that there is nothing serious in it, that there is nothing obligatory on the conscience and that it is all a matter of form and habit. Anzoletto was not in the least religious; that was one of my troubles and I had good reason to be terrified at his unbelief. My master Porpora,—what did he believe? I do not know. He never explained himself on that score and yet he spoke to me of God and divine things at the most sorrowful and solemn moment of my life. But though his words struck me very forcibly, the only impression they left was one of terror and uncertainty. He seemed to believe in a jealous and absolute God, who sends inspiration and genius only to beings isolated by their pride from the sufferings and the joys of their race. My heart disavows this fierce religion, and could not love a God who should forbid me to love. Which then is the true God? Who can show him to me? My poor mother was a believer; but with how many childish idolatries was her worship mingled! What can I believe, what can I think! Shall I say, as does the thoughtless Amelia, that reason is the only God? But she does not know even that God, and cannot show him to me; for there is no one less reasonable than she is. Can one live without religion! Of what use would life be? For what object could I labor? For what end should I have pity, courage, generosity, a sense of right, I who am alone in the universe, if there be not in the universe, a Supreme Being who is intelligent and full of love, who judges, who approves, who aids, preserves, and blesses me? What strength, what excitement can those have in life, who can dispense with a hope and a love beyond the reach of human illusions and vicissitudes?"

"Supreme Master!" cried she in her heart, forgetting the form of her accustomed prayer, "teach me what I ought to do. Supreme Love! teach me what I ought to love. Supreme Wisdom! teach me what I ought to believe."

While thus praying and meditating, she forgot the flight of the hours, and it was past midnight, when before retiring to bed, she cast a glance over the landscape lighted by the moon. The view from her window was not very extensive, owing to the surrounding mountains, but exceedingly picturesque. A torrent flowed at the bottom of a narrow and winding valley, gently undulating through meadows running to the base of the hills which closed the horizon, but opened however here and there so that beyond them could be seen other defiles and other mountains still more steep, all covered

with black firs. The light of the declining moon glanced behind the principal features of this sad and striking landscape, in which every thing had a sombre aspect, the dark verdure, the confined water, the rocks covered with moss and ivy.

While Consuelo was comparing this country with all those she had traversed in her childhood, she was struck with an idea that had not before occurred to her; it was that the landscape before her eyes had not a novel aspect, whether she had before passed through this part of Bohemia or seen elsewhere places very similar. "We travelled so much, my mother and I," said she to herself, "that it would not be astonishing if I had already been here. I have a distant recollection of Dresden and Vienna. We may have crossed Bohemia in going from one of those cities to the other. Still it would be strange if we had received hospitality in one of the barns of this very chateau, in which I am now lodged as a young lady of consequence; or if we had by our ballads earned a morsel of bread at the door of some one of those cabins where Zdenko stretches out his hand and sings his ancient songs; Zdenko, the vagabond artist, who is my equal and fellow, though he hardly seems so now."

At that moment her eyes were directed towards the Schreckenstein, the summit of which could be perceived above a nearer eminence, and it seemed to her that this sinister spot was crowned by a reddish light which faintly tinged the transparent azure of the sky. She fixed her attention upon it and saw the dim light increase, go out and re-appear, until at last it became so clear and decided, that she could not attribute it to an illusion of her senses. Whether it was the temporary retreat of a band of Zingari, or the haunt of some brigand, it was not the less certain that the Schreckenstein was occupied at that moment by living beings; and Consuelo, after her simple and fervent prayer to the God of truth, was no longer disposed to believe in the existence of the fantastic and evil minded beings with which the popular tradition peopled the mountain. But was it not more probably Zdenko who kindled that fire, to escape from the cold of the night? And if it were Zdenko, was it not to warm Albert that the dried branches of the forest were burning at that moment? This brightness was often seen upon the Schreckenstein: it was spoken of with terror and attributed to something supernatural. It had been said a thousand times that it emanated from the enchanted trunk of Ziska's old oak. But the Hussite no longer existed; at least it lay at the bottom of the ravine and the red light still shone on the summit of the

mountain. Why did not this mysterious light-house induce some researches at the supposed retreat of Albert.

"O apathy of devout minds!" thought Consuelo; "are you a boon of Providence, or an infirmity of incomplete natures?" She asked herself at the same time, if she should have the courage, to go alone, at that hour, to the Schreckenstein, and she answered, that guided by charity, she certainly should have. But she could flatter herself gratuitously in that respect, for the strict closing of the chateau left her no opportunity of executing her design.

In the morning she woke full of zeal and hurried to the Schreckenstein. All was silent and deserted. The grass was not trodden around the stone of Terror. There was no trace of fire, no vestige of the presence of last night's guests. She wandered over the mountain in every direction and found no indication of them. She called Zdenko on all sides; she tried to whistle in order to see if she could excite the barkings of Cynabre; she called her own name several times. She uttered the word Consolation in all the languages that she knew; she sang some strains of her Spanish chant, and even of Zdenko's Bohemian air, which she remembered perfectly. Nothing replied to her. The crackling of the dried lichens beneath her feet, and the murmuring of the mysterious waters which ran beneath the rocks were the only sounds which answered her.

Fatigued by this useless exploration, she was about to retire after having taken a moment's rest upon the stone, when she saw at her feet a broken and bruised rose-leaf. She took it up, smoothed it, and was convinced that it must be a leaf of the bouquet she had thrown to Zdenko, for the mountain did not produce wild roses, and besides it was not the season for them. There were none as yet except in the green-house of the chateau. This feeble indication consoled her for the apparent inutility of her walk and left her more than ever persuaded that it was at the Schreckenstein they must hope to discover Albert.

But in what cave of this impenetrable mountain was he concealed? He was not always there, or rather he was at that moment, buried in a fit of cataleptic insensibility; or rather again, Consuelo had deceived herself, when she attributed to her voice some power over him and the exaltation he had manifested to her, was only an excess of madness which had left no trace in his memory. Perhaps he saw and heard her at this moment, and laughed at her efforts, despised her useless attempts.

At this last thought, Consuelo felt her cheeks glow with a burning blush, and

she precipitately quitted the Schreckenstein, almost promising never to return there. Still she left a little basket of fruit she had brought with her.

But on the morrow she found the basket in the same place; it had not been touched. The leaves which covered the fruit had not even been disturbed by the hand of curiosity. Her offering had been disdained, or else neither Albert nor Zdenko had been there; and yet the red light of a fire of firs had again shone the night before, upon the summit of the mountain. Consuelo had watched until day-light to observe it particularly. She had several times seen the brightness diminish and again increase, as if a vigilant hand supplied the flame. No one had seen any Zingari in the environs. No stranger had been noticed in the paths of the forest; and all the peasants whom Consuelo interrogated respecting the luminous phenomenon of the Stone of Terror, answered her in bad German, that it was not good to search into those things and that people ought not to interfere in the affairs of the other world.

It was now nine days since Albert had disappeared. This was the longest absence of the kind that had ever taken place, and this protraction, united to the gloomy forebodings which had announced the attainment of his thirtieth year was not calculated to revive the hopes of the family. At last they began to be agitated; Count Christian sighed all the time in a most lamentable manner; the baron went to the hunt, without a thought of killing any thing; the chaplain offered extraordinary prayers; Amelia no longer dared to laugh or chat, and the canoness, pale and weak, distracted from her household cares and forgetful of her tapestry work, told her beads from morning to night, kept little tapers burning before the image of the Virgin, and seemed bent lower by a foot than she usually was. Consuelo ventured to propose a grand and scrupulous exploration of the Schreckenstein, acknowledged the researches she had made there, and confided in privacy to the canoness the circumstance of the rose leaf, and the care with which she had examined all night the luminous summit of the mountain. But the preparations which Wenceslawa wished to make for the exploration soon caused Consuelo to repent the freedom of her communication. The canoness wished to have Zdenko seized and terrified by threats, to have fifty men provided with torches and muskets, and finally that the chaplain should pronounce his most terrible exorcisms upon the fatal stone, while the baron, followed by Hanz and his most courageous attendants, should institute a regular siege of the Schreckenstein in the middle of the night. To sur-

prise Albert in this manner would be the true way to throw him into extreme madness, perhaps into fury; and Consuelo, by force of arguments and prayers, prevailed upon Wenceslawa not to act or undertake any thing without her advice. Now this was what she ultimately proposed to her, to leave the chateau the following night and go alone with the canoness, followed at a distance by Hanz and the chaplain only, to examine near at hand the fire of the Schreckenstein. But this resolution was beyond the strength of the canoness. She was persuaded that the sabbat* was held on the Stone of Terror, and all that Consuelo could obtain was to have the gates opened at midnight, and that the baron with some other willing persons should follow her without arms and in the greatest silence. It was agreed that this attempt should be concealed from Count Christian, whose great age and enfeebled health unfitted him for such an expedition in the cold and unwholesome night, and who would yet wish to join it if he were informed. All was executed as Consuelo had desired. The baron, the chaplain and Hanz accompanied her. She advanced alone, a hundred steps ahead of her escort and ascended the Schreckenstein with a courage worthy of Bradamante. But in proportion as she approached, the brightness which seemed to issue in rays from the fissures of the crowning rock, was extinguished by degrees, and when she reached it, a profound darkness enveloped the mountain from the summit to the base. A deep silence and the gloom of solitude reigned all around. She called Zdenko, Cynabre and even Albert, though trembling. All was mute and the echo alone answered her unsteady voice.

She returned disheartened towards her companions. They praised her courage highly, and adventured, after her, to explore the spot she had just quitted, but without success; and all returned in silence to the chateau, where the canoness who waited for them at the gate, saw her last hope vanish, at their recital.

IV.

Consuelo, after receiving the thanks of the good Wenceslawa and the kiss which she sadly imprinted upon her forehead, took the way to her chamber with caution, in order not to awaken Amelia, from whom the enterprise had been concealed. She lodged on the first floor, while the chamber of the canoness was in the basement. But in ascending the stairs, she let her light fall and it was extinguished before she could recover it. She thought to find her way without it,

* Nocturnal ceremony of witches.

especially as the day began to dawn; but whether her mind was strangely preoccupied, or her courage, after an exertion too much for her sex, abandoned her of a sudden, she was so much troubled, that on arriving at the floor which she inhabited, she did not stop there, but continued to ascend to the upper story and entered the gallery which led to Albert's chamber, situated almost immediately over her's; but she stopped chilled with affright at the entrance of the gallery, on seeing a thin and dark form glide along before her, as if its feet did not touch the floor, and enter the chamber to which Consuelo was going, thinking it to be her own. In the midst of her terror, she had enough presence of mind to examine this figure and to see rapidly in the indistinct light of the dawn that it had the form and dress of Zdenko. But what was he going to do in Consuelo's chamber at such an hour, and with what message could he have been entrusted for her? She did not feel disposed to encounter such a tête-à-tête and descended to seek the canoness. It was on descending one flight that she recognized her corridor and the door of her chamber and perceived that it was Albert's into which she had just seen Zdenko enter.

Then a thousand conjectures presented themselves to her mind which had again become calm and attentive. How could the idiot have penetrated at night into a chateau so well closed and so carefully examined every evening by the canoness and the domestics? This apparition of Zdenko confirmed her in the idea which she had always entertained, of a secret outlet from the chateau, and perhaps a subterranean communication with the Schreckenstein. She ran to knock at the door of the canoness, who was already barricaded in her austere cell, and who uttered a loud cry on seeing her appear without a light and somewhat pale. "Be not disturbed, my dear madam," said the young girl to her; "there is a new occurrence, quite strange, but not at all frightful. I have just seen Zdenko enter Count Albert's chamber."

"Zdenko! you must be dreaming, my child; how could he have got in? I closed all the gates with the same care as usual, and during the whole of your trip to the Schreckenstein, I kept good guard; the bridge was raised, and when you had all passed it to re-enter, I remained the last to see it raised again."

"However that may be, Madam, Zdenko is in Count Albert's chamber. You have only to come there to be convinced of it." "I will go immediately," replied the canoness, "and drive him out as he deserves. The wretched fellow must have come in during the day. But what object could draw him here! doubt-

less he is looking for Albert, or has come to wait for him; a sure proof, my poor child, that he knows no more where he is than we do."

"Well, still let us interrogate him," said Consuelo.

"One instant, one instant," said the canoness who, preparing for bed, had taken off two of her petticoats, and who considered herself too lightly dressed, having on no more than three; "I cannot present myself thus before a man, my dear. Go look for the chaplain or my brother the baron, the first you can find—we must not expose ourselves alone before this crazy man.—But what am I thinking of! a young person like you cannot go and knock at the doors of those gentlemen—wait a moment, I will hurry; in an instant, I will be ready."

And she began to rearrange her dress the more slowly, that she was the more hurried, and because, deranged in her regular habits as she had not been for a long while, she hardly knew what she was about. Consuelo, impatient at a delay, during which Zdenko might leave Albert's chamber and hide himself in the chateau so that he could not be found, recovered all her energy. "Dear madame," said she lighting a candle, "will you please to call those gentlemen; I will go and see that Zdenko does not escape us."

She mounted the two flights precipitately and with a courageous hand opened Albert's door, which yielded without resistance; but she found the chamber deserted. She entered a neighboring cabinet, raised all the curtains and even dared to look under the bed and behind the furniture. Zdenko was no longer there and had left no trace of his entrance.

"There is no one here!" said she to the canoness, who came trotting along, followed by Hanz and the chaplain; the baron was already abed and asleep; they could not awaken him.

"I begin to fear," said the chaplain, a little dissatisfied at the alarm they had given him, "that the Signora Porporina may be the dupe of her own illusions—"

"No, sir chaplain," replied Consuelo quickly, "no one here is less so than I am."

"And no one has more strength and devotedness, in truth," replied the good man; "but in your ardent hope, you think, Signora, that you see indications, where unhappily none exist."

"Father," said the canoness, "the Porporina is brave as a lion and wise as a doctor. If she has seen Zdenko, Zdenko has been here. We must search for him through the whole house, and as all is well closed, thank God, he cannot escape us."

They aroused the domestics and searched every where. Not a chest of drawers but they opened, or a piece of furniture they did not move. They even stirred the provender in the immense grain chests. Hanz had the simplicity to look into the baron's great boots. But Zdenko was not found there any more than elsewhere. They began to think that Consuelo must have been dreaming; but she remained more than ever persuaded of the necessity of discovering the secret outlet from the chateau, and resolved to bestow all the perseverance of her will upon this discovery. She had hardly taken a few hours of repose when she commenced her examination. The building which she inhabited, (the same in which was Albert's apartment,) rested, and as it were, backed upon the hill. Albert himself had chosen and arranged his lodging in that picturesque situation, which enabled him to enjoy a fine view towards the south, and to have on the eastern side a pretty little garden upon a terrace which was on a level with the cabinet in which he studied. He had a taste for flowers and cultivated some very rare ones upon that square of soil which had been brought to the barren summit of the eminence. The terrace was surrounded by a heavy freestone wall, about breast high, built upon steep rocks, and this flowery belvedere commanded the precipice on the other side, and a portion of the vast indented horizon of the Bochmerwald. Consuelo, who had not before penetrated to this spot, admired its beautiful situation and picturesque arrangement; then she requested the chaplain to explain to her what was the use made of this terrace before the chateau had been transformed from a fortress into a baronial residence.

"It was," said he, "an ancient bastion, a sort of fortified terrace, whence the garrison could observe the movements of troops in the valley and upon the surrounding mountains. There is no gap allowing a passage which cannot be discovered from this spot. Formerly a high wall, with loop holes on all sides, surrounded this platform and protected its occupants from the arrows and balls of an enemy."

"And what is this?" asked Consuelo, approaching a cistern in the centre of the parterre, into which there was a descent by means of a little steep and winding staircase.

"That is a cistern which always furnished an abundant supply of excellent rock-water to the seiged; a resource of incalculable value to a strong hold!"

"Then this water is good to drink?" said Consuelo, examining the greenish and mossy water of the cistern. "It seems to me quite muddy."

"It is no longer good now, or at least

it is not always so, and Count Albert only uses it to water his flowers. I must tell you that for two years an extraordinary phenomenon has occurred in this cistern. The spring, for it is one, whose source is more or less near in the heart of the mountain, has become intermittent. For whole weeks the level is extraordinarily low and Count Albert has water drawn from the well in the great court of Zdenko to refresh his cherished plants. And then, all of a sudden, in the course of a single night and sometimes even in an hour, the cistern is filled with a lukewarm water, muddy as you now see it. Sometimes it empties rapidly; at others the water remains a long while and is purified by degrees, until it becomes cold and limpid as rock-crystal. A phenomenon of this kind must have taken place last night, for even yesterday, I saw the cistern clear and very full, and now it looks muddy as if it had been emptied and filled anew."

"Then these phenomena have no regular seasons?"

"By no means, and I should have examined them with care, if Count Albert, who prohibits the entrance of his apartments and garden with that kind of savageness which enters into all his actions, had not forbidden me that amusement. I have thought and still think, that the bottom of the cistern is choked up by mosses and wall plants which sometimes close the entrance of the subterranean waters and afterwards yield to the force of the spring."

"But how do you explain the sudden disappearance of the water at other times?"

"By the great quantity used by the Count to water his flowers."

"It would require much labor to empty this cistern, as it seems to me. Then it is not very deep?"

"Not deep! It is impossible to find any bottom."

"In that case, your explanation is not satisfactory," said Consuelo, struck by the chaplain's stupidity.

"Find a better," returned he, somewhat confused and a little piqued at his own want of sagacity.

"Certainly, I will find a better," thought Consuelo, deeply interested in the caprices of the fountain.

"Oh! if you should ask Count Albert what it signifies," continued the chaplain, desirous to display a little strength of mind in order to recover his superiority in the eyes of the clear-sighted stranger, "he would tell you that these are his mother's tears which are dried up and renewed in the bosom of the mountain. The famous Zdenko, to whom you attribute so much penetration, would swear to you that there is a syren therein who

sings very agreeably to those who have ears to hear her. Between them they have baptized this well the *Fountain of Tears*. That may be very poetical, and those who believe in pagan fables may be satisfied with it."

"I shall not be satisfied," thought Consuelo, "but will know how these tears are dried."

"As for myself," pursued the chaplain, "I have thought there must be a loss of water in some corner of the cistern."

"It seems to me," replied Consuelo, "that unless it were so, the cistern, being supplied by a spring, would always overflow."

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the chaplain, not wishing to appear to think of that for the first time; "one need not come from a great distance to discover so simple a thing! But there must be some notable derangement in the channels of the water, since it no longer preserves the level it did formerly."

"Are they natural channels, or aqueducts made by the hands of men?" asked the persevering Consuelo; "that is what it is desirable to know."

"That is what no one can ascertain," replied the chaplain, "since Count Albert does not wish to have his dear fountain touched, and has absolutely forbidden that it should be cleaned."

"I was sure of it," said Consuelo, retiring; "and I think you would do well to respect his will, for God knows what misfortune would happen to him if any one undertook to thwart his syren."

"It seems almost certain to me," said the chaplain, on quitting Consuelo, "that the mind of this young person is no less deranged than that of the Count. Can insanity be contagious! Or did master Porpora send her to us in order that the country air might refresh her brain? To see the pertinacity with which she made me explain the mystery of the cistern, one would suppose that she was the daughter of some engineer of the Venetian canals, and that she wished to appear informed in the matter; but I see by her last words, as well as by the hallucination she had respecting Zdenko this morning, and by the tramp she led us last night to the Schreckenstein that it is a fantasy of the same nature. Can she expect to find Count Albert at the bottom of this well! Important young people! would that you could there find reason and truth!" Therapon the good chaplain went to repeat his breviary while waiting for the dinner-hour.

"It must be," thought Consuelo on her side, "that idleness and apathy engender a singular weakness of mind, for this holy man, who has read and learned so much, not to have the least suspicion of my presentiment respecting that foun-

tain. O God, pardon me, but here is one of your ministers who makes but little use of his reasoning powers! And they call Zdenko imbecile." Thereupon Consuelo went to give the young baroness a lesson on the gammut, while waiting for the time when she could renew her examinations.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

FROM GOETHE.

O'er the rocks we climb,
Erring, stumbling all the time,
Till we come out on the plain.
But there it feels too wide and broad;
And soon we seek the narrow road,
And the mountain-path again.

YANKEE CLOCKS.—It seems from the extract below, that Yankee Clocks have obtained admission even into the venerable halls of Old Cambridge, England, and that our little town of Bristol, situated far back amongst the hills of Connecticut, affords a means of measuring time in the oldest University of Great Britain.

A young gentleman of this State, writing to his friends from Cambridge, says—"On Monday, in company with Professor Chevalier, I breakfasted in Catherine Hall. The clock in the room struck during breakfast, and the sound seemed natural to me—so I turned round and beheld one of well known appearance, bearing on its face "Bristol, Conn. U. S. A.!" I was sorry to part with it."—*Hartford Courant*.

A poor man carried before the police of Paris as a vagrant, brought full testimony to the following story, one of the million which show with irresistible force the diseased state of the social system. He passed for many years a blameless life in incessant labor of various kinds, but by none of which could he make savings. At last, in a distressed time, he got out of work and could not get in again in any of the ways he had formerly found open. Reduced to abject poverty, he was at last obliged to offer himself to one where there is always room. Always room, because it slowly but surely kills the workman; this was work in white lead. This he could not long endure for it destroyed his health and then he could not work even at that. So he had nothing to hope from the country of his birth, except a long imprisonment, for in prison he should find bread, shelter and work, elsewhere denied him.—*Tribune*.

IF A lady passing through the village of Throneage, the other day, and noticing a field of barley that had been *electrified*, (raised by electricity,) observed to a friend with whom she was riding, that she thought the field would very soon be *shocked*.—*English Paper*.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS. German Physiologists affirm that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and twenty, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking.

IF The true basis of human polity, appointed by God in our nature, is the power of moral motives, which is but another term for public opinion.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The construction of Artesian Wells has lately received much attention in England and France, and very recently the subject has been brought under our own notice by the proposal to supply the city of Boston with pure water through their agency. Very little is generally known of the construction and nature of these wells; and we suppose that our readers will be gratified if we give some account of them. Different theories are propounded in explanation of the phenomenon of the rising of water to the surface of the ground from so great a depth as the wells penetrate, with such force as to form a fine *jet d'eau* or fountain, but we can hardly consider any theory yet broached as perfectly satisfactory. An interesting pamphlet was published in Boston a short time ago, from the French of M. Azais, which attributes the various phenomena of the Artesian well to volcanic action, and many striking facts are brought forward in support of this theory. We will take an early opportunity to present some extracts from this pamphlet. At present we submit a statement transcribed from an English *Phonographic* publication, furnished us by Messrs. Andrews and Boyle, teachers of Phonography in Boston.

"If we first take a glance at the common method of raising water by pumps, we may be prepared the more readily to understand the method called "Artesian," afterwards.

"The ordinary way of sinking wells is by digging a circular pit varying in circumference with the circumstances of the case, but rarely less than four feet in diameter, and sometimes as much as double that size; one reason for making them so large being the room needed by the workmen in sinking; for which purpose it is usual to descend as a pit descends, and to continue as they commence, excavating with the spade. To prevent the soil from falling in, it is usual also to build a circular wall up against the edges of the pit, for which purpose they stop at every two or three feet of depth, and thus, although building from the top downwards, they build every two or three feet really upwards. This part of the well-sinker's business deserves the attention of the serious. The digging and building (if necessary) is continued until a good supply of water is obtained. But this kind of labor is in some parts of our own country so injurious to the health, that well-sinkers are rarely known to become old men.

"When the water is once gained, which is a time of great danger and anxiety, as it sometimes rises with rapidity and force to the surface, pumps are employed, varying in construction with the depth of

the well, the height to which the water must be raised, etc.; but these pumps are all constructed upon the principle of "lifting" or "forcing" simply, or lifting and forcing combined. Most deep wells adopt the principle of "suction," that is, the piston attached to the handle does not dip into the water, but by creating a vacuum, causes the water to ascend to a certain height, when it is more easily "lifted" or "forced" up to the surface. This is effected by inserting "trees," as they are called, or wooden cylinders, in which the piston or "box" as it is termed, is fitted to work air-tight. So then it appears in such cases, the pit is dug, and the walls are built, only to secure a narrow opening of about four inches in diameter, and that at a great expense of life as well as of property.

"The Artesian well, however, effects a great saving in one, and in some cases, both of these particulars, and even furnishes water where, by the ordinary methods, it would be unattainable. The following account will afford both satisfaction and pleasure to the scientific reader.

"Instead of building structures near the surface, the Artesian well arrangement depends principally upon a deep penetration into the bowels of the earth, bringing up a hidden store of water to the light of day. The name "Artesian" is an ill-chosen one, for it does nothing towards explaining the peculiarity of the method to which it relates. This name is derived from the province of *Artois*, in France, where this kind of well is said to have been first adopted; but even this point is disputed.

"Let us consider a little what are the geological circumstances which give efficacy to wells, either of the Artesian, or of any other kind. Whence does the water come which supplies the well? How is it that some wells must be dug so much deeper than others, and by what agency does the water rise vertically through so great a distance in deep wells? These are interesting points and worthy of a little study.

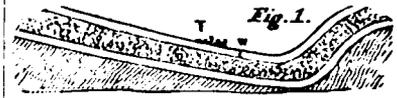
"In the first place it must be borne in mind that the strata of earth and stones beneath the surface of the ground differ very greatly in character. Some, such as clay, are so very close in texture that water cannot flow between the particles; others, such as loose gravel, are almost as pervious as a sponge, allowing water to percolate rapidly between the grains of sand or gravel; while other varieties of soil are intermediate in quality between these two. Some again contain metallic and other matters, soluble more or less in water; so that if water be flowing in contact with them, it will imbibe qualities not belonging to it in its native state. These different kinds of

soil too, are placed in a certain relation one to another; they are not intermixed confusedly, but are disposed in layers, sometimes lying horizontally one above another, sometimes in an inclined position, and in mountainous districts almost vertical. There may, for example, be a spongy or porous stratum, having a dense clay above it, and chalk beneath it, and this relative position may be sometimes horizontal and sometimes inclined.

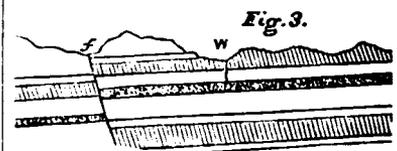
"The porous stratum then, thus hemmed in between others of a more impervious character, becomes the great reservoir to which well sinkers have recourse; and we have next to see how this natural reservoir derives its supply of water. The evaporation which is constantly going on from the seas, lakes and rivers of the earth, accumulates in the atmosphere a vast body of water, which has no means of escape except as rain, dew, hail or snow. Rain, the most effective of these forms, descends from the clouds in quantities depending very much on the physical configuration of the country—in deluges at stated periods, in many of the tropical countries; in quantities so small as scarcely to be perceptible in Chili, and a few other regions; and in moderate, (but to us) uncertain showers, in England and similar countries. But whatever be the particular features at any one place, it is obvious that the quantity of water that thus falls to the ground must be immense. Now, this water, when it descends to the ground, gives origin to all the rivers, great and small, which intersect the earth; falling on mountainous regions, it forms little rills and pools, which collecting and combining their waters, and gathering into a body as they proceed, form at length a small river, which seeking the lowest level, in accordance with the laws of fluid operation, flows gradually down the inclined surface of the country towards the sea, making for itself a path around and among hills and rocky obstructions, and swelling till at length it pours into the ocean such mighty streams as the Ganges, the Nile and the Mississippi.

"But, a portion of the water which thus falls, takes a somewhat different route. If a porous stratum of earth bends upward into the mountain district, and there "crops out," as geologists term it, or appears at the surface, the rain which falls on this exposed portion, instead of flowing over the surface, as it would over a more impervious stratum, becomes absorbed into the porous soil, and slowly follows the course of the spongy stratum wherever it goes, whether horizontally or descending obliquely. If, as often occurs, the porous stratum follows the contour of the hill, and also lies beneath the surface in a neighboring valley, the wa-

ter percolates slowly downwards until it arrives beneath the valley. But, it may be asked, if the water lies deposited beneath the surface of the valley, why does it not rise to the surface and overflow the country? It would rise if there were a porous medium to bring it to the surface, but there is a thick bed either of clay or of some other impervious material intervening between it and the surface; and it is for the express purpose of piercing through this intervening bed that wells are dug or bored. These points may be illustrated by two or three figures. Suppose the following to be a section of the undulating surface of a country, with a town T situated in the deepest or valley part, the lower portions at the end representing hilly districts at some distance.



"Immediately beneath the surface is a stratum (left white) supposed to be impervious to water; next below this is a porous stratum through which water could find its way; and beneath this another impervious stratum (also left white.) Now all these strata follow the general curvature of the valley, in such a way that the porous stratum comes to the surface at the hilly districts. The rain which falls on this exposed portion cannot escape upwards or downwards from it, because it is bounded above and below by impervious strata; and it therefore follows the course of the spongy soil till it comes beneath the town at T. Here the well *w*, being excavated through the uppermost of the impervious strata, allows the imprisoned water an outlet to escape; and the water rises because the town is on a lower level than the spot at which the water entered the porous stratum.—Again in figure 2, the various strata instead of forming a basin or hollow, have a general slope in one direction.



"Yet if a well be dug at any point, *w*, lower than that at which the porous stratum is exposed at the surface, water will rise in the same way as before.

"Sometimes, there is, as in figure 3, a disruption of the strata, called by geologists a "fault," whereby at a spot, *f*, the pervious stratum is suddenly forced out of its regular direction; and at such a

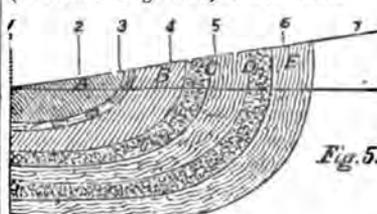
point the water frequently rises to the surface as a natural spring. Still if a well be dug at *w*, higher up than the *fault*, but lower than the exposed portion of the spungy stratum, water will rise in it.

"It depends very much on the thickness of the various strata whether the well must be deep before it reaches the watery bed. Sometimes a few feet will suffice, sometimes hundreds are necessary, according to the elevation of the source whence the water is derived. It has been recorded that in the garden of Isleworth a well was bored through twenty four feet of mould and gravel, and about three hundred of soft clay; after which the water rushed up through the aperture (nearly equal to St. Paul's,) and made a fountain ten feet from the ground. In another well, near the same spot, a bore of nearly three hundred feet brought up a gush of water to the height of thirty feet above the ground.

"The common well, as we have seen, is merely a pit dug with the hand, and lined with brick work to prevent the loose earth from falling in, and this in the case of deep wells for the sake of a small column of water, afterwards lifted or forced up through hollow tubes called "trees." But the Artesian well is a simple tube, much too small to be dug by men, but large enough to allow water to flow upwards in large quantities. It is procured by using boring instruments affixed to long handles or rods. The depth to which they are bored depends not only on the depth of the watery stratum, but on the quality of the water reached. It often happens that there are two or more porous strata, one above another, with impervious strata between them, and that the uppermost of these gives to the contained water an impure character. Then the well is bored deep enough to reach the lower stratum, and an enclosed cylinder keeps back the water of the upper one. Thus, figure 4 may represent a number of strata, one above another, with an Artesian well K L, perforating them all vertically; supposing the well to reach a stream of good water at the bottom, and to pass through strata of impure water near the top. By enclosing the upper part of the tube or well with an additional cylinder *k k*, the bad water is prevented from rising or mixing with the good.

"The formation of the Artesian well at Grenelle, in France, will illustrate very instructively this mode of raising water. Grenelle is a suburb of Paris, and being very poorly supplied with water it was

proposed to bore an Artesian well. But the nature of the strata beneath Paris, and the surrounding districts rendered it certain that any well made there must be very deep. Figure 5 will give an idea (of course exaggerated) of this strata.



"The sloping line is the general inclination of the country toward Paris, the situation of which is indicated by the figure 1 at the left, while the horizontal line is the level of the sea, and the curved lines represent several successive strata, A B C D E, such as clay, chalk, sand and limestone; and it was necessary to sink a perforation till it arrived at a watery stratum, deriving its waters from the surface at some distance from Paris. The figures 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, are sites of towns adjacent to Paris. M. Mulot, an engineer, commenced operations about the year 1833, in the following manner:

"The necessary works were commenced by means of boring-rods, about nine inches long, attached to each other, and which could be raised or lowered by mechanical means; an ingenious method being adopted for giving them a circular motion. The diameter of the bore-hole was about nine inches. The instrument attached to the end of the lowest boring-rod was changed according to the nature of the different strata successively reached, the form adopted for passing through the softer materials being unsuitable to boring through the rock and flint; a hollow tube being used for the former, while the latter was penetrated by a chisel like instrument. The size of the rod diminished in proportion to the depth. During the progress of the work many accidents occurred, which tried the patience of the engineer to the utmost. In May, 1837, when the boring had extended to the depth of four hundred and eighteen yards, the hollow tube, with nearly ninety yards of the boring-rods attached, broke and fell to the bottom of the hole. It was necessary to extract the broken part before any further progress could be made; and the difficulty of accomplishing this may be conceived from the fact that it took fifteen months to withdraw the different fragments! Again in April, 1840, in passing through the chalk, a chisel became detached from the boring-rod, and before it could be recovered, several months were spent in excavating around it. At length in February, 1841,

after eight years labor, the rods suddenly descended several yards, and entered the watery stratum, which had so long been sought, at the enormous depth of eighteen hundred feet! The water rose up the excavated hole in the course of a few hours, and discharged itself at the top at the rate of six hundred thousand gallons per hour. A pipe was carried up by means of scaffolding nearly to the top of the jet, and various arrangements were afterwards made to render the supply practically available for the inhabitants in the neighborhood.

"Artesian wells may be made available also for the supply of hot water, as appears from the ascertained fact that the temperature of the earth increases at an increased depth; and projects are actually entered into, by the French, for making a well more than half a mile deep, which is to provide water at the temperature of eighty eight degrees Fahrenheit.

"It may be observed that although in some instances, such as that now related, much time, labor and expense may be necessary to complete the undertaking, yet other instances may occur in which it will appear the cheapest, the best, and the most economical method of obtaining supplies for a large population."

CONFIRMATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF ASSOCIATION.

DRAWN FROM THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.

Translated for the Harbinger.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FOURIER.

2d POINT.—Ignorance in the application of the precepts of the Scriptures.

I shall remark upon but two examples of this ignorance, the one, the blind confidence in the sophists, the other, indifference upon matters of religion, an apathy disguised in the externals of piety.

1st. BLIND CONFIDENCE IN SOPHISTS.

"Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly they are ravening wolves, *Ye shall know them by their fruits; do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles!*" Matt. vii.

In these few lines is contained a guide to true wisdom; had it been followed, we should have long since emerged from civilization. To mislead us, philosophy seizes upon this precept and applies it in a false sense. The prince of modern sophists, *Descartes*, wrapped himself in this disguise, he pretended to preach doubt subordinate to experience, he feigned a distrust of the light of human reason; it was only a trick to catch the public attention, for he had no wish to submit to the test of experimental doubt, the lying tree of CIVILIZATION which brings forth to the people only thorns and thistles, the injustice and faithlessness of the social world. Notwithstanding these hateful characteristics, he was caught.

us the deeper in civilisation instead of seeking an issue from it. According to the Evangelist, had men desired to judge the tree by its fruits, could they have hesitated for a moment to condemn civilization, and propose a research for the kingdom of righteousness, provided in the Word; but they did not understand the meaning of the Evangelist as I am about to interpret it. Hence it happens that pious men have remained passive under the reign of evil. But this was not sufficient; they should have possessed a faith which would have led them to ACTION, to a vigorous search after the kingdom of righteousness in the social mechanism, the discovery of which Jesus Christ so expressly promises. That is indeed a barren, fruitless piety, which contents itself with declaiming against the wanderings of human reason; we must have recourse freely and actively to the divine reason, to the study of the natural impulses, or attractions and repulsions. The religious world ought to study them from the very fact that philosophy condemns them.

Has not the church had a superabundance of very learned persons who could have fulfilled the task which modern philosophy refuses or dares not attempt. a task so craftily avoided by a Voltaire and a Rousseau! There were men in the church equally capable, such as Fenelon, Bossuet, and many others. But they commenced no inquiries upon attraction; they proposed no public discussion in this branch of study. Jesus well described them in these words "They say and do not." Matt. xxiii. Both the pious and the ungodly are guilty of the same profanation, usurping in concert the rights of the Creator in legislation. The only difference between them is that of the active part which the sophists take. Voltaire by his jest at religious faith, and Rousseau by his retrograde prejudices and his predictions for the savage state, lead us to the same results. Each one in a different way teaches us the insufficiency of reason to know God and penetrate his decrees, a thing the most easy to accomplish, as Jesus Christ assures us, saying: "There is nothing hid which shall not be discovered; seek and ye shall find." But false prophets, arrayed in sheep's clothing, choke all idea of investigation. The one persuades us that he has sought when he has not done so at all, the other destroys all hope and dissuades from all research. Deception on the one hand and ignorance on the other; such are the men who set themselves up as guides of human reason.

This Proteus called philosophy, overcome in one shape, returns in quite another. To the chimeras of liberty and equality which have been so thoroughly tested, a new sophism succeeds, falsely ornamented with the names of Association,

the spirit of Association. We here discover two different sects which both are *wolves in sheep's clothing.* On the one hand is the spirit of industrialism which under the mask of association tends to revive slavery in the mercantile galleys, a sort of coalition to traffic upon the revenue of empires and devour it in anticipation. This sect has not even the merit of inventive skill, it did not know how to discover the means of usurping the funds, and the public domain; of reducing the great mass of the people to a state of vassalage under a few mercantile chiefs, and thus create the feudal monopoly which will constitute the entrance upon the fourth phase of civilization. The career of crime and deception would then be pushed to a much higher degree than in the third phase in which we now live. Why have they delayed to discover this double degree of social infamy! It is because the distinguishing characteristic of the philosophers who direct us is littleness even in crime.

The other sect which pretends to found Association has for its agents a new sect of philosophers called *Owenists* after the name of their chief; under the name of association, they form anti-social reunions, for they utterly reject all methods which would produce an accord of the passions and industrial attraction, the true ends of the social state.

These establishments fulfil none of the conditions which should be imposed upon every founder of a social scheme; the most important of which is that it should operate by attraction that the savages may be induced to imitate it, and especially the proprietors of slaves, no one of whom has adhered to the system of Owen. This system then is but a new mockery, like all other philosophic conceptions; besides what could we expect from a sect which began by separating itself from all connexion with a Deity, refusing him public worship! Its chief with great ostentation of charity and philosophy, has obstinately rejected the precaution which real charity dictates, namely, to set forth as a subject for general inquiry and discussion the discovery of the natural process in the associative regime, and to use every means to provoke this discovery or an approximation to it.

Such is our 19th century, boasting of its progress in Reason, and knowing how to organize a scientific anarchy alone, from which it might immediately escape if it would follow the gospel precept: *suspect false teachers, and judge the tree by its fruit.* Instead of exercising this prudence it gives itself up to chimera after chimera; it encourages hurtful inventions alone, fiscal subtleties and the wiles of the stock-jobber. Carried away by the mercantile torrent our philosophy does not perceive that the social world is

hastening to the fourth phase of civilization, more outrageous in its character than the third, in which we now are. The modern philosophers, as the Evangelist has well said, are *blind leaders of the blind.*

This sect of pretended rationalists, piqued at finding they possess only wit without inventive genius, have formed a secret league to suppress the discoveries which go beyond the academic sphere. "They have (as said Jesus Christ) taken possession of the key of science in order to close the entrance." They reproach their rivals with the maxim *compelle intrare*, while they adopt the yet worse one of *prohibe intrare*: thus all the while promising torrents of light, they refuse to excite a research after the numerous discoveries which remain to be made, and especially after a continuation and perfection of the calculation of attraction begun by Newton. Such is Reason in the 19th century; such the abyss into which it is plunged by an obstinate refusal to *judge the tree by its fruit*; a vice the inevitable result of which is to open the door to every species of charlatanism, and close all entrance to true light.

The examination of a single one of the Evangelical precepts, that of *judging the tree by its fruits*, would clearly prove that the civilizees are unwilling to make any regular application of positive truths. I might extend the demonstration to twenty other precepts. One more will suffice, from whence we may conclude, as from the former, that this age, while it affects to search after truth, seeks only to stifle it, for of all the writers who have advocated doubt, not one has thought of doubting the necessity of the civilized and barbarian societies, or put it as a problem whether they are the ultimate destiny of man, or only temporary monstrosities, steps in the scale of access to a higher and happier destiny!

One other remark we may make upon the precepts of the Evangelists, is, that they are the very fountains from whence their opponents derive their wisdom. What after all is the amount of the doctrine of Descartes, the restorer of modern philosophy? A pompous exposition of the truly comprehensive precept of the Evangelist, *to distrust sophists and judge the tree by its fruit.* Upon this principle Descartes has built up a vast system which he has not followed; he has claimed the title of a discoverer, when he has only paraphrased an idea borrowed from Jesus Christ, tortured and accommodated it to his doctrines, without making the real use of it intended by its author. All our philosophic sciences, in like manner, rest only upon plagiarisms, the types of which are found in the Bible; thus the ideologists to create a science have travestied the term *soul* into a gothic

pariphrase, the perception of sensation, the cognition of the human me. Philosophy being a mere book-speculation, it is quite natural that it should complicate and entangle all subjects, that it should involve them in as much of prolixity as there is of precision in the sources from which they are drawn.

We repeat it, the philosophers are not the only persons who are guilty in the long delay of the advent of social harmony; let us attribute to each one his share of the wrong. This leads us to an examination of the 2d precept, *seek and ye shall find*, and of the mistakes into which pious men have fallen by their disregard of the advice repeated in a threefold sense by our Saviour who tells us to SEEK; ASK, KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

If the class who are denominated pious, had possessed any share of faith and hope, they would have endeavored to take in a literal sense the prophecies of Jesus Christ, who constantly foretells to us the discovery of the divine code *if we will only seek for it*; and who impresses upon us how injurious to ourselves is the suspicion of a want of foresight in any particular upon the part of his Father, or of a less degree of solicitude for man than so inferior a creature as a raven. Jesus says plainly that God is so thoroughly acquainted with our wants that *even the hairs of our heads are all numbered*, (an allusion to the extreme foresight of God,) how then can he have neglected to provide for the most pressing want of human society, that of a regulating code of our industrial relations, a guaranty of justice? I have before observed, that God has made laws of social harmony for the most immense of his creatures, the planetary worlds, and also for the least, the bee and the ant; can he have failed to make such for man? His own word answers no.

Such is the principal problem which should occupy the attention of men of faith and hope. How many important discussions would arise out of this question; how much light it might shed; how much ardour it would inspire for a research according to the precept *seek and ye shall find!* I extract from the treatise on Domestic Agricultural Association some paragraphs upon this subject.

"If it is the province of humanity to give laws to itself, if there is no necessity for intervention of the Deity, he must have judged our reason superior to his own in all matters pertaining to legislation. One of two positions must be true; either he has not known how, or he has not wished to give us an equitable social code. *If he has not known how to give it*, could he have believed our reason equal to a task in which he feared that he himself might fail? *If he has not wished to give it*, how can our legislators hope to construct the

edifice of which God has wished to deprive us.

"Will they pretend that God has willed to leave to reason a part of the administration, a certain range of free latitude in the social movement, that he has surrendered to us the legislative functions, although he could better exercise them himself; that he has wished to leave open this opportunity for the exercise of our political genius? But our essays for 8,000 years past prove clearly enough that the genius of civilization is insufficient, unequal to the task; God must have foreseen that all our legislators from Minos down to Robespierre would only know how to render more inveterate the well known scourges of poverty, fraud, oppression and carnage.

"Knowing as he did before our creation this want of skill and these deplorable results of human legislation, God must have designedly given us a task above our strength and which would have been so easy for him. What motive could he have had for refusing to give us a code founded upon attraction? Upon this question one of six alternatives must be true.

"1st. *Either he has not known how* to give us a code which should be a guaranty of justice, truth, and industrial attraction; in this case it is unjust in him to create in us this want, without having the means of satisfying us, as he has the animals, for whom he composes social codes which are attractive, and which regulate the industrial system. 2d. *Or he has not wished* to give us this code; in this case he is guilty of premeditated persecution, designedly creating us with wants, which it is impossible for us to satisfy, since none of our codes can extirpate the known scourges. 3d. *Or he has known and he has not wished*, in this case he is a rival of the evil one, knowing how to do the good, and preferring to do the evil. 4th. *Or he has wished and has not known how*; in this case he is incapable of governing us, knowing and desiring a good which he knows not how to effect, and which it is still less in our power to create. 5th. *Or he has neither known nor wished*; in this case he is inferior to the devil, whom we may indeed accuse of wickedness but not of stupidity. 6th. *Or he has known and he has wished*; in this case the code exists, and he must have revealed it to us; for of what service could the code be if it must remain concealed from the beings for whom it is destined?

"The conclusion from the six alternatives is, that the code exists; it behooves us to seek for it since Jesus Christ tells us that we shall find in proportion as we seek; *seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.*

"We should not have doubted a moment about this code, if we had observed how easy it is for God to grant us this favor.

In fine, what would it have cost God to deliver us from the scourge of false wisdom, to give us a code suited to harmonize our domestic industrial and social relations? NOTHING, *nothing at all*. He did not want for genius, with which beyond doubt he is fully provided; it was merely necessary that he SHOULD WILL IT; for by the faculty which he alone possesses, by *his power of implanting attraction*, the worst code devised by him, yet acting by attraction would sustain itself without foreign aid, and would extend over the whole human family by means of the pleasure which it afforded; whilst the best code devised by men being necessarily by constraint and fear of punishment, becomes a source of discord and misery, by the want of attraction for the execution of the laws. Thus all the constitutions of mankind would come to nought, if they were to cease being sustained by sheriffs and scaffolds.

"From this we may draw a very singular but very just conclusion; namely that our happiness can only arise from the divine laws, even if God were less skillful than the philosophers in devising a legislative code; how much more so if God be their equal in genius, which we may presume without material injustice to them. His code, were it only the equal of theirs in wisdom would always be of incalculable superiority, inasmuch as it is sustained by passion attraction, itself a guaranty of happiness for those who obey. A man is far happier in obeying a mistress than in commanding a slave. It is not from liberty alone that contentment springs, but from the agreeableness of a function to the tastes of him who performs it.

"Thus God would be sure of promoting our happiness by an *attractive* code, even though it were inferior to one of human invention; and besides God is well aware that we should be miserable under all codes originating in human wisdom, for the sole reason that they are not attractive: for the human legislator has not the faculty of imparting attraction for his collectors, sheriffs, jailors, conscriptions, and other perfectibilities of civilized constitutions, commonly denominated liberal."

The considerations which could not have escaped the attention of Divine wisdom, must have determined him to give us some social code supported by the charm of passion attraction. The same considerations ought to stimulate men to the inquiry, whether this Divine code which governs all by attraction does exist, and whether we are not ignorant of it by reason of the false systems of science, which have neither known how to discover it, nor even to seek after it. The question then arises, in what way shall we proceed to the research and the determination of this code. All reasoning

upon this subject should have led to a public and general discussion of the *analysis and synthesis of passional attraction*; an easy study which is the bugbear of philosophers, but which is nevertheless the only direct and methodical way of attaining a discovery of the calculation of the social harmony.

If we were making our first trials in social organization, in the first age of civilization, we might perhaps be excusable for founding some hope of social good upon our own wisdom, upon those philosophical constitutions which have so greatly multiplied during the last half century. But we are completely disabused by a long experience; we have evidently nothing of good to hope from our four sciences, *Ethics, Metaphysics, Politics, and Economy*. A trial of twenty-five centuries has proved that they are only so many vicious circles, which far from fulfilling any of their promises, give only shadows of guaranty, and are only fertile in producing new calamities, and aggravating all the evils which they promise to extirpate.

I repeat it, that in England itself, the home of industry, the capital alone contains two hundred and thirty thousand poor; the provinces in like proportion; and the annual disbursement of two hundred millions to the poor serves only to perpetuate a degree of misery and slavery which we cannot contemplate without horror. Such are the fruits of the new chimera of industrialism, and the seal of reprobation upon an age which, regardless of the instructions of the Evangelist, will not judge the tree by its fruit, nor distrust false teachers, nor hope in God alone, and search after his code in order to discover it.

After this glance at the blunders of human wisdom in the calculation of destinies, it is very evident that the more scrupulous portion of the civilizes, those who call and believe themselves religious, have fallen into the same error with the scoffers at religion, in their distrust of Providence, and especially of the *universality* of that Providence. The greatest outrage we can commit against him, is to believe it is limited, partial, insufficient, according to the general opinion of the civilized world. Those even who write upon the subject of indifference in matters of religion, are guilty of the very apathy which they denounce; guilty of want of faith and hope, since they have refused to seek the divine social code, and by this act have seconded the philosophers, all leagued as they are to hinder the study of new and neglected sciences conducting to the discovery of this code.

Jesus Christ says to us of the sect of philosophers, "*they are the blind leaders of the blind*;" but what a complication of folly is

it then that those blind people, who know surely that philosophy is leading them by a false route, that this age which declaims against irreligion, should sustain the sacrilegious aims of philosophers in robbing God of his right of legislation; they even doubt of the intervention of the Deity when it is evident that by attraction he dictates social laws to all the universe. The Newtonian theory of which our age is so proud, has revealed to them this truth, and it persists in disregarding it; it repels the divine code which has been offered to them. To our age then the Evangelist might truly say "The light shineth in darkness but the darkness comprehendeth it not."

They no doubt deemed it extravagant for me to assert in the beginning of this discourse, that *modern nations rush to their own destruction through want of faith, and hope in God*; an assertion which seems ridiculous in the eyes of a generation accustomed to rail at what they do not comprehend at first sight. When Voltaire makes a jest about the New Jerusalem being 500 leagues in height, he does not perceive that it is an allusion to the 500,000 Phalanxes which will form in its commencement the associative harmony, or the New Jerusalem.

How many of these allegories are there, which, by their Oriental style, seem ridiculous to the rationalists, but which will become pictures as agreeable as they are faithful, so soon as the human mind shall have left the paths of false wisdom! For example we see that Jesus Christ adopts only the numbers 12 and 7; that he chose 12 apostles and promises them 12 thrones in the day of the resurrection; it is an emblem of the harmony which shall be founded upon the reign of the 12 passions. By analogy Jesus Christ chose 12 supporters of his doctrine, and admitted among the 12 a traitor, a Judas, an image of the passion called Paternity, which during the period of subversion is the source of evil, the germ of parcelled industry and falseness in social relations.

But let us leave these details which are foreign to our subject, and limit ourselves to an exhibition of abuses which are intelligible by the light we actually enjoy. It is evident that under a gloss of religious sentiment, the pious are only mitigated philosophers, sceptics, denying the primordial attributes of the Deity, abettors of infidelity, doubting the power of Jehovah, and sanctioning the pretension of men to enact social laws, as if God had forgotten to do it.

Behold them confounded by the discovery of the divine social code. If they persist in sustaining this philosophy which could rob God of the prerogative of legislation, we can only answer them, *judge the tree by its fruit*. See what fruits

are produced by human legislation, *Indigence, Fraud, Oppression, Carnage*, and so many other scourges which are inseparable from civilized and barbarian society, and then conclude, as you cannot avoid doing, that an issue should long, long since have been sought from the labyrinth in which reason has so long led us astray; *quaerite et invenietis*, 'seek and ye shall find.'

And when at last a man has sought and found the code of which you despaired, what course of conduct should you pursue with regard to this discovery? Would it be wise in you to libel it before it has been subjected to a regular examination? Blush at your vandalism; to you the Evangelist said, "*The light hath come into the world, and men have loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil*." John iii.; because their deceitful moral and political sciences could not sustain a comparison with the science of truth, with the oracle of the divine decrees, the mathematical calculation of passional attraction.

MEN who pretend to piety, and yet do not believe in the universality of Providence, in the revelation of his code, you are in error; will you persevere therein!

Errare humanum est, perseverare autem diabolicum.

You practice egotism, not piety. To want of faith and hope, you add the want of charity; a vice which St. Paul says, "*though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing*." (1 Corinth. xiii.)

On the score of love to your neighbor, you owe a tribute of study, of active research for the social laws of God; at least you ought to have given public encouragement to such research; yet by indolence you have avoided the task, left the field open to philosophers, contenting yourselves with some declamations against their errors and some external manifestations of a religious spirit. You are the perverse generation of whom Jesus Christ said "This people honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; in vain do they worship me teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. xv.

Here is seen in the clearest language the condemnation of the laws of men, and of those who believe in the wisdom of such laws.

But since the Divine Social Code has been offered to you, delay not to abjure your errors; or would you rather renew the disgrace of the dark ages which persecuted a Columbus, and a Galileo?

Your capital, the seat of sophistical science, has inherited this satanic spirit, his vandalism of the fifteenth century. It is to thee, modern Babylon, to thee, city of

Paris, that Jesus Christ has said, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest those that are sent unto thee." Thy Doctors are a legion of critics whom Jesus described well when he said, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because ye build the tombs of the Prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets." Luke xi.—Matt. xxiii.

Such, sophists, perverters of human opinion, such is your language at the present day; while you are loud in declamations against the generations which have persecuted men of true genius, you are yet more unjust against the discoverers whom Providence sends you. To thwart them, you cloak yourselves in a mantle of reason, which is only a mantle of vandalism worse than that of the age of Columbus and Galileo.

And you, pious men, who think you serve God by sustaining the part of philosophers, the enemies of discovery, dealing only in sophisms, you pretend to build the house of God, and you only build that of Beelzebub, for you favor philosophy by repressing the theory of passionate attraction, the interpreter of the divine code.

For twenty centuries you have served God with vain words, vain sacrifices: do something at last in behalf of faith and charity; found the house of God, the experimental Phalanx of social harmony, a work which will quickly rally the entire globe under the divine banner, and which will heap riches and glory upon all the founders, and even upon the assistant co-workers.

What is the nature of your present enterprises! Mere refinements of barbarism, to rivet the fetters upon the people by the reduction of wages, and by the imprisonment of the poorer classes in industrial prisons called manufactories, which assure them neither good subsistence nor recreation. These mercantile vexations are reproved by Jesus Christ and the Fathers of the church. St. Chrysostom tells us that a merchant cannot be agreeable to God, and Jesus scourged the merchants with whips and drove them from the temple saying, "Ye have made my house a den of thieves."

Hitherto it has seemed difficult to you to strive against commerce in its protean shapes. You do not know upon what point to attack it, for it controls the governments even, which have become its vassals. At last Providence sends you a guide who knows the weak points of the mercantile hydra, and who by the establishment of the true order, will deliver you from the service of this golden calf,

this idol worthy of the modern philosophers, of a sect of blind leaders of the blind. And thou, Capernaum, (thou, philosophy,) shalt thou always exalt thy head to the heavens! No, thou shalt be thrust down to Hell. Such is your sentence, sophists, enemies of attraction, of wealth, and of harmony. Jesus has said unto you "Ye are whitened sepulchres, which are within full of all uncleanness. Serpents, generation of vipers, how can ye escape the condemnation of eternal fire." What sect has more truly deserved to be plunged into hell, where there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth?

But let us leave to God the care of judging you, and of discerning whether there are any among you worthy of his mercy; until then cover yourselves with ashes; hasten like the heresiarch GENTILES to make public abjuration and burn your books. Your punishment even in this world will be to see the nations elevate themselves to happiness and wealth, treading under foot your perfidious doctrines. You yourselves shall burn *your libraries, hunchating collections of contradiction and error*; whilst the nations delivered from their bondage shall enthrone themselves in the New Jerusalem, saying with Simcon, "Lord now let us depart since our eyes have beheld the work of thy wisdom, the social code which thou hast prepared for the happiness of all people."

Then the whole world shall resound with maledictions against the laws of men, and against the infamous civilized and barbarian societies: then the people abounding in wealth and pleasures and finding roads to fortune in the practice of truth, shall exclaim with a holy enthusiasm, "Behold now are the days of mercy promised by the Redeemer, saying; happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Matt. v. It is indeed in social harmony that God manifests to us the immensity of his Providence, and that the Saviour according to his prophecy comes to us *in all the glory of his father*. It is the reign of Christ, he triumphs, he is conqueror: CHRISTUS REGNAT, VINCIT, IMPERAT.

ROTSCHILD AND HORACE VERNET.—One of the most pungent anecdotes connected with the fine arts which we have for a length of time met with, attaches the name of the millionaire to that of the greatest and most original artist of the age. In a former number a correspondent (it may perhaps be remembered) gave a critical analysis of the large painting of "The Capture of the Smala of Ahd-al-Kader," which has since been exhibited at the Louvre. Amongst the other points upon which the critic dwelt was the masterly production of a Jew flying from the charge of the French amongst the jostling herds, which, mad with agony and terror, appeared to be rushing through the front of the painting. It seems that im-

mediately upon the exposition of this noble picture the figure of the flying Jew became the principle attraction to the gallery. Successive groups poured before it to chuckle at what appeared a fortuitous resemblance, until drop by drop, as such stories leak out, its history stole gradually into circulation, and the reason for which Vernet consecrated the head of the Rothschild's to immortal ridicule became the most popular and interesting *cancan* in the saloons. It would appear that the wealthy Jew paid a visit to the *atelier* of Horace, to know whether the master would paint a portrait of him, the Rothschild. Vernet of course consented, and was asked to name his price, "Three thousand francs," answered the painter. And the sum was small enough, in all conscience as to the price of a portrait by such a master. Arago has given six or seven times as much for a landscape by Gudin. "Nonsense," said the Rothschild, with the true spirit of a huckster, "you can never intend asking three thousand for a portrait." "No," said Vernet on reflection, "it ought to be four." The Jew tried to beat down the painter, but the only effect his arguments had, was to make Vernet raise his price successively to five and six thousand francs, and the *millionaire* left the *atelier* of the painter. On the succeeding day, however, he returned to try the power of persuasion still upon the man of the brush. He had inflexible material to deal with. "This time, Mr. Rothschild," said Horace, "I have reflected more maturely upon the subject, and the portrait will be twelve thousand francs." The obstinacy of the painter almost made the dealer in stock and scrip mad. He expostulated for a long time in vain. At last Vernet said, "Well, Mr. Rothschild, if you will I must paint your portrait for nothing." The pride of the *millionaire* of course spurned such an offer. "Impossible," he said, "in that case I shall not sit for my portrait." "Excuse me," said the master politely bowing him out, "but you have done so." The opening of the Louvre solved the meaning of the painter's work, and they who laughed first at the painting laughed even more when they listened to the legend.—*Morning Post*.

To live is not of much consequence, but to live well is a matter of moment.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XII.—THE JOURNEMEN PRINTERS.

The printing business is one of the most important and influential departments of labor—it collects from the four quarters of the globe, and disseminates far and wide, intelligence of interest to individuals, communities and States:—highly beneficial to every other branch of labor, and of the utmost utility in all civilized organizations of men. It is the great telescope through which we survey the vast Universe of Knowledge, and the grand medium by which the mind is cultivated and enlightened.

There are in this City about two hundred and fifty Printing establishments, or Printing Offices as they are more usually termed, from the great Mammoth concerns with an investment of half a million, to the Lilliputian garret offices, whose type, press, &c. would not bring fifty dollars at auction. Printing is usu-

ally divided into three branches—Book-Printing and Publishing, Newspaper and Periodical Printing, Card and Job Printing. These united departments of the art employ not less than sixteen hundred persons, including regular journeymen, *two-thirds*, and boys. Of these by far the larger portion are occupied in the Book and Newspaper offices; and of the mass, one-third are foreigners from the British Islands and Canada, with a sprinkling of French and German; one-third are from the surrounding States and country, and one-third are native-bred New-Yorkers.

Type-setting, termed *composition*, among Printers, in all Book Offices and most of the Newspapers and Periodicals is paid for by the piece. On Book-work and Periodicals the rates are twenty-five cents for re-print and twenty-seven cents for manuscript, per thousand ems. On Daily Papers—Evening, twenty-eight cents; Morning, thirty-two cents. These rates enable a competent workman, steadily employed, to realize nine, twelve and fifteen dollars per week, according as he labors on Book-work, an Evening paper or a Morning paper. Some offices employ their workmen, or a portion of them, by the week, of which we shall speak by and by.

Press-work on the hand press—and by which most fine work continues to be executed—is a branch distinct from composition, and so retained in Book offices; but in Jobbing Offices it is common for workmen to understand and perform both branches.

In Jobbing Offices men employed by the piece earn variously six, seven, nine and twelve dollars weekly, when fully employed. In Card and Jobbing Offices where the finer specimens of work are executed, good workmen will make twelve and fifteen dollars—but the business is not of uniform steadiness, and the average yearly earnings among the majority of hands does not exceed six dollars per week.

Xylographic Printing, or printing in colors, has not here attained the perfection to which it has arrived in the Old World; and although we have seen some very respectable specimens of the art executed in this City, yet they are deficient in richness, delicacy and finish. Nevertheless, as the American is not so fastidious as his European brother, our Xylographic printing affords excellent wages; a competent workman being able to earn his fifteen or eighteen dollars per week.

Although there is very little, if any, regular apprenticeship to the business now, every Printing Office has its quota of boys, ranging in number from one to twenty, or more, according to the method and extent of its operations. These boys receive from \$1 50 to \$2 00 per week, for one or two years—when, if they have become at all skillful in the art of type-setting, they are permitted to work on their own hook as *two-thirds*, at 18 3-4 and 20 cents per thousand, and thus oust from their legitimate places regular journeymen. If the boy has become remarkably quick and correct in composition, he can readily obtain a situation at from five to seven dollars per week—in every instance usurping the place of another, and not unfrequently that of a man of family. This is an evil with which the journeymen are forced to contend at odds, as this class of interlopers is constantly

accumulating from the surrounding country and by foreign influx.

One-tenth of the whole body of Printers is employed on the Daily Papers; sevenths on Book-work and Periodicals, and the balance at Xylographic and other Job printing. The following estimate of the proportions of their various earnings, and stability of employment, is believed to be very nearly correct: One-tenth earn ten, twelve, fourteen, and eighteen dollars per week, with constant employment; one-tenth earn eight, nine, ten and twelve dollars per week, and are unemployed one and two months of the year; four-tenths earn six, seven, eight, nine and ten dollars per week, two-thirds being unemployed from four to ten weeks, and a moiety of the balance three months out of the twelve. The remaining four-tenths are paid from \$1 50 to three, four and five dollars per week, and with a few exceptions have steady employment.

There is a Typographical Society in this City, chartered by the Legislature we believe in 1818. It is a benevolent Institution, but powerless to fix and support a uniform scale of prices, having acquiesced in the insertion of a clause in the charter by which its action is effectually controlled. It numbers about two hundred and fifty members but is not popular with the majority of workmen.

Very soon after the incorporation of this Society the employers generally took advantage of the clause spoken of, and gradually so reduced the wages and enlarged the number of boys that the majority of the journeymen were forced to work for twenty cents per thousand, or abandon the field. Being members of the Society, they were debarred from acting as a body, and individuals, preferring the latter alternative, betook themselves to other modes of gaining a livelihood. From that time to this the journeymen have made many attempts to improve their condition, with only partial success; until in the Spring of 1836 a successful effort was made, and the Typographical Association, organized a few years previous, obtained a general advance of prices under highly favorable auspices: so much so as to warrant a belief that the remuneration of the workmen would be permanently improved. A happy influence was immediately felt, in the elevation of the character and the improvement of the circumstances of its members, which had not previously been remarked. Through inertness and neglect, as well as the competition among employers and the ruinous system of *two-thirds*, which the Association could not break down, it ultimately crumbled to pieces, and the advance prices fell to the present standard,—but one Book Establishment and eight or nine of the Daily Papers paying what are considered full prices.

The Journeymen Printers are many of them behind no other class of Mechanics in industry, intelligence and respectability. As a body they pride themselves on personal appearance, and are not unfrequently 'select' in their associations—many preferring to pay from three and a half to five dollars per week for *genteel accommodations*, to cutting (in homely phrase,) their coat according to their cloth. As a consequence, this class is seldom over-stocked with money. Others, however, studying economy, hire permanent lodgings at from 75 cents to \$1 per week, and supply the wants of the inner man

from the cheap tables of the various Eating-Houses. Among this portion are found most of those who have no permanent situations,—who live by *subling*, as it is termed, on the Daily Papers, and *rushing* out cheap publications, on the arrival of a steamer from Europe, when the public is on the *qui vive* for Dicken's or Sue's latest literary wonder. In flourishing times these men earn from seven to ten dollars per week.

Journeymen who have families live well or ill, according as they have or have not permanent situations. The condition of that man who is compelled to run from office to office, obtaining a week's work here and a few days' employment there, is not one to be coveted. On the other hand, those who have steady situations live comfortably, and in not a few instances in a certain style of gentility. These latter are almost invariably Americans.

Not more than one in twenty among the Journeymen ever become proprietors of establishments; and these are usually the results of two or more, who have accumulated a few hundred dollars, clubbing together in the purchase of a small office, where they work harder than before. But even among these, though their circumstances may be in the course of years materially improved, very few ultimately secure wealth.

Some Newspaper Establishments retain their hands by the week, of which we promised to speak; and while many employ only by the piece, there is an established rate of weekly wages acknowledged by nearly all, namely: ten dollars on Evening, and fourteen dollars on Morning papers. A few of these offices, however, hire their hands at a considerably lower stipend; and this is effected by the cupidity of the employer and the desire of strangers to secure permanent employment. Most of the hands working in those offices are foreigners and *two-thirds* from the country, and the wages given are five, seven, and nine dollars.

Many of the city journeymen are of a locomotive temperature, and in the habit of scattering far and wide at particular seasons, to meet (*office-ally*) the State Legislatures of the South and West. They return late in the Spring from the various fields of their Winter's campaign, and generally with well filled purses, which they expend at their leisure during the Summer; again flying off in Autumn, like birds of passage, to procure a fresh supply.

Those not familiar with the Printing business would very naturally suppose that the journeymen employed in the great mammoth establishments were particularly fortunate above their brethren—occupying the Printer's only El Dorado, the true Canaan, the Promised Land. But the men who control and enjoy the princely revenues of some at least of these vast concerns have never yet been taxed with any unwise pecuniary concessions to their workmen, which might betray profusion or weakness of feeling. And while the earnings of men employed in other Book offices doing less than a fourth of the business average eight dollars per week, the average earnings of their compositors do not exceed one dollar per diem. We feel bound to state here that the immense establishment of the Methodist Book Concern uniformly pays full prices.

As a general rule the largest wages

are made on the Daily Papers, but the toil is in proportion, and on morning papers peculiarly laborious—the men working nightly to one and two o'clock in the morning. This severely taxes the constitution, as the pallid features of a majority of the workmen bear witness.

The earnings of Journeymen Printers, as has been shown, are very unequal—and while some, perhaps a fourth of those above twenty-one years, are in the reception of five, six and seven hundred dollars per annum, the remainder, or three fourths, live upon three hundred, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, and four hundred and fifty dollars.

MR. EDITOR: You solicit facts in regard to Journeymen Printers. Allow me to call your attention to the fact, that in some of the largest stereotype offices in the city, the employers are in the habit of withholding a part of the wages of journeymen—in some instances one-third—as a fund upon which to do business. Of course, journeymen “work for them or not, as they choose.” It is perfectly understood that no one must demur, or his situation is lost. Independently of the direct inconvenience to the employed, this system begets a species of favoritism most unjust and outrageous. Thus, if a man has a balance due him of a hundred dollars, he will receive the *fat* work; while a man whose circumstances may oblige him to be urgent for his money, will be kicked out, or put off with the *leanest* work.

A COMPOSITOR.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.
TO THE MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOLTY.

Ah why down through these branching trees
So clear and fair thy beams,
Where erst thy friend in blissful peace
Dreamed youth's delicious dreams?
Veil all thy silver sheen in gloom,
Shine with a fickle glimmer,
As falls on flowers that deck the tomb
Of the young bride thy shimmer.

Thou look'st with glance so clear and fair
Into this bower in vain;
Ne'er shalt thou see that joyous pair
Beneath its shade again!
O hateful was the fate and black
Sundered two hearts so dear!
Sighs have no power to charm her back,
Longing no magic tear!

But if perchance in future hours
She wanders near my grave,
Flung thy dim ray across the flowers
That there all sadly wave!
Then shall she weep on that low mound
With roses hanging o'er it,
And, plucking it from off the ground,
Press to her lips a floweret.

HYMN TO JOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.

Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee!
Yea—who calls *one* soul *his own*,
One on all earth's ample round:—
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground!

CHORUS.

Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are!
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friend in death approved;—
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven
Stands the *soul*, of God beloved.

CHORUS.

Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all.

Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreached by mortal eye.

CHORUS.

As his suns, in joyful play,
On their sily circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers, speed upon your way.

From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet;
She up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light.

CHORUS.

Patient, then, ye myriads, live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be;
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS.

Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;

Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge, our doom shall be.

Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge.
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge?

CHORUS.

Him the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink.
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to Innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all Falsehood's brood!

CHORUS.

Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

ASSOCIATION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. NO II.

THE MISSION OF THE NATION.

Our countrymen are proverbially boastful, vain, pretending, vehemently patriotic on occasions, eloquent about the “stars” and “eagle,” fond of “annexation” and “indefinite expansion,” &c.; but it must be confessed with sorrow and shame, that we are nevertheless almost devoid of *Nationality*. We have not a reverent love for the spirit, idea, tendency of “the PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.” We do not cherish as a feeling, second only in sacredness to those of piety and universal humanity, an earnest loyalty to the Nation, of which we are members. Indeed, it is rare to meet a person, in any degree pervaded by the conviction, that this Nation is a Reality. To the most it is only a political phantom, a metaphorical personification, fit to supply orators with a figure of speech, or perhaps to suggest a picture for an illuminated transparency amid the fireworks of our annual jubilee; but, nowise an existing entity, having a duty to discharge,

and a destiny to fulfil. How many believe in the Mission of this Nation!

The absence of this Nationality is an irreparable loss to every man, woman and child, among us; they are deprived thereby of an abiding sense of dignity, and of the strength communicated by consciousness of far reaching relations; honor, hope, heroism, languish without a fit object of service, and the heart pines for some supreme central power worthy of its devotedness; life seems tame, drudging, prosaic; private interest sets up its petty idols at every corner; incense and luxury, ostentation and ambition belittle the naturally liberal; party enslaves the originally generous; the school, the forum, are feeble teachers without the sanction of a nation's will, of time-consecrated precedents, of honored exemplars to give weight to their lessons, and without the prospect of glorious avenues to usefulness, open to the young; literature is spiritless, imitative, without character; religion seems vaguely turned to the dim and distant, not warmly living in the near and instant; sublime associations of the past melt away like ghosts; the future lies dreary and vague before us; the present inspires slight motive for magnanimity; all around utters "vanity, vanity, vexation of spirit."

We cannot but think, that the notorious restlessness and rashness of our countrymen,—their feverish enterprise,—their mania for travelling at home and abroad, their aping of foreign manners, thirst for foreign literature, want of marked character, fickleness,—their gregarious pursuits of fashionable favorites in amusements, preaching, lecturing, their superficial judgments, are owing, chiefly, to this absence of Nationality. They do not feel themselves, each and all, to be members of a mighty living whole, of a growing body, into which at birth it was their privilege to enter, out of which at death they will depart, responsible for the influence they leave; whose development they may aid by noble deeds, and with whose unfolding grandeur they may blend their name, to act for centuries. If it is answered, that "we have State-Pride," the response shall cheerfully be given, that this is the largest sympathy cherished among us, useful and ennobling in a measure; but at the same time, is not this State-Pride accompanied with historical associations, and with feelings of duty which point to something higher than the "State," even "the People of the United States?" This is the Nation, for whose glory we and our children should live, and if need be, should die. Alas! our Nationality is in a trance. But thank God, it is not dead, it only sleepeth. The time it not

far off, when the voice of the great hope of universal Justice, Freedom, Peace, shall say to it, "arise."

Unfaithfulness to the mission of our nation has caused this lethargy of Nationality. But a scepticism as to this very mission previously caused this unfaithfulness. Our fathers scarcely credited the greatness of their vocation; their children have utterly forgotten it.

Let us consider for a moment what is meant by the mission of a nation.

There are three elementary forces which determine the destiny of every man, community, nation, and of the human race. The first is the power of nature, of climates, soils, productions, rivers, geographical position, of chemical, mineral, vegetable, animal circumstances amidst which man exists; and among these is to be classed as pivotal the physical organization and temperament of the man or the nation. It needs but a glance upon a globe or map, but a slight survey of history, to satisfy us, that this influence of nature is most constant, subtle, strong. This first elementary force, which enters to form man's destiny, we will call *Fate*. A man, a people, are ignoble or noble just in the degree in which they yield to, or command, and cooperate with this power of nature.

The second elementary force that enters into human destiny, is the power of Man, the influence of the race; of their agricultural, mechanical, architectural, labors; of their attainments in art and science; of their laws and literature, transmitted and accumulating from age to age. A nation like a man, is a child of some nation which preceded it, and from which is derived its cast of character and intelligence, its aptitudes, tastes, prejudices. The sagas of bards, ballads, fables, oral or written language, sowing ever anew the seed of thoughts ripened in by-gone centuries; maxims, idioms, and above all and as pivotal, manners and institutions, are most obviously in all nations and in every man a mighty force impelling, limiting, directing them. This second elementary force we will call *Humanity* in its largest sense, or *Nationality* in a more restricted sense. But this force differs from *Fate* in the respect, that instead of controlling us, it on the contrary suggests the most inspiring motives to freedom. The great deeds and words of ancestry prompt us to yet more faithful struggles than their own, to yet nobler mastery over nature. The Race, the Nation adjure us to be manly. And not only through institutions and manners, laws and literatures, mental and moral tendencies, does Humanity from the past affect existing nations and men; but yet more through influences mysterious and supernatural,

do souls which have passed out of the body communicate motives to souls working out their tasks in the flesh. The Race in the world above and on the surface of the earth are one mighty host, co-laboring to fulfill one destiny. Humanity is one grand Man, growing to perfection, of which nations and individuals on earth are but the body, while spirits above are the soul.

But through Nature and through Humanity, an Infinite Force forever acts *indirectly* on the energy and intellect of nations and men, and through the depths of the spirit of every man *directly*. From behind and through all existence flows in the Life of God. The forces of nature and of humanity are but forms to receive this divine influence, forms to diffuse and exchange it in countless reciprocations of good. The universe is a whole through this One all-fulfilling power, which unfolds it to the perfection of its own original idea; and so of every system and planet in the universe. Humanity upon earth is a whole through this One central power, which organizes its diversities of tribes, families, individuals, into harmonious cooperation, and through generations develops its sublime design of manifesting God's Love through Law in Beauty, and so glorifying the Deity in Man upon Earth. This Divine Energy is the third and chief element of man's destiny. And we call it *Providence*. If this were the right occasion we might proceed to show, that the Divine Influence enters Humanity in the three forms of Inspiration in the Prophets, of Illumination in men of Genius, of Energy in the great practical men of every age. It answers our present end to call these unitedly, Providence. But neither is this an irresistible power. It does not compel man or nations; a single people, a single person is free to resist and exclude in some degree its sway; and its end is infallibly accomplished only by the number and variety of modes in which it distributes its impulses. Indeed it is a tremendous problem to consider, what may be the range of human will in its relations to the Divine Will. No human being, no nation can estimate the consequences, reaching through generations, which may depend upon the quality and degree of their fidelity. These are the conditions of the entrance of Providence to possess a man or nation with its fullness,—earnest aspiration—sincere seeking of truth—singleness of action. Every individual, every nation, answers in some way the design of God, and is led on to glory if in the fulfilment of the *mission* which Providence designs, or driven to shame if by ignorance and obstinacy, by fear and sloth, it stands in the way of that fulfilment. There are seasons in the Great

Year, seasons of bloom and blight, of budding and fruit-bearing. It behooves nations and men to be exactly in time, neither laggard nor premature;—though doubtless a wide range is left for human imperfections.

There are Eras, Nations, Men, of immeasurably greater importance in the development of Human Destiny than others, whose mission is grander than that of others, and upon the degree of whose success immeasurably greater consequences rest; upon whose fidelity God and the spirits above look with more than common joy; and whose infidelity they regard with far deeper sorrow. There are *critical* periods, in other words, in the development of Humanity upon earth, when upon one nation, upon one man even, perhaps may depend the fortunes of the race for generations. Fate, Humanity, Providence, summon them. Such a nation or man may truly be said to be specially elect; and their vocation is peculiarly divine. If they are faithful, all ages honor them as great. From *parentage, training, and obedience*, greatness both for nations and individuals proceeds. Innumerable influences conspire to form one of these elect,—influences which in the long course of history will never so meet again. How solemn then is the charge resting on them to “finish the work which is given them to do.”

Now we maintain that this Nation was so preëminently appointed to the grandest of Missions, that no parallel can be found to its vocation in modern times. Its parentage, its training, were of the noblest; its opportunities were sublimely rich, are still rich; but alas! its obedience has been far enough from perfect. Over us, it may be, at this very hour, in the spiritual world are spoken more words of scorn than blessing.

ERRATUM.—In No. 15, p. 238, for “dusted,” read *devoted*. “Associationists should be devoted.”

PROFLIGACY IN POLITICS.

What a deal of commotion is created in the world by simply exposing a little of the reality which underlies the surface of things. Let the veil of duplicity which covers the follies and crimes of society be lifted, so that the light of day shall shine full upon them, and lo! people stand aghast with amazement that such things can be. Every body is astonished at the discovery of what every body might have known before-hand. But universal sham seems at once to delight and deceive; it matters not how thin and transparent the disguise may be, it must be stripped off entirely before the charm which blinds the vision is broken and the *actual* becomes perceptible to men's eyes. The exhibition produces wonder, when the

wonder really is that the cant and hypocrisy should have remained so long impenetrable. This is the case with great and small things, with classes, and with individuals, with the highest and the lowest movements in society; there is nothing which surprises more than the truth in regard to them all.

We have had a striking illustration lately of the moral and mental phenomena here alluded to, in the publication of a work entitled “The lives and opinions of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York; and JESSE HOYT, Counsellor at Law, formerly Collector for the Port of New York; with anecdotes or biographical sketches of Martin Van Buren, John Van Buren, James Gordon Bennett,” and sundry other individuals more or less distinguished in the annals of New York politics, finance, and humbug.

If a bomb had fallen in a sleeping camp when no enemy was near, it could not have caused greater consternation than this pamphlet has produced in the ranks of Democracy. Whiggery too, though not so much hurt or alarmed by the event which brings to light such party chicanery, and private roguery of the enemy, is equally astounded. All parties have been thrown into a fever of excitement by the simple exhibition of the secret thoughts and motives of a few public men. A bundle of private letters has been raked out of an old chest where they were carelessly left, and published by a man not over burthened with scruples of delicacy or honor, and, behold, the political world is in a complete ferment at their awful disclosures of political profligacy, financial corruption, stock-jobbing dishonesty, mock piety, and profanity, just as if such things were unheard of, and the confederates in iniquity here exposed under their own hands had been supposed to be perfect innocents.

The facts of the case, it appears, are these: Jesse Hoyt, having been for twenty years or more the factotum and ready tool of a junto of unprincipled politicians, with Martin Van Buren at their head, was the depository of a large amount of correspondence in which the writers fairly portrayed their real characters and secret designs. By some strange oversight, which we suppose will bring down the maledictions of his confiding friends on his head, when Hoyt decamped from the Custom House of New York, some years ago as a defaulting Collector, these letters were left behind him, possibly to indemnify the United States for the immense fraud he committed on the revenue, or more probably, to justify it, on the presumption that they would some day be discovered, as they have been, and

show that he was trained in a thorough going school and was not alone in infamy, although so unfortunate as to be caught in an overt act. The letters were found in the archives of the office by a clerk in the Customs, no less a personage than the somewhat celebrated Canada Patriot, William L. Mackenzie, who, according to his own account, took copies of them and has published them to warn the people against the treasonable designs of wicked and corrupt politicians. The letters are scattered through a period of more than twenty years, from 1819 to 1840, and together with historical scraps and notes, with which they are interspersed, give a pretty good insight into the characters of many of the leading Democrats of New York who figured during that time, as well as into the peculiar system of tactics by which they swayed the political destiny of the State, and indeed of the nation.

The Whigs profess to be horrified at the gross depravity and duplicity which are exhibited in these letters, which they hold up to the execration of all honest men, while the Democrats, incensed at a betrayal of family secrets which brings odium on some of their leaders, and may weaken the power of their party, are unmeasured in their expressions of indignation and in their reproaches of the man who could so basely violate the sanctity of private correspondence.

The virtuous horror of the Whigs at the unheard-of profligacy of their opponents, is about upon a par with the tender sensibilities of the Democrats as to the inviolability of ‘private papers.’ Both parties are equally corrupt and unscrupulous, as their history for a few years past only would amply illustrate. And yet what is so notorious to all, is made the subject of a nine day's wonder; the world is called upon to be amazed that politicians can be dishonest and selfish, on the one side, and on the other, that an individual can be so destitute of principle as to betray the contents of private papers; and the world is amazed, although the proofs are abundant that there is nothing more common than selfish and dishonest politicians and unprincipled men.

But Benjamin Franklin Butler is not the only gentleman who wears the mantle of piety as a cloak to financial and political villany, although neither politicians nor financiers are famous for their religious professions; John Van Buren is not the only unblushing blasphemer who *swears on paper*; and William Lyon Mackenzie is not the only unprincipled “seizer of private papers.” They all have prototypes and precedents enough, and not among the partizans of one political creed alone. They are not the first nor will they be the last distinguished exemplars of the morals of politics.

TO CHRISTIANS.

When Christianity is introduced among savages it makes its way very slowly and imperfectly. Even those who are converted to it, are not able to be freed from the influence of the savage institutions under which they are educated. It is not until those institutions are supplanted by others more in harmony with the new doctrines that any permanent and sure progress can be made. As long as cannibalism and polygamy and other savage customs remain, Christianity cannot be said to live. It struggles for life; it is not established until it has modified society, and then it begins to act upon individuals comparatively without hindrance. We commend this example especially to the consideration of the clergy, and of those who are engaged in religious movements particularly so called. They may easily infer from it that something more is now necessary than the enforcement of religious doctrines upon individuals alone, or even upon society, except with a direct view to the modification of social institutions. A missionary to a heathen people not only preaches to them individual amendment, but also endeavors to move them to horror of their abominable and wicked customs; even of those which have grown venerable and necessary. And why? Because he knows that as long as such things remain, the divine gospel he brings cannot reach their hearts or produce any worthy and lasting fruits. The opposition between it and the forms of their society is so glaring that he sees at once that those forms must be banished first of all. But in that part of the world which we call Christendom, the missionaries of the gospel do not see that there is the same radical, essential opposition between the religion they teach and the existing social institutions. They are not aware that even here where we boast that we have surpassed all nations that have gone before us, are institutions, those too which we do not think of questioning, only less unchristian and abominable than those of New Zealand or the Feejee Islands. But though they are not aware of it, it is nevertheless the case. There is as truly a necessity of changing the whole system of our society, if we desire to advance the Christian religion amongst us, as there is that any savage society should be transformed for the same purpose.

We also suggest that as the Christian religion was given for the government of men in this world, so there must be an order of society entirely harmonious with it, being in fact a logical superstructure upon its foundation, which order of society must also be practicable on earth. That it is the existing order, no one who reflects upon the matter will for an instant imagine. The discovery of this Christian

system of society must then be an object of the highest interest to all those who have the welfare of their fellow men and the promotion of the Truth at heart. More than all, however, it ought to concern the church and the clergy, whose utmost efforts are hardly sufficient to maintain their ground against the growing spirit of irreligion and selfishness. One would think that they would receive with gratitude, a discovery which, based on the unvarying laws of God, offered a wider and freer sphere for their labors, and which, practically applied, would remove the innumerable outward obstacles to their success. Now it is precisely this system of society which the disciples of the doctrine of Association wish to establish. It is, they believe, this system which their great teacher in philosophy, Fourier has discovered. They offer it as the Christian system, and as the only system which is entitled to the name of Christian. They desire to have it measured and tried by the Christian standard, and hold themselves ready to prove it at all points by Christian principles.

Can our friends of the different sects, or of any one of them, pretend that the social state in which they live is conformed to the precepts of the Gospel? Is brotherly love its foundation and ruling principle? Are its fruits such as the author of Christianity would recognize? No! Industrial and mercantile competition, poverty, pauperism, not to mention fouler and deadlier evils, have no kindred with the pure and holy spirit of the religion you profess. Will you then remain in slothful indifference, while your solemn convictions ought irresistibly to impel you to change the social structure, so that Truth, Peace, and Happiness shall prevail throughout? It is for you to justify your faith, by embodying it in a social world, whose law shall be the law of Love, whose institutions shall do the fullest justice to every soul that lives under them, and upon which the benediction of Heaven shall perpetually rest.

ANASTATIC PRINTING. The *Phonographic Press*, a paper published at Ipswich in England, in the phonographic characters, which we noticed some time since as a specimen of Anastatic printing, has been obliged, as it informs us in a number just received, to relinquish this method and resort to the old one of Lithography, on account of the *expensiveness of the process*. In the comparative cost of Lithographic and Letter-press printing, it is shown that above 750 copies the latter is the cheapest, and the result of a comparison is still more unfavorable to Anastatic printing.

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I was sick when I stopped there; and kinder friends, or better care I could not ask; although we were, before, entire strangers. "A stranger and ye took me in."—*Tocsin*.

The following is an inscription on a tomb-stone in a neighboring village:

"I came in the morning — it was spring;
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon — it was summer;
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even — it was autumn;
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night — it was winter;
And I slept."

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MISCELLANY.

PRINCIPLES OF A NEW ADMINISTRATIVE LAW.

TRANSLATED FROM "LA PHALANX."

Administration, if we consult the etymology of the word, *administrare, to serve*, has for its end to serve and to satisfy in due order all the wants of man. To each demand of our nature should correspond one branch of administration. A true division of administrative laws should be founded upon a classification of our propensities.

Numerous classifications have been made of the passions of man. We will adopt the most elementary and most simple. We will distribute the propensities of man into three spheres:

The Material sphere, or wants of the senses, and relations of man with physical nature.

The Affective sphere, or wants of the heart, and relations of man with his fellow beings.

The Intellectual sphere, or wants of the mind, and relations of man with immaterial objects.

MATERIAL SPHERE.

To the sphere of the material propensities belong the five senses and the delights which they claim. We will observe that the common end of touch, of sight, of hearing, of smell, of taste, is the gratification which, considered in an elevated degree, is called *luxury*. Luxury is of two sorts. By external luxury we understand an abundance of rich stuffs, of apartments kept at a sweet temperature, of pompous spectacles, of concerts, perfumes, splendid repasts. Internal luxury is health, without which no one of these goods would be of any use to us.

We will first study the administrative laws, which propose to regulate the satisfaction of the senses. We will examine separately those which are occupied with luxury, with the exalted desire of riches, and which have endeavored to put a bridle upon it by sumptuary prescriptions.

We shall also see the legislator undertake to guarantee internal luxury, that other riches of health, of life, by the establishment of hospitals and the organization of the medical professions.

WANTS OF THE SENSES.

To provide for the wants of his body is for man a right and a duty. These wants are not, it is true, the most noble; if we name them first, it is because in mounting a flight of stairs we set our foot first upon the lowest stair; but these are the most imperious. The existence of man is much more closely attached to the satisfaction of these wants, than it is to the enjoyments of the heart and mind: the expansions of sentiment, the pleasures of intelligence may be adjourned without peril; but we must be fed, clothed, sheltered, under penalty of death.

The senses not only claim what is necessary for the preservation of life; existence prolonged in a state of constraint and privation is not favorable to the development of those affective and intellectual faculties for which our moralists show themselves so jealous. The bird chilled and famished could not spread his wings; Chatterton in a garret felt his imagination frozen, because his body was cold. The ample, abundant satisfaction of the material wants is a condition of the emancipation of thought.

The preservation of life first, then comfort, is what the senses demand; they do not stop there. The boundless horizons of luxury attract man as the lamp attracts the moths. Fairy palaces, long processions unfurling a thousand banners to the wind, choirs of instruments and of voices, costumes in which velvet and brocade of gold are adorned with rubies and pearls, clouds of incense escaping from embalmed censers, this is what the powerful of the earth seek to realize, this is what the Arabian puts into his tales. Even the lazzarone sleeping on the pavement of Naples sees these things in perspective, when a dream bears him to the entrance of Paradise.

In incoherent and poor societies, which do not yet know how to produce riches in

abundance, nor how to distribute it to all, morality has reason to preach up resignation; it has reason to exhort us to undergo patiently the privations produced by a transitional state of society; but morality oversteps its legitimate mission, when it seeks to turn us from ameliorating our position and preaches contempt of comfort and a horror of luxury as absolute virtues; morality would have been fatal to the human race if it could have dissuaded man from seeking material riches, and if St. Francis de Sales, drinking oil all through his dinner and taking it for wine, had remained the model in this regard for posterity.

Happily, with a few exceptions, the moralists have not been serious in their contempt for luxury, and their acts have belied their declamations. Sesterces were not wanting in the *villas* of Cicero and of Seneca, and it is well known that the philosophers of our day do not content themselves with a *vain title*.

In the point of riches, the moralists, like other men, tend first to preserve their existence, and then to enjoy comfort and as much luxury as may be. A more important fact than the secret opinion of sophists in this regard is, that men charged with governing people have always considered it their most pressing duty to satisfy the material wants of their subjects. Political economy was not invented until sovereigns and legislators had already, with their small light, favored the production and circulation of useful articles. It is their efforts in this triple direction which we are about to examine.

In all these orders of facts, our wants can only find their satisfaction by the combined action of man with his fellows; what administration ought to regulate, is labor; the problem proposed to it, that which comprehends and should resolve all the social questions, is *the organization of labor*. We will look at it as a whole, before examining separately the different spheres in which the activity of man is exercised.

OF THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

To organize a thing is to subject it to the conditions of order, and order is the bond which unites different elements so as to give them a centre and make of them one whole. We are beginning to recognize that order exists imperfectly in the army, that there a sketch of organization maintains itself by recourse to compulsive laws, but that organization in industry is almost a nullity, and that complete anarchy prevails in agriculture. This disorder in the most useful careers, in those which employ the greatest number of citizens, renders labor as painful and as little lucrative as possible for the laborer and for the society which he serves; our effort is to remedy that. Thank heaven, we behold this device full of the future, *organization of labor*, appear in brilliant characters on the banners which formerly had room only for political symbols; but often only individual systems are presented, the fruits of imagination rather than of scientific calculation. Plato, the author of the Republic, Campanella, who takes us on a voyage to the city of the sun, Thomas More in writing his Utopia, thought perhaps that it was for man to invent a social mechanism. This error still exists; but it must disappear. Let us not attempt to realize any arbitrary systems. Whether it preside over the movement of the stars, over the life of animals, or over the future harmony of societies, order is one and the same principle, and that principle comes from God. If faith, if the religious sentiment are not vain words, let us recognize the divinity for the supreme legislator, let us learn to read in nature, that inspired book which the Creator opens for all, and let us transfer into our works the laws of organization which he has placed in his.

The law of universal order, the law which in all classes of facts attaches the parts to a centre and forms one harmonious whole of them all, has been, not imagined, but recognized and verified by Charles Fourier; he has named it *the Series*, or *the Serial Law*.

DEFINITION OF THE SERIES.

The elementary principle on which the serial law rests, is that every thing in the universe is classed by divisions and subdivisions,—by a few general divisions at first, each of which contains several compartments; these compartments contain others, so that starting from the collective unity of God we arrive by a hierarchical gradation to beings the most numerous and most minute. From the centre of the Universe the life spreads itself at first through a few great arteries or canals; these canals divide and ramify, diminishing in volume till they become capillary,

so that the organization of the world might be figured by a rosette, (*rosace arborisee*.)

Naturalists have recognized that every thing in the universe is classed by divisions and sub-divisions; they have introduced this plan into their methods and still divide nature into kingdoms; these into branches, then into classes, orders, families, tribes, genera, sub-genera, species, varieties, individuals.

Following this gradation they distinguish in the universe two kingdoms, the organic and the inorganic; in the organic kingdom, Zoology, devoted to animals, and Botany, the study of plants.

In Zoology are formed four branches, the vertebrated, the articulated, the mollescent, and the radiated.

In the vertebrated, four classes: the mammiferous, birds, reptiles and fishes.

In the mammiferous, ten orders: the bimani, the quadrimani, the carnivorous, the marsupian, the solipedes, the ruminating, the cetaceous, &c. The sub-divisions might be carried much farther.

This plan recognized in the universe by naturalists, is verified by Fourier also. Every thing to his eyes is classed by divisions and sub-divisions; he calls the general division *Series*; the sub-divisions or particular division he terms *Groups*.

The Series, the Group, the Individual, here are three terms, one comprehended in the other in a regular gradation. But the hierarchy may have more stages; often the classification comprises more than three terms; thus among series, or collections of groups, Fourier distinguishes series of classes, comprising series of orders, genera, species, varieties, tenuities, minimities. These terms differ in some points from those of the naturalists, but the principle is identically the same, and the difference of the nomenclatures could easily be reconciled.

Division and sub-division are found at all degrees of the series, even in the group, which is divided into individuals. The individual himself obeys the general law: he is composed of parts, and although these parts cannot be separated without perishing, the division and sub-division are precisely indicated in the exterior and even interior form of all beings.

The distribution of nature, under whatever relation we consider it, presents the aspect of several branches parting from a common centre, then dividing into smaller boughs, and lastly into slender twigs. The whole is a *rosace ramified ad infinitum*. The radical element of this figure, the form according to which life spreads itself, is a divided trunk; it is a bifurcation, a fork, the Greek *Y*.

Every being considered by itself, isolated, and extracted from the universal ramification, presents in itself a fork, a *Y*, as the elementary type of its body. If

the being is complex, richly organized, the trunk which forms the pivot, the principal element of the figure, is bifurcated at its two extremities, and the principal branches are sub-divided into two, three or four parts. From the primitive bifurcation, we arrive at ramification in several senses, at complete *arborisation*.

This form, more or less developed, is impressed throughout. The earth, it is true, presents a spherical figure, but it is only a molecule of the sidereal whole, it is but a part of a world divided and subdivided. If from the sun, the pivot of our universe, we draw lines to the planets, and from these to their satellites, we shall obtain the figure, indicated above, of a *rosace arborisee*. In the interior of the globe, the bones of the earth present themselves in a state of ramification; the layers of rocks, the veins of metals; and the blood of the earth, the springs. The rock, the spring preserve this arrangement, when they rise to the surface of the ground. The chain of mountains is a ramified trunk; thus the Alps send branches, called *chainons*, into Switzerland, Italy and France. The form, raised in bold relief by the summits of chains and links (*chains*), is imprinted or sunk in the hollows of the valleys, and will be necessarily reproduced by the rivers which follow the lowest levels; to the running water the earth serves as a mould. Towards the bed of the river, which by analogy may be called the trunk, converge the branches or feeders; and from this bed diverge several mouths and outlets.

In vegetables, life circulates according to the same laws. The ramification of the canals which diffuse the sap, is also reproduced by the external form of the plant, and, to consider vegetation in its most vigorous manifestation, by the form of the tree. Its trunk is divided or subdivided at the two extremities, at the one into branches, at the other into roots.

The generating form of the tree and the use of this type in the universal economy have been well felt and described by M. Victor Hugo in his work on the Rhine. We transcribe this passage, that we may place true ideas under the protection of a celebrated name and of a fine style.

"No two things resemble each other less, apparently, than a tree and a river; yet at bottom the tree and the river have the same generating line. Examine in winter a tree stripped of its leaves, and imagine it laid flat upon the ground; you will have the appearance of a river seen at a bird's eye view, by a giant. The trunk of the tree will be the river; the great branches the tributary streams; the boughs and twigs, the torrents, and sources; the enlargement at the root will be the *embouchure*, or outlet. All the

rivers, seen upon a geographical map, are trees which bear cities, now at the extremities of the branches, like fruits, and now in the crotch between two branches, like nests; and their innumerable tributaries and feeders imitate, according to the inclination of the neighboring lands and the nature of the banks, the various ramifications of the different vegetable species, which, we know, all have their shoots more or less removed from the trunk, according to the special force of their sap and the density of their wood. It is remarkable, that if we consider the Rhine in this manner, the royal idea which seems attached to this robust river does not abandon it. The Y of nearly all the tributaries of the Rhine, of the Murg, the Neckar, the Mein, the Nahe, the Lahn, the Moselle, and the Aar, has an opening of about 90 degrees. Bingen, Niederlahnstein, Coblenz, lie in right angles. Figure to yourself the immense geometrical silhouette of the river set up on end, and the Rhine will appear bearing its branches like outstretched arms, and will take the figure of an oak. The innumerable outlets, into which it divides before it reaches the ocean, are the roots laid bare."

From the stellar system, from the mountain, from the river, let us pass to man: his body is engendered by the same principle, division, sub-division, and by the same lines; we find them in the osteological, nervous and vascular elements of his anatomy. We should here signalize the observation of a distinguished surgeon, M. Richerand. It tends, like that of M. Victor Hugo, to establish the unity of the type employed by nature. Here science and poesy meet in truth.

As the vegetable reproduces in its exterior form and in its *ensemble* the character of its interior parts, so the general figure of man seems modelled upon that of a trunk of nerves or vessels. The body of a man is a trunk, which has for branches the arms and legs, and for smaller branches the fingers and toes.

From the identity of the elementary figure which forms all the features of a tract of land, of the mountains, rivers, vegetation, and all the parts, internal or external, of a man, it should result that the country offers aspects analogous to those of anatomy. Nothing is more true, provided the country be massed together closely in the distance, so as to reduce itself to dimensions which diminish the enormous disproportion of the objects compared. Seen from the top of a mountain, still better from a balloon, still better on the smallest scale of geographical charts, entire nature imitates a section of the living body: the hills, the vegetable land are muscular masses supported by the rocks as if by bones; the rivers circulate

and cross like veins and arteries. The dusty white highways, equally ramified, are the nerves; and the analogy holds not only in the figure, but also in the function: like the artery, the river transmits and quickens life; like the nerve, the great highway, by means of travellers and despatches, transmits thought and the signal of movement.

Once in possession of the human form, it is sufficient to place this type in different positions and to modify it slightly to obtain the type of all the animals. It is horizontal, instead of vertical, in most of the mammifera, in the lizards; the bifurcation appears in the tortoise, in the crustacea, especially the crab.

The same system, appearing in the insects, displays itself in the birds, and is compressed in the fishes.

Our civilized languages, not excepting the French, are the languages of children who have fathomed nothing, who are only struck by the superficial element in things, diversity. What we call the principal chain in mountains, or the principal vein in a mine, the bed in rivers, the stem in plants, the trunk in trees and in the body of a man, is one and the same thing, the primordial line, the central element of an organized being. In every order of facts, the more philosophical language of the future will designate this vital ridge (*arête*) by the same invariable radical; a variation of augment or of termination will indicate whether the principal trunk among minerals, vegetables or animals is meant; and whether it is taken in the *ensemble* of the body or only in a part, as in a fascicle of veins, which is a tree, a river, a man in miniature. One day the laws of language will be the mirror of the laws of God; all words will obey the principle of universal harmony: unity being the basis, diversity the variable accessory. Until this renovation, when we explore the domain of general ideas, our languages will be a heavy weight of baggage to drag along.

So evident is it that the classification by divisions and sub-divisions is adopted by nature, by God, that men apply it to their works wherever they wish to introduce order into them; it is according to this law that the rhetorician distributes the parts of a discourse.

It is necessary to observe that order, be it natural, or be it factitious, that is to say introduced into the works of man, has for its condition division, and sub-division, which give their impress to all collections of beings and even to individuals, to whatever presents several parts. This principle is written on the front of all Logics. If Fourier had contented himself with enouncing it and with replacing the word *division* by the word *series*, and the word *sub-division* by the word *group*,

the Serial Law would be in no wise a discovery.

But Fourier, in every collection of beings, has signalized two general facts, fertile in consequences: *the pivot*, and *transition*. We will explain these terms.

To limit oneself, in the classification of beings, to dividing and sub-dividing, would seem to indicate that the objects ranged in one case, in one sub-division, in one group, are altogether like one another, and altogether destitute of any point of contact with objects placed in another case; these two ideas are not correct. In every group of individuals, or series of groups we readily distinguish one being characterised more strongly than the others; he sums up in himself completely, energetically, all the properties of the group, or series. Such, for want of a better example, is the eagle among rapacious birds, the cock among gallinaceous, the oak among quercine trees. This group, if we are dealing with groups, is the *pivot* of the series, and should be placed at the centre; the other groups, placed at the two wings, gradually degenerate and depart from the common type, following an ascending and descending progression, of which a good idea may be had from the pipes of an organ. Three groups thus classed give us an elementary series, having a centre or pivot between two wings, one ascending, and the other descending. If the terms of the series exceed three, the two extremities may be divided into wings and winglets.

We have established the existence of the centre or pivot, that is to say of inequality in the series; we must also signalize the existence of a transition, or connecting link with external series. Transition is only the employment of a fact admitted by all the world, the fact of *exceptions*.

Before Charles Fourier, every body held it true, even proverbially so, that there is no rule without exceptions; Fourier, in reproducing this affirmation, did not limit himself to that: he has estimated the exception, he has explained and utilized it.

He has estimated it by seeking in what proportion it intervenes in all orders of facts. Exception, according to his calculations, varies from a third to a hundredth, but it is generally one eighth, or one ninth.

After estimating exception, Fourier has explained it to us, showing that this maxim: *there is no rule without exception*, is not absolutely correct. The laws of nature admit of no exception, in that they always act upon the beings submitted to them in the same manner, and attract them in the same direction. But frequently two laws concur, and seek to exercise their influence upon a single fact; from this combination spring phenomena par-

icipating of two natures, which may be termed ambiguous, that is to say double. Thus we may explain every exceptional fact, even to the origin of monsters.

What use is made of exception, of the ambiguous, in the universal order? Belonging equally to two orders of facts, it serves to tie, to chain them together. Between the quadruped and the bird, is found the bat; between the fish and the bird, the flying fish; between the quadruped and the fish, the amphibious animals; between day and night, the dawn and twilight; between central France and Germany, the Alsace; between this central France and Belgium, Flanders. There are no breaks, or loose ends in the universe; the exceptional, the ambiguous, is a *transition*.

In the series, the transitions are stationed as advance and rear guards at either extremity; then we have a complete series composed of seven terms: a centre or pivot, two wings, two winglets, and two transitions.

The serial distribution has been completely exposed only by Fourier, who alone has deduced its use in the organization of industry. Yet every where this distribution is so clearly manifested by the works of nature, that all the great naturalists have approximated to it. Buffon, in several passages, enlarges upon the function of ambiguous beings, which knit together the chain of creatures and prevent the universe from presenting any gaps; he affirms that in a classification, taken from nature, every collection should offer a centre and graduated wings. "Let us assemble for a moment," says this writer, "all the quadrupeds; let us form a group of them, or rather a troop of which the intervals and ranks represent nearly the proximity or distance which is found between the several species; let us place at the centre the most numerous kinds, and at the sides, or wings, the least numerous; let us inclose them all in the smallest possible space, in order to see them better, and we shall find that it is not possible to round off this enclosure; that although all the quadrupeds hold to one another more closely than they do to other beings, still there is found a great number which present salient points, and which seem to project themselves forward to attain to other classes of nature. The apes tend to approach man, and do in fact approach him very nearly; the bats are the apes of birds, which they imitate by their flight; the porcupines, the hedge-hogs, by the quills with which they are covered, seem to indicate that plumes can belong to other creatures as well as birds; the armadilloes, by their scaly shells, approach the tortoise and the crustaceous tribe; the beavers, by the scales of their tail, resemble fishes; the ant-eaters, by their sort

of beak or trunk without teeth, and by their long tongue, again remind us of the birds; finally the phocæ, the sea-calves, and the manati, form a little body apart, which is the most salient point before arriving at the cetaceous tribe."

The Serial Law, perceived by Buffon, and described with precision by Fourier, is the principle according to which the world is classed by hierarchical divisions, each of which is graduated around a pivot, and bound by transitions to exterior collections.

To be Continued.

THE PRESS.

BY WM. GLAND BOURNE.

A million tongues are thine, and they are heard

Speaking of hope to nations, in the prime
Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time
When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred
With higher aims than now — when men
shall call

Each man his brother — each shall tell to
each

His tale of love — and pure and holy speech
Be music for the soul's high festival!

Thy gentle notes are heard, like choral waves.
Reaching the mountain, plain, and quiet
vale —

Thy thunder-tones are like the sweeping
gale,

Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves;
And earth's remotest island hears the sound
That floats on other wings the world around!

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

V.

"Have you ever been present at the falling of the water, and have you at any time seen it reascend?" asked Consuelo in a low voice to the chaplain, as he sat comfortably digesting his dinner in the evening.

"What! what is it!" cried he, bounding up in his chair and rolling his great round eyes.

"I am speaking to you of the cistern," returned she without being disconcerted; "have you yourself ever observed the occurrence of the phenomenon?"

"Ah! yes, the cistern; I remember," replied he with a smile of pity. "Now," thought he, "her craziness has again attacked her."

"But — answer the question then, my good chaplain," said Consuelo, who pursued her meditation with that kind of eagerness which she carried into all her mental occupations, and which embodied no malicious intention towards the worthy man.

"I must confess to you, young lady,"

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

replied he with a very cold manner, "that I have never been present so as to observe that to which you refer, and I declare to you likewise, that I never worried myself about it so as to lose my sleep."

"O! I am very certain of that," replied the impatient Consuelo.

The chaplain shrugged his shoulders, and rose painfully from his chair in order to escape from this ardor of investigation.

"Well! since no one here is willing to lose an hour's sleep for so important a discovery, I will devote my whole night to it if necessary," thought Consuelo; and while waiting for the hour of retiring, she went, wrapped in her mantle to take a turn in the garden.

The night was cold and bright; the mists had been dispersed, as the moon, then full, ascended towards the empyrean. The stars paled at her approach; the air was dry and clear. Consuelo, excited but not overpowered by fatigue, sleeplessness and generous perplexity, but perhaps a little unsound in mind, experienced a sensation of fever, which the freshness of the evening could not remove. She seemed to approach the end of her enterprise. A romantic presentiment, which she took for an order and encouragement of Providence, kept her active and agitated. She seated herself upon a little grassy hillock studded with larches, and began to listen to the feeble and plaintive sound of the torrent at the bottom of the valley. But it seemed to her that another voice still more sweet and plaintive mingled with the murmurings of the water and by degrees reached even to her. She stretched herself upon the turf, in order to hear better, being nearer the earth, those light sounds which the breeze wafted towards her every moment. At last she distinguished Zdenko's voice. He sang in German, and she gathered the following words, pretty well arranged to a Bohemian air, a type of the same simple and melancholy character as that she had already heard.

"There is down there, down there, a soul in pain and labor, which awaits her deliverance,

"Her deliverance, her consolation, so often promised.

"The deliverance seems enchained, the consolation seems pitiless.

"There is down there, down there, a soul in pain and in labor, which is tired of waiting."

When the voice ceased singing, Consuelo rose, looked over the fields for Zdenko, searched the whole park and garden to find him, called him in various places and re-entered without having seen him.

But an hour after, when they had said aloud in common a long prayer for Count Albert, in which all the servants of the

house were invited to join, and when every body had retired to rest, Consuelo went to place herself near the fountain of tears, and seating herself upon the margin among the thick capillaries* which grew there naturally, and the irises which Albert had planted, she fixed her eyes upon the motionless water in which the moon, then arrived at the zenith, reflected her face as in a mirror.

After waiting almost an hour and when the courageous maiden, overcome by fatigue, felt her eye-lids growing heavy, she was aroused by a slight noise at the surface of the water. She opened her eyes and saw the spectrum of the moon, agitated, broken and spread in luminous circles upon the mirror of the fountain. At the same time a dull rushing sound, at first almost imperceptible and soon impetuous, became manifest; she saw the water become lower, whirling about as in a funnel, and in less than a quarter of an hour, disappear in the depths of the abyss.

She took the risk of descending a few steps. The spiral staircase, which appeared to have been built for the purpose of approaching the varying level of the water, was formed of granite blocks half buried in the rock or hewn out of it. These slimy and slippery steps presented no means of support and were lost in the frightful depth. The darkness, the remains of the water which still splashed at the bottom of the immeasurable precipice, the impossibility of treading securely with her delicate feet upon the stringy ooze, arrested Consuelo in her crazy attempt; she re-ascended backwards with much labor and seated herself upon the first step, terrified and trembling.

Still the water seemed to be continually receding into the bosom of the earth. The noise became more and more remote, till at last it ceased entirely, and Consuelo thought of getting a light in order to examine the interior of the cistern as far as possible from above. But she feared to miss the arrival of him whom she expected and remained patient and motionless for nearly an hour longer. At last, she thought she perceived a feeble brightness at the bottom of the well, and leaning anxiously forward, saw that the wavering light mounted little by little. Soon she was no longer in doubt, Zdenko was ascending the spiral staircase, aided by an iron chain secured to the rocky sides. The noise which he made in raising the chain and again letting it fall from time to time, informed Consuelo of the existence of that kind of balustrade which ceased at a certain height and which she could neither see nor suspect. Zdenko carried a lantern

which he hung on a hook intended for this purpose and inserted in the rock about twenty feet below the surface of the soil; then he mounted lightly and rapidly the rest of the staircase, without any chain or apparent means of support. Still Consuelo, who observed every thing with the greatest attention, saw that he helped himself along by catching hold of certain projecting points in the rock, of some wall plants, more vigorous than the rest, and of some bent nails which stood out from the sides and to which he seemed accustomed. As soon as he had ascended high enough to see Consuelo, she concealed herself from his view by stooping behind the half circular stone-wall which bordered the well and which was interrupted only at the entrance of the steps. Zdenko came out and slowly began to gather flowers in the garden with great care and as if making a selection, until he had formed a large bouquet. Then he entered Albert's study and through the glass door, Consuelo saw him for a long while moving the books and searching for one which at last he appeared to have found; for he returned towards the cistern laughing and talking to himself in a satisfied tone, but with a low and almost inaudible voice, so much did he seem divided between the necessity of chatting alone, according to his custom, and the fear of awakening the family in the chateau.

Consuelo had not yet asked herself if she should address him and beseech him to conduct her to Albert; and it must be confessed that, at the moment, confounded by what she saw, dismayed in the midst of her enterprise, joyous at having divined the truth so much desired, but overcome at the thought of descending into the entrails of the earth and the abysses of the water, she did not feel sufficient courage to go forward to the end, and she allowed Zdenko to re-descend as he had mounted, resume his lantern and disappear, singing in a voice which gained assurance as he sank into the depths of his retreat:

"The deliverance is enchained, the consolation is pitiless."

Her heart palpitating, her neck outstretched, Consuelo had his name ten times upon her lips to recall him. She was about to decide by a heroic effort, when she suddenly thought that such a surprise might make the unfortunate stagger upon the difficult and dangerous staircase, and give him a fatal dizziness. She refrained, promising herself that she would be more courageous on the next day, at the right time.

She still waited to see the water again come in, and this time the phenomenon took place much more speedily. Hardly fifteen minutes had elapsed from her los-

ing the sound of Zdenko's voice and the light of his lantern, before a dull noise, like the distant rumbling of thunder was heard; the water, rushing with violence, ascended whirling and dashing against the walls of its prison with an impetuous boiling. This sudden irruption of the water had in it something so frightful, that Consuelo trembled for poor Zdenko, asking herself if, in playing with such dangers and governing thus the forces of nature, there was no risk of his being overpowered by the violence of the current and reappearing at the surface of the fountain, drowned and bruised like the slimy plants she saw floating there.

Still the means must be very simple; it only needed to lower or raise a flood gate, perhaps to place a stone on his arrival and remove it on his return. But might not this man, always pre-occupied and lost in his strange reveries, be deceived and remove the stone a little too soon? Could he have come by the same subterranean path which gave passage to the water of the spring? "Nevertheless I must pass it with or without him," said Consuelo, "and that no later than the coming night; for there is down there a soul in labor and in pain, which waits for me and which is tired of waiting. That was not sung unintentionally, and it was not without object that Zdenko, who detests German and pronounces it with difficulty, has used that language to day."

At last she retired to bed; but she had horrible dreams all the rest of the night. Her fever was gaining ground. She did not perceive it, so strong did she feel herself in courage and resolution; but every moment she started out of her sleep, imagining herself still upon the steps of that frightful staircase and unable to reascend, while the water rose below her with the rushing and the rapidity of lightning. She was so changed the next day, that every body remarked the alteration in her features. The chaplain had not been able to refrain from confiding to the canoness that *this agreeable and obliging person* appeared to him to have her brain somewhat deranged: and the good Wenceslawa, who was not accustomed to see so much courage and devotedness about her, began to fear that the Porporina was a very imaginative young girl and had a very excitable nervous temperament. She relied too much on her good doors cased in iron and her faithful keys, always jingling at her girdle, to have believed long in the entrance and escape of Zdenko, the night before the last. She therefore addressed Consuelo in affectionate and compassionate words, beseeching her not to identify herself with the unhappiness of the family, so as to destroy her health, and made

* Plants called by some *maiden's hair*.

an effort to inspire her with hopes of her nephew's speedy return, which she herself began to lose in the secret recesses of her heart.

But she was agitated at once by fear and hope, when Consuelo, with a look glowing with satisfaction and a smile of gentle pride, replied to her: "You have good reason to hope and to wait with confidence, dear Madam. Count Albert is alive, and as I hope, not very ill; for he is still interested in his books and flowers at the bottom of his retreat. I am certain of it and could give you the proof."

"What do you mean to say, dear child?" cried the canoness struck by her air of conviction. "What have you learnt, what have you discovered? Speak, in the name of Heaven! restore life to a despairing family!"

"Say to Count Christian that his son lives and is not far from here. This is as true as that I love and respect you."

The canoness rose and ran towards her brother who had not yet descended to the saloon. But a look and a sigh from the chaplain arrested her footsteps.

"Let us not inconsiderately give such a joy to my poor Christian," said she, sighing in her turn. "If the fact should soon contradict your sweet promises, ah! my dear child, we should have given a death blow to that unhappy father!"

"Then you doubt my words?" replied the astonished Consuelo. "God forbid, noble Nina! But you may be under an illusion! Alas! this has happened to ourselves so often! You say that you have proofs, my dear daughter! can you not mention them?" "I cannot—at least it seems to me I ought not," said Consuelo, somewhat embarrassed. "I have discovered a secret to which Count Albert certainly attaches great importance, and I do not think I can reveal it without his permission."

"Without his permission!" cried the canoness, looking at the chaplain irresolutely. "Can she have seen him?" The chaplain shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, not comprehending the sorrow his incredulity caused to the poor canoness.

"I have not seen him," returned Consuelo: "but I shall see him soon, and so will you, as I hope. But I fear to retard his return if I thwart his wishes by my indiscretion." "May divine truth dwell in your heart, generous creature, and speak through your mouth!" said Wenceslawa, looking at her with anxious and pitying eyes. "Keep your secret if you have one; and restore Albert to us, if it be in your power. All that I know is, if this be realized, I will embrace your knees, as at this moment I kiss your poor forehead,—moist and burn-

ing," added she, after having touched with her lips the beautiful heated forehead of the young girl, and turning towards the chaplain with an air of great emotion.

"If she be crazy," said she to the latter as soon as she could speak without witnesses, "she is still an angel of goodness, and she seems more interested in our sufferings than we are ourselves. Ah! father, there seems to be a curse upon this house! Every one who has a sublime heart, seems here struck with dizziness, and our life is passed in pitying what we are constrained to admire."

"I do not deny the good intentions of this young stranger," replied the chaplain. "But there is delirium in her actions, that you cannot doubt, Madam. She must have dreamt of Count Albert last night; and imprudently gives us her visions as certainties. Be careful not to agitate the pious and resigned soul of your venerable brother by such unfounded assertions. Perhaps also it will be best not to encourage too much the temerities of this Signora Porporina. They might precipitate her into dangers of a different nature from those she has been willing to encounter hitherto—"

"I do not comprehend you," said the canoness Wenceslawa, with great simplicity.

"I am much embarrassed how to explain myself," returned the worthy man,—"still it seems to me—that if a secret connection, very honorable and very disinterested without doubt, should be established between this young artist and the noble Count—"

"Well!" said the canoness, opening her eyes very wide.

"Well! Madam, do you not think that sentiments of interest and solicitude, entirely innocent in their origin, might, in a little time, with the aid of circumstances and romantic ideas, become dangerous to the repose and dignity of the young musician?"

"I never should have thought of that," said the canoness struck by this reflection. "Should you think, father, that the Porporina could forget her humble and precarious position in any relations whatsoever with a man so much her superior as is my nephew Albert of Rudolstadt?"

"The Count Albert of Rudolstadt might himself contribute thereto unintentionally by the inclination he evinces to treat as prejudices the respectable advantages of rank and birth."

"You awaken great anxiety in my mind," said Wenceslawa, affected by her pride of family and vanity of high birth, her only failing. "Can this evil have already taken root in the child's heart! Can there be in her agitation and her

earnestness to discover Albert any motive less pure than her natural generosity and her attachment to us!"

"I flatter myself not as yet," replied the chaplain, whose only desire was, by his advice and his counsels to play an important part in the affairs of the family, while preserving the appearance of a timid respect and a submissive obsequiousness. "Still, my dear daughter, you must have your eyes open to passing events, and not allow your vigilance to slumber in the presence of similar dangers. This delicate part belongs only to you, and demands all the prudence and penetration with which Heaven has endowed you."

After this conversation the mind of the canoness was entirely confused, and the object of her anxiety was changed. She almost forgot that Albert was as it were lost to her, perhaps dying, perhaps dead, and thought only of preventing the effects of an affection which in itself she called *disproportionate*; like the Indian in the fable, who, pursued into a tree by terror under the form of a tiger, amuses himself by contending with annoyance in the form of a fly buzzing about his head.

All day long she had her eyes fixed upon the Porporina, watching all her steps and anxiously analyzing all her words. Our heroine, for the brave Consuelo was one at that moment in all the force of the term, readily perceived it, but was far from attributing this anxiety to any other feeling than the doubt of her fulfilling her promises by restoring Albert. She did not think of concealing her own agitation, so much did she feel, in her tranquil and strong conscience, that she ought to be proud of her project rather than to blush for it. The modest confusion, which the young Count's enthusiasm for her had excited a few days before, was dissipated by her decided will, free from all personal vanity. The bitter sarcasms of Amelia, who had a presentiment of her enterprise, without knowing its details, did not move her in the least. She hardly heard them, and answered by smiles, leaving to the canoness, whose ears were opened from hour to hour, the care of recording them, of commenting upon them and finding in them a terrible light.

VI.

Nevertheless, seeing that she was watched by Wenceslawa, as she had never before been, Consuelo feared being thwarted by a mistaken zeal, and composed herself to a more restrained demeanor, thanks to which she was enabled during the day to escape from the canoness' attention and with light feet to take the direction of the Schreckenstein. She had no other idea at the moment than to

meet Zdenko, to lead him to an explanation and to know definitely if he was willing to conduct her to Albert. She found him quite near the chateau on the path which led to the Schreckenstein. He seemed coming to meet her and spoke to her with great volubility in Bohemian. "Alas! I do not comprehend you," said Consuelo, as soon as she could find an opportunity to speak; "I hardly know the German, that hard language which you hate like slavery, and which to me is sad as exile. But, since we cannot otherwise understand each other, consent to speak it with me; we speak it as badly, each as the other; I promise you to learn Bohemian, if you will teach it to me."

At these sympathising words, Zdenko became serious and stretching out to Consuelo his dry and callous hand, which she did not hesitate to clasp in hers: "good daughter of God," said he in German, "I will teach you my language and my songs. Which do you wish I should begin with?"

Consuelo thought she must yield to his fancies and use the same figures in order to interrogate him. "I wish that you would sing to me," said she, "the ballad of Count Albert."

"There are," replied he, "more than two hundred thousand ballads about my brother Albert. I cannot teach them to you, you would not comprehend them. Every day I make new ones, which do not resemble the old. Ask me for any thing else."

"Why should I not comprehend them? I am the Consolation, my name is Consuelo for you, do you understand! and for Count Albert who alone knows me here."

"You, Consuelo!" said Zdenko with a mocking laugh. "Oh! you do not know what you say. *The deliverance is enchained*—"

"I know that—*The consolation is pitiless*. But you know nothing, Zdenko. The deliverance has broken its chains, the consolation has freed itself from its shackles."

"Lies, lies! nonsense, German talk!" returned Zdenko, repressing his laugh and his gambols; "you do not know how to sing."

"Yes I do know how," said Consuelo. "Here, listen." And she sang to him the first phrase of his song of the three mountains, which she had retained, with the words Amelia had helped her to recollect and pronounce. Zdenko heard her with transport, and said with a deep sigh: "I love you much, my sister, much, very much! Shall I teach you another song?"

"Yes, that of Count Albert, but first in German; then you shall teach it to me in Bohemian."

"How does it begin?" said Zdenko looking at her roguishly.

Consuelo began the air of the song she had heard the day before: "*There is down there, down there, a soul in labor and in pain*—"

"Oh! that was yesterday's, I do not recollect it to day," said Zdenko, interrupting her.

"Well, tell me to-day's."

"The first words! you must tell me the first words."

"The first words! Here they are, listen: The Count Albert is down there, down there in the grotto of Schreckenstein—"

Hardly had she pronounced these words when Zdenko suddenly changed countenance and attitude; his eyes flashed with indignation. He made three steps backward, raised his hands as if to curse Consuelo, and began to talk Bohemian to her with all the energy of anger and menace. Frightened at first, but seeing that he retired from her, Consuelo wished to recall and to follow him. He turned in fury and seizing an enormous stone which he seemed to raise without difficulty in his weak and fleshless arms: "Zdenko has never done harm to any one," cried he in German; "Zdenko would not break the wing of a poor fly, and if a little child wished to kill him, he would allow himself to be killed by a little child. But if you look at me again, if you say another word to me, daughter of evil! liar! Austrian! Zdenko will crush you like an earth-worm, if he should afterwards be obliged to throw himself into the torrent to cleanse his body and his soul from the human blood which he had shed."

Consuelo, terrified, took to flight and at the bottom of the hill met a countryman, who astonished at seeing her run, pale and as if pursued, asked if she had met a wolf. Consuelo, wishing to know if Zdenko was subject to fits of furious madness, said that she had met the innocent, and that he had frightened her.

"You must not be afraid of the innocent," said the countrymen, smiling at what he considered the cowardice of a fine lady. "Zdenko is not wicked; he is always singing, or laughing, or reciting stories which nobody understands and which are very beautiful."

"But sometimes he gets angry, and then he threatens and throws stones?"

"Never, never," replied the countryman; "that never has happened. You must never be afraid of Zdenko. Zdenko is innocent as an angel."

When she had recovered from her fright, Consuelo felt that the countryman must be right, and that she had provoked by an imprudent word, the first, the only attack of fury which the innocent Zdenko had ever experienced. She

reproached herself bitterly. "I was too hasty," said she to herself; "I have awakened in the peaceful mind of this man deprived of what is proudly called reason, a suffering which he did not know and which may now seize upon him at the least occasion. He was only deranged, perhaps I have made him mad."

But she became still more sad in thinking of the motives for Zdenko's anger. It was above all certain that she had guessed rightly in placing Albert's retreat at the Schreckenstein. But with what jealous and anxious care did Albert and Zdenko wish to hide this secret even from her! She then was not excepted from this proscription; she then had no influence over Count Albert; and the inspiration he had to call her his consolation, the pains he had taken the day before, in causing Zdenko to invoke her aid by a symbolic song, the confidence he had made to his fool of the name of Consuelo, all this was in him solely the fantasy of the moment and no true and constant aspiration designated to him one person rather than another for his liberator and his consolation! Even that name of consolation uttered and as it were divined by him, was a matter of pure chance. She had not concealed from any one that she was of Spanish birth and that her maternal tongue was still more familiar to her than the Italian. Albert, excited to a pitch of enthusiasm by her song and knowing of no expression more energetic than that which embodied the idea of which his soul was greedy and with which his imagination was filled, had addressed her in a language which he knew perfectly and which no one about him could understand, excepting herself.

Consuelo had never been the subject of any extraordinary illusion in this respect. Still, so delicate and so ingenious a coincidence had seemed to her something providential, and her own imagination had seized upon it without much examination.

Now every thing was again doubtful. Had Albert, in some new phase of his exaltation, forgotten the feeling he had experienced for her! was she henceforward useless for his relief, powerless for his welfare! or was Zdenko, who had appeared so intelligent and earnest to second Albert's designs, more sadly and seriously deranged than Consuelo had been willing to suppose? Did he execute the orders of his friend, or did he completely forget them, when he furiously forbade to the young girl all approach to the Schreckenstein and the suspicion of the truth?

"Well," said Amelia to her in a low voice on her return, "have you seen Albert in the sunset clouds! will you make

him come down the chimney to night by a powerful conjuration?"

"Perhaps!" replied Consuelo a little provoked. It was the first time in her life that she had felt her pride wounded. She had entered upon her enterprise with so pure a devotion, so magnanimous an earnestness, that she suffered at the idea of being bantered and despised for want of success.

She was sad all the evening; and the canoness, who noticed the change, did not fail to attribute it to the fear of having exposed the fatal sentiment which had been born in her heart.

The canoness was strangely deceived. If Consuelo had felt the least approach to a new love, she would not have known either the vivid faith or the holy confidence which had hitherto guided and sustained her. On the contrary, she had perhaps never experienced the bitter return of her ancient passion more strongly than under these circumstances, when she strove to withdraw herself from it by deeds of heroism and a sort of fanaticism of humanity.

On entering her chamber in the evening, she found on her spinet an old gilt and ornamented book, which she thought she recognized immediately as that which she had seen Zdenko carry away from Albert's study the night before. She opened it at the page where the tassel was placed: it was at that penitential psalm which commences thus: *De profundis clamavi ad te.** And these Latin words were underscored with an ink which appeared fresh, for it stuck a little to the opposite page. She turned over the leaves of the whole volume, which was a famous ancient Bible, called Kralic's, printed in 1579, and found no other indication, no marginal note, no billet. But this simple cry arising from the abyss, and as it were from the depths of the earth, was it not sufficiently significant, sufficiently eloquent! What a contradiction there was then between the expressed and constant desire of Albert and the recent conduct of Zdenko.

Consuelo was convinced of the truth of her last supposition. Albert, ill and powerless at the bottom of the subterranean, which she supposed to be under the Schreckenstein, was perhaps retained there by the Zdenko's senseless tenderness. He was perhaps the victim of that fool, who cherished him after his fashion, keeping him a prisoner, yielding sometimes to his own desire to see the light of day, while he executed Albert's messages to Consuelo, but opposing himself entirely to the success of her attempts from fear or an inexplicable caprice.— "Well," said she, "I will go, even if I

should have to encounter real dangers; I will go though I should be ridiculously imprudent in the eyes of stupid and selfish persons; I will go, though I should be humiliated by the indifference of him who summons me. Humiliated! and how can I be so, even if he be himself as crazy as poor Zdenko! I shall only have occasion to pity both the one and the other, and shall have done my duty. I shall have obeyed the voice of God, which inspires me, and his hand which impels me with irresistible force."

The feverish excitement in which she had been all the preceding days and which, since her last unfortunate meeting with Zdenko, had given place to a painful languor, manifested itself anew in her mind and body. All her strength was restored, and hiding from Amelia the book, her enthusiasm and her design, she exchanged some cheerful words with her, let her go to sleep, and went to the fountain of tears furnished with a little dark lantern which she had procured that very morning.

She waited a long while and was several times obliged to enter Albert's study in order to revive her chilled limbs by a warmer air. She cast a glance upon that enormous mass of books, not arranged in rows as in a library, but thrown pell-mell upon the floor in the middle of the chamber, with a kind of contempt and disgust. She took the liberty of opening some. They were almost all written in Latin, and Consuelo could at the best presume them to be works of religious controversy, emanating from the Romish Church or approved by her. She was trying to comprehend the titles when she at last heard the bubbling of the water. She closed her lantern, ran and hid herself behind the balustrade and awaited Zdenko's arrival. This time he did not stop in either the garden or the study. He passed through both and left Albert's apartment to go, as Consuelo learned afterwards, to listen at the door of the oratory and that of Count Christian's sleeping room, in order to see whether the old man was praying in distress or sleeping tranquilly. This was a solicitude which he often satisfied for himself, and without Albert's suggestion, as will be seen by what follows.

Consuelo did not hesitate as to the part she had to take; her plan was arranged. She no longer trusted to the reason or the good will of Zdenko; she wished to reach him whom she supposed a prisoner, alone, and without guard. Doubtless there was but one path which led under ground from the cistern of the chateau to that of the Schreckenstein. If this path was difficult or dangerous, at least it was practicable, since Zdenko passed through it every night. It certainly was so with

a light; and Consuelo was provided with tapers, with steel, tinder and flint to strike fire in case of accident. What gave her the greatest confidence of arriving at the Schreckenstein by this subterranean route, was an ancient history she had heard the canoness relate, of a siege formerly sustained by the Teutonic order. "These knights," said Wenceslawa, "had in their very refectory a cistern which brought water from the neighboring mountain; and when their spies wished to make a sortie to observe the enemy, they dried the cistern, traversed its subterranean passages, and came out at a village which was subject to them." Consuelo remembered that according to the tradition of the country, the village which had covered the hill called Schreckenstein since its destruction by fire, had been subject to the fortress of the Giants and had had secret communication with it in the time of seige. She was fortified therefore both by reason and by truth in seeking this communication and this outlet.

She profited by the absence of Zdenko to descend into the well. Before doing so, she fell upon her knees, commended herself to God and naively made a great sign of the cross, as she had done in the wing of the theatre San Samuel before appearing upon the stage for the first time; then she bravely descended the steep and winding stairs, seeking in the wall, for the points of support which she had seen Zdenko make use of, and not looking below for fear of dizziness. She reached the iron chain without accident; and as soon as she had seized hold of it, felt more easy and had sufficient coolness to look at the bottom of the well. There was still some water there and this discovery caused her a moment's agitation. But reflection reassured her immediately. The well might be very deep; but the opening of the subterranean passage by which Zdenko came must be placed at a certain distance below the surface of the soil. She had already descended fifty steps with that address and agility which young ladies educated in saloons can never have, but which the children of the people acquire in their games and of which they retain the confident boldness through their whole lives. The only real danger was that of slipping on the wet steps. Consuelo had found in a corner an old chapeau with large rims which baron Frederick had long worn to the hunt. She had cut it up and of it made soles, which she had fastened to her shoes after the manner of buskins. She had remarked a similar contrivance on the feet of Zdenko, at his last nocturnal expedition. With these felt soles Zdenko walked through the corridors of the chateau without making any noise and it

* Out of the depths have I cried unto thee.

was on that account he had seemed to her rather to glide like a ghost than to walk like a man. It was also the custom of the Hussites thus to shoe their spies and even their horses when they attempted a surprise upon the enemy.

At the fifty second step, Consuelo found a large platform and a low arched passage-way. She did not hesitate to enter and to advance in a narrow and low subterranean gallery, still dripping with the water which had just run out of it, and worked and arched by the hand of man with great solidity.

She walked without obstacle and without fear for about five minutes, when she seemed to hear a slight noise behind her.

Perhaps it was Zdenko, who had descended and was taking the road to the Schreckenstein. But she was in advance of him and redoubled her pace not to be overtaken by so dangerous a travelling companion. He could not imagine that she was ahead of him. He had no reason for running after her; and while he amused himself with singing and muttering his interminable stories, she would have time to arrive and put herself under the protection of Albert.

But the noise which she heard increased and resembled that of water which roars and strives and rushes forward. What could have happened? Had Zdenko perceived her design? Had he raised the sluice gate to stop her and swallow her up? But he could not do it before passing it himself and he was behind her. This reflection was not very comforting. Zdenko was capable of devoting himself to death and drowning with her, rather than betray Albert's retreat. Still Consuelo saw no gate, no sluice-way, no stone in her path which could have retained the water and afterwards given it vent. This water could only be before her and the noise came from behind. Still it increased, it mounted, it approached with the roaring of thunder.

Suddenly Consuelo, struck by a horrible discovery, perceived that the gallery, instead of rising, descended at first with a slight inclination and then more and more rapidly. The unfortunate had mistaken the road. In her hurry and in the thick vapor which arose from the bottom of the cistern, she had not seen a second arch, much larger, and directly opposite that she had taken. She had entered the canal which served to carry away the surplus water of the well, instead of that which ascended to the reservoir or the spring. Zdenko, going by the opposite path, had quietly raised the gate; the water fell in a cascade to the bottom of the cistern which was already filled to the height of the waste passage: already the water precipitated itself into the gallery in which Consuelo fled, lost and fro-

zen by fear. Soon this gallery, which was so arranged that the cistern, losing less water than it received by the other mouth, could be filled, would fill in its turn. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the gallery would be inundated, and the inclination continued to descend towards the abyss whither the water tended to precipitate itself. The vault, still weeping, announced clearly that the water filled it entirely, that there was no possible safety, and that the speed of her steps would not save the unhappy victim from the impetuosity of the torrent. The air was already confined by the great mass of water which hurried on with a deafening noise. A smothering heat impeded respiration, and suspended life as much as did fear and despair. Already the roaring of the unchained flood sounded at the very ears of Consuelo; already a red foam, sinister precursor of the wave, flowed over the path and outstripped the uncertain and slackened steps of the terrified victim.

To be Continued.

The following original Song, by A. J. H. DUGANNE, was sung at the recent festival of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Institution in Boston.

THE MECHANIC.

Lift up thy toil-worn hand,
Thou of the stalwart frame and fearless eye!
Lift proudly now thine iron hand on high!
Firm and undaunted stand!

No need hast thou of gems,
To deck the glorious temple of thy thought,
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind hath wrought,
Richer than diadems!

Thou art our God's high-priest,
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine,
For the whole world, the glorious task is thine,
To spread the eternal feast!

Even like the Hebrew Chief,
Strike thou on the rock, and from its deep
Mysterious heart the living waters leap,
To give the earth relief!

Mighty among thy kind,
Stoicest thou, man of toil, midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to
sway

By thy high working mind!

Thou canst delve in the earth,
And from its mighty caves bring forth pure
gold;

Thou canst unwrap the clouds in heaven
rolled,

And give the lightning birth!

Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy chariot wheels, and the wild
winds

Obey the o'er-ruling intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee!

Thou canst new bands create,
Where the wild rolling wave no mast'ry
owns;

And the vast distance of opposing zones
Canst thou annihilate!

Lift then, thy hand to Heaven!
Spread thy toll sceptre o'er the sea and land;
Thou hast the world entrusted to thy hand,
Earth to thy charge is given!

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XIII. THE HUCKSTER-WOMEN.

No one who is in the habit of visiting our City Markets, can have failed to be interested in the appearance of the Huckster-women, or feeling curious as to their history, mode of life, profits, &c. &c. Being struck with the appearance of these women, so uncomfortable looking and apparently so removed from all other interests in the world, we have often stopped to converse with them. Some are communicative and good natured, while others gave us short answers the moment they found we didn't want to buy any cabbages. We learn generally in regard to them that most of them are not quite so badly off as they seem; some who may be seen on cold mornings in Winter, thinly clad, cowering over a foot-stove, and blue and shivering with cold, have hundreds, and even thousands of dollars laid up in old stockings and broken china, or else deposited in Savings' Bank. We know one instance where an old Huckster woman loaned a Church several thousands of dollars to aid them in erecting a new building, where it is still invested.— Whether she holds a mortgage on the pew-cushions and chandeliers we know not; but it is very certain that, although life has been a cold, comfortless thing to her, she has accumulated a snug little property to leave behind her— thus illustrating the almost universal truth that it takes at least two generations to enjoy life, one to earn and the next to spend it.

Many of the more extensively engaged Huckster-women live in the country and spend all their time in tending, gathering and selling their market vegetables. On Monday morning, mounted on top of their wagon-load of "saas," they hurry to town with the daylight and take their accustomed stand in market. Here they remain, living by chance, and sleeping we really do not know how, (at the water-side lodging-houses) through the week. On Saturday night they return home with the "spoils" of their week's speculation, and another member of the family, or perhaps a neighbor, takes her turn of going to market. They have a great advantage over the City Hucksters, as they bring every thing fresh, and have their regular customers, as in any other branch of business. Some times the same family carry on, through their different members, various branches of marketing. One sells eggs, another fruit, another cabbage, beets, turnips and other vegetables. These women make pretty large sales, realizing about one-third clear profit on all they sell. Their profits average from \$10 to \$30 per week. Several of them have told us that they are making a poor business of it if they do not clear the latter sum. When we reflect upon the way of life of these women, how completely their occupation breaks up the circle and enjoyments of home, stimulates avarice and covetousness, and deprives their children of most of the maternal care, we are ready

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

to agree with them, that \$30 is little enough.

But the City Hucksters, who buy at second-hand and have to deal mostly with the poorer sort of customers, do not fare so well as their country neighbors. They trade with poor mechanics' and laborers' wives, with whom every cent is as precious as so much heart's-blood, and who must beat down every thing they buy to the lowest possible point. This of course leads to a species of fraud on the part of the seller, and bad articles mixed with the wholesome, false measures and weights, lies without number, mutual deception, hypocrisy and cheating are too often the consequence. So, simple *chaffering for a livelihood* creates as its accompaniments, avarice, falsehood and dishonesty, and feeds poor laborers and their family on old, wilted and poisonous vegetables, stale eggs and tainted poultry.

This latter class of Huckster-women do not make more than three, four and five dollars a week on the average. They are a majority of their Irish, and they live in most wretched style, *more wretched* than perhaps would be absolutely necessary if they had ever been taught to aspire to neatness, comfort and respectability. To this state of things there are of course exceptions; but the general features of the case are truly sketched.

We have not been able to estimate very accurately the number of women engaged in huckstering. There are thirteen markets in New-York, and probably as many hundred Huckster-women altogether.

NO. XIV.—THE PRINTERS AGAIN.

The invention of the Napier Press and application of steam-power to printing, have produced an entire revolution in the business. Previous to this, all printing was executed on the hand Press, which had been gradually improving upon its original rude construction for two centuries, until the solid iron Press, worked by a lever power, was thought to be the perfection of this machine; its simplicity, excellence, and durability seeming to stamp upon it the vaunting inscription of the Pillars of Hercules, '*nil ultra.*' At first, the Napier was used only in Newspaper offices, where it quickly became invaluable from the rapidity of its execution. In the course of a few years it was farther improved so as to be used in printing the cheaper qualities of books—as school books, &c. and a new discovery being made about this time in paper-making, by which printing-paper could be manufactured to any required size and with increased expedition and facility; the Napier began to be used in Book offices generally, until at the present time it has entirely superseded the hand Press for general work—the latter being used only in Job printing and extra-fine works designed for the centre-table.

The Adams Press is a machine of American invention, worked by steam-power, but on the same principle as the hand Press. Harpers' Pictorial Bible is worked on this Press.

So late as 1834 the hand Presses were universal in the Book Offices, employing a large number of workmen. Five, ten and fifteen Presses in an office were common, and Harper and Brothers and the Methodist Book Concern ran upwards of forty each. Ten dollars per week was the average earnings of the Pressmen,

which was vastly superior to those of Compositors, and the reason was that the employers could never make *two-thirds* Pressmen—the business demanding a workman and no *sham*. The introduction of the Napier and Adams Presses threw eventually nine-tenths of these men out of employment, and a solitary sort of forlorn hope only are found in their places, or near them, gazing upon the Napiers and the foreign force which surrounds them.

At the present time, one-half at least of all the persons working as *Compositors*, are mere type-setters, and not printers or workmen in the strict sense of the word. They are scarcely competent to make up the matter they set, and would be as much *bothered* as a hodman if called upon to impose and make ready a form for the press. This has been the result partly of the method in which some of the larger establishments did their work more than twenty years ago, and partly through the recent improvement in paper-making spoken of, and the introduction of the Napier Press. In the first instance, Book Offices employed a large number of hands, of whom three-fifths might be unapprenticed boys, employed a few good workmen by the week to impose, &c., deducting one and a half or two cents per page from each of the Compositors. By this means work was expedited and type setters rapidly made. In the second instance, mammoth sheets and Napier Presses gave the first impulse to *cheap publications*, and these, *rushed* out as they were, and continue to do, made it incumbent to adopt the same rule generally, namely, a few good workmen to make up and impose, while the rest set up the copy and pay a deduction of two cents per thousand to the office.

It is to the improved Napier Press that the public is indebted for the cheap papers; and thousands, who fifteen years ago were fain to resort to the rumshops of an evening to learn or read the daily news, have it now brought to their doors at a price less than the interest of the money they were wont to expend in those dens of rum. As something of an offset to this, it must be admitted that the same cause has greatly increased the dissemination of worthless and immoral reading, tending to vitiate and deprave both the taste and feeling; and although works of an opposite tendency continue to be published, they have not been and are not encouraged to the same extent with the romantic and injurious.

We remarked in a former number, that of the Journeymen Printers who come to own establishments, few become rich. We can look back through a lapse of thirty years, and call to remembrance some eight or ten who have passed to the second edition of existence, and who were considered wealthy, maintaining their credit to the last. Some who lived to see the commencement of the strife of competition, were worth a plum, and content with their gains, retired from the field, resigning their business to others, most of whom were unsuccessful. Luxury has ruined Printers as well as others. Within the last twenty years, we have seen several establishments suddenly spring up, and flourish, and expand as it were by magic. Fortunes were quickly made and as quickly lost—adepts in making money, they failed in securing it. Expensive styles of living, a fine house, carriage,

&c. speculation and gentility, soon emptied the well-filled coffer;—and ultimately they exemplified in themselves the truth of a trite observation, 'set some people on horseback and they will ride'—like Gilpin, in one feature at least, *getting down* where they first *got up*.

Besides, there are those among the fortunate ones, who do not subscribe to the maxim, 'Live and let live.' Like Bonaparte, they cannot and will not brook a rival in the empire of letters. Doing the higher book business on the most extensive scale, and possessing the means for any emergency, they frown upon and usually overcome the small efforts of their brethren to make a living;—they are known to have expended three and four thousand dollars per annum in this crusade, which accounts for the recent and continued sale of popular works in numbers, at prices below the cost of paper and binding. These things ruin the Journeyman. If one publisher sells works below cost to overthrow another, he will, of course, fill his establishment with boys and two-thirds, who are themselves obliged to *shoot* at twenty-one before the renewing and ever-advancing *schools* of smaller fry.

Several attempts were made some years back, to introduce girls into Printing Offices as Compositors, but the practice was soon abandoned. Girls are, however, employed on most of the power presses run in Book Offices, as the labor on these machines is more suitable for feminine hands.

We conclude by remarking that, so far as Journeymen are concerned, the golden age of printing is passing away. The increase of Printing Offices is the certain increase of the number of boys and two-thirds, and the decrease of prices; and those who are yet in the unimpaired possession of youth and vigor, had better turn their eyes and footsteps toward the rich lands of the West, where independence and plenty may be found. Here, they may continue for a few years to wear fine clothes, and promenade before the splendid mansions of the rich; but they are slaves while they remain, despite their proud boast of freemen, living from hand to mouth, and seldom in possession of twenty dollars clear of the world. Pride and poverty are miserable companions. Let them leave the first with their fashionable garments behind them, and betake themselves to the soil. Our word for it, industry and resolution will overcome all difficulties, and while they should expect to meet and face minor evils, *want* will not be among the number. — *Tribune*.

"CHARGE! CHESTER, CHARGE!" McGraw in his commentaries on this well known line of Sir Walter Scott, insists with a great deal of pertinacity that the bard was in favor of the credit system. If he were not, he says, why did he advise Chester to open a book account? That's the question. Sure enough—why did he?

ENCOURAGING TO MECHANICS. It is stated in an exchange paper that the Governor of Maine is a shipwright; the Governor of New Hampshire a wheelwright; and that the three highest offices in the gift of the State of Mississippi are held by a tailor, a saddler, and a blacksmith.

For the Harbinger.

DUTY OF ASSOCIATIONISTS TO THE CAUSE.

Through the last four or five years, the doctrine of Association has been widely disseminated through the country. The labors of its ardent advocates, few but faithful, have been ably seconded by some portion of the press, and both have been immensely aided by the course of events. The great themes of political discussion in our day—the Tariff and the Currency—lead directly to a consideration of the conditions of Labor—of the relations between producers and products—of mutual rights and respective interests of employers and employed. The existence of extreme destitution and consequent misery in the midst of general prosperity and plenty, of willing hands vainly seeking employment amid unsurpassed industrial activity and thrift, cannot have escaped attention. The disasters resulting from Industrial Anarchy, from “strikes” of operatives for higher wages or fewer hours of labor, the stoppage of work by combinations if not by outright violence, arrest general attention. Truly the remedy for these errors and evils has yet been perceived and embraced by comparatively few; but the conviction that the present organization of industry cannot be advantageously maintained, and some radical change is at hand, must have already forced itself upon very many intelligent and candid minds. The readjustment of the relations of capital and labor on a basis of harmony and mutual advantage, is manifestly the great problem of the age. But, that a change is at hand, is evident: the practical question regards not its probability, or certainty, but its character. The more intelligent and wealthy class have it in their power so to mould this change as to render it peaceful, gradual, and universally beneficent; or, they can turn a deaf ear to the calls of humanity, and let the demagogue, the envious, the selfishly discontented, pervert it into an engine of convulsion, destruction and desolation. As in the days of King John, the Barons laid the foundations of English political liberty, so in our day the intellectual and philanthropic may guide the car of progress, and in establishing industrial harmony may secure to all (but the stubbornly vicious or incurably afflicted) true independence and ample means of subsistence and development; or they can indolently leave all to the benighted and malignant, and see reproduced a war of classes, different indeed in its weapons and its physical aspects, but *not* different in its essential character from the ravages of France by the *Jacquerie* or the butcheries of the reign of Terror.

In this crisis of events, with an industrial war plainly threatened and partially

commenced, the doctrine of Association appears as a mediator and reconciler. Its bow of promise shines broadly in the lurid sky; it irradiates the murky visage of the gathering, muttering tempest. It awakens a hope, and the only well-grounded hope, of averting the miseries of an insane struggle between those who ought to be the closest allies, to see which can the more injure the other. Need I urge that in this crisis the friends of Association ought to be most earnest and untiring in the promulgation and advocacy of their faith! That they ought to improve the opportunities which are daily presented of commending the truth to others whose minds are but newly prepared to receive it! What Associationist so dull that he cannot improve every “strike,” every collision respecting the hours or the wages of labor, to the advancement of the good cause!

To do this with effect, we must be in the true sense of an abused term, catholic. We must not suffer Association to be merged in mere partisanship for any class or calling, or blind hostility to any abuse or oppression. We are not the champions of the slave or the hired servant, the factory girl or the house-maid, the seamstress or the washerwoman. We are not the advocates merely of labor against capital, of the employers as opposed to the employed. Ours is the cause of all classes and vocations, and our success is the triumph of all. We are in danger of becoming partial and one-sided; let us take special care to overcome it.

But it is not enough that we give our testimony in behalf of this benign truth, it behooves us to be doers of the work as well as hearers and commenders. Friends of Association! scattered over the face of our wide country! do you realize this? Do you feel that your works ought to justify and fortify your words? We are surrounded by a world full of want, vice, and misery, which Association realized would greatly modify and ultimately cure. But those who know nothing of this truth will never cause it to be realized; it would be absurd to expect any thing of the kind. The work must be accomplished by *us*, and by those whom our acts rather than words shall win over to a knowledge of the truth. Is not the work of sufficient importance to incite you to embark heartily in its furtherance?

But, says one, how can I engage practically in realizing Association! My family and friends are vehemently adverse to it, I am engrossed by responsibilities and duties of various kinds which I cannot uprightly escape, and which confine me where I am. I am not yet prepared, if I ever should be, to embark in Association.

Very well, you are not *required* to embark in it in the way your objection con-

templates. You are urged only to contribute to the great work according to your ability and in a mode not inconsistent with the proper discharge of all your duties. But many who cannot personally enlist in the pioneer groups who for the next ten years will be engaged in preparing the ground on which Associations are ultimately to arise, are yet able to contribute *something* of their time and means to the cause of humanity's emancipation from brutal drudgery. And this something is imminently needed by that cause. The great work of disseminating and defending the principles of social science needs pecuniary aid; who will offer it? The secondary work of founding and sustaining pioneer Associations also languishes for want of means. Ought it to do so? I say *founding*, not that I would encourage the commencement of any new undertaking, but because I consider no Association founded as yet. We have a few beginnings to clear the ground for the work, and that is all. But in this work noble men and women are engaged; to it they have consecrated their energies; for it they suffer hardship and privations, and are willing to suffer. But they cannot make their labor truly effective without a large increase of capital, in every instance within my knowledge. They commenced with little means, in no case sufficient to pay for their land and buildings, and generally not half enough. They were in need of every thing, even of experience and skill to render their labor effective, and for a long time two out of every three blows they strike are ill directed or render no immediate return. Thus they toil on, needing machinery, power, buildings, every thing, to give them a chance for rapid progress; and even Associationists stand ready to wonder at their snail-paced advances or reproach their occasional failures!

As one Associationist who has given his efforts and means freely to the cause, I feel that I have a right to speak frankly. I know that the great number of our believers are far from wealthy; yet I know that there is wealth enough in our ranks, if it were but devoted to it, to give an instant and resistless influence to the cause. A few thousand dollars subscribed to the stock of each existing Association would in most cases extinguish the mortgages on its property, provide it with machinery and materials, and render its industry immediately productive and profitable. Then manufacturing invention and skill would fearlessly take up their abode with our infant colonies; labor and thrift would flow thither, and a new and brighter era would dawn upon them. Fellow Associationists! I shall do whatever I can to the promotion of our common cause; to it whatever I have or may

hereafter acquire of pecuniary ability is devoted: may I not hope for a like devotion from you!

H. G.

REVIEW.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845. pp. 233.

This collection of Tales forms the fourth in the series of "American Books," which Wiley and Putnam are now publishing. It consists of some half dozen stories of Indian and border life, most if not all of which we had before met with. They are marked by the usual characteristic of the author's productions, spirit and vividness in the narrative, an active, rather than a delicate imagination, and an occasional carelessness of style which Mr. Simms ought to be ashamed of.

The power of our author lies in the dramatic grouping of incidents, rather than in the higher qualities of an artist. He is a man of sight more than of insight and depicts scenes with greater success than characters; his contributions to our literature display talent but not genius.

Still we are under obligation to him for many agreeable hours; his Indian tales are in our opinion, better than those of any other writer. They have the air of reality and are evidently the fruit of intimate acquaintance with the life they describe.

We have been struck in reading this book, with the idea that seems to be latent in its pages,—and which perhaps has not come fully into the consciousness of the author, that our civilized life is in some important particulars inferior to that of the savage. His careless trust in Nature, is better than our fear of being starved and frozen. Never a doubt has he that his rude wants shall be supplied, while we go slaving and drudging, wasting our lives, merely that we may be clothed and fed. His thoughtless security is an inverted image, a diffraction as it were, of that unlimited confidence which in a true state of society is the prerogative of man,—a confidence resulting not from gross and uncultivated senses and from indifference, either savage or philosophical, to outward things, but from the knowledge that the Divine Providence, acting as alone it can, through a divinely-appointed social order, provides abundantly for the wants of every creature. "Therefore take no thought saying, what shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mount Blanc. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D. No. 6 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. New York and London. pp. 166.

Were this book solely what it professes to be and what with the will of the author it could have been made, we should have hailed it as a delightful addition to our stock of popular literature. The preface and the opening descriptions are very charming and on reading them, you feel willing to go on with the author through sunshine and storm and see with his eyes the glories he so well describes.

But we object to the title, we object to the Preface as giving a false view of the character, and we believe, the main object of the work, which seems to us neither more nor less than the propagation of Dr. Cheever's own religious notions. That he should indite and publish his views, his belief, respecting the preëminence of what he considers the only true Evangelical Church of Christ, we do not complain, but that he should do so under a false name and under false colors. No one, we are convinced, can rise from the perusal of this book, without finding his impression of its delightful descriptions almost obliterated by the sectarian disquisitions they enclose as in a frame.

In our opinion then, this book is to be viewed not as the "Wanderings of a Pilgrim," but as one side of a sectarian controversy. And a bitter one it is.

Dr. Cheever's opposition to Catholicism, to what he calls Oxfordism, to Unitarianism, and to all other forms of Faith with which he comes in contact, other than that he himself favors, is virulent in the extreme. For an example, see what he says of prayers in the Catholic ritual. "O sad and dreadful mystery of Iniquity! Prayer itself, the highest, the most ennobling exercise of the soul, turned into idolatry and superstition! *How will those men answer for their sins, who stand thus condemned for their devotions!*"

The italics are his own, though the words are taken from another. The God he preaches condemns man for involuntary ignorance, as well as for wilful sin!

The Roman Catholic religion he calls one of intolerance and cruelty, the Reformed, one of faith and mercy, and charges all the despotism of which the latter may at any time have been guilty, upon the mistaken union of Church and State, but at the same time, makes no allowance for this element in the doings of the Catholic Church. He does not see that the coils developed by the union of Church and State have their origin in the partial and sectarian character of the former, nor that when the true Church of Christ shall have been established upon earth,

the social and religious nature of man will be perfectly coincident.

According to Dr. Cheever, God's work upon this globe is limited to a very circumscribed sphere, and there is great danger lest the evil one, (typified by the Church of Rome, which he calls by very hard names,) should render it of none effect.

He is much shocked at the ignorance of true religion, displayed by the poor people of the countries he has visited. What he says of them and the remissness of the Catholic Clergy in this respect will certainly be of little avail for their individual benefit. It reminds us strongly of sermons we have heard, very severe upon the sins and short comings of classes of men, far removed from all connection with the congregation then present, and of the holy indignation they gave rise to, coupled with that pleasant feeling of personal exemption which makes men thank God, "that they are not as other men." And as on hearing such sermons, we long for the utterance of truths which will awaken the consciences of those around us, so we rise from the perusal of Dr. Cheever's book with the wish that he had turned his eyes to objects of a similar character nearer home, (since he must needs treat of them,) for he might certainly find here those who are equally objects of sympathy and compassion, and his appeals in their favor and denunciations of those on whom rests the sin of neglect, would probably have been more efficient.

The Farmer's Library, No 4, October. Edited by JOHN SKINNER. Greeley and McElrath, Tribune Buildings. New York.

The September number of this Journal, so full of interest to all practical farmers, by some misfortune, accident, or unhappy blunder, has failed to reach us, so that we can say nothing on the translation of Thae's standard work on Agriculture, the publication of which is continued in the present number. We are well acquainted, however, with Thae's European reputation, both as a scientific and practical agriculturist. We suppose that as a prudent and successful cultivator, he is probably without a rival; and the work here presented contains the result of experience acquired in the management of a large estate for many years. We have never had an opportunity of reading it, and shall be glad to avail ourselves of that, now given by this publication. The October number is embellished with an expressive lithographic portrait of Liebig. An interesting memoir of this distinguished chemist is also presented, containing an account of the theories and discoveries, which have given him, though

still a young man, an enviable reputation, both in Europe and America. A variety of miscellaneous articles enrich this number, and make it in fact, not only an instructive, but a very interesting production. We hope for the sake of an improved agriculture, and the more general diffusion of scientific information among the cultivators of this country, that this valuable Journal will find readers in every State in the Union. It has nothing sectional or local in its character, and it fully merits a national patronage.

The White Slave; or the Russian Peasant Girl. By the author of *Revelations of Russia*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845. pp. 210.

The writer of this novel has a political and moral purpose in view, of which he never loses sight. He wishes to expose the detestable tyranny by which the Russian Serfdom is made to suffer from the inflictions of an arbitrary and irresponsible power. Few persons are aware of the depth of degradation and misery into which so large a portion of the population of the Russian Empire are sunk by this infernal system. The perusal of this book will serve to give them new light,—to show them the destructive consequences of false institutions,—and to inspire them with a deeper enthusiasm for true liberty. Not that it is didactic or argumentative in its form. On the contrary, as a work of fiction it possesses genuine merits. Though very unequal in its execution, there are passages, which by their rare descriptive power, betray the hand of a master. The painful interest of this work is relieved at intervals by scenes of a truly amusing character, some of which are rarely surpassed in English Literature.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. October, 1845.

This Magazine is punctual as the sun. It never fails to come at the right moment; and it always even more than fulfils the anticipations which it calls forth. Few periodicals are so uniformly sustained as this; it discusses general principles with fairness and ability; while its mass of information on commercial and statistical details makes it a rich treasure-house to those whose inquiries are turned in that direction. At the same time, it is not blind to the evils of the present commercial system, and often brings forward suggestions, which if followed, would tend to do away with a portion of the mischiefs that arise from trading as now conducted. We are happy to learn that this Magazine has a wide circulation, for its intrinsic merits entitle it to a large patronage, and it can hardly fail to gratify every one who looks into it for sound instruction on the subjects of which it treats.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S APPEAL.

"Fill me with devotedness, wisdom, efficiency, O Ruler and Inspirer! and make me worthy of this great occasion," may well be the prayer of our young "Cœur de Lion of the West;" and do we not all pray for him, that the spirits of the great departed, Confucius, Socrates, Milton, Washington, Jay, may be around him to enlarge, purify and elevate his energies for the great trial hour of our nation?

Most sublime is the position of standing thus entrusted with the hopes of a whole people. It demands a steadfastness and fidelity like that of a Crusader bearing home the heart of his King through the Infidel host. Most sublime;—but most perilous, and above all most responsible. If thou failest in thyself, O brother; if thou allowest the devils, in the form of ambition, passion, self-will, rashness, expediency, policy, fear, to enter thee, how many will mourn. Not alone canst thou suffer the consequences of thine own folly. There thou standest, David before Goliath, armed with the sling of a manly heart, and the stone from the brook of truth. The eyes of the two great armies of Liberty and Slavery are on thee. Thy strength must be in the Lord; thy victory must be from Lovk. May thy own words prove prophetic. "Trial makes the man; subdues what is wrong and selfish in his spirit; tames what is haughty; teaches him to be wary and thoughtful and wiser; less prodigal of his strength, and more judicious in its use; and attunes his spirit to the great mission he was sent to perform."

The importance of this movement in Kentucky, at the present moment, can scarcely be over-estimated. Doubtless, if it is deserted by its friends or crushed by its foes, there will spring up in some other time, place, mode, another shoot from the tree of life, whose wide-spreading roots of humanity underlie the whole country. But the promise is most rare now; and it would be a sore trial of faith to see this hope blighted. The Hour and the Man have met; the goddess has come down to the mortal; they have plighted their troth, they are wedded. Shall not a great event be the issue? Yes! by heaven, and by humanity! if the man is truly a hero, calm as courageous, single-

hearted as strong, prompt as prudent, neither hasty nor lagging, sagacious and solemnly obedient; if in a word he is worthy.

A nobler occasion has never welcomed a manly spirit on this continent. Let us look candidly at the crisis.

The Texas iniquity may be regarded as consummated, so far as the *Executive* of the nation is concerned. And how consummated! By *USURPATION*. The slave-power has seized the presidential chair, the chief offices of state, the command of the army and navy; and without the sanction of the States of the Union as expressed in the Senate,—or of the People of the United States as expressed in the representative assembly,—without the pretence of popular approval as expressed in the last election— even against all of these— and notoriously against the expressed will and wishes of a large, influential, dignified, intelligent, honorable minority of the States— has committed acts, which are, to all intents and purposes, a *Declaration of War*, and which have not resulted in war, undeniably because, and *only* because, Mexico is too weak to defend her rights.

We measure our words when we say this is usurpation. It is notorious, that the project of the "Joint Resolutions" was concocted, because it was understood that the Senate were not willing formally to give up the treaty-making power. The originators of Texas "Re-annexation" were afraid to refer to the People of the United States, the question of admitting a foreign nation into the Union, which was the *only* constitutional mode of proceeding. They were not sure of getting a sufficient number of votes by forcing through one scheme of Annexation only. In view then of all the difficulties,—constitutional duties forgotten, popular rights despised,—they determined at last to vest with plenary powers the Executive; and thus by one sudden act made the President a Monarch. Was not this the most presumptuous usurpation? Still, it may be supposed that the originators of this design intended to make the chief officer of the nation only a *limited* Monarch, limited by their expressed will in the Resolutions, limited in the term of his arbitrary action. But if this was the meaning of the Senate and the House, not so thought the President. At once he took his own mode of annexing Texas; gave notice through his plenipotentiary, that as Texas might rightfully feel aggrieved by the proposed terms of union, he offered them *his* pledge that her reasonable expectations should be satisfied; suggested to them as his advice to act at once, before the people of the United States could interfere; and then assuming that Texas was already our

province or rather his province, gathered army and navy, took possession, and pushing on, invaded the territory of Mexico. It is not pretended that there was any such emergency as gave even the plea of necessity for this series of acts. Congress certainly had not empowered him to make war in any contingency. Congress might have been reassembled. Yet had Mexico been strong, we should have been at war with her months ago, and that, by the will of the Executive. Now we assert that this is an act of monarchy *unlimited* in character. And who dares to say that it will be limited in time?

But in fact and unquestionably this conduct of the Executive in promising Texas better terms, and in taking possession of a province of Mexico, has had the sanction of a governing clique. It is not the usurpation of one man, but of a **Faction**, and this is the consideration that gives it importance. The Joint Resolutions, and the acts which have followed from them, were parts of a deliberate, long-cherished, openly-avowed purpose, to accomplish an unconstitutional end, by unconstitutional means, and by unconstitutional acts. The Faction which has thus usurped the Legislative, Senatorial, and Executive functions, and which there is every reason to apprehend, will command also the Judiciary, is the **SLAVE POWER**. This, no one can be so ignorant or so impudent as to deny. Messrs. Tyler, Upshur, Murphy, Gilmer, and above all Mr. Calhoun, have repeatedly, emphatically, unreservedly declared, that the *one* end of this Texas Annexation, is the upholding, extending, perpetuating of Slavery. Every letter and document of the Texas Treaty announced this to be *the* end. The debates in both houses of Congress reasserted it. The press of the South has again and again avowed it. By the unanimous confession of all candid men through the whole country, it is granted,—as was said by the frank and temperate Barrow of Louisiana, on the 22d of March last, in his speech in the Senate,—“that after all, the great *secret* (!) of the whole scheme, the true reason of its popularity at the South is, that it will strengthen the **SLAVEHOLDING INTEREST.**” Is this *end* constitutional; are the *means* by which its accomplishment has been advanced, constitutional; are the *acts* done to hasten its consummation, constitutional? Is it exaggerating in one iota or tittle, to say, that the Constitution of the United States is no longer the supreme law of the land, but that we are under the rule of a slaveholding oligarchy?

A year ago, the question was; “Are the days of Slavery numbered; shall the Republic be free; shall the world be

emancipated!” Now facts give for answer—“Slavery, driven to its last strong holds in the southern States of this Union, hemmed in by the conscience of Christendom, threatened by the advancing commerce, industry, intelligence of the whole civilized world, sinking fast into a political minority and a pecuniary insignificance, seeing itself on the verge of utter extinction, made a desperate rally, used every means, fair and foul, of onset, argument and cajolery, appeal and threat, promise and manœuvre, deceit and bribery, and in one mighty rush of party excitement won the day, and seated itself as autocrat, on the throne of this Nation.”

But this is not the whole story of this “Flodden-field of Freedom.” The worst chapter in the tale of defeat is to follow; and it may be summed up in a word. There have been traitors, are traitors in the army of Liberty. The slave-power would never have thus won the day, had it not been, that the golden manacles of gain found willing hands to wear them. The commercial, manufacturing, industrial, speculating interests of the North fought faintly, trimmed, compromised, conceded; and the instant they could do so with grace, went over with flags flying to the enemy. Here is the truly disheartening view of our affairs. Even the tameness of political parties, following their leaders, whose guide is their own ambition under the guise of patriotism, is less discouraging than the appalling fact, that *Capital* at the North has once again linked hands with *Capital* at the South against *Labor*; and political partizanship has ratified their oath of alliance. **MONEY BEFORE MEN**, has really been the pass-word and the war-cry of this last conquest of the slave-power. And now the whisper is, among Whigs and Democrats, among merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, property-holders, “*no more futile opposition.*” It is bad, very bad to rob Mexico; it is bad, very bad to extend slavery indefinitely through time and space; but for us it is a “stupendously advantageous compact,” as Mr. Hamilton said, and “Texas will be *worth* to New England a larger sum than can be measured.” So hurrah “for our country from the St. John’s to the Sabine,” or from Labrador to Darien. The Anglo Saxons were not born of the Pirates in vain.

Such, then, is the Crisis. Politically, commercially, pecuniarily, the slave-power has at no time since the history of our nation commenced, seemed to stand more strong than now. Its series of aggressions,—from the three-fifths representative compact, to the Missouri compromise,—is completed by Texas Annexation. Its triumphal arch is finished with the cap-stone. It is crowned at the Capitol as the Emperor of all the Ameri-

cas. It points the march to unlimited, endless aggression. It promises first Santa Fe, then California, then Mexico proper, then Cuba, then Canada; and with the impious and hypocritical boast, that Slavery is a “Christian Institution,” and that slaves are the best underpinning of the Temple of Liberty, it cheers on its bands to extend the “Area of Freedom.” This is a simple statement of the facts.

In this very hour of the slave-power’s triumph, when the church had kissed its robe, and anointed it as God’s elect; when the State had yielded civil, military, judicial functions into its hands; when commerce and industry knelt to offer tribute; when courtiers of all parties flocked up to pay vows of allegiance, and a whole new world offered itself as a possession—appeared our young Kentuckian, favored by birth and fortune, endowed with fine personal presence and courage, with talent and culture, with large influence for his years, and above all with devoted love for the original principles of freedom, which God and Humanity gave as the birthright of our Nation. How could we but ask with trembling hope, “Is this indeed the *True American*? Does he feel the greatness of this Nation’s mission and duty; comprehend the wide reach of ‘Liberty and Equality;’ believe in the possible elevation of all men; pledge himself to live and labor and die, if it need be, in the work of redeeming this people from their sins, and introducing the real **UNION OF FREEMEN**!”

His words were clear and strong,—and making allowance for a slight tone of bravado, which seems native to his State,—they were dignified and every way befitting. He was plainly master of his theme; and his appeal was, as it should be, to the working classes, who most among the whites feel the pressure of these unjust institutions, which impoverish the many to make rich the few, and which breed necessarily, in all the States where they prevail, a two-fold Helot race. It was to these degraded and depressed brethren, that he spoke of the *Dignity of Labor*, knowing well, that if they could but once see aright their actual position, and in contrast their rightful position, the true claims and duties of citizenship, and the intrinsic worth of usefulness, Slavery would instantly and utterly die. This sagacious directness of his, aiming at the root of the evil, it was, which chiefly alarmed the Oligarchy. They felt their whole power tremble, as he thus shook the corner-stone on which it stood. “Dignify Labor! indeed, and where are we, whose glory is not to labor!” they whispered. They silenced him for the moment. But now once again, comes forth his cheering rally cry, fuller than

before. Brave brother! our hearts are with thee. Only be large in wisdom as in heart, and add to thy humanity clear comprehension of the great problem of our age, which is this very one of the ELEVATION OF WORK TO ITS RIGHTFUL HONOR, and thou wilt be indeed a True American.

We have said in a former notice of Mr. Clay's position, that the "question of Slavery and the question of Labor are one;" we reiterate it thus again and again, that we may rivet attention to this pivotal consideration. If the people of this country can be made to conceive definitely this proposition, and measure its extent and profoundness,—we may hope to concentrate the judgment of all good and true men upon the solution of the problem. Servitude at the South is only another form of Serfdom at the North, a far more aggravated and inhuman form indeed, yet essentially one with it in principle. The politicians of the slave States have always felt sure of alliance, in hours of trial, with the capital and commerce of the free States; and they have never yet been, never will be, disappointed. Therefore with great skill have they sought in party tactics to connect themselves with "the Democracy," who otherwise would be their natural foes. And a sufficient number of leaders of the Democracy, demagogues in habit, aristocrats in heart, loving the dear people, because the people, generous, impulsive, prejudiced, and ignorant, will bear them on their shoulders, have always been ready to strike the bargain, and say "give us honors, and we will give you votes." Thus the slave-power has held the balance, and played off the prejudices of the working-classes against the interests of the money-classes. Thus to-day, more than ever, it establishes its rule.

The difficult duty before us then is, looking the whole problem thus offered by the present crisis in the face; (1) to lead the working-classes of the North to make the cause of the Southern slaves their own,—and what a host of prejudices and jealousies are in this process to be overcome; (2) to lead the capitalists of the North and South to comprehend that it is for their interest to do justice to all laborers, to make them partners in all production, and sharers in all the benefits of wealth,—and again what a legion of inhumanities are in this process to be slain.

"Who is sufficient for these things" do we ask? We are. We are not alone. The whole spirit of the Age is with us; God's inspiration and providence are with us. Our strength in this day is Love. We have said, that politically, commercially, the slave-power never seemed stronger; morally, it never was so helplessly weak. The very reason, why the

Southern Church is so preposterously endeavoring to defend the Patriarchal Institution, is, that she feels cut to the quick by the remonstrance of all Christendom, and troubled at heart by the clear voice of conscience. Where disease thus breaks out on the surface, we may confidently hope for a cure. Now is the very time for a constant *douche* of truth pouring in steady stream on the head and spine of this paralytic "Christianity," which pretends to love as brethren in the Lord, the men it would sell at auction-like oxen. Now is the very time to concentrate the charity of our whole people upon the absurd inconsistency and outrageous hypocrisy of perpetuating castes,—the caste of capital and the caste of labor,—among the fellow heirs of heaven. Now is the very time to lift up the example of Him, who had not where to lay his head, whose associates were the poor and despised, whose last symbolic act was to take the lowest menial attitude and wash his disciples feet, whose *test of greatness it was to be a servant*. The first demand of the age is for Practical Christianity; and slavery and serfdom will disappear before this inspiration of humanity, as the waters assuaged beneath the strong wind.

Now, too, is the very time to assert in their length and breadth, as they have never yet been asserted, the political principles of our Nation, to insist upon their practical application, to break the bands of partizanship, to turn every thought towards such an organization of society in the Nation, the States, the Towns, as will really give every man, woman, child, freedom, education, opportunity for industry, just measures of property, honor according to usefulness, access to the highest privileges, and thus not only equality before the laws, but what is better, equality in social advantages. Practical Democracy is the second demand of the age. And what a farce indeed appear our aristocratic modes of life, transmitted from Feudal England, before the ideal justice of man towards man, which it is plainly our mission to realize in deeds.

Immediately connected with these demands for a Life of Love, and a True Social Order, is the third demand of our age, which is for such an Organization of Industry as shall destroy at once the two extremes of *Droning* and *Drudging*, which shall make machinery do the work that now breaks down man, and allow man opportunity to occupy himself in attractive and refining employments. The science and skill of the time have reached that point when it might be and ought to be perfectly easy, for every human being, by moderate toil, to become possessed not only of comforts and pleasures but of

a beautiful and elevating environment. And in contrast with these facilities of the whole civilized world how hideously inhuman, how needless, tantalizing, insupportable is the condition of the working classes universally; how utterly without excuse is the tolerance of a growing pauperism, degradation and vice, in the body of the people. Truly again we say, the problem of this age is the Elevation of Labor. Justice to Industry is the corner-stone on which to rear our Halls of Legislation and Society, our Temple of Religion.

Say ye, O Messrs. Calhoun, McDuffie, Pickens! "that Slavery is the most safe and simple basis of free institutions; that it supersedes the necessity of an order of nobility; that in the very nature of things, there must be different classes of persons to discharge all the offices of society, by which arrangement is necessarily produced a sense of superiority in the masters and of inferiority in the servants; that the former must in some form own the latter; and that when Laborers obtain Political Power the country is in a state of Revolution;"* we answer—though ye have chosen darkness rather than light because your deeds are evil, yet the true light shines over the whole age, and its revelation is this,—The Organization of Industry, which makes every Laborer a Capitalist and every Capitalist a Laborer is the *only* basis of a Christian Commonwealth.

GERMAN SETTLEMENT

Near Buffalo — Advantages of the Principle of Combination.

The settlement consists of a body of Germans, 600 persons in all, men, women and children, who purchased and located upon a tract of 6400 acres, situated seven miles from Buffalo. They are superior to the generality of emigrants which arrive in this country, and many of them are very intelligent men and thorough going Industrialists. To show what can be done by combined Labor, I will state the times at which the different bodies arrived, as they did not come together; we shall then see the amount of force which has been expended.

1843—May, 45 persons; June, 75; August, 45; October, 65. 1844—June, 200; July, 20; August, 30. 1845—July, 30; August, 90—Total 600.

They brought with them abundant capital; they bought and paid in cash for their land (6400 acres) \$74,000.

Coming to a new country, and seeing the difficulties attendant upon each family building its own house, and prosecuting alone and separately its own branch of Industry, they decided upon combining and directing their united labors in the most efficient manner possible for the advantage of all. Instead of dividing their land into separate farms, they have left it together in one fine domain, and it is cultivated

* An exact quotation from these authorities of Slaveholders, original from

jointly by the community. Some of the persons brought with them a good deal of capital; others brought none; to preserve the rights of property, those who made investments are secured by the property, with 4 per cent. interest on the same after they are fairly under way, with the privilege of withdrawing if not satisfied, and the guarantee of their investment being paid back to them at certain periods.

They have founded two villages about a mile and a half apart, and since their arrival they have made the following improvements:

They have built 50 houses, good, substantial ones; painted white; some of them are two stories high.

They have built 8 barns.

They are constructing a factory, which is advancing rapidly to completion, for woolen goods, half woolen and cotton do.

They have got out a large quantity of frame-work for additional houses and farms; I observed among others, the frame of a large stable for a hundred head of cattle.

They have a small tannery, and are preparing for a larger one; they have mechanics of various kinds among them, and will enter into various branches of manufactures, among others of gloves. One of their principal men has examined carefully the woolen manufactories in this State, and they are convinced that they can enter upon this branch of business with decided success.

900 acres of land were cleared when purchased; they have cleared in addition 55 acres. They have made some roads, which must have cost a good deal of labor.

They have a water power, and a saw-mill in operation. This was on the land when purchased.

They have 30 horses, 50 oxen, 90 cows, 400 sheep, 50 head of small cattle, together with an abundance of wagons, farming implements and tools.

They have expended for their land \$74,000
For building materials, &c. 12,000
For horses, oxen, implements, &c. 14,000
For provisions for the 1st and 2d year 7,000

Thus they are but \$7,000 out of pocket, and they have all the improvements above mentioned to show for this outlay. For the balance of the money expended, there is the actual representative. In my opinion their land is worth nearly twice what they gave for it, being excellent land, and situated near a large and growing town.

They have a store of their own, and buy all their goods at wholesale, thereby saving the enormous intermediate profit paid by settlers to the country merchant. The goods are furnished at cost to the people.

They cultivate their lands and prosecute their branches of mechanics jointly, and after paying the 4 per cent. interest, divide the product equally among all, each being expected, as they remarked to me, to do his part faithfully. They have not, however, fixed upon a definite system, they are studying and examining, guided by a plain common sense and their instinct of right. As they are animated by a sentiment of justice, they will, I presume, discover an honest and equitable, if not a brilliant plan of organization. They live in separate houses, but each family has not a separate kitchen; several combine and have one kitchen, and dine together. They have a wash-house and do their washing jointly.

Harmony and good feeling prevail, and there appears to be every prospect of success. They are applying for an act of incorporation, which certainly should be granted to them; their aim is production and the organization of an extensive manufacturing establishment near our large lakes.

The labor they have accomplished and the improvements they have made are surprising; it speaks well for the superior efficiency of *combined effort* over *isolated and individual effort*. A gentleman who accompanied me, and who has seen the whole western part of this State settled, observed that they had made more improvements in less than two years than were made in our most flourishing villages when first settled, in five or six. — *Tribune*.

CAPT. TAYLOR'S SUBMARINE EXPERIMENTS.—Captain George W. Taylor has for some time been known to the community as a scientific and practical philosopher in submarine matters. He has made improvements on the diving bell, and has invented a suit of water proof submarine armor. He gave a number of experiments on board his schooner Spitfire, lying off the Battery, yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, in the presence of a large number of philosophers, nautical men, and others.—Among those present, we noticed Professor Mapes, Capt. Cram, Capt. Bostwick, Capt. Matthews, Gen. Chandler, Robert Owen, Zebedee Cook, Jr., and a number of gentlemen connected with the press of this City. Captain Taylor commenced his experiments by descending in the diving bell, in company with another gentleman. The water was seven fathoms deep where they descended. They remained down about half an hour, when they were drawn up, at a given signal. There was an air pump on board by which the bell is kept constantly supplied with fresh air. This bell is made of sheet copper, and weighs 1200 pounds. Attached to it are weights to the amount of 1300 pounds. These are used in sinking the bell; and in case of necessity, can be cast off by extracting a single pin, and then the bell would rise without any assistance. The most interesting experiment, however, was with the submarine armor. This is made principally of India rubber. The covering for the head is a copper casque, or helmet, containing a small glass window. Through the top of the casque a pipe enters, through which fresh air is supplied. This armor is made perfectly water tight; the wrists of the sleeves are made of India rubber, and are drawn very tight; through these, however, the air which the submarine walker breathes, escapes. This armor weighs 50 pounds, and a weight of 75 pounds more is used for sinking. A young man in the employ of Capt. Taylor was encased in this armor, and lowered into the water by means of a tackle, such as is used in hoisting merchandise. He was lowered to the bottom, and there walked about for fifteen minutes, and was then raised. When he came up he appeared perfectly fresh. Capt. Taylor says he has stayed under water between one and two hours, and has been in water one hundred feet deep. This apparatus seems perfect. We see no reason why with it the bottoms of lakes, rivers, bays and any water which is reasonably

shallow, cannot be explored and all treasure lost there recovered. Capt. Taylor went down on Lake Huron into the wreck of the steamer St. Louis and recovered a chest containing \$500. He also descended into the wreck of the steamer Little Erie on Lake St. Clair, and nailed three planks on to the bottom, so that she was pumped out and raised. This shows the ease with which the limbs may be used while encased in this armor. After the experiments were concluded, Capt. Taylor made some remarks in which he said that it had been supposed that the effect of descending in the diving bell was detrimental to the health. He said that in 1838, he was very much out of health, that he was a mere skeleton and had a very bad cough; that his physicians told him he could not live. About this time he commenced his experiments with the diving bell, and continued gaining in health, until now you will hardly see a finer, more healthy looking countenance in a day's walk. At another time having a bad cough which had troubled him for six weeks, he descended in the bell and his cough immediately left him and did not return. These facts deserve the attention of the medical profession, as if the conclusions to which they lead are true, the diving bell may be used as a curative agent of great power. Mr. Robert Owen, who is 74 years of age, and has been quite deaf for many years, descended yesterday in the bell, and on ascending thought he could hear much better. Capt. Taylor has purchased the schooner Spitfire, which was captured on the Coast of Africa and condemned as a slaver. She is a Baltimore clipper of 100 tons, and one of the fastest sailers ever built. He is now bound to Chesapeake Bay, where he is going to raise the cargo of the brig Canton which was loaded with iron and sunk about two months since. He is engaged to do this by the Boston Mutual Insurance Company. He is then going to the Spanish Main for the purpose of looking for the treasure of some of the old Spanish galleons that have been sunk there. Success attend him. He is a man of enterprise and talent and deserves it. — *N. Y. Herald*.

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MISCELLANY.

PRINCIPLES OF A NEW ADMINISTRATIVE LAW.

TRANSLATED FROM "LA PHALANX."
(Continued.)

APPLICATION OF THE SERIES.

The serial law presides over the distribution of faculties, instincts, *organs*, in all animated beings; this we have shown by examples. This law representing the natural and necessary organization of every whole, of every object composed of parts, we should expect to find it, and we do find it, in the classification of *seasons*; finally, since it presides over the distribution of organs, it should preside also over the distribution of functions, which are always in harmony with these organs.

The application of the serial law to the classification of animated beings, according to their instincts and organs, must regenerate natural history. Hitherto it has contented itself with division and subdivision, which is only the rude sketch of order. While it has hailed some animals as kings of the creation, while it has remarked in others an exceptional, ambiguous, transitional organization, it has not known enough to class the former as centres or pivots of the series, and to assign to the latter the natural place of transitions. A more complete and more harmonious order must preside over the classifications of the naturalist. Without undertaking this reform, already fore-felt by *savans* of superior mind, especially in Germany, we will only observe that the animal kingdom seems to solicit it. At every step it shows us what importance the Creator attaches to binding all orders of facts together by graduated transitions. Often a member, developed, and capable of performing its functions in the typical and pivotal species, becomes obliterated by degrees in the wings of the series; it falls into atrophy, arrives at the rudimentary state, is no longer useful for any end, unless it be to establish the inter-connection of creations.

Amongst reptiles, between the saurians or lizards, and the ophidians or serpents, there exist numerous affinities; the existence of paws with the lizards is the principal difference which separates these two series, but the interval is still too great for nature. Between the serpents and the lizards she places a transitional group in which the feet gradually disappear, the family of the scincoidiens, which passes gradually from walking to creeping by the three groups of *scinques*, *seps*, and *chirotes*. The *chirotes*, so called from the Greek word which signifies hand, have only two very small paws placed near the head. This last link of the chain conducts us to the series of serpents.

To this group the serpents themselves are attached by an ascending winglet which partakes somewhat of the transitional character; it retains no longer any vestige of feet; but its interior conformation and the structure of its scales recall the lizards clearly enough to have merited the name of ophisaurians.

We have not traced out any complete animal series; we have only proved that the classification of animals indicates and demands the serial order. Among the vegetables, Fourier gives an example of a series borrowed from fruit-trees, especially pear-trees.

If from animal and vegetable organization we pass to the succession of time, we find in the day a central or pivotal moment, namely mid-day, when the heat and brightness are in all their force; wings, ascending and descending, forenoon and afternoon; winglets, in the morning and evening; transitions in dawn and twilight, which belong to night as well as day.

The entire life of a vegetable, an animal, a man, and even, as we ascend the scale, the life of a nation presents the same phases; the centre is the apogee, the epoch at which the being enjoys all the faculties of its life in all their fulness; the transitions, the passages from this world to the unknown world, are birth and death.

The vibrations, ascending and descending, of which the individual life is composed, are thus summed up by Shakespeare:

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

As You Like It.

In the same play Shakespeare goes so far as to represent, by precise characters, the periods which, according to him make up human life. Like Charles Fourier he reckons seven: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players: they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. (*Birth.*) At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. (*Infancy.*) And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school. (*Youth.*) And then, the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woful hallad made to his mistress' eye-brow. (*Apogee.*) Then, a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. (*Decline.*) And then, the justice; in fair round belly, with good capon lined, with eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances, and so he plays his part. (*Caducity.*) The sixth age shifts to lean and slipped pantaloon; with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side; his youthful hose well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound. (*Death.*) Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness, and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

Rome was in the state of infancy under the first kings, when her thatched roofs sheltered her gods of baked clay, and when a wisp of straw served for an ensign to her troops. Rome was young under her Consuls, when she fought against Carthage.

Rome under Augustus, reigning from the Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, was at the apogee of her power. Her empire declines under the Emperors, falls after Constantine, dies under Romulus Augustulus. In this grand series of events we find an ascending and a descending vibration, called by Montesquieu the Grandeur and Fall of the Romans.

From the life of individuals and of nations, we may rise to a conception still more vast, to the life of humanity. The application of the Serial Law to this grand existence would give us a universal history, which would have the double advantage over every other of being in harmony with all the laws of nature, and of resulting in consequences of great practical worth for our generation. Already, under the names of *the Savage State*, *Barbarism*, *Civilization*, *Harmony*, we have designated some phases of the humanitarian life; the Egyptian, Hebrew, Abyssinian institutions have enabled us to verify several characteristics of those phases. As we advance in our work, we shall compare the institutions of Rome, of France, without excluding from the council Northern or Southern Europe, or farther Asia, so mysterious and picturesque; and we shall hope to shed more light upon this collective life which is developing itself upon the surface of the globe. For the present, as our object in seeking the law of order is to apply it to the distribution of labor, we content ourselves with saying that the series is found in all organizations, in all the successions of time.

Let it be remarked, moreover, that it would appear in all functions, so soon as we should follow the indications of nature in classifying them. To each group of pears, or any other vegetable, attach a group of gardeners; the distribution of the object of their labor into the centre, wings and transitions, would reproduce itself perforce in the distribution of the laborers. If, instead of agricultural, you prefer mechanical functions, take the trades which work in metal: in the ascending wing, you will have the labors which are expended upon the common metals, such as the function of the blacksmith, the whitesmith, and the locksmith; in the descending wing, the professions which operate upon the metals of luxury, groups of goldsmiths, jewellers, &c., in the centre you will place a function which is distinguished by its great social importance, and which is made to balance the two wings, for it partakes of them both, *the coining of money*. Coining, employs, for the inferior species, copper, brass, metals of the ascending wing; for pieces of a higher order, gold and silver, metals of the descending wing; so that this series, like that of the pears, is analogous to the three genders, masculine and

feminine in the wings, and neuter in the middle.

APPLICATION OF THE SERIES TO LABOR.

The examples which we have given, and which each one can multiply according to his special knowledge, prove that the serial law is the law of universal order. Written in astronomy, in the distribution of minerals, vegetables, animals, it can be transported into the domain of man, especially into the division of labor.

UNION BY ASSOCIATION.

Before applying the serial law to laborers, one indispensable preliminary must be accomplished, which is, to unite men, to form them into one body. All the examples which we have given of the serial organization, apply to beings which are united by one bond; men on the contrary are in a state of division and hostility. The interest of the operative is contrary to that of the manufacturer, who wishes to employ machines in the place of man, to reduce the wages. The interest of the manufacturer conflicts with that of the merchant, who wishes to buy at the lowest possible price. The interest of the merchant is to sell to the consumer articles very dear and not durable. All these classes are in conflict; there is not agreement even among the members of the same class; on the contrary, it is with these that the antagonism is the keenest. The workmen fall into competition, which takes away the wages from some, and reduces it for all. Too often facts are repeated, analogous to that of which we read in the *Moniteur* of the 27th September, 1818.

"The number of vintagers, who abound in the environs of Dijon, was such, that at the opening of the vintage they did not get more than two sous a day for their labor. Those who were not employed, offered their labor for their daily food; the others begged alms."

At all stages, between manufacturers, between merchants, in all professions, this anarchical competition is reproduced; it drives to fraud, bankruptcy and misery. A society, lashed by these scourges, does not form a whole to which you can apply the best distribution of labor; it is necessary to unite humanity by association before organizing it by the serial law. Association is solidarity of purpose and of chances, good or bad, accepted by all the elements of human activity.

Fourier, Owen, St. Simon, have met in this thought, that association was an indispensable preliminary for the organization of laborers; but Owen, in his cooperative societies, distributes products in the ratio of the hours employed in labor, without taking any account of inequalities in talent or fortune; he associates but one element of human power, labor. St.

Simon, following his famous device: *To every one according to his capacity, and to every capacity according to its works*, took account of two conditions in the division of riches, labor and talent; he formally excluded a third element, capital. This was an error: capital represents rights acquired, labor accumulated; for the rest, it is a powerful element in modern societies, an element which it is necessary to accept and respect, under penalty of revolutionary action, of bringing war and anarchy upon society, in place of reconciliation and peace. Fourier has recognized all the forces of man; he alone has given the formula of integral association, association of capital, labor and talent.

Let capital of every kind, lands, dwellings, money; let capacities, let arms be associated in the townships; association does not mean community nor equal distribution. On the day of the distribution of profits, capital will have its part proportioned to what it brings in, the hours of labor will have their part, the inequalities of talent, fixed by free and competent election, will have theirs. From that time the rights of all are preserved, the scale of fortunes subsists; but the barriers fall, the country, free from moats and fences, from all sorts of selfish enclosures, is submitted to a methodical irrigation, to a unitary culture, the most economical and the most effective. The wound, which the face of the country has received by parcelling it out for fragmentary agriculture, is radically healed; so too is the wound of pauperism. The proletariat, associated in agricultural and manufacturing enterprises, no longer sees his wages limited, his family reduced to misery by the reductive competition of workmen famished like himself. His portion depends upon the general product, and that product has no bounds; his intelligence, his activity, may increase it. In such a social element, the machine, that glorious creation of man, that noble victory of mind over matter, is no longer a monster devouring men, women and children with its iron teeth; the machine drives no one from the field or workshops; it is a force at the service of the association, a force which doubles the general product, while it lightens the labor of all; the machine is received with shouts of triumph, not only, as to-day, by the manufacturer who awards to himself all the benefits, but by the whole laboring population. No more fragmentary agriculture, no more pauperism and mendicity, no more misery caused by machines: such are the necessary results of association.

Let this beneficent association establish itself through all the different degrees of political division: the *Township* is its constituent element, or molecule, so to

speak; but a part of the values produced by the township belong to the province, which employs them in works for the provincial interest, and distributes them in the triple ratio of capital, labor and talent. The same association in the kingdom, in the empire, the continent, and humanity at large.

ORGANIZATION BY THE SERIES.

The men are united, and labor in concert; solidarity is established; how will the serial division preside over labor of every kind?

In each township the first thing will be to class the functions in a series of seven terms:

Domestic labor; Agriculture; Manufactures; Commerce; Teaching; Practice of the Sciences; Fine Arts.

Besides these functions, there is one which we do not count, the political function. Every industrial series ought to have its council (*etat-major*) composed of the chiefs of all the groups, of patriarchs grown grey in labor, full of experience, more capable of counsel than of practice; add to these, men of general views, who conceive the whole of every subject, but who have a repugnance for details. So the Township ought to have, outside of the active ranks, a directing series, a council of Regency, of which the germ is found in our municipal council now. The more general division being determined, we may push the sub-division to many stages, which will vary according to the nature and productions of each domain, and the industrial dispositions of its inhabitants. The Agricultural series may be divided into clearing, cultivation properly so called, and the rearing of animals; cultivation embraces waters and forests, grains, vines, orchards, vegetable gardens, and horticulture. As far as possible, this sub-division should be pushed to the minutest shades, or, as Fourier says, to tenuities and minimities. In each degree of the division, set apart one group as a council, determine the function of the centre, class the wings, winglets and transitions. In the series of metals, for example, the anterior transition is the labor of the forges, which is attached to that of the mines; the miner, through the mediation of him that digs the earth, attaches himself to agriculture, to building; the posterior transition is offered us by the mixt professions which combine the precious metals with other substances. The makers of mass-books, enriched with incrustations and gilding, those bead-makers (*patenotriers*) of the middle ages, whose industry is still in fashion, combine jewelry with binding and the book-trade; others, in the manufacture of elegant articles of necessity, unite that with the trades of the carpenter and joiner. The study re-

quired in making out this order is not without its practical utility. If we knew the passions which should set industry in motion, we should know that in every series, the groups of the centre exercising themselves upon the pivotal function, the best characterized, the most renowned, and the most appreciated by the great number of consumers, will experience a stronger ardor than the laborers in the wings; a more vivid attraction permits the centre to rival the two wings, even though inferior to them in numbers; on the other hand, it is necessary that the place of the wings be indicated; naturally the rivals, the industrial enemies of the centre, of which they are neighbors, they are led to unite with one another, to form leagues and cabals; they strive combinedly against the centre, both as to the quantity and the quality of their productions. The development of the useful passions, which should animate the field of the industrial battle, has for its condition the serial arrangement.

To divide and sub-divide functions, even to the minutest details, at every stage of the division, (which will always require a group of Regency, a group out of the line, because it borrows members from all the others,) to determine the centre, wings, winglets and transitions: such are the rules according to which the serial distribution, the universal order, is to be introduced into the functions of associated men.

To be Continued.

THE MODERN TROJANS.—Thirty four thousand Stoves were manufactured in West Troy last year, some of which were of new patterns. Each of Burden's iron works manufactures 5,000 tons of iron into nails, spikes, bolts, and each has forty nail machines and ten spike ditto.

A firm there also makes 20,000 yards of India Rubber cloth annually; another manufactures 200,000 pounds of tobacco.

A brewery turns out 10,000 barrels of beer yearly. A steam engine and boiler is making there on a new principle, which will occupy no more space than a common coal stove; it cost 25 cents per day for running it, and has a two horse power. The Troy bells are found in all parts of the world, and are the best made in the country; \$28,000 worth are made annually. Another tobacco establishment there makes 500,000 pounds of snuff annually, and cuts 140 tons of leaf for chewing and smoking.

☞ A strange gentleman passing by the Poor-house of this county, not long since, thought it was the mansion of some country nabob, and desiring to know his name, inquired of an Irishman, who was laboring in a field near the road, "Sir, will you please to tell me who owns that building there?" "Troth, an' there's a company of us owns it," was the instant reply of Pat.

☞ A religious paper ends a missionary appeal with "all that's wanting is the grace of God, and some money."

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XV. — THE MILLINERS.

Girls who undertake to learn the Millinery business must work one year for nothing and board themselves. Sometimes in the very first class establishments they have to pay a bonus for the privilege of so working. They are kept steadily at work, with little opportunity for relaxation, from ten to twelve hours a day. After the expiration of the year they are turned out to find employment as they may. Millinery is a difficult and delicate art, requiring not only great expertness of fingers but considerable absolute genius to succeed in it. Consequently a great proportion of the girls who undertake the business find themselves not much better Milliners than when they began — as they have been kept regularly at sewing, and have not been taught any thing in regard to gracefulness of outline, harmony of colors, symmetry of form and general adaptation of dress to each peculiar style of face, so absolutely necessary to the production of a Milliner. Principals themselves seldom understand these things, and never think of teaching them: so that unless an apprentice has a strong natural genius for making bonnets, the chances are that she will never succeed in the business.

A great part of Millinery-work, however, requires merely labor, and this can be done by all who have served their year. They have nothing to do except to follow the order given them and to work without interruption from sunrise to nine o'clock at night — These receive from \$2 50 to \$3 per week — but it must be quite a good hand who commands the latter price.

The business of making a bonnet has two branches. First it is *made* — then *trimmed*. The Trimmers get about the same prices as the Makers, but are in rather better request. A good Trimmer has not much need to be out of employment.

The greater part of those engaged in the Millinery business are Americans, although there is a fair proportion of English and French. The diversity of prices at which bonnets are sold in various parts of the City is very great, although the workwomen receive nearly the same every where. A hat which costs \$20 or \$25 in the fashionable establishments in Broadway can be bought in Division or Grand street or in the Bowery for perhaps \$5. The difference in quality or style is often not at all perceptible, and if the ownership of the articles had been reversed the critical customer would have paid her \$25 for the Grand-street "vulgar thing" and been proud of her bargain. The profits made on hats by the fashionable establishments must be very great. No hat can be more than a day's work for two persons — Trimmer and Maker; and yet many of them sell as high as \$25, \$30 and \$50; An establishment which happens or manages to secure a run of fashionable custom must at this business accumulate very large profits; — but as this is a part of the business with which those who do the work have nothing to do, we must return from our digression.

The condition of the Milliner-girls in respect to mental and physical education, moral and social refinement, and all those

graces which create an atmosphere of enchantment around the female sex, must as a general remark be deplorable. In the keen and bitter competition which pervades every branch of business, the price of labor is kept down to the lowest possible point—although one would suppose that the large profits of Millinery bore so magnificent relations to the cost of labor as to avoid the necessity of such a result. But when or where was the price of labor *not* cut down as low and as fast as possible? What branch of employers, as a class, have ever come forward to arrest the downward tendency of wages?

The Milliner-girls mostly go to the business very young and with a most deficient common education. While engaged in their apprenticeship they probably board with some poor relative or friend and have to work over-hours to pay for their homely accommodations and meagre fare. They have of course no time for study; and we have never heard that their advantages for moral improvement were conspicuous. At the end of their apprenticeship, if they get work, they make \$2 50 or \$3 per week. Their board and washing cost at least \$2 of this, and their clothes must be provided for somehow. What ought we to look for under these circumstances?

It is generally known that there is a class of pretended "Milliner shops," which are only used as a mask for the most disgraceful practices. The proverbial notoriety of these has served in the minds of some persons to cast a stain upon all women engaged in the Millinery business. But this is cruel and unjust. As a general thing the Milliners are as virtuous as any other class of females exposed to similar trials, hardships and temptations. Let those who look harshly upon the errors and vices of the hard-working classes surround themselves in imagination with poverty, want, weariness, lack of healthful food and sleep, and ponder well on what would be their reflections on beholding the gay and joyous life of vice as it appears outwardly, and they will learn to pity, while they do not cease to condemn the unfortunate guilty. — *Tribune.*

SONG.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

We meet in crowds and pass along,
Like bubbles floating on a river,
A few short hours of love and song,
And then we part, perhaps, forever.
O could we govern fate, and grasp
The kindred soul of love required,
And to our breast the treasure clasp,
Then hearts were blest that now are blighted.

O like the waters of the stream
That from the mountains meet the ocean,
So love basks in its kindred beam,
And heart meets heart with fond emotion;
And yet, alas! how oft we feel
At parting all our life strings sever;
The bosom owns the entering steel
And Love and Hope are lost forever!

Democratic Review.

☞ The sum and substance of all true religion, is that love which regards all men as brethren.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

VII.

"O, my mother," cried she, "open thine arms for me! O Anzoletto, I love thee! O my God recompense me in a better life!"

Hardly had she uttered towards Heaven this cry of agony, when she stumbled and struck upon an unforeseen obstacle. O surprise! O divine goodness! It was a narrow and steep staircase issuing from one of the walls of the gallery, up which she rushed with the wings of fear and hope. The vault rises before her; the torrent precipitates itself, strikes the staircase which Consuelo has had time to clear, swallows up the first ten steps, wets to the ancle the agile feet which fly before it, and filling at last the elliptic arch which Consuelo had left behind her, engulfs itself in the darkness and falls with a horrible din into a deep reservoir which the heroic child looks down upon from a little platform she had reached on her knees and in darkness.

For her candle had been extinguished. A violent rush of wind had preceded the irruption of the mass of waters. Consuelo fell prostrate upon the last step, sustained hitherto by the preserving instinct of life, but ignorant if she was saved, if this din of the cataract was not a new disaster which would overtake her, if the cold rain which rebounded even to her, and bathed her hair, was not the chilling hand of death stretched out upon her head.

Still the reservoir was filled by degrees, to the height of other deeper waste ways, which carried still further into the bowels of the earth the current of the abundant fountain. The noise diminishes; the vapors are dissipated; a sonorous murmur, rather harmonious than frightful, spreads itself through the caverns. With a convulsive hand, Consuelo has succeeded in relighting her candle. Her heart still beats violently against her bosom, but her courage is restored. On her knees, she thanks God and her mother. Finally she examines the place in which she is, and throws the trembling light of her lantern upon surrounding objects. A vast grotto hollowed by the hand of nature serves as vault to an immense abyss which the distant fountain of the Schreckenstein supplies, and where it is lost in the bosom of the rock. This abyss is so deep that the water which engulfs itself therein cannot be seen; but when a stone is thrown in, it rolls for the space of two minutes and in falling pro-

duces an explosion like that of a cannon. The echoes of the cavern repeat it for a long while, and the sinister dropping of the water lasts still longer. It might be taken for the howlings of the infernal pack. Upon one of the walls of the grotto, a narrow and difficult path, worked in the rock, borders the precipice and buries itself in another dark gallery, where the work of man ceases entirely, and which turns from the currents of water and their fall, in rising to more elevated regions.

This is the road which Consuelo must take. There is no other; the water has closed and entirely filled that by which she came. It is impossible to await Zdenko's return in the grotto. Its dampness is fatal, and already the flame of her candle pales, flickers and threatens to go out, without the possibility of being relighted.

Consuelo is not paralysed by the horror of her situation. She thinks indeed that she is no longer on the road to the Schreckenstein. These subterranean galleries which open before her are a freak of nature and conduct to places which are impassable or to a labyrinth from which she may not find an exit. Still she will venture in them were it only to find a more salubrious asylum until the next night. The next night, Zdenko will return; he will stop the current, the gallery will be emptied and the captive can retrace her steps and see again the light of the stars.

Consuelo therefore buried herself in the mysteries of the subterranean with fresh courage, attentive this time to all the accidents of the soil, and careful always to follow the ascending inclinations, without allowing her course to be diverted by galleries apparently more spacious and more direct, which presented themselves every moment. By this means she was sure of not again meeting any currents of water, and of being able to retrace her steps.

She advanced in the midst of a thousand obstacles: enormous stones encumbered her path; gigantic bats, awakened from their gloomy slumbers by the light of the lantern, came striking against it in squadrons and whirling like spirits of darkness about the traveller. After the first emotions of surprise, she felt her courage increase at each new terror. Sometimes she crawled over immense blocks of stone which had been detached from the huge cracked vaults, displaying other threatening blocks hardly retained in their places, with large cracks all around them, twenty feet above her head; at other times the vault was narrowed and lowered so much that Consuelo was obliged to crawl in a rarefied and heated atmosphere in order to force a passage.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Thus she went on for half an hour, when at the turning of a sharp angle which her light and supple form could hardly pass, she fell from Charybdis into Scylla, on finding herself face to face with Zdenko; Zdenko at first petrified by surprise and frozen by terror, but soon indignant, furious and menacing as she had before seen him.

In this labyrinth, among such numberless obstacles, by the flickering light of a flame which the want of air smothered every moment, flight was impossible. Consuelo thought of defending herself hand to hand against his murderous attempts. Zdenko's wandering eyes, his foaming mouth, sufficiently announced that this time he would not confine himself to threats. Suddenly he took a strangely ferocious resolution: he began to gather great stones and place them one upon the other, between himself and Consuelo, in order to wall up the narrow gallery in which she was. In this way he was sure, by not emptying the cistern for several days, to make her perish with hunger, as does the bee, who encloses the incautious hornet in his cell by stopping up the mouth with wax.

But it was with granite that Zdenko built and he carried on his work with astonishing rapidity. The athletic strength which this man, so thin and apparently so weak, displayed in collecting and arranging the blocks, proved to Consuelo that resistance would be in vain, and that it was better to hope to find another exit by retracing her steps, than to drive him to the last extremities by irritating him. She tried to move him, to persuade and over-rule him by her words. "Zdenko," said she to him, "what are you doing there, foolish one! Albert will reproach you with my death. Albert expects and calls me. I am his friend, his consolation, his safety. You destroy your friend and your brother in destroying me."

But Zdenko, fearing to be overpersuaded and resolved to continue his work, began to sing in his language to a lively and animated air, while building his cyclopean wall with an active and powerful hand.

One stone only was wanting to secure the edifice. Consuelo saw him place it with consternation. "Never," thought she, "shall I be able to demolish this wall. I should require the hands of a giant." The last stone was placed, and soon she saw Zdenko building another, behind the first. It was a whole quarry, a whole fortress which he meant to heap up between her and Albert. He continued to sing and seemed to take an extreme pleasure in his work.

A wonderful inspiration at last came to Consuelo. She remembered the famous

heretical formula, she had made Amelia explain to her, and which had so shocked the chaplain. "Zdenko!" cried she in Bohemian, through one of the openings of the badly joined wall, which already separated her from him: "friend Zdenko, may he who has been wronged salute thee!"

Hardly had these words been pronounced, when they operated upon Zdenko like a magic charm: he let fall the enormous block he held, uttered a deep sigh and began to demolish his wall with even more promptitude than he had displayed in building it; then reaching his hand to Consuelo, he assisted her in silence to pass the ruin, after which he looked at her attentively, sighed strangely and giving her three keys tied together with a red ribbon, pointed out the path before her and said: "May he who has been wronged salute thee!"

"Will you not serve me as guide?" said she to him. "Conduct me to your master." Zdenko shook his head saying: "I have no master, I had a friend. You deprive me of him. The destiny is accomplished. Go whither God directs you; as for me, I shall weep here till you return."

And seating himself upon the rubbish, he buried his head in his hands, and would not say another word. Consuelo did not stop long to console him. She feared the return of his fury, and profiting by this moment when she held him in respect, certain at last of being on the route to the Schreckenstein, she hurried on her way. In her uncertain and perilous journey, Consuelo had not made a great advance; for Zdenko, coming by a much longer route which was inaccessible to the water, had met with her at the point of junction of the two subterranean passages, which made the circuit of the chateau, of its vast outbuildings, and the hill on which it stood; one, by a well arranged winding and worked in the rock by the hand of man, the other frightful, wild and full of dangers. Consuelo did not by any means imagine that she was at that moment under the park, and yet she passed its gates and ditches by a path which all the keys and precautions of the canons could no longer close against her.

After having traversed some distance on this new route, she thought of turning back and renouncing an enterprise, which had already been so difficult and almost fatal to her. Perhaps new obstacles awaited her. Zdenko's ill-will might be excited anew. And if he should run after her? If he should raise a fresh wall to prevent her return? Whereas, by abandoning her project, by asking him to clear the way to the cistern and empty it again, that she might ascend, she had a great chance of finding him gentle and benevolent.

But she was still too much under the influence of her recent emotion, to resolve again to see that eccentric personage. The terror he had caused her, augmented in proportion as she removed herself from him; and after having escaped his vengeance by an almost miraculous presence of mind, she felt herself sink on thinking of it. She therefore fled from him, having no longer the courage to attempt what might be necessary to render him favorable, and wishing only to find one of those magic doors, the keys of which he had given her, in order to place a barrier between herself and the return of his fury.

But was she not going to seek Albert, that other madman, whom she rashly persisted in believing kind and tractable, in a position analogous to that of Zdenko towards her? There was a thick veil over all this adventure, and relieved from the romantic attraction which had contributed to urge her into it, Consuelo asked herself if she were not the most crazy of the three, to have precipitated herself into this abyss of dangers and mysteries, without being sure of a favorable result and a fruitful success.

Still she followed the gallery, spacious and admirably excavated by the strong hands of the men of the middle ages. All the rocks were cut through by an elliptic arch of much character and regularity. The less compact portions, the chalky veins of soil, all those places where any caving was possible, were supported by finely worked arches of free-stone, bound together by square keystones of granite. Consuelo lost no time in admiring this immense work, executed with a solidity which would still defy the lapse of many ages. Neither did she ask herself how the present owners of the chateau could be ignorant of the existence of so important a construction. She could have explained it by remembering that all the historical documents of the family and estate, had been destroyed more than a century before, at the epoch of the reformation in Bohemia; but she no longer looked around her, and hardly bestowed a thought upon any thing more than her own safety, satisfied with simply finding a level floor, an air which she could breathe, and a free space in which to move. She had still a long distance to traverse, although this direct route to the Schreckenstein, was much shorter than the winding path of the mountain. She found it very long; and no longer able to determine the direction she pursued, she knew not if it led to the Schreckenstein, or to some more distant termination of her expedition.

After walking a quarter of an hour, she found the vault elevate itself anew, and the work of the architect cease entirely. Nevertheless, those vast quarries, those majestic grottoes through which she

passed, were still the work of man. But invaded by vegetation and receiving the external air through numberless fissures, they had a less gloomy aspect than the galleries, and there were a thousand means of hiding oneself and escaping from the pursuit of an irritated adversary. But a noise of running water made Consuelo shudder; and if she had been able to jest in such a situation, she would have confessed to herself that Baron Frederick, on his return from the chase, had never had more horror of water than she experienced at that instant.

But she soon made use of her reason. She had continued to ascend since quitting the precipice at the moment of being submerged. Unless Zdenko had at his command an hydraulic machine of inconceivable power and extent, he could not raise towards her, his terrible auxiliary, the torrent. It was, besides, evident that she must some where encounter the current of the fountain, the sluice or the spring itself; and if she could have reflected more, she would have been astonished not to have yet found upon her path, that mysterious water, that fountain of tears which supplied the cistern. The fact was, that the spring had its current in unknown veins of the mountain, and that the gallery, cutting it at right angles, did not encounter it, except just near the cistern, and afterwards under the Schreckenstein, as happened to Consuelo. The sluice gate was far behind her, on the road which Zdenko had passed alone, and Consuelo approached the spring, which for ages had been seen by no one except Albert and Zdenko. Soon she met with the current, and this time she walked along its bank without fear and without danger.

A path of fresh and fine sand ascended the course of the limpid and transparent stream, which ran with a generous murmur in a properly confined bed. There the work of man reappeared. The path was raised sloopingly in fresh and fertile soil; for beautiful aquatic plants, enormous wall flowers, and wild brambles flourishing in this protected place, without injury from the rigor of the season, bordered the torrent with a verdant margin. Enough of the outward air penetrated through cracks and crevices to support the life of the vegetation, but they were too narrow to afford passage to the curious eye which searched them from without. It was like a natural hot-house, preserved by its vaults from cold and snow, but sufficiently aired by a thousand imperceptible breathing holes. One would have said that a pleasing care had protected the lives of these beautiful plants, and freed the sand which the torrent threw upon its banks, of any gravel stones which could have hurt the feet;

and there would have been no mistake in this supposition. It was Zdenko who had made the neighborhood of Albert's retreat so graceful, easy and secure.

Consuelo began to feel the beneficent influence which the less gloomy and already poetic aspect of external objects produced upon her imagination, confused by such cruel terrors. When she saw the pale rays of the moon glance here and there in the openings of the rocks, and reflect themselves upon the moving water, when she saw the motionless plants, which the water did not reach, agitated at intervals by the wind of the forest, when she perceived herself ascending more and more near to the surface of the earth, she felt renovated, and the reception which awaited her at the end of her heroic pilgrimage, was depicted upon her mind in less sombre colors. At last she saw the path turn sharply from the bank, enter a short gallery, freshly built, and terminate at a little door, which seemed of metal, so cold was it, and which a great ground ivy gracefully enclosed.

When she saw herself at the end of her fatigues and her irresolutions, when she rested her weary hand upon this last obstacle, which could be made to yield in a moment, for she had the key of the door in her other hand, Consuelo hesitated, and felt a timidity which was more difficult to conquer than all her terrors. She was about to penetrate alone, into a place closed to every eye, to every human thought, there to surprize in sleep or in reverie, a man whom she hardly knew, who was neither her father, nor her brother, nor her husband; who perhaps loved her, but whom she neither could, nor wished to love. "God has drawn and conducted me here," thought she, "through the most frightful dangers. It is by his will even more than by his protection, that I have reached this spot. I come with a fervent soul, a resolution full of charity, a tranquil heart, a disinterestedness, proof against all things. Perhaps death awaits me, and yet the thought of it does not terrify me. My life is desolate, and I could lose it without much regret; I experienced this an instant since, and for an hour I have seen myself devoted to a horrible death, with a tranquillity for which I was not prepared. This is, perhaps, a favor which God sends to me in my last moments. Perhaps I am about to perish under the blows of a madman, and I go forward to this catastrophe with the firmness of a martyr. I believe ardently in an eternal life, and feel that if I perish here, victim to a devotedness, perhaps useless but profoundly religious, I shall be recompensed in a happier life. What delays me! and why do I experience an inexplicable perturbation, as if I were about to commit a fault and

blush before him I have come to save?" Thus did Consuelo, too modest to understand her modesty, struggle with her feelings, and almost reproach herself for the delicacy of her emotion. Still it did not enter her mind that she might encounter dangers more frightful to her than death. Her chastity did not admit the thought that she might become a prey to the brutal passions of a madman. But she instinctively experienced the fear of appearing to obey a less elevated, a less divine sentiment, than that which animated her. Still she put the key into the lock of the door; but she tried to turn it ten times before she could resolve to do so. An overpowering fatigue, an extreme faintness in her whole being, caused her to lose her resolution at the very moment of receiving the reward: upon earth by a great deed of charity; in heaven by a sublime death.

VIII.

Nevertheless she made up her mind. She had three keys. She must therefore pass through three doors and two apartments, before reaching that in which she supposed Albert to be a prisoner. She would have time enough to stop, if her strength failed her.

She entered a vaulted hall, which had no other furniture than a bed of dried fern on which a sheep-skin was thrown. A pair of old fashioned coverings for the feet, remarkably worn, served as an indication by which she recognized Zdenko's chamber. She recognized also the little basket which she had carried full of fruits to the Stone of Terror, and which, after two days, had at last disappeared. She decided upon opening the second door, after having closed the first with care; for she still thought with terror of the possible return of the intractable owner of this dwelling. The second apartment which she entered was vaulted like the first, but the walls were protected by mats and trellises covered with moss. A stove diffused a pleasant heat, and it was doubtless its funnel opening in the rock, which produced the fleeting light seen by Consuelo on the summit of the Schreckenstein. Albert's bed, like that of Zdenko's, was formed of a heap of leaves and dried herbs; but Zdenko had covered it with magnificent bear-skins, spite of the absolute equality which Albert exacted in their habits, and which Zdenko accepted in all that did not interfere with the passionate tenderness he felt for him, and the preference of care which he bestowed upon him over himself. Consuelo was received in this chamber by Cynabre, who hearing the key turn in the lock, had posted himself upon the threshold, with raised ear and anxious eye. But Cynabre had received a peculiar education

from his master; he was a friend and not a guardian. In his youth he had been so strictly forbidden to howl and to bark, that he had entirely lost the habit so natural to all beings of his species. If any one had approached Albert with evil intentions, he would have found his voice; if any one had attacked him, he would have defended him. But prudent and circumspect as a hermit, he never made the slightest noise without being sure of what he was about, and without having carefully examined and smelt of those who approached him. He walked up to Consuelo with a look which had something human in it; smelt of her dress and especially of her hand which had held for a long time the keys touched by Zdenko; and completely re-assured by this circumstance, he abandoned himself to the benevolent remembrance he had retained of her, and placed his great velvet paws upon her shoulders, with an affable and silent joy, while he slowly swept the earth with his superb tail. After this grave and honest welcome, he returned to his bed on the corner of the skin which covered his master's couch, and stretched himself upon it with the carelessness of old age, but still followed with his eyes Consuelo's every step and movement.

Before daring to approach the third door, Consuelo cast a glance around this hermitage, in order to gather from it some indication of the moral condition of the man who occupied it. She found no trace of madness nor despair. A great neatness, a kind of order prevailed throughout. There was a cloak and other garments hanging from horns of the urus, curiosities which Albert had brought from the depths of Lithuania, and which served for clothes-pegs. His numerous books were regularly arranged in a book-case of rough boards, which were supported by great branches artistically fashioned by a rustic and intelligent hand. The table, the two chairs, were of the same material and the same workmanship. A *hortus siccus* and old books of music, entirely unknown to Consuelo, with titles and words in the Slavonic language, completed the revelation of the peaceful, simple and studious habits of the anchorite. An iron lamp, curious from its antiquity, was suspended from the middle of the vault and burned in the eternal night of this melancholy sanctuary.

Consuelo remarked that there were no arms in the place. Notwithstanding the taste of the rich inhabitants of those forests for the chase and for the objects of luxury which accompany its enjoyment, Albert had no gun, not even a hunting knife; and his old dog had never learnt the *grande science*, for which reason Cynabre was the object of Baron Frederick's

contempt and pity. Albert had a horror of blood; and though he appeared to enjoy life less than any one, he had a religious and boundless respect for the idea of life in general. He could neither kill nor see killed, even the lowest animals of creation. He would have delighted in all the natural sciences; but he stopped at mineralogy and botany. Even entomology seemed to him too cruel a science, and he never could have sacrificed the life of an insect to gratify his curiosity. Consuelo knew these particulars. She recalled them on seeing the attributes of Albert's peaceful occupations. "No, I will not be afraid," said she to herself, "of so gentle and peaceful a being. This is the cell of a saint and not the dungeon of a madman." But the more she was re-assured as to the nature of his mental malady, the more did she feel troubled and confused. She almost regretted not to find a crazy or a dying man; and the certainty of presenting herself before a real man made her hesitate more and more.

Not knowing how to announce herself, she fell into a reverie which lasted some minutes, when the sound of an admirable instrument struck her ear: it was a Stradivarius* playing a sublimely sad and grand air, under a pure and skilful hand. Never had Consuelo heard so perfect a violin, so touching and so simple a performance. The strain was unknown to her; but from its strange and simple forms, she judged it to be more ancient than all the ancient music she was acquainted with. She listened with rapture and now explained to herself how Albert could have so well comprehended her from the first phrase he heard her sing. It was because he had the revelation of the true, the grand music. He might not know the wonderful resources of the art; but he had within him the divine breath, the intelligence and the love of the beautiful. When he had finished, Consuelo, entirely re-assured, and animated by a more lively sympathy, was about to risk knocking at the door which still separated her from him, when that door opened slowly, and she saw the young Count advance, his head bowed down, his eyes bent upon the earth, with his violin and bow in his down-hanging hands. His paleness was frightful, his hair and dress in a disorder which Consuelo had not before seen. His absent air, his broken and dejected attitude, the despairing carelessness of his motions, announced, if not entire alienation, at least the disorder and abandonment of the human will. One would have said he was one of those spectres, mute and deprived of memory, in which the Slave

people believe, who enter mechanically into the houses at night, and are seen to act without connection and without aim, obeying as by instinct the ancient habits of their lives, without recognizing and without seeing their friends and terrified servants, who fly from them or look at them in silence, frozen by astonishment and fear. Such was Consuelo on seeing Count Albert and perceiving that he did not see her, though he was not two steps from her. Cynabre had risen and licked his master's hand. Albert said some friendly words to him in Bohemian: then following with his eyes the movements of the dog, who carried his discreet caresses to Consuelo, he gazed attentively at the feet of the young girl, which were shod at this moment much like those of Zdenko, and without raising his head, said to her some words in Bohemian which she did not understand, but which seemed a question, and ended with her name. On seeing him in this state, Consuelo felt her timidity disappear. Yielding entirely to her compassion, she saw only the unfortunate man with his lacerated heart, who still invoked without recognizing her; and placing her hand upon the young man's arm with confidence and firmness, she said to him in Spanish with her pure and penetrating voice, "Here is Consuelo."

To be Continued.

STOCK GAMBLING. The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer relates the following anecdote, which he says he heard from an English gentleman now in that city, to illustrate the extent to which stock gambling was carried in London in 1826:

"I was in London (says the gentleman alluded to) in 1826, and was a frequenter of the Stock Exchange, and an occasional operator, during the fearful excitement and speculation of that memorable year. I well recollect having sold one day, for a friend of mine, seven shares in the stock of one of the mining companies (the fancy stock of that time) for £1200 sterling, the par being £100, and the purchaser made a large profit on his operation. I was a stockholder in the Royal Metropolitan Umbrella Company, the object of which was to loan umbrellas in the case of unexpected rain. The company had station-houses in all the leading business streets, where, on the deposit of a sum of money, any one might procure an umbrella at the rate of four pence sterling per hour. The umbrellas were returnable at any of the station houses, and the deposits there redeemable. On the deposits thus made, the company did a very respectable banking business, which lasted about as long as many of the institutions which were organised in that year. I never shall forget the horrors of the crash which succeeded these speculations—the ruin, misery, and despair, which resulted from them. As far as I can judge, from reading the accounts of speculations now going on in railway shares, I apprehend that a like result will be produced."

* The name of a celebrated maker of violins.

GROWTH OF CITIES,

Compared with Association.

From every quarter of the country are echoed and re-echoed felicitations on the increase and prosperity of our Cities. To us, this is no cause of rejoicing. To the careful observer, it speaks in language, not to be misunderstood, of the ascendancy of a monied oligarchy, and a commercial feudality — of the increase of crime, and the degradation of the laboring classes, which to a philanthropic mind must be painful. We have been accused of insanity on this subject by those who are not accustomed to trace effects back to their causes. But it remains a fact, nevertheless, generally admitted, that "cities are excrescences — sores upon the body politic;" and how can it be otherwise? The thousand buildings to be erected in St. Louis, and even a larger number in other cities, are not to be occupied by those whose labor erects them; but by tenants, destined to have the screws applied to them by those who live sumptuously every day, on their earnings.

It can scarcely be repeated too often, that *wealth can only be created by labor — that the amount annually produced, is limited by the number of producers, and the facility with which labor is performed, (which are almost exclusively in the hands of capitalists;) and the greater the share of the total amount is given to those who do not produce it, the less must necessarily be left for the laborer.* Now that a comparatively small class of those who live in cities, aggregate to themselves all the wealth produced in them, is sufficiently proved by the overwhelming pauperism that abounds there. But even this is not enough to fill the coffers of the many who accumulate large fortunes in a few years — the whole country is made tributary to the aggrandizement of millionaires; and the larger and more numerous, cities become, in any country, the more that country, irrespective of cities, is impoverished.

Paris is now considered as holding in her hand the destinies of all France; London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. of England, and the empire State is fast sinking under the dominion and sway of New York, &c.

Those who have but little studied the great doctrines of Industrial Association, say, cities must always continue to carry on the commercial operations of the nation, and I conclude that they are therefore necessary evils, to be encouraged. Now this is saying nothing less than that vice, and crime, and fraud are destined to exist perpetually; for so long as wealth can be accumulated more speedily by individual cupidity and competition, than by productive industry, the temptation to fraud will continue to exist; and if it exists, especially among individuals, it will as surely produce an effect, for no cause ever existed, or can continue permanently active, without producing its legitimate effect.

In all countries and at all times there have been commercial crises, and these are ever proportionate to the amount of business carried on, and the number of persons engaged in it. These conclusions are amply substituted by experience. In proof of them we lately cited the authority of general Dearborn of Massachusetts, who states that in past time "ninety-seven out of every hundred persons who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, failed or died insolvent." The General

farther states "that having been engaged some fifteen years in the Custom House, in Boston, he was surprised to find at the close of his term, an entirely new set of men doing business there;" and found the above conclusion verified. He then submitted his calculation to an old merchant of great experience, who confirmed it in every particular. General Dearborn continues:

"The statement, however, appeared to me so startling, so appalling, that I was induced to examine it with much care, and I regret to say I found it true. I then called upon a friend of mine, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800, he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf, and that in 1840 (which is as long as a merchant continues business) only five in one hundred remained. They had in that time either failed or died destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union Bank, (a very strong bank,) he told me that the bank commenced business in 1798, that there then was but one other bank in Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the bank was so overrun with business, that the clerks and officers were obliged to work till twelve o'clock at night, and all Sundays; that they had occasion to look back a year or two ago, and they found that of the one thousand accounts which were opened with them in starting, only six remain; they had in forty years either all failed or died destitute of property. Houses, whose paper passed without a question, have all gone down in that time. Bankruptcy, said he, is like death, and almost as certain; they fall single and alone, and are thus forgotten, but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young. Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the Probate Office a few years since, and he was surprised to find that over ninety per cent. of all the estates settled there, were insolvent. And within a few days, I have gone back to the incorporation of our banks in Boston. I have a list of the directors since they started. This is, however, a very unfair way of testing the rule, for bank directors are the most substantial men in the community. In the old bank, over one-third had failed in forty years, and in the new bank a much larger proportion."

Now it deserves to be remembered, that failures are nearly all caused by the failure of purchasers in paying; there being comparatively few importers, or large dealers of any kind, who do not insure their property against fire, and accident in its transit from place to place; and very little is lost on retail sales to mechanics, artificers, and farmers. This unfolds a tale of turpitude, fraud, and crime, and wo, not to be mistaken in its meaning, and shows most conclusively that so long as commerce is carried on, on principles of individual competition as it must ever be in cities, and by persons too who have no permanent possessions to secure the payment of their obligations, fraud will exist. Let us now inquire into the ability of Associations to carry on the commercial business of the country.

It is a well established maxim, extensively acted on even in the present state of society, that union gives strength. We accordingly find the country filled with corporations created by law on purpose to give potency and an all controlling influence to capitalists, enabling them to drive from the field of competition all individual efforts. Nearly every State in the Union has on its statute book, a law regulating small partnerships, and exempting the property of individuals, which

is not invested in the concern from its debts; and as the individuals of which corporations of all kinds consist, can not personally superintend the business carried on, nor have constant access to the means of informing themselves of the state of affairs, by reason of their otherwise isolated condition, there is still left a chance to perpetrate fraud which it is almost impossible to detect.

Now any one who will investigate the organization, and facility of ascertaining the condition of the Association, secured to every individual belonging to it, will see that it not only possesses all the advantages, strength and permanency which corporate power can give, but also a security against fraud being perpetrated by one member, or set of members, against another and on the Association, which does not exist, and cannot exist, in any other state of society. In the first place the members live together, and all have daily access to all the accounts and business transactions appertaining to the whole concern. In the second, no property can go into the hands of any one, unless he leaves in the possession of the Association, property, that is certificates of stock assigned to the President, amounting to double the property he holds temporarily in his hands. Now this kind of security exists not and can not exist, in any other partnership: for, if one of the partners keeps the accounts, false entries are possible, and if they are confided to disinterested or interested clerks, a plan may be easily devised between them and a partner to commit a fraud, which may be carried on for a length of time without being detected; this is next to impossible in Association, on account of the extensive knowledge of affairs existing among the members. In the third place, among manufacturing and nautical corporations, &c. the work is done by hired laborers who have no interest in the concern, aside from their wages; and consequently no inducement to vigilance: but in Associations, where every member is entitled to an equitable share of the whole income of every department of industry, the inducement to vigilance rests alike with all.

Associations will consequently be able, after they shall have been fully established, to compete with individual merchants and mercantile companies with superior advantages. Cities are generally built up with money accumulated by speculation, and supported by the facilities they afford for merchandizing. Manufactures on the contrary, can be carried on in country places as well as in cities, and many of them with superior advantages; and when Associations shall have drawn laborers away from cities, as they inevitably will, rents must fall of course and the profits of speculators be curtailed by the removal of competition for labor, from which they now derive great advantages. Associations may also carry on a wholesale import and export trade with much greater facility and advantage than isolated merchants. Two or more Associations may also unite their mercantile pursuits and co-operate greatly to the benefit of each; and as there will in all cases be a fixed and abundant security, consisting of the domain, with manufactories, &c. the uncertainty and risk of loss by fraud will be effectually and forever removed. It would not therefore be strange if, in coming time, cities of isolation should lose a great, if

not the greater part of the business that now supports them; and if so, merchants and speculators would certainly forsake them, and invest their property in Associations, where alone it can be made safe, and be certain to bring an income.

It may be asked,—How, then, if the organization is so perfect, does it come that Associations break up! The answer to this question is in the fact that none has yet been organized with sufficient available capital to carry it on prosperously; and as many have come together with the idea that once in Association, all the bright prospects of a full organization would be realized from the commencement, and they would have scarcely any thing to do, mentally, but eat the honey and sip the milk, or rather the cream from the surface of the milk. This anticipation failing, they became dissatisfied, harassed in mind, themselves, and disturbing others with their complaints and criminations, producing recrimination in turn. And wherever an Association has been made up of a considerable majority of such individuals, it has been inevitably broken up; and this will be the general result, at least until the practicability of permanency shall have been demonstrated by a series of years' practical experience.

Persons now on the stage of active life, brought up in civil society, have been under constant necessity of keeping up a most active vigilance, to avoid being defrauded, and some have insinuated themselves into almost every Association, who think no person's efforts are equivalent to their own, in any pursuit. Now with such mental developments, possessed in different degrees by different individuals, we come together; and it is not to be expected that all the little wheels shall work smoothly and without a jar, in the great cog wheel, until they become somewhat worn and the different parts adjusted to each other, especially when it is considered that previous circumstances, which have been in most active operation for centuries, have produced such a vast difference of development in different minds.

Nor is it at all surprising that some should be entirely thrown out of gear, to make room for others better adapted to fill their places.

Another difficulty is, that cursing, and swearing, and tattling, and hunting or fishing on Sunday, are scarcely considered, by a great part of civil society, as immoralities; and persons addicted to those vices, are recommended and received as members, and spread corruption far and wide. We venture to say, without hesitation, that no Association can become prosperous and happy where immorality abounds. For where is the virtuous father that will bring his children into an atmosphere where they are exposed, daily and hourly, to imbibe vices, not even found among four footed animals! And if one vice be encouraged and constantly practiced, another will, and where shall we stop! Tattling is, if possible, still more pernicious. An accusation is invented, or a trifling fault is observed, by one member in another, who tells it to his particular friend, and he, either intentionally or in consequence of a lively imagination, gives it a slight coloring and passes it to the next, until it has become a dark cloud, which is sure to burst ultimately, and deluge some or all engaged in the raising of it, with a shower of deadly malaria. The effects of this portentous evil, the

consequences of which are perhaps more pernicious and fatal to an Association, than those of any other vice, can only be avoided by an unwavering determination to trace back to its source, every report set afloat against a member, at its very outset, and nip it in the bud.

Some persons consider the fact that some Associations have dissolved; (and all had great difficulties to contend with,) and more especially, the leaving of some members, demonstrative evidence that the glorious doctrines of Charles Fourier can not be carried out. But this would evidently be a premature conclusion, as no difficulty but the want of capital has been encountered, for no Association has yet been commenced with half the sum necessary to make even a tolerable beginning, and several, at least, have weathered the storm against both wind and tide for several years and are now united and strong. Supposing the pioneers in the application of steam to navigation, had been discouraged and abandoned their object in despair, after a trial of three or four years, whilst a few boats were sailing on the Hudson and Delaware, at the snail pace of three miles an hour, should we not now pronounce them injudicious; and yet they encountered manifold more obstacles than have as yet assailed Association.

Again, Republics were established some thousands of years ago—all had passed away into oblivion when the goddess of Liberty proclaimed her right to be untrammelled by despotism in this western world. Supposing our ancestors had yielded to the first rebellion in western Pennsylvania, and abandoned the ship of state to the reign of despotism. We, as a nation, are not even now free from jar and strife, from mob law and insurrection, on the contrary these have of late very much increased. Who will first advocate a dissolution—an abandonment of Republican institutions! And yet there are many, though not members so far as we know, who denounce Association, and scout the very idea. The fact is, every great revolution in human institutions, has its difficulties, however noble its aim, or however well the effort may be conducted; and only those who have firmness enough to persevere will be crowned with success. It is the glory of Associations that the revolution they seek to bring about is a bloodless one.—*Tocsia.*

MECHANICS IN RUSSIA. Between three and four thousand people, consisting of Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans, are employed in the gigantic locomotive establishment recently put in operation in Russia, for the construction of locomotives for the great chain of Russian railroads. This large concern is under the direction of Maj. Whistler, recently from Lowell, Mass. A military guard is kept on duty to preserve order.

¶ Some men think they are sober because they forswear ardent spirits. Many people get fuddled with love, more get drunk with vanity, while passion trips up one's heels, and transforms him into a beast. Reason is your only tectaller.

¶ A man is as often guilty of injustice by omitting to do what he ought, as by doing what he ought not to do.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The season of concerts has commenced with great vigor. The Handel and Haydn Society took the lead, and have given three performances of *Sampson*, a most noble work which well rewards their study;—noble in every way, Handel's music and Milton's words. We shall speak of it hereafter. The Academy have commenced with the *Seventh Symphony* of Beethoven, and the ever wonderful Overture to *Freyschutz*. Their orchestra is strengthened by important additions, especially in the stringed Bases, so that now the grand symphonies will have more of their due solidity and dignity, and seem seated on a firmer foundation. Before, they were always top-heavy. A greater preponderance of stringed instruments, generally, makes it more an orchestra, and less a band. They have now in rehearsal the *Sixth, or Pastoral Symphony*, of which we record our impressions below.

Ole Bull has been taking his farewell in a series of three concerts. As usual, he was unfortunate with his orchestra, and was obliged to dispense with that accompaniment so essential to the bringing out of any of his greater works. The reduction of his price to the Boston standard of half-a-dollar, much increased his audiences. But the *furor* of the public here for any prodigy of art never survives the first visit. Still the impression of the Norwegian has been deep and will be lasting in many minds. He is certainly a man of genius, although he moves in that unfortunate and dissipating element of Virtuoso-dom, which is more full of seductive temptations to ambition, than it is of inducements to slow and deep creation. When prodigies succeed and eclipse one another so rapidly, who does not contrast the solid, eternal foundations of a Mozart's or Beethoven's fame, with the utmost that Ole Bull, or Ole Bull's most inconceivable successor, can possibly gain in such a sphere! We take leave of him however with sincere respect and admiration for his many noble and fascinating qualities. He has called out and purified the latent enthusiasm of this wide-spread and diversified people, as few could have done, and America will owe him her thanks.

BEETHOVEN'S PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

This is called the highest achievement of descriptive music. Beethoven composed it in the long summer afternoons, which he spent in a rural spot just out of Vienna, seated upon a stile, and surrendering himself to all the sounds and sights and sensations of the country, so grateful to the tired denizen of the city.

"Sensations on arriving in the country," is the title which he has prefixed to the first movement, the *Allegro*. And in this he is true to the genius of music, in not attempting to describe the country, but only the sensations with which its blithe free air, its cool green spaces, its far-spread smiling landscapes, and its myriad intermingled voices of birds, insects, cattle, men, with the thousand-fold accompaniment of wind and water and the universal hum, inspire one. The melody has a light, tilting motion, which calls up at once that almost dizziness with which the too strong pulse of nature overpowers us. The successive phrases *steal in* upon the almost listless reverie of the hearer. He heeds no single object; but all the things of summer and the country chime in sweet confusion with the rhythm of his thoughts. There is a pulsing, a throbbing through the whole movement, which every one will understand, who has wooed nature alone. The mingling harmonies swell and subside like a crowd of waves; now it is an overfull and stunning rapture, and then it reels and ebbs away, the fainting of too much ecstasy. As to pictures, the mind is free to imagine what it will. It is idle to go to music for a description of nature; but sometimes a description of this music is helped out by an allusion to nature. Thus, when a snatch of melody lights like a sunbeam on the topmost notes of the flutes and oboës, thence glides down through the violins, the seconds, the tenors, the deep full violoncellos, till finally the double basses convey it down to depths inaudible, the musical hearer, who can scarce contain his pleasure, may be excused, if he try to make his neighbor see it, by telling him to imagine himself stretched upon a grassy slope in a summer afternoon, dreaming of all, attentive to nothing round him, till he is seduced from his own vague feeling, and led on a chase over the sunny meadows by some travelling shadow, that comes up from behind him, and sweeps on before him till it has measured the whole visible horizon, and is lost in the distance, just as that wandering melody measured the whole compass of the orchestra; or by some sudden breeze that bends the grass before him, and leads him on in its wake, till he can see no further;—and if this sentence sins against rhetoric by its mixed metaphors, so much the truer is it to the music, so much the more like a summer afternoon in the country. Those acquainted with the technical structure of a Symphony, will best recognise the passage which we mean, if we call it the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject* of the first division of the *Allegro*. And perhaps it will be well, (regarding all thus far said as only a general characterizing of the

whole movement,) to attempt a more orderly description of it.

Let it be understood, then, that every Symphony is cast in a certain uniform mould; that its mechanical form is conventional. Haydn invented, at any rate perfected it; and Beethoven could accommodate his crowded thoughts to it without much sacrifice; just as Byron declared that the stream of his inspiration leaped and sparkled all the more vigorously within the rocky bounds of rhyme and the Spenserian stanza. In the Symphony it is the first movement only which is strictly Symphonic. This is commonly an *Allegro*, consisting of two divisions. The former contains all the simple themes or *motivi*, and is always repeated. The latter is the working up of these themes into all manner of transformations and combinations; and it is here that the skill and science of the artist are put in requisition; his problem being to stick to his text, and never repeat himself, to develop the *motivi* of the first division into inexhaustible novelties. Attend well, then, to the first division of the *Allegro*, (which for that very reason is always repeated,) and you have the key to the whole labyrinth of harmonies into which it introduces you. It begins always with the main theme or tune of the piece, then modulates gradually into the fifth of the key, which gives an answering melody, the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject*, then through a somewhat lengthened cadence, often enriched with several new melodies, returns into the first *theme*, modulates as before into the *counter-theme*, and winds away through the same lengthened cadence, not to return again, but to pass into a new world of endless transformations, into the *second division*, where forms are varied and multiplied without end; but in every one you still recognize the old features of the first themes: always novelty, but no new subjects. Such is the skeleton of the *Allegro*, or first movement of a Symphony; which is always in the *Symphonic* form. Then follows the slow and thoughtful *Andante* or *Adagio*, which is commonly in the *Rondo* form; that is, an air repeated three or four times, only each time with a more florid accompaniment. A while it dallies in the graceful, playful form of the *Minuet* and *Trio*, or fantastic *Scherzo*; and then it gives full reins, and lets excited fancy spend itself in the rapid, wild *Finale*.

Such is the form of the *Pastoral Symphony*. Gardiner says that the ground-tone of the all-pervading hum in the open air is what is marked in our scale, F natural. The *Allegro* of the *Pastoral* commences in F. If now it were possible to detect, not only this ground-tone, but also the ground *theme* or melody, not only the

key-note, but also the tune of Nature's music, it would be no more than what the instinct of genius has done in the opening theme of this *Allegro*. Beethoven seems to have caught the very tune of the fields. That is, he has caught their spirit; and in him it passed into melody. The spirit, the breath of Summer, in the mild June afternoon, came over him, as over her own harp, (for such he was, a harp of nature, by his whole organization,) and drew from him her own melody. Herein lies the genius of the whole; the discovery of this one melody; it is getting into the country. It is a very simple song; but it touches the right feeling; if any one has any love of nature in him, it transports him through that feeling to the scenes of its sweetest converse, where it first had birth. Beautiful is the way in which this air is introduced. At first a mere snatch of it, just a phrase of a couple of bars, from a single instrument, as if some wandering zephyr sung it as it passed by; then a long hold upon the last note, as if surprised and wondering what will come of this. Anon it is answered in another quarter; kindred phrases blend with it; different instruments repeat it with fuller harmonies; it melts away in the distance, and, when we think it gone, it comes up again from the deep basses; it resounds in full octaves from the whole band; it fills all things; it is the tune of Nature! Out of this simple air all the rest follows of course; all the successive melodies and modulations flow out of it and return back into it by the same necessity by which all the parts of a landscape seem to date from and illustrate every single part; "we are all one, though many," they seem to say; the one you look at is looking at another as if that were lovelier, and they all point you from one to the other, till you are lost in the whole and know not which is loveliest; each most lovely because it lives in the whole, and does not obtrude itself. This is the feeling we have with nature, in the open fields; this sense of one in all; this wandering through an infinite maze, bewildered and refreshed at once. Such is the effect of this simple melody and all which it conducts to. Buoyantly and lightly it creeps up over us and whirls our thoughts away with it in graceful dance over the sunny grassy plains and hills afar, till we forget ourselves, in blissful reverie, mingling our essence with the healthy universal air, blending with the scene, and feeling the whole landscape with as much thrilling sense as we feel our own body. There is a slight drowsiness in the melody; the going to sleep of disturbing individual thoughts, while the mind wakes to the sense of universal harmony; the closing of the eyes upon vulgar glare,

and escaping into the milder halo of beauty.

The tide has reached the full, thrilling through every pipe and string of the whole orchestra, and is now ebbing away, when a new subject is introduced. To the vague succeeds the definite. Some particular phenomenon awakes us from our reverie. It is thus we always enjoy beauty in nature and in art; we oscillate between the sense of unity and of variety. The parts seduce us from the whole, though only to lead us back to it again. We can no more remain in that first mood than a melody can go on, or even complete its own scale, without shifting from its key-note upon the chord of the dominant. And so the theme modulates into the counter theme above described. First there is a disturbance in the rhythm; its smooth flow is crossed by a sort of shudder in the harmonies; like a ruffling breeze brushing across the glassy transparency of running water. Once, twice—it comes from the mysterious horns, and the last time with the expectant discord of the *dominant seventh*. The key is decided—the new melody traverses the orchestra from highest flutes to deep as the double bass can carry it; that first stir of the breeze has changed the whole scene;

“Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!”

“——— And now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about.”

And “see, on yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top.”

The cloud sails over, a shadow scuds across the plain, which we dreamily watch till it is lost. In a third phrase, a jubilant rapturous strain, we exult in the fullness of wild life. The heart of nature throbs too close and overpoweringly. The tide of rapture turns and ebbs away in the long cadence of a fourth melody, which tilts between the key-note and the dominant, softer and softer, dying away, till all is calm again, so that you can hear once more that first simple air, the constant tune of nature. And so the whole four melodies are repeated from the beginning, making the ear quite familiar with them; and then in the second division they are transposed and multiplied and blended together in an endless maze of harmony. Turn where you will, you meet some floating fragment of the melodies; every thing is a reminiscence of one or more of them; a thousand mirrors reflect, however colored or distorted, their expression; and, in the gay confusion, every glance and tone of summer and the country are suggested. Transported by the tune, the mind is free to roam and feast itself at pleasure upon all the fancied resemblances which it can trace, as in the veins of mar-

ble, or in the coals upon the hearth, not bound to see them twice alike. One expression, however, pervades the whole. It is all buoyant, peaceful, full of life; the whole air sparkles and twinkles with tiny sounds and voices, like fairy bells. It betrays a deep love of nature. It is not the mere cheerfulness of a child; not all sensation, like the sunny Haydn; but the restoring spell of the green fields exerted upon a deep and thought-sick mind. It is the poet's sense of nature; the poet quenching his restless longings in a world that does not contradict, but smile and sing to his ideas; the poet, who brings to the feast of beauty as much as he receives. The lord of this sweet pastoral creation is no light-hearted Adam in Paradise, no idle swain cheered by bright weather, but rather Endymion, the shepherd prince, who pined in secret for a Goddess, and found sympathy only in the woods and fields. Haydn's descriptive pieces are *Idyls*, simple, cheerful pictures out of common life. They paint the actual merely. Beethoven's make the outward world a mirror of the soul. He does not copy the forms, but communes with the *spirit* of nature. Nothing could well be more cheerful and tranquil than this first movement; but it took a Beethoven to compose it. Others may have clear senses and observe minutely; but lovers and mystics and deep-souled men have always painted nature with most truth. They only, see the Naiad in the fountain, and hear the oaten reed of Pan in the woods.

But, to resume the thread of the story. From the first “*sensations on arriving in the country*,” we may suppose our wanderer to sink back into himself. The *Andante* is called the “*walk by the brook-side*,” a sombre, melancholy strain, in the the same slow, wide-winding Siciliano measure, with the little Symphony in the “*Messiah*.” There is a mingling of low gurgling melodies flowing on continually in one rich, cool harmony; and clear above all this one high part sings on musingly to itself, ever and anon pausing and taking up the tune again. It is a song without words; with the purling of the stream, and the rustling of the leafy arches over head, and the chirping of the birds for an accompaniment; a man absorbed in his feelings, while dreamily the waters chime in with their involuntary tune. As a motto to the whole might stand the famous stanza from the *Fairie Queene*;

“The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;

The waters' fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.”

By degrees, insensibly, the song drops into a more and more absorbed and melancholy key. Mechanically following the windings of the brook, he enters into deeper and cooler shades: the mingling accompaniment, the murmur of the water, the mysterious trembling of the wind-harp in the pines, become more and more like living intelligences, responding to his mood. What is the burthen of that melancholy song? What is it that he pores over in his mind, while the woods and rocks seem half to understand? What is the sweet tormenting doubt, he longs yet fears to have resolved? Answer him ye viewless spirits of the shade, ye Orceads and Naiads, ye Fauns and Echoes! All is still; and hark! the earnest, flute-like voice of the nightingale calls through the silence! the cuckoo and the quail chime in! He hails the omen, relapses into the old tune of his thoughts again; but only for a moment; for now he emerges into the summer sun, and nature's gay variety delivers him again from himself.

Now follows the joyous *Scherzo*, describing the festivities and dances of the villagers, which we may imagine our wanderer to be watching from some high station. The thunder storm bursts over them; and for a while all the elements are mingled, all is hurry and confusion. As the last thunders roll away and the last scattering rain drops patter down irregularly, how solemnly and thoughtfully a reminiscence of the old tune of the *Andante* emerges from the darkness, together with the welcome light of day. Wonderful is the music which follows. All things glitter with the crystal drops—the setting sun pours in his parting benediction beneath the clouds, filling the earth with showers of golden light. How crystal-clear and fresh and trembling with faint joy is every harmony! From all the hills echo the horns of the herdsmen calling home their flocks. These give the movement to the whole; light, pattering, measured steps, ever and anon crowding upon one another, keep time to it. These together form the descriptive accompaniment, while over all rises a religious strain of childlike gratitude and wonder, the hymn of the heart, in the great cathedral where the golden cloud-curtained west forms the oriel window, and the voices and echoes of every happy living thing the choir.

We feel that this Symphony answers the whole question about the *descriptive* or *imitative* powers of music. It shows us how far, and in what way, outward nature may be conveyed in music. Abounding as it does in such allusions, we do not feel that any part of it is artificial and

forced, or a perversion of music to other than its legitimate uses. And that for this reason: that it does not literally copy nature, but only utters the poet's *feeling* of nature, which, like every other feeling, can summon up a thousand shapes and scenes by its enchantment. If such music in Haydn is often only cold and outside imitation, in Beethoven it is *interpretation* of nature.

In strict truth, music cannot imitate nature, since *nature imitates music*. Music as an art is first born with the higher sentiments of man—nature without man does not contain subject enough for it. But throughout all material nature we discern glimmerings of a higher idea, strivings upward towards that perfection only revealed in man. Those curious veins in marble and mahogany are not for nothing; the human groups we trace in them seem to be incomplete developments of the prevailing laws of form, first sketches predicting that perfection of form which shall appear in man, and still more in man's ideal executing itself in statues of the gods. So with sounds. All the material laws of sound are tending towards the highest art or music. In nature they already produce an imperfect music; in man they attain to art. Let man give utterance to his own high feeling of nature, or of the harmony, the unity in variety, of all things, in worthy strains of music, and unconsciously that music will suggest all those feebler imitations and predictions of the same, with which the tuneful air of nature swarms. Thus we have nature in music, and yet music the language of *feeling*, which we have all along assumed it to be. Sing *the feeling* which you had with nature, and you are at once transported to her lap. This Beethoven does. Nature lives to him. He penetrates to the heart of every subject and brings out its latent music. Every thing in nature has a correspondence to something in the soul of man. This correspondence a deep and earnest soul not only sees, but *feels*; and every *feeling* has its melody; thus every object has its music.

But, as was said before, nature gives out her deeper meaning and her music only to those who have a corresponding depth of life. Nature is more to the poet, than to other men; and it took all the mystic depths and soul-stirring knowledge of Beethoven, so to feel the spirit of nature, until it became a melody in his mind, as he has done in this Pastoral Symphony.

In this music we have the sunny side of Beethoven; here his genius disports itself in its lightest and most comprehensible style. And yet even this is no unworthy overture to the vast and mysterious drama which his more characteristic works unfold. Even while we yield ourselves

up with him to the mild exhilaration of this summer afternoon ramble in the country, we are not without forebodings of the mysterious and almost supernatural character of our genial guide; something about him shakes our soul to the very centre.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

TYRTAEUS.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

On Sparta's hills hung fear and desolation,
As nigher drew the fierce Messenian throng,
His trumpet-tones sent courage through the nation,
And they stood forth to conquer at his song—
While, louder than the Delphic God's high Paean,
Pealed that stern war cry o'er the blue Ægean,

"To Arms! To Arms!"

Times change, and duties with them; now no longer
We summon brothers to take brothers' lives;
But rouse to conflict higher, holier, stronger,
What of heroic manhood yet survives;
And 'mid this dreary dearth of high emotions,
Call out, in voice as deep as heaving Ocean's—
To Arms! To Arms!

Not on historic plains, where armour glances,
Hacked with stout Dorian blows in Elder Time,
Nor in the dreams of chivalrous romances,
But in To-day's invigorated Prime,
Here is the strife! On God's Truth only leaning,
Ring out again that war-note of deep meaning,
To Arms! To Arms!

God's Truth against man's Lies. Christ's holy teachings,
Against a world in utter discord;
The realizing of those sacred preachings
That call for "Holiness unto the Lord;"
Against each thought by heavenly Laws forbidden,
By every holy soul's example chidden,
To Arms! To Arms!

Against the engrossing force of selfish passion,
That makes a man alone in life's great whole;
Against all brutish sensual domination,
Wasting the body while it slays the soul,
To foul corruption changing surely, slowly,
All that on earth is pure and sweet and holy,
To Arms! To Arms!

Against the pride of gratified Ambition,
Raised up itself by pressing others down,
Condemning fallen virtue to perdition,
Greeting repentant weakness with a frown;
Against all social fictions, forms deceiving,
The worldling's smile of utter disbelieving,
To Arms! To Arms!

Against the mockery of a false Devotion,
Judging the largest souls by narrow creeds,

Stifling to death the young soul's best emotion,

Feeding with husks the spirit's loftiest needs,
Its law of Hate in mildest hearts instilling,
And all humaner enterprises cbillling,
To Arms! To Arms!

Against the seeds of ruin now upheaving
Here in this sunny land we call the Free,
Through public crime and private coldness bringing
Her noble name to scorn and mockery;
While, with calm eyes beholding slavery's horror,
We dare to read of Sodom and Gomorrah!
To Arms! To Arms!

Against all forms of error that may meet us
Join we in fearless strife. Full well we know
What mighty ones will labor to defeat us;
But how should warriors fight without a foe?
Thermopylæ claimed many a noble martyr—
Yet made Darius tremble—and saved Sparta!
To Arms! To Arms!

The warrior's presence is no longer needed,
When the strife ends, with the last fight well won;
Our names from all men's minds may pass unheeded,
What matter?—So our work be wholly done!
Not from a low ambition have we striven,
But in the hope to bring earth nigher Heaven,
We called—To Arms!

Then peal the shout along the blue Atlantic,
As that loud war-cry o'er the Ægean foam!
Hold up God's Truth to daunt Sin's legions frantic,
And "with or on this shield" to Heaven go home!
Leaving, while still on earth the conflict rages,
That tone to ring on deepening down the ages—
To Arms! To Arms!
Cambridge, October, 1845.

HOOSIER WEDDING. The ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show:

"What is your name sir?"
"Matty."
"What is your name, Miss!"
"Polly."
"Matty, do you love Polly?"
"No mistake."
"Polly, do you love Matty?"
"Well, I reckon."
"Well, then,
"I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life."

No Mercy. Mrs. Child relates an anecdote of a young man who, emerging from a prison, got a situation and filled it with honor for many years. He was at last recognized as a person who had been a convict, and was discharged from his employment. He returned to his former evil course, and became a hardened and desperate wretch. Had the world said to him go and sin no more, he might have been saved.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, and a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

FOURIER'S WRITINGS.

Thousands have become interested in the ideas of Fourier, and are anticipating the translation of his works with hope of satisfactory light therefrom on all the points of Social Science. That those who have the courage and the perseverance to read him thoroughly, will be much benefited, if not satisfied, we are of course confident. Meanwhile it is our duty to warn the expectant public against erroneous expectations. They cannot anticipate too much; but they may anticipate more or other than they will find. Those who look for simple, easy, popular reading, for an elementary First Class Book, will be disappointed. Few have read or wish to read the *Principia* of Newton, or the *Mechanique Celeste* of La Place; yet every mariner avails himself of results whose demonstration is locked up in them and similar works.

On the other hand, they who look to Fourier for systematic, scientific demonstration of the laws which he announces as the conditions of true society and harmony hereafter, will be disappointed. He is not a Newton or a La Place. His works, in point of method, fall rather into the same category with Plato and with Swedenborg, than with them. In fact his printed works, and, so far as we can judge, his manuscripts contain *no demonstration at all*. What he sees, he states as he best can. The discovery with him was as much intuition as the result of demonstration. He felt it, saw it, owned it, loved it and became full of it. He had entered a vast world sufficient to engage all his thoughts and harmonize them all. He felt the unity of this; and in this beheld the true order of society revealed. He tried to make others see it. How! Not by demonstration, but by negative and positive statement; by contrasting the want of it with the possession of it. He states it *negatively*, when he analyzes the theory and practice of Civilization, points out its tendencies, tests its whole method of philosophizing, exhibits the utter fruitlessness of all modern thought, though fraught, it may be, with sublimest verities, so long as it dodges the Social Problem; and the inadequacy of simplistic spiritualism to hold together the crumbling edifice of our material incoherence, of thoughts of

another world to correct the *facts* of this world. He states it *positively*, when he spreads it before us in analogy with all known truth, to speak for itself. A thousand things we can and must believe, which it might not be possible to prove. In the present case, the very vastness, nay infinity of the subject-matter, while it precludes demonstration, makes all statement only approximative and fragmentary.

Fourier talks a great deal of demonstration, claims the most mathematical authenticity for his results, speaks with authority as one who has arrived at the Science of sciences, or of Universal Unity. But the demonstrations are always postponed. He hints the result, perhaps illustrates it a little in application, and refers for scientific grounds to chapters never written. He knew more than he could tell, yet vainly strove to tell it. Nor is it for lack of detail, that his works thus fail to satisfy. There is the Frenchman's superabundance of that in parts; while for the rest he acquits himself, we dare not say contents himself, with the most grand and general sketches, sudden sweeps of vision across fields of observation which make you reel, that you can see it is true, and yet cannot hold it and say why. Demonstration therefore he always postpones, happy if by filling you with his thought, and by pointing out some of its practical consequences for humanity, he can make you apprehend the Unity which is too great for any finite mind to comprehend. The proof! What can be proof, but practice and development! The grandest truths, if they are to be fairly got out, must be *lived out!* Yet conviction may come earlier, and may be the ground of aspiration and of action, which shall put us in the way of living them and realizing them.

We have preferred, in what we have thus far said, to keep inside of the truth, and to claim too little, rather than too much for the writings of Fourier. We only wish to disarm disappointments, sure to follow from expectations which we know do prevail about these writings. We do not however prejudge the question; we are aware that many of our Phalansterian friends, at home and abroad, do claim consideration for our social views on the ground of positive demonstrative science, as laid down by Fourier. Science we do believe it to be. Science it was in Fourier's mind, and had to him the convincing power of science, so that he could not speak in any tone but that of the most positive assurance. He asserts and takes for granted always, and seems to think the proof is seen in the assertion, forgetting that he speaks in the presence of the facts, while his readers have yet to be led to them. But it must be own-

ed, there is something in the grandeur and catholicity of his statements, which reveals so complete, harmonious, and all-encompassing a view, that demonstration must be there in one sense, latently, had we only the clearness, patience and severity of mind to trace the thread of inferences.

But what has he done! Setting aside a great many pages which are filled with preliminaries and digressions, written to prepare the mind of the reader, criticisms of commerce and of Civilization generally, and attempts to come down to the level of the general mind and write something which will be read, without scientific qualifications on the reader's part; setting all this aside, which is the greatest portion of the whole in bulk, we have for the rest, practical directions for the reorganization of Society in Phalanxes, with statements of the economies and social harmony and happiness thence arising, and then, which is most to our purpose, theoretic results, with clearest reference to the principles from which they follow, omitting always the steps by which they may be seen to follow.

He is certainly most explicit in the statement of principles. *Unity* is the first. Then *Attraction*, or *Love*, as the motive power, or main-spring, alike in the world of matter and of mind. And finally the *Law of the Series*, as the uniform method of this attraction, distributing the varieties of this Unity. The Series is the clue that guides him through the labyrinth. This is what he claims as science. In the classifications of naturalists and others, there had already been approximations to it. But he had ascertained its law. He has given us two illustrations of this law, which he deems complete, two instances of a perfect Series, one drawn from the material, the other from the spiritual side of being. The first is the Scale of Musical tones; the other is the Scale of the Passions. The latter scale he takes as the primitive type of all things, inasmuch as the soul of man is made after the image of God, and in its impules or passions does reflect the ideas and phases of the Divine Mind; which ideas are also impressed throughout all orders of being, giving a correspondence and unity to all things.

This type is reproduced, with modifications, more or less clearly in all spheres; so that Man, by the application of this clue, finds all things related to himself, and reads in himself and all, the one same will of God. The analysis of the Passions, placed in correspondence with the analysis of music, or the musical scale, he commends to the verification of each one's observation and consciousness. This done, he has proceeded to define and trace the law of the Series in all its

applications, but especially in its application to the progression of humanity as a whole, to the calculation of the destiny of Man upon this globe, and to the determining of the conditions of true social unity, as well as of the transition from present chaos to society. In all this part he gives, as we have said, *results* only, affirming the principles, but not the steps of induction.

There are but few minds who will occupy themselves with the more abstract philosophy of these principles; who will study the law of the series, and calculate its ramifications and transformations. For such, materials enough exist in Fourier's works, especially the manuscripts; hints only, to be sure, from which they must work out the demonstration. The most pregnant matter is what he calls the ascending progression of the different *powers* of the Series; that is to say, the unfolding of the primary branches of classification (or rather of distribution) into more and more multiplex ramifications. Of these powers he gives us instances. Thus first we have Unity. Then the simplest series into which Unity divides, is that of Three, as in the three principal colors; the three notes of the first natural melody, forming the Triad or common Chord; the three classes of Passions, Sensitive, Affective, and Intellectual &c. Unfold the series further, or raise it to the next power, and we get Seven, as in the Diatonic scale of tones and of colors, in the seven mathematical curves; in the seven phases of the life of the individual, as well as of Humanity on the globe, and the seven passions, (Affective and Distributive,) leaving out those which only relate to the material world.

The next power is Twelve, furnishing the complete scale of the twelve Passions, the Chromatic Scale in music, colors, &c. Then comes Thirty-two, found in the bones of the fingers, the ribs, and so on, and in the distribution of our planetary system. We can but hint of these things; the modifying circumstances in particular cases we must necessarily pass over. Suffice it to say, that Fourier unfolds the series through several higher degrees or powers; and that in this will be found, *by him who has the head to master it*, the absolute basis of all his numbers in his seemingly arbitrary construction of the Phalanx.

But this we leave to future unfoldings. The writings of Fourier, whether we find in them demonstrative evidence or not, whether they seem to answer or evade our questions, are a most significant era in our reading, and our whole thought must ever own their influence. They are not without the personal idiosyncrasy of the man; yet what other writings have we, which

are so universal! They may dismay the spiritualist at first by their inflexible externality in approaching every thing; they may seem to threaten artists and poets and all who cherish the still ideal, with a system of things which ignores them and their element; yet where else are nature and fact so raised to the ideal, while the spiritual itself is made to see the possibility of a home in *this* world, of a veritable "kingdom of heaven" on earth! At all events, to say the least, these writings give us FOURIER. And what a mind! We may quarrel with him at first, we may see much in him distasteful, much that is superficial and French, much that is morbid exaggeration of himself, more that is cold and literal deduction from formulas, however true in themselves, without the qualifying warmth of life, and much that goes apparently against our moral creed; yet the more we read, the more do we feel admitted into a great living world of consistent and harmonious truth, wherein the discrepancies that always before baffled our most earnest insight are one by one bridged over, and the discords that hitherto confused us are heard shaping themselves toward resolution. In fine no man has embraced so much in his thought; and if it seem that he took but an external view of things, that he dwelt on that side most, and even legislated for the internal life of the soul and the passions from that side, it will be seen that Providence may have had its reasons for raising up just such a man to be the expounder of Universal Unity to this generation. We cannot conclude without briefly signaling some of his great qualities.

First in true logical order, if not in the order of historic development, we must place the strong and sleepless demand of his whole soul for unity. First in the outward man, no doubt, was his great practical observation, his love of details, or as they say, his immense "head for calculation and organization." But coupled with that, as the first motive to his investigations, was his sensitive conscience, his great love of justice. This suggested to him, to probe into the rottenness of commerce, and led him, point by point, to know the deep-seated disease in the whole body of civilization. Now conscience is the sentiment of unity; the best analysis of moral obligation has resolved it into this. Thus do extremes meet. The arithmetical, methodical man of facts and the sublime seer of universal unity, were of one genesis. Possessed by this great want, it became more and more clearly the idea of his life. It drew him into a co-ordinated study of the inward and the outward worlds, of nature and the soul. He sought at once to resolve nature and the soul into one system. He felt

their old contradiction to be the devil, the spell of chaos, which must be unriddled. There have been sublime religions and philosophies; spiritual thoughts of eternal, absolute worth have gilded the edges of the clouds of benighted human intellect; Plato has aspired and felt and sung; and Christ has revealed the fullness of the Godhead in himself; but still the outward world, the outward forms of social life, contradicted the whole, and made it all seem weak and futile, except as spontaneous faith and divine authority pointed to the future for fulfilment. How could that fulfilment come but by the discovery of the law which should co-ordinate the outward forms of life with the inmost wants of the soul, which should exhibit matter in its correspondence everywhere with mind, and should embody Christianity in the very frame-work of society, and realize the symbols of the church, the altar and the fount, in the industry, the habitation, and the daily facts of life! Most fitting was it, therefore, as we have hinted above, that a man of practical genius, through the very intensity and purity of his practicality, should be initiated, and should be the one to initiate others, into the thought of this great unity. The salvation, socially and individually, of man lies now in the redemption and consecration of nature, in the studying of life's plain prose with that accepting earnestness which sees it to be all meant for poetry, *from* which through selfishness, the fall of man, it has degenerated, and *to* which the genius of Christianity, having made to itself hands by the rule and compass of the science of divine order, is destined to restore it.

The next trait which we would mention in our Fourier, is what he laid down as a rule for himself in his inquiries, only because it was his character to do so, namely, his principle of *l'ecart absolu*, or absolute separation from the beaten paths of thought. As a thinker, he had shaken off all the old habits of humanity. Was there ever a mind so independent of the influence of all other minds! He had *faith enough* to begin at the beginning, with taking nothing for granted or for proved. He came into the field a perfectly fresh inquirer. He had his idiosyncrasies, no doubt; but the law of his intellect was what the French call *justesse* in mathematics, and in morals *justice*. In thought and style he is utterly unique, reminding us of no one, unless, perhaps, in his severity and grand confident simplicity, itself a sort of poetry, of Emanuel Kant. The only misfortune of this is, the technicality and desperate shifts for terms, which make him barbarous to classic ears, and like a quick-set hedge to the wholly uninitiated. But it is certainly sublime to see an individual, like all of us,

set off with such an unwavering rail-road line, across the crooked routes, and through all the temptations and obstacles of the diversified surface of this civilized experience. Surely now, we feel, the globe is about to be measured; now it is not political economies, or conventional moralities, or merely local calculations, but it is the absolute celestial mathematics which are about not only to girdle the earth, but also to gauge the heavens in search of law.

Had he imagination, ideality, sentiment! In one sense he had little. He contrasts strongly with Plato, Goethe, and Swedenborg, (the only minds with whom we can compare him for grandeur and breadth of conception) in that he dwells always on the outward form, relations, functions of characters and passions, and thus, as it were, writes the outside of human history, while they go into the depths of the inner life and chronicle experience. Fourier speaks of the passions rather than from the passions. Beauty he respects as a want of human nature, but gives small evidence of the warmth of his own feeling for it. He suggests some analogies with Goethe as a scientific observer, but as an artist, none. Two sentiments he had in the highest power, the sentiment of justice, and friendship, embracing all humanity. But of sentiment, in the poets' sense, he had not experience. In fact we regard him as a revelator, a Messiah in the outer sphere, the sphere of uses, but not so much in the inner spiritual and celestial spheres, to speak in the terms of the new church. He is far from mystical, though none can be more strange, more remote from every day conceptions. He is the gigantic genius of forms. He never transcends facts, except as mathematics lead him farther than we see. And yet no fairy-land or Arabian Nights exceed in novelty and brilliancy his sketches of the social arrangements in the harmonic ages, of the serial education, and of cosmogony. The difference between him and minds essentially poetic is, that he marshals and arranges characters, and stations them amid circumstances which he believes divinely appointed as the best and sole condition of the true inner life of all; while they, not waiting for true outward organization, nor even dreaming of it, explore the inward life of the characters themselves, and make of man's capacities and hopes and sufferings a tragedy, relieved with many rose-hued episodes and dreams, the sad but cheering melodies of love. He classifies the passions, they describe them. He is no Shakespeare; but his more organizing genius shall save all that wealth from being thrown away; for, rich as the poet finds our life, we are growing more and more weary of it, and feel that its very wealth will sink us, un-

less the divine order shall descend upon the earth, and no longer suffer all these worlds of consciousness to go unsphered.

But, if we deny him imagination, we must allow him grandeur. There is a Titanic strength in all the workings of that wonderful intellect. He walks as one who knows his ground. His step is firm, his eye is clear and unflinching, and he is acknowledged where he passes; for there is no littleness or weakness, no halting or duplicity in his movement. He is in earnest, he has taken up his cross to fulfil a mighty mission. He doubts not, desponds not; he speaks always with certainty, and though he suffers from impatience of postponement, yet he ceases not to insist upon the truth. He expostulates, perhaps, with deceived and degraded humanity in too much bitterness of sarcasm; but how profound his reverence for Christ and for humanity, how pure his love for man, and how sublime his contemplation of the destiny of man in the scale of higher and higher beings up to God!

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION — THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

We have waited to see the results of both these meetings before speaking of them. The former, as our readers are doubtless informed, was called by ROBERT OWEN, who presided at its sessions. It was remarkable rather as a sign of the times, than for any positive benefits to be expected from it. It seems to have afforded a vent for a variety of crude notions upon several subjects, and to have been characterized quite as much by activity of imagination as by solid good sense. All manner of benevolent visionaries embraced the opportunity to propose their schemes for the good of mankind, more or less plausible and complete according to the ingenuity of their inventors. The discussions of the Convention presented a rather exaggerated example of the intellectual features of the present epoch, a singular mixture of the destructive tendencies of the past age, and of the hope in the future which announces a better era. After several days of quite extensive debate, the Convention in concluding, adopted a series of Resolutions prepared by Mr. Owen, embodying the doctrines which he uniformly advances, of which we have heretofore expressed our opinion.

Whilst we confess that we have not been very greatly impressed either by the matter or the manner of this Convention, we cannot withhold our liveliest admiration and sympathy for the generous and comprehensive spirit of philanthropy in which it originated. Such a spirit is admirable even though its manifestations fail to obtain favor in the eyes of the

great oracles of public opinion. We would not exchange the consciousness of the shallowest dreamer in whom the love of Humanity is an active principle, for that of the shrewdest and soundest mind to which that divine sentiment is a stranger. There is something in such *weakness*, which in the sight of God, is better than the staid and judicious propriety which ventures not beyond the circle of personal interests, and whose extremest sympathy with human wretchedness is consumed in the charities of its parish — charities which perpetuate and do not remedy the evil. Let the world sneer at our world-reformers; let it complacently set down their errors and pity their delusions. The hope they cherish will make them memorable long after their mistakes are forgotten. They can perhaps afford to be despised.

The Industrial Congress was of a much more practical character. Its objects were not so vague, and its members were more positive in their ideas, if not more earnest in expressing them. We were sorry on such an occasion to see so few persons assembled, and also not to see all the interests of Industry represented. We had faintly hoped that the pressing nature of the great questions concerning Labor, — questions too which underlie all the humane enterprises of the day, — would have called together not only our leading reformers, but also an adequate number of the various classes immediately connected with labor. The life of a people is in its industry, and no political organization can be of permanent and progressive value, which does not rest upon a good organization of Labor as its basis. In this view an Industrial Congress is of much more importance, especially at present, than a congress for political business. This truth is not however, as it would seem, generally appreciated.

We regret that the present meeting did not take higher ground than it has done. We had hoped that it would recognize the necessity of Universal Reconciliation of Interests as the only sufficient foundation for the reforms it contemplates; but to this idea as far as we can judge from the reports of its transactions, and from what we heard during our own necessarily limited attendance, the majority at least of those engaged in it have not yet arrived.

The proceedings of this Convention are published in the Tribune, to which we refer our readers. We are not convinced of the truth of all the principles they assert, nor do we think the measures they propose are likely to effect their objects. They will however call attention to the matter, and sooner or later, efficient and adequate action will be taken. Sooner or later we say, but it cannot be too soon.

The laboring classes with one voice call for relief from the ever-growing and ever-grasping industrial feudalism which, as heartless as it is powerful, prepares its fetters for their necks, and its dungeons for their toil. Terrible are these fetters! Not beaten out of iron, not of the cold steel, they fasten their victims yet more fatally. Relentless too is the WANT that scourges them to their dreary task, inexorable as death the Desultation that keeps close upon their steps. Is this the destiny of human creatures in whom are human souls? Is any man so devoid of natural sympathies as to believe that there exists no remedy? Dares any man so blaspheme our Heavenly Father as to say that it is His dispensation?

We welcome then the earnest impulse which has found expression in the Industrial Convention. We offer its members the sympathy of fellow-workers in the same cause. However different the paths we pursue, we seek a common end,—the good of Humanity. Across the howling desert of civilized antagonism, we send to them a voice of friendly cheering and prophetic hope. A desert do we say? On those barren sands, which seem faintly to gain the hue of fertility, are springing the dim germs of future verdure; along wastes where myriads have fainted with thirst, the moisture gathering here and there waits to burst forth in refreshing fountains. Ours be it then, brethren in the cause of God and Humanity, to labor on with unflinching devotion! Few though we are in numbers, mighty powers are engaged with us. Truth, Justice, the inmost longings of every soul, the spirit of the age, and the blessing of God are on our side. On then to the contest! The battle-fields where now with difficulty we hold our posts, shall hereafter bloom fairer than gardens, fruitful with blessings for our Race.

REMARKABLE COUNTRY.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the following account of California. If his story is true it is a wonderful region, and ought to be annexed forthwith.

Here are many fine ports; the land produces wheat even to one hundred fold; cotton and hemp will grow here, and every kind of fruit there is in New England; grapes in abundance, of the first quality; wine of many kinds is made, yet there is no facility of making. Much of it will pass for Port. The rivers are full of fish, the woods of the same.

A HEATHEN LAW. Among the ancient Romans, there was a law, which was kept inviolably, that no man should make a public feast, except he had before provided for all the poor of his neighborhood.

A Judge out West has decided that umbrellas are general property. We believe this is the first decision of the case, although it has been practised a long while.

INTELLIGENCE.

A LIST OF THE PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS AT SOME OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BERLIN, 168 Professors, 1,548 Students. In the theological faculty there are 14 teachers, in the Juristic, 18, in the medical, 37, in the philosophical, 96.	
BRESLAU, 69 Professors, 757 Students.	
BONN, 77 " 671 "	
GIESSEN, 57 " 492 "	
GOTTINGEN, (No. not known) 637 "	
HALLE, " " 739 "	
HEIDELBERG, " " 852 "	
JENA, " " 411 "	
KONIGSBERG, " " 353 "	
LEIPSI, 96 Professors, 800 "	
MUNICH, (No. not known) 1,360 "	
TUBINGEN, 61 Professors, 852 "	
WURZBURG, 45 " 477 "	

The Parsees at Bombay are divided—like the rest of the world—into *Orthodox* and *Rationalists*. They are divided, amongst other things, on the subject of Freemasonry, which the latter favor. Both parties vehemently oppose the Christian missionaries in their journals and pamphlets, which are mainly published in the *Guzerat* language. They have established a monthly journal, published in the English language, with the title,—"The Zoroastrian Magazine," in which they intend to examine critically the Christian religion and the Scriptures, to explain, and defend the doctrines of their own religion from the misrepresentations of the Christians.

The Curators of the Stolpian bequest in the University of Leyden, have proposed the following questions. "What is the difference between Philosophical and Christian Ethics? What is the value of the received Christian doctrine in promoting Philosophical Ethics? and what is the value of Philosophical Ethics since the publication of Christianity?" Treatises are to be sent (post paid) to Professor C. G. C. REINWART in Leyden, before the first of July, 1846. A prize of 250 gulden, or a gold medal of that value, is offered to the successful competitor. The treatise must be written in Latin or Dutch.

Some of the noble objects of Association, to be remembered, are,

1. To dignify industry and render it honorable and attractive, so that all will work without compulsion.
2. By a further security of our rights to greatly increase our liberty.
3. By a union of interests, and a proper development of our faculties, both mental and physical, to secure cheerful obedience to wholesome rules.
4. And thus, by a harmonious concert of action, to make the principles of peace and love, popular, instead of contention and ruinous competition.

5. To secure a safe and profitable investment for capital.

6. To secure a permanent and happy home for ourselves and our children, where there shall be bread, raiment, and shelter, enough for all and to spare.

7. To reconcile or harmonize all sects and parties whatever.

8. To improve the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of all classes of society.

9. To change for the better, the outward circumstances of every department of life.

10. And, in short, to unite in one vast improvement, all other improvements: taking advantage of all useful inventions in machinery, in agriculture, in education, in government, in domestic economy, &c. &c.

Reader, do you say it is too great a project, and we cannot accomplish it? We answer, we know full well, that of our own selves, (as mere animals,) we can do nothing towards it: but with true, living faith in God, and faith in man, what is there too great for man to attempt? Faith means confidence; and faithful patience and perseverance will move mountains of obstacles. Christ, our pattern, says, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Why, sir, we have precedents for nearly every detail of our plan; and we need only to unite them into an organized whole.—*Tocsin*.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 8 A. M., and 1 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plain, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday excepted.
N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

IX.

Hardly had Consuelo named herself, when Count Albert, raising his eyes and looking in her face, immediately changed his attitude and expression. He let his violin fall to the ground with as much indifference as if he had never known the use of it, and clasping his hands with an air of profound tenderness and respectful sadness: "It is thou then whom I see at last in this place of exile and suffering, O my poor Wanda!" cried he, uttering a sigh which seemed to rend his chest. "Dear! dear and unhappy sister! Unfortunate victim, whom I avenged too late, and whom I knew not how to defend. Ah! thou knowest that the villain who outraged thee perished in torments, and that my pitiless hand was bathed in the blood of his accomplices. I opened the deep veins of the accursed church. I washed thy dishonor and my own and that of my people in rivers of blood. What more dost thou desire, O restless and revengeful spirit! The times of zeal and of anger have passed away; we live now in the days of repentance and expiation. Ask from me tears and prayers; ask no more for blood. I have henceforth a horror of blood, and will shed no more! No, no, not a single drop! Jean Ziska will henceforth fill his chalice only with inexhaustible tears and bitter sobs."

While speaking this with wandering eyes and features animated by a sudden exaltation, Albert moved around Consuelo, and recoiled with a kind of horror each time she made a movement to arrest this strange conjuration. Consuelo did not require a long reflection to understand the turn which her host's insanity

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

had taken. She had heard the history of Jean Ziska related often enough to know that a sister of that formidable fanatic, a nun before the breaking out of the war of the Hussites, had died of sorrow and shame in her convent, violated by an abominable monk, and that the life of Ziska had been a long and solemn vengeance of that crime. At this moment, Albert, recalled, I know not by what association of ideas to his ruling fancy, believed himself Jean Ziska, and addressed her as the shade of Wanda, his unfortunate sister.

She resolved not to contradict his illusion too abruptly:

"Albert," said she to him, "for your name is no longer Jean, as mine is no longer Wanda, look at me well, and see that I, as well as you, am changed in features and character. What you have just said, I came to recall to your mind. Human justice is more than satisfied, and it is the day of divine justice which I now announce to you. God commands us to forgive and to forget. These fatal recollections, this pertinacity of yours to exercise a faculty which he has not given to other men, this scrupulous and austere remembrance which you retain of your anterior existences, God is offended at, and withdraws from you, because you have abused them. Do you hear me, Albert, and do you understand me now?"

"O my mother," replied Albert, pale and trembling, falling on his knees and looking at Consuelo with extraordinary terror, "I do hear thee and understand thy words. I see that thou transformest thyself, to convince and subdue me. No, thou art no longer Wanda of Ziska, the violated virgin, the weeping nun. Thou art Wanda of Prachalitz, whom men called Countess of Rudolstadt, and who bore in thy bosom the wretched being they now call Albert."

"It is not by the caprice of men that you are so called," returned Consuelo with firmness; "for it is God who has caused you to live again under other conditions and with new duties. Those du-

ties, Albert, you either do not know, or you despise them. You re-ascend the course of ages with an impious pride; you aspire to penetrate the secrets of destiny; you think to equal yourself with God, by embracing in your view the present and the past. It is I who tell you this; and it is truth, it is faith which inspires me; this retroactive thought is a crime and a rashness. This supernatural memory which you attribute to yourself, is an illusion. You have taken some vague and feeble glimmerings for certainty and your imagination has deceived you. Your pride has built up an edifice of chimeras, when you assigned to yourself the most important parts in the history of your ancestors. Beware lest you are not what you suppose. Fear lest to punish you, eternal wisdom should open your eyes for an instant, and cause you to perceive in your anterior life, less illustrious faults and less glorious objects of remorse than those on which you dare to pride yourself."

Albert heard this discourse with timid attention, his face hidden in his hands and his knees buried in the earth.

"Speak, speak, O voice of heaven, which I hear and no longer recognize," murmured he in stifled accents. "If thou art the angel of the mountain, if thou art, as I believe, the celestial figure which has so often appeared to me upon the Stone of Terror, speak; command my will, my conscience, my imagination. Thou well knowest that I seek for the light with anguish, and that if I lose myself in the darkness, it is from my desire to dissipate it in order to reach thee."

"A little humility, confidence and submission to the eternal decrees of wisdom, incomprehensible to man, that is the path of truth for you, Albert. Renounce in your soul, and renounce firmly, once for all, any wish to know beyond this passing existence which is imposed upon you; and you will again become acceptable to God, useful to man, tranquil in yourself. Humble your proud intellect;

and without losing faith in your immortality, without doubting the divine goodness, which pardons the past and preserves the future, apply yourself to render fruitful and humane this present life which you despise, when you ought to respect it, and give yourself to it with all your strength, your self-denial, and your charity. Now, Albert, look at me and may your eyes be unsealed. I am no longer your sister, nor your mother; I am a friend whom Heaven has sent to you, and whom it has conducted by miraculous means to snatch you from pride and from insanity. Look at me and tell me, on your soul and on your conscience, who I am and what is my name."

Albert, trembling and confused, raised his head and looked at her again, but with less wildness and terror than before.

"You cause me to leap over abysses," said he to her, "by your profound words you confound my reason, which (for my misfortune) I thought superior to that of other men, and you order me to know and understand the present time and human affairs. I cannot. To lose the remembrance of certain phases of my life, I must pass through a terrible crisis; and to seize the sentiment of a new phase, I must transform myself by efforts which lead me to the gates of death. If you command me, in the name of a power which I feel superior to mine, to assimilate my thoughts to yours, I must obey; but I know those horrible struggles and I know that death is their termination. Pity me, you who operate upon me by a sovereign charm; aid me, or I sink. Tell me who you are, for I do not know. I do not remember ever to have seen you before: I do not know your sex, and you are there before me like a mysterious statue, the type of which I vainly strive to find in my memory. Help me, help me, for I feel that I am dying."

While speaking thus, Albert, whose face was at first flushed with a feverish brightness, became again of a frightful paleness. He stretched out his hands towards Consuelo; but immediately lowered them to the ground to support himself, as if overpowered by an irresistible faintness. Consuelo, becoming initiated by degrees into the secrets of his mental malady, felt herself revived and as if inspired by new strength and intelligence. She took his hands and obliging him to rise, she conducted him towards the chair which was near the table. He let himself fall into it, overpowered by an unheard of fatigue, and bent forward as if about to faint. The struggle of which he spoke was but too real. Albert had the faculty of recovering his reason and repelling the suggestions of the fever which consumed his brain; but he did not succeed without efforts and sufferings

which exhausted his organs. When this reaction was produced of its own accord, he issued from it refreshed, and as it were renewed; but when he promoted it by a resolution of his still powerful will, his body sank under the crisis, and all his limbs were affected by catalepsy. Consuelo understood what was passing within him: "Albert," said she, placing her cold hand upon that burning head, "I know you and that suffices. I am interested in you and that must be sufficient for you also at present. I forbid your making any effort of will to recognize or to speak to me. Only listen; and if my words seem obscure to you, wait till I explain myself, and be in no haste to discover their meaning. I ask of you a passive submission and an entire abandonment of your reflective powers. Can you descend into your heart and there concentrate all your existence?"

"Oh! how much good you do me!" replied Albert. "Speak to me again, speak to me always thus. You hold my soul in your hands. Whoever you may be, retain it, do not let it escape; for it would go and knock at the gates of eternity and would there be broken. Tell me who you are, tell me quickly; and if I do not comprehend, explain it to me: for, in spite of myself, I search and am agitated."

"I am Consuelo," replied the young girl, "and you know it, since you instinctively speak to me in a language which I alone of those near you can comprehend. I am a friend whom you have expected for a long while, and whom you recognized one day as she was singing. Since that day, you have left your family and hidden yourself here. Since that day, I have sought for you; you have appealed to me several times through Zdenko, but Zdenko, who executed your orders in certain respects, was not willing to conduct me to you. I have succeeded through a thousand dangers—"

"You could not have succeeded, had Zdenko been unwilling," returned Albert, raising his body, weighed down and sunk upon the table. "You are a dream, I see it well, and all that I hear is simply passing in my imagination. O my God! you lull me with deceitful joys, and suddenly the disorder and incoherence of my dreams are revealed to me, and I find myself alone, alone in the world with my despair and my madness! O Consuelo, Consuelo! fatal and delicious dream! where is the being that bears your name and is sometimes clothed with your form? No, you exist only in me, and it is my delirium which created you."

Albert fell again on his extended arms, which stiffened and became cold as marble.

Consuelo saw him approach his lethar-

gic crisis, and felt herself so exhausted, so ready to faint, that she feared she could not avert it. She tried to reanimate Albert's hands in her own which were hardly more alive. "My God," said she with a stifled voice and a wounded heart, "succor two unfortunate beings who can do hardly any thing for each other!"

She saw herself alone, shut up with a dying man, dying herself, and expecting no help for herself or for him, except from Zdenko, whose return seemed to her more frightful than desirable.

Her prayer seemed to strike Albert with an unexpected emotion. "Some one is praying by my side," said he, trying to raise his overburdened head. "I am not alone! O no, I am not alone," added he looking at Consuelo's hand, interwoven with his. "Succoring hand, mysterious pity, human, fraternal sympathy! You render my agony very gentle, my heart very grateful!" He glued his frozen lips to Consuelo's hand and remained thus for a long while.

A modest emotion restored to Consuelo the sentiment of life. She did not dare withdraw her hand from the unfortunate; but divided between her embarrassment and her weariness, no longer able to remain standing, she was compelled to rest upon Albert, and to place her other hand upon his shoulder.

"I feel myself restored," said Albert after a few moments. "It seems to me that I am in the arms of my mother. O my aunt Wenceslawa! if it be you who are near me, forgive me for having forgotten you, you and my father and all my family, whose very names had escaped my memory. I return to you, do not leave me; but restore to me Consuelo, Consuelo, whom I had so long expected, whom I had at last found—and whom I find no more, and without whom I can no longer breathe."

Consuelo wished to speak to him; but in proportion as Albert's memory and strength seemed restored to him, Consuelo's life seemed to desert her. So many terrors, fatigues, emotions and superhuman efforts had so broken her down, that she could struggle no longer. The words expired upon her lips, she felt her knees yield, her eyes become confused. She fell upon her knees at the side of Albert, and her dying head struck the breast of the young man.

Immediately Albert, as if awaking from a dream, saw her, recognized her, uttered a deep cry, and arousing himself, pressed her in his arms with energy. Through the veil of death which seemed to spread over her eyelids, Consuelo saw his joy and was not terrified. It was a holy joy, radiant with purity. She closed her eyes and fell into a state of prostration,

which was not sleep nor waking, but a kind of indifference and insensibility to all present things.

X.

When Consuelo recovered the use of her faculties, finding herself seated upon quite a hard bed, and not yet able to raise her eye-lids, she tried to collect her thoughts. But the prostration had been so complete, that her powers returned but slowly; and as if the sum of the fatigues and emotions which she had experienced since a certain time had surpassed her strength, she tried in vain to remember what had happened to her since she left Venice. Even her departure from that adopted country where she had passed such happy days, appeared to her like a dream; and it was a solace to her, (alas too short!) to be able to doubt for an instant her exile and the misfortunes which caused it. She therefore imagined that she was still in her poor chamber of the Corte-Minelli, on her mother's pallet, that after having had with Anzoletto a violent and trying scene, the confused recollection of which floated in her memory, she returned to life and hope on feeling him near her, on hearing his interrupted breathing and the tender words he addressed to her in a low voice. A languishing and delicious joy penetrated her heart at this thought, and she raised herself with exertion to look at her repentant friend, and to stretch out her hand to him. But she pressed only a cold and unknown hand; and in place of the smiling sun, whose rosy brilliancy she was accustomed to see through her white curtain, she saw only a sepulchral light, falling from a gloomy vault and swimming in a humid atmosphere; she felt under her arm the rude spoils of savage animals and in a horrible silence, the pale face of Albert bent towards her like a spectre.

Consuelo thought she had descended living to the tomb; she closed her eyes, and fell back upon the bed of dried leaves, with a melancholy groan. She required some minutes to remember where she was, and to what gloomy host she was confided. Terror, which the enthusiasm of her devotedness had hitherto combated and subdued, seized upon her, so that she feared to open her eyes lest she should see some horrible spectacle, paraphernalia of death, a sepulchre open before her. She felt something upon her brow and raised her hand to it. It was a garland of leaves with which Albert had crowned her. She took it off to look at it and saw a bunch of cypress.

"I believed you dead, O my soul, O my consolation!" said Albert kneeling beside her, "and before following you to the tomb, I wished to adorn you with the emblems of marriage. Flowers do not

grow around me, Consuelo. The black cypress offered the only branches whence my hand could gather your coronet of betrothal. There it is, do not despise it. If we must die here, let me swear to you, that if restored to life, I would never have had any other spouse than you, that I die united with you by an indissoluble oath."

"Betrothed, united!" cried Consuelo, casting terrified glances around her: "who has pronounced that decree! who has celebrated that marriage?"

"It is destiny, my angel," replied Albert with inexpressible gentleness and sadness. "Think not to withdraw yourself from it. It is a strange destiny for you and even more so for me. You forbade me a short time since to search into the past; you have prohibited to me the remembrance of those lapsed days which are called the night of ages. My being has obeyed you, and henceforth I know nothing of my anterior life. But my present life, I have interrogated, I know it; I have seen it entire with one glance, it has appeared to me in the instant in which you reposed in the arms of death. Your destiny, Consuelo, is to belong to me, and yet you will never be mine. You do not love me, you never will love me, as I love you. Your love for me is only charity, your devotedness only heroism. You are a saint whom God sends, but you will never be a woman to me. I must die consumed by a love which you cannot partake; and yet, Consuelo, you will be my wife as you are now my betrothed, whether we perish now and your pity consents to give me that title of husband which no kiss will ever confirm, or whether we again see the sun and your conscience commands you to accomplish the designs of God towards me."

"Count Albert," said Consuelo, endeavoring to rise from that bed covered with bear skins, which resembled a funeral pall, "I know not if it be the enthusiasm of too vivid a gratitude, or the continuance of your delirium which makes you speak thus. I have no longer the strength to dispel your illusions; and if they must turn against me, against me who have come at the peril of my life to succor and console you, I feel that I can no longer contend with you for my life or my liberty. If the sight of me irritates you, and if God abandons me, may God's will be done! You who think you know so many things, do not know how my life has been poisoned, and with how little regret I should sacrifice it."

"I know that you are very unhappy, my poor saint! I know that you wear on your brow a crown of thorns, which I cannot tear away. The cause and occasion of your unhappiness I do not know, neither do I ask you for them. But I

should love you very little, I should be little worthy of your compassion, if from the day on which I first met you, I had not felt and recognized in you the sorrow which fills your soul and embitters your life. What can you fear from me, Consuelo, from my soul? You so firm and so wise, to whom God has inspired words which subdued and restored me in an instant, you must feel the light of your faith and your reason strangely weakened since you fear your friend, your servant, your slave. Recover yourself, my angel; look at me. See me here at your feet, and forever, my forehead in the dust. What do you wish, what do you command? Do you wish to leave this place on the instant, without my following you, without my ever appearing before you again? What sacrifice do you exact? What oath do you wish me to take? I can promise you every thing and obey you in every thing. Yes, Consuelo, I can even become a tranquil man, submissive, and in appearance, as reasonable as other men. Should I thus be less repulsive, less terrifying to you? Hitherto I have never been able to do as I wished; but hereafter every thing you desire will be granted me. Perhaps I may die in transforming myself according to your will; but it is my turn to tell you that my life has always been poisoned, and that I should not regret losing it for you."

"Dear, generous Albert," said Consuelo, reassured and affected, "explain yourself better and let me at last understand the depths of that impenetrable soul. You are in my eyes superior to all other men; and from the first moment that I saw you, I felt for you a respect and a sympathy which I have no reason to conceal. I have always heard it said that you were insane, but I have not been able to believe it. All that has been related to me of you added to my esteem and to my confidence. Still I was forced to see that you were overpowered by a deep and strange moral disease. I persuaded myself, presumptuously perhaps, but sincerely, that I could relieve your disease. You also have aided in making me think so. I have come to seek you, and now you tell me things respecting myself and you, which would fill me with a boundless veneration, if you did not mix up with them strange ideas drawn from a spirit of fatalism in which I cannot share. Can I say all without wounding you and making you suffer?"

"Say all, Consuelo, I know beforehand what you have to say."

"Well! I will say it, for I had so promised myself. All those who love you, despair of you. They think they must respect, that is to say spare, what they call your insanity; they fear to exasperate you by letting you see that

they know it, lament, and fear it. For myself, I cannot believe them, and cannot tremble in asking you, why, being so wise, you have sometimes the externals of an insane person; why, being so good, you perform deeds of ingratitude and pride; why, being so enlightened and religious, you abandon yourself to the reveries of a diseased and despairing mind; why, finally, you are here alone, buried alive in a gloomy cavern, far from your family who weep and search for you, far from your fellow men, whom you cherish with an ardent zeal, far from me, in fine, whom you invoked, whom you say you love, and who has been able to reach you only by miracles of will and a divine protection?"

"You ask of me the secret of my life, the word of my destiny, and you know it better than I do, Consuelo! It is from you I expected the revelation of my being and you interrogate me! O! I understand you; you wish to lead me to a confession, to an efficacious repentance, to a victorious resolution. You shall be obeyed. But it is not at this instant that I can know and judge and transform myself in this manner. Give me some days, some hours at least, to learn for myself and for you if I am mad, or if I enjoy the use of my reason. Alas! alas! both are true, and it is my misery not to be able to doubt it! but to know if I must lose my judgment and will entirely, or if I can triumph over the demon who besieges me, that is what I cannot do at this instant. Have pity upon me, Consuelo! I am still under the influence of an emotion more powerful than myself. I know not what I have said to you; I know not how many hours you have been here; I know not how you could be here without Zdenko, who did not wish to bring you; I know not even in what world my thoughts were wandering when you first appeared to me. Alas! I know not how many ages I have been shut up here, struggling with unheard of sufferings, against the scourge which destroys me! Those sufferings even I remember no more, when they have passed; there remains of them only a terrible fatigue, a stupor as it were, a terror which I wish to drive away. Consuelo let me forget myself, if it be only for a few moments, my ideas will become more clear, my tongue will be loosened. I promise it, I swear it to you. Temper for me this light of the reality long eclipsed in horrible darkness, and which my eyes cannot yet endure! You have ordered me to concentrate all my life in my heart. Yes! you said that to me; my reason and my memory date no farther back than the moment when you spoke. Well! that word has brought down an angelic calm into my bosom. My heart lives entirely now, though my spirit still sleeps. I fear

to speak to you of myself; I might wander and again terrify you by my vagaries; I wish to live only in sentiment and it is an unknown life to me; it would be a life of delights if I could abandon myself to it without displeasing you. Ah! Consuelo, why did you tell me to concentrate all my life in my heart. Explain your meaning, let me think only of you, see and comprehend only you—love you, in a word. O my God, I love! I love a living being, similar to myself! I love her with all the strength of my being. I can concentrate upon her all the ardor, all the holiness of my affection! It is enough happiness for me to be allowed this, and I have not the madness to ask for more."

"Well! my dear Albert, repose your poor soul in this sweet sentiment of a peaceful and fraternal tenderness. God is my witness that you can do so without fear and without danger; for I feel a fervent friendship for you, a kind of veneration which the frivolous observations and vain judgments of the world cannot shake. You have comprehended by a sort of divine and mysterious intuition, that my life is broken by sorrow; you said it and it was divine truth which put that word in your mouth. I cannot love you otherwise than a brother; but do not say that it is charity, pity alone which guides me. If humanity and compassion have given me the courage to come here, a sympathy, a particular esteem for your virtues, give me also the courage and the right to speak to you as I do. Abjure therefore, from this moment and forever, the illusion under which you labor respecting your own feelings. Do not speak of love, do not speak of marriage. My past life, my recollections, render the first impossible; the difference in our conditions would render the second humiliating and unacceptable to me. By returning to such reveries, you will make my devotedness to you rash, perhaps culpable. Let us seal by a sacred promise the engagement which I make to be your sister, your friend, your consoler, whenever you are disposed to open your heart to me; your nurse, when suffering renders you gloomy and taciturn. Swear that you will not see any thing else in me, and that you will not love me otherwise."

"Generous woman," said Albert, growing pale, "you rely a great deal on my courage, and you know well what is my love, in asking of me such a promise. I should be capable of lying the first time in my life, I could debase myself so much as to pronounce a false oath, if you required it of me. But you will not require it of me, Consuelo; you will understand that this would be to introduce a new agitation into my life, and, into my conscience a remorse which has not yet stained it. Do not be troubled at the

manner in which I love you. I first of all am ignorant of it; I know only that to deprive this affection of the name of love, would be to utter a blasphemy. I submit myself to all the rest; I accept your pity, your cares, your goodness, your peaceful friendship; I will speak to you only as you permit; I will not say a single word which can trouble you; I will not give you a single look which could make you veil your eyes; I will never touch your hand, if the contact of mine displeases you; I will not even graze your dress, if you fear being blemished by my breath. But you would be wrong to treat me with such mistrust, and you would do better to encourage in me this gentleness of emotion which vivifies me, and from which you can fear nothing. I well understand that your modesty might be alarmed at the expression of a love which you do not wish to share; I know that your pride would repel the testimonies of a passion which you do not wish either to provoke or to encourage. Therefore be tranquil, and swear without fear to be my sister and my consoler: I swear to be your brother and servant. Do not ask me more; I will neither be indiscreet nor importunate. It is sufficient that you know you can command me and govern me despotically—not as one governs a brother, but as one disposes of a being who has given himself to you entirely and forever."

To be Continued.

PINES.

* * * * * At morn and at midnight hour
There goeth up from their greenwood bower
A song of passion, a song of power;
But the sweetest notes they raise
Are those they swell at the opening day,
While the morning winds their branches away,
Ere the dew and freshness pass away;—
Their notes of love and praise.
They stand on every leafy knoll,
Types of the restless human soul
That boweth not to stern control,
For they battle the tempest wild;
But when a gentle tone floats by,
And the love-light beams from the azure sky,
They bend like the soul in its purity
To influence sweet and mild.

INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY.

Some journals have republished, with an evident chuckle of delight, the details given by the Pittsburg papers of the recent "strike" of women employed in the Alleghany Factories, and the means by which they succeeded in stopping the works. To us, these narratives brought none other than painful emotions. To hear of three or four hundred young and respectable women, not satisfied with refusing to work on the terms offered, as they had a perfect right to do, proceed to burst open gates guarded by stalwart men, break into factories, and then force those who preferred to desist,—all the while surrounded, backed, cheered on by

a crowd of admiring masculine spectators — this is a story very far from amusing to us. Whatever were the wrongs of these women, it seems to us that their attempt to redress them involved the gross violation of the rights of Property and of Personal Liberty. They were in the factories on this errand but as wilful trespassers, and could do nothing there lawfully against the wishes of the proprietors. And if they were five hundred to fifty, neither their numbers nor any thing else gave them the least right to say that those who chose to work should not do so. Majorities have no right to overrule the will of minorities unless by compact; and wherein had the persistent workers consented to be governed by the regulations of the strikers!

But in affirming that the Amazons of Alleghany did wrong, we do not assert that they acted without provocation or from improper motives. They doubtless thought they were struggling for rights withheld from them by the tyranny of capital. The relation of Laborer and Employer is so false and antagonistic in Society around us, that all sorts of hallucinations are generated by it. Let us try to separate the true from the false in regard to the controversy in question:

1. The Factory Girls of Pittsburg and Alleghany say, "the hours of labor (over twelve per day) in the mills are too many. Add to these what are needed for taking food, sleep, &c. and they leave us no time for mental improvement or healthful exercise. Yet we are compelled to work all these hours. We demand their reduction to ten."

2. "But," answer the Employers, "we are under constraint as well as you. If we run our mills but ten hours, while those with whom we compete in the market run theirs twelve and more, we cannot sell our fabrics so cheap as they do, and must sell at a loss or stop working — in either case be ruined. So that you would gain nothing by our compliance with your demands, for you would soon be thrown out of work and eagerly seeking places in the twelve-hour factories, while we should be bankrupt and our creditors suffering for our blind folly."

3. "We disbelieve or care not for this," say the girls; "it is more important that our lives be preserved by healthful exercise and our minds improved by hours of culture, than that you be enabled to sell cloth half a cent cheaper per yard. If others do wrong do you set the example of doing right, and we will see the movement supported."

— And so the parties come to issue, and the factories are stopped. The business of the manufactures is brought to a dead halt at a time when the demand for goods is unusually good and prices remunerating — the strike, if long persisted in, will be sure to break some of them — and the Girls who were earning at least twice as much as working women throughout the country average, and getting their pay promptly, are now earning nothing, and may remain so for months. If any of them engage in other pursuits, it will be to far less advantage than they worked in the factories. If they go out to work in households, they will have to work quite as many hours, have no more time for improvement, obtain much less than, and receive it neither so regularly nor so certainly, as they did in the factories. Their social position will be lowered, and

their narrow independence abridged by the change. And beside, they will thus come in competition with and throw out of employment many who earn a subsistence by domestic service. If they try Needle-work, they will be far worse off in every way, and their competition will press on a class already on the brink of famine. Where is the escape from this labyrinth!

Bear in mind that the ground justly taken by the Employers points distinctly to deeper and darker gulfs of depression and degradation. For if, in some not distant season of manufacturing and general depression, a few companies should see fit to increase as they might the hours of labor to *fourteen*, they would be enabled thereby to undersell their rivals who maintained the *present* hours, and these must come up to the new standard or be ruined. The argument expressly implies and establishes this. As Free Trade between nations renders of necessity the *lowest* reward of Labor in any the ultimate standard in all, so Free competition in industry draws after it similar internal consequences in regard to the conditions and rewards of Labor.

And let none say that the new doctrines and ideas of our day have produced the present collision. Pittsburg is a most devout and practical City, of whose twenty-five or thirty Churches not one can be obtained for a Social Reform Convention. It is a city of Religion and Industry, in which dreamers have little influence. But in truth these "strikes" are older than all modern theories — are as old as the existence of distinct classes known as Employers and Employed. They are less frequent and less disastrous in our day and country than they were in Great Britain forty years ago. They grow naturally out of the relation they influence. When one class live by working for another, receiving and subsisting upon wages therefor, there will always be jealousies, differences, and occasional collisions between them. It is the seeming interest of the one to pay the least possible sum for the work they receive; of the other to do the least work that will answer for the pay they receive. And as humility and self-depreciation are not prominent traits of Human Nature, the Hired will generally fancy they are inadequately paid, whether the fact be so or not. Hence heart-burnings, hatreds, unfaithfulness, eye-service and collisions. And hence hollow-hearted, worthless demagogues, clamorous advocates of working-men's rights and interests, are constantly elevated to power.

Men of Property, Character and Intellect! you do ill to idly complain that the Laboring Classes are duped and beguiled into the support of base men and bad measures, while you are content to do nothing in regard to the measures most essential to their independence and well-being. The Working Classes feel that they are involved in a labyrinth, of which they have not the clue, and they will not reject even blind guides while they have none other. The adjustment of the relations of Capital and Labor on a basis of perfect Harmony and Justice is the great work of our age. It is a work of difficulty and of time, yet it will be, must be accomplished. Let all who have Ideas, Influence, Leisure, Philanthropy, contribute to it whatever they can. Let the

Good take hold of it, if they would not see it shaped and controlled by the Bad. Let those who have the greatest stake in Society grasp it if they dislike or fear to have it managed by those who are said to have no interest in and no care for the Public Weal. Let those who realize that all War is destructive and suicidal take the lead in adjusting the relations between Past and Future Labor, the work of the Head and that of the Hands, on a basis of impregnable and enduring Peace.

— It was but a week or two ago that a respectable woman, reduced from competence to poverty by sudden calamity, traversed the streets of our City for two or three days in search of some employment by which she could earn bread for herself and child. She at last found a shop in which she was provided with garments to make up, being a fair seamstress. She took them home, worked faithfully a week, and carried in the product. Her pay amounted to *sixty cents*, and for this she was proffered a credit in a book, to be paid off when the amount of her earnings should make it an object to do so. With this she was to return to her desolate, destitute home. Such scenes are occurring daily in our City and in all Cities; yet hither thousands are constantly tending from the Country. Not alone those inured to famine are doomed to such destitution, but many who dance in jewels one year are shivering in garrets the next, willing to labor for the humblest fare, yet unable by labor to procure it. Hence Vice, Crime and untimely but welcome Death. — *Tribune*.

FALLING FROM GRACE. Zedekiah Broadhead was a man of somewhat less statue than Goliath of Gath, though possessing perhaps as much physical strength. So the village wrestlers thought, when out of sport, he took up a whole handful of them and dashed all of them on the ground. During a religious revival, Zedekiah was converted and joined the Methodist church. One evening, while on his way home from a class meeting, he was assailed by half a dozen of his former companions, shouting, "Now Zed has become a Christian, and cannot fight, let's give him a thrashing." "Hold a moment," interposed Zed, putting forth an arm as long as a rail; "I know a Christian cannot fight, but remember I belong to a denomination who believe in *falling from grace*, and," continued the new convert, planting his foot more firmly on the earth, and towering up like a giant in the moonlight, his arm falling back to an angle of forty five degrees — "if I should fall from grace," — here he lowered his voice to an ominous solemnity, and advanced three paces towards his retreating assailants, — if I should fall from grace, *woe be unto you!*" The scamps, overawed by a doubt of the giant's perseverance, decamped with precaution, leaving Zed, as Apollyon left Christian, to go on his way rejoicing.

Why is the cold weather productive of benevolence? Because it makes people put their hands in their pockets.

By experiment, it has been ascertained that in crushing, gun metal will hold up 160 tons to the square inch; iron from 50 to 90 tons.

PRINCIPLES OF A NEW ADMINISTRATIVE LAW.

TRANSLATED FROM "LA PHALANX."

(Concluded.)

ATTRACTIVENESS OF LABOR IN SERIES.

The organization which realizes in human functions the order designed by God, is also that which renders labor most attractive and most productive.

Labor in Series is attractive, because our passions cannot be satisfied out of activity, and activity well ordered.

"Thorns and thistles shall the earth bring forth to thee; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

This malediction, which sums up vividly the past condition of the laborer, cannot weigh upon his future. If God is intelligent, our destiny is labor, for he has given us wants, faculties, and arms. If God is good, our destiny is also happiness, we should be happy in labor and by labor. Already the solitary raptures of the poet and the savant, when a sudden idea inspires, the clamorous joy of cultivators assembled at vintages and harvest-time, have taught us that these words, labor and suffering, are not necessarily coupled. What asks the peasant, fatigued with digging the ground in silence and in solitude, leaning discontented on his spade? What ask the very ones who reject the work-tool as well as the pen, and who seek noisy reunions and varied pleasures in an ale-house? What ideal could satisfy them? Functions exercised by series of groups.

Man feels a very lively inclination for accord, for the union of two objects; his pleasure is the more lively as the union is more composite, as it embraces a greater number of terms. Do and Mi, sounding together, please his ear; he is more moved if rich accords set in harmonic vibration the different qualities of voices in a whole orchestra. A pleasure in which his body and his soul take part at once, gives him, besides the sum of two pleasures, an intoxication resulting from their very combination. Let us apply this passion to industry, which is its true domain. To connect ourselves with a function which pleases, which we have freely chosen, which accords with our organization, is a great pleasure; from this choice, from this voluntary adhesion springs a zeal so much the more vivid as the labor is more divided, because then it is possible for us to choose the portion of it which attracts us, and neglect the others: for instance, grafting in horticulture, the lyric style in poetry. Here, for the charm of our labors, we shall reap the benefit of forming groups and sub-groups, even to apportioning the smallest sub-divisions of functions among different re-unions; from which will result both saving of time

and greater perfection of workmanship, through the dexterity which each member will carry into his minute function.

The accord of our tastes, of our capacity with our labor, is a pleasure. If we are seconded in this labor by a group of friends, who surround us and act in concert with us, there will forthwith spring up an enthusiastic *Esprit de corps*, a furor (*fougue aveugle*), and we shall soon see the quantity and quality of products rapidly augmenting.

The voluntary industrial, the man who labors from vocation, is an enthusiast for his group; he is so also for his series, the next higher unity to which he equally belongs; he is so for his province, for his continent; he is proud of his part in the triumphs of humanity.

For this passion of accord we would fain find a name without going out of the dictionary; but the word *enthusiasm* designates the state which it produces rather than the passion itself; the love of musical harmony, of physical and intellectual delights combined, the *esprit de corps*, are effects, more or less rich, of this passion. The passion itself escapes our vocabulary, because we know it so poorly; the passion of accord, suppressed by our institutions, is awakened only in revolutions by a common outburst of the people, on the field of battle amid the cries of infuriated troops: we will name it the coincident, or *Composite* passion.

The *Composite* requires that labor be exercised by series of groups, that the division descend at least to varieties, that each one freely choose his group, his function. To develop a passion, which is so fruitful, it is useful to support it by material symbols, for we have a body, and in every complete organization the body and the soul figure together.

The *Composite*, the bond of union in the group, will be so much the more strong, as the exaltation, the common pride of the members shall be sustained by the sight of a standard, the sign of their unity, bearing their emblem; by a uniform costume for the series, but with a distinctive mark for each group.

Will any one deny that, with the exception of generalizing characters, destined to the functions of the Council or Regency, man is the more enthusiastic about any function the more it is divided, the more it is disengaged from every foreign accessory, so as to offer him only the parcel, or detail in which he excels? To be sure, we do not see the gardener, the joiner, the smith, engaged each in a complicated trade of many details, choose only a fraction of it, and neglect the others; the absence of association obliges them to accumulate all parts of their task; so much the worse and more disagreeable for them! It is not a complex profession, it is only a

detail which can please, and in which one can excel: such a tailor can only make good waistcoats, while another can only make good pantaloons. A rich man, free to choose his occupation, if he wishes to practice some manual trade by way of diversion, takes hold of only those functions of it which interest him. Such a lady, who would not for any thing in the world prepare a complete dinner, goes with pleasure to the kitchen to make a cream, or a piece of pastry of which she possesses the receipt. Such a man of the law, turning gardener during his vacations, does not wish to sow mallows, or pinks, and still less to hunt out gnawing insects, a destructive office which would suit his boys right well; but he tries to create new varieties in his roses or dahlias. Can you deny the spirit of envy and detraction which springs up between persons devoted to analogous functions, as poets, grammarians, horticulturists? It would be contrary to the evidence. Labruyere, who had taken no lesson from Fourier, Labruyere, who has generally the credit of being an exact observer, has well seized the play of the *Composite* and *Cabalistic* passions; he has turned these passions into ridicule, as monomanias, and he had reason to do it; their development is more injurious than useful in a society which is not organized, which does not know how to exalt, to bring into rivalry, to interlace several industrial series upon the same domain.

"The florist* has a garden in a suburb; thither he hastens at sunrise, and returns at sunset. You see him planted, and taking root (as it were) in the midst of his tulips and before the *Solitaire*; he opens his eyes wide, he rubs his hands, he kneels, he takes a closer view of it, he has never seen it so beautiful; his heart melts away with joy; he quits it for the *Oriental*; from that he passes to the *Widow*; then to the *Drop d'or*; then to the *Agate*, from which he returns at last to the *Solitaire*, where he fixes himself, where he rests, where he sits down, where he forgets his dinner; so delicately is it shaded, bordered, oiled, and scolloped; it has a beautiful vase or a beautiful chalice: he contemplates it, he admires it: God and nature are not what he admires in all that; he goes no farther than the bulb of his tulip, which he would not sell for a thousand crowns, and which he will give away for nothing when the tulips shall be neglected and pinks come into fashion. This reasonable man, who has a soul, who has a worship and a religion, returns home, fatigued, hungry, but much contented with his day. He has seen tulips.

* Talk to this other of the richness of

* Caracteres de La Bruyere: *de la Mode*.

the crops, of an ample harvest, of a good vintage; he is curious about fruits, you don't articulate, you don't make him hear: speak to him of figs and melons, say that the pear-trees are breaking with fruit this year, that the peach trees have yielded; he is attached to plums alone, he does not answer you; do not even talk to him of your plums, he loves only one particular species (*effect of the Composite*;) every other which you may mention only makes him smile and sneer (*effect of the Cabaliste*.)"

The serial distribution of labor satisfies the three passions whose function it is to regulate the social mechanism, the three distributive passions, and, if we may be allowed the word, the *equilibrating* par excellence. Let us add that the series contributes to satisfy, directly or indirectly, all the tendencies of man; we will cite but one, which is most closely connected with the organization of industry, the instinct of command, in common language called *ambition*, with the understanding that we attach to this word no unfavorable sense. Ambition, or rather the *corporative industrial instinct*, demands groups in which there exists a progression of grades, of series of higher and higher rank, of which the councils present a brilliant perspective. This tendency agrees with the general interest, for it behoves every industry to have a direction, and ambition, crowned by competent suffrage, when it has gone through its trials, can only be salutary to society. To give scope to this tendency, each group, representing the smallest shade in the distribution of the series, ought to have its officers; the grades are characterized by distinctive badges on the uniform.

By consulting the universal order written every where in nature, by seeking the aim of passions which are related to industry, we have arrived at the conception of a series of laborers in its complete organization, of which the regiment is but a sketch.

The following are the conditions which it must fulfil to obey the conditions of Association:

1. *It must have production for its end*, like the labors which we divided into seven classes.

2. *It must associate all the members under the triple relation of capital, labor, and talent*. All participate in the common product, no one receives wages. Since Association is reproduced through all the political degrees and divisions of the globe, the series of a township will contribute to the capital seat of the province their portion to defray the expense of provincial works; the province contributes for the good of the kingdom, and so on. It is necessary, then, upon the product of the series of a township to levy a part by

way of impost, and apportion the rest into three dividends: one reserved to the stockholders who have furnished capital, one divisible between the hours of labor performed, and the third having for its object to reward the inequalities of talent or science, determined by the vote of all the competent associates.

3. *It must comprise both sexes*. The army, organized for the purpose of destruction, excludes and must exclude women, as it does children. Both are admitted there only exceptionally, and in a minimum proportion; the women as camp servants, the boys as drummers and fifers. The industrial series, being the organization of human activity in all its branches, will necessarily admit the women; there will even be kinds of labor, series in which they will be the majority.

4. *It must embrace all ages*. Association ought to extend, independently of the active cohorts, to the children and novices who desire to enter the series; to the sick and the aged who leave it accidentally or by definitive arrangement. To children Association owes an education conformable to their vocation, proportioned to their capacities, and given by practice at least as much as by theory; to the infirm it owes a minimum of support and of medical care; to the old, a retreat corresponding to their rank and time of service.

To obey the conditions of the serial order, the industrial series should present four other characters.

5. *Free vocation on the part of the laborers*. The series is recruited only by free engagements, which may be broken off at will. This is the law of the *Composite*.

6. *Division and Sub-division*. The series, itself comprised as a single term in a general division, is divided into groups whose functions are very much subdivided. This order is manifested by all the accessories of the series; it bears its flag, unitary in its colors, its blazonry and its device, which does not prevent the groups from having their standards; it follows its general music, although every group has its musicians, as our companies have their drums and trumpets. To the instruments is joined at intervals the chorus of all the voices; it sounds one of the chants of the series, a chant which celebrates the labor adopted by its members and keeps up the enthusiasm of the corps; there is not a group which has not at least its song. The series wears a uniform costume, with different accessories for each group. This uniform is not clasped, girted, cuirassed, fitted with metallic head-pieces, invented for defence. The costume of the laborer has nothing of the nature of armor; conceived for a pacific activity, it is first of all convenient; simple for the hours of labor, it becomes,

on the feast days of the groups or series, a rich habiliment of parade, a dress of state. The series manœuvres together; its arms are axes, picks and spades. It is on foot, or mounted, according to its occupations; often beautiful teams drag in its ranks, not pieces of artillery, but wagons, engines, moveable forges, and other machines varnished and painted with its colors. It has auxiliary animals: dogs for the shepherds, lamas and alpacas for the miners, falcons for gaming, elephants for building, camels and dromedaries for journeys. These animals obey the voice, the horn, the bell, the whistle, the rattle, and industry employs with order all the forces of creation.

7. *Advancement*. The series has a collective council, independent of the officers of each group. This council is devoted to the functions of direction and of instruction. Medicine should there be represented, as it is in the staff of our military regiments. Every rank has its badge, and the ranks are numerous, for the functionaries in Harmony are those who labor most, and this number can be safely increased; advancement, rapid and unlimited, is secured to every form of talent and of perseverance.

8. *Labor by short sessions*. This is the law of the *Papillonne*, (*Passion for Alternation*), which preserves and renews the ardor for labor, keeps man in physical and moral health, and neutralizes the hostility of the groups by alliances out of the series. These eight conditions will serve us as a standard by which to appreciate the state of all civilized forms of industry.

LABOR MOST PRODUCTIVE IN SERIES.

The organization which we have just described, doubly shown to be the design of God, since it is conformed to the universal order and is indicated by the tendencies of our passions, is moreover that which gives the most considerable returns; it introduces vast economies, it creates new values.

Its economies are of two sorts; it reduces the actual expense of living; it suppresses the various causes of loss.

It reduces expenses in every way. The associated township is not content with a unitary cultivation of the land. In the place of the fragmentary village, composed of hovels, it builds for itself a palace. In this unitary edifice are realized those advantages, of which the college, the hospital and the hotel afford a proof. As to the causes of loss, which it radically suppresses, we may cite the precautions against larceny, which does not exist between associates; the expense of fences, ditches and watchmen; the loss caused by premature harvests, by those general and premature gatherings called *ban de vendange*; which the motive is the fear of hef

The destructive insects which no administrative measure can reach, and which escape in the general search, propagating themselves from field to field, will disappear in association before a unitary management and a combined destruction.

The reduction of all domestic expenses, the extirpation of theft and of destructive animals, alone, are lucrative; but the real benefits, the values created by serial association, appear in a still greater proportion. Do you expect no increase of ardor and continuity of labor from this contract of Association, which interests the smallest manœuvre in the success of the whole enterprise; Association which allows machines to display all their power, without injury to any one? Do you expect nothing from the enthusiasm of the *Composite*, and from the division which must secure to each one, in the portion which he has chosen, so much experience and dexterity? The stimulus of the *Cabaliste* ameliorates and multiplies still more the products of labor. The *Papillonne*, by changing frequently the occupations of man, refreshes him without leaving him inactive, and preserves in him a sustained and steady fervor. Will not his day be more productive than that of our workmen, who seek only to kill time after an hour of zeal at each resumption of labor? And the integral development of the body and soul, the increase of health, of vigor, of longevity, which must result from it for the human race,—shall not this immense force enter into the account? Labor is attractive, it is exercised associatively; from this time you will see return to useful functions all these unproductive ones whom fatigue or isolation keeps aloof. Woman appears in the hall of studies, in the gardens, in the workshops; she brings there a power neglected now, and stimulates the efforts of man by a rivalry as piquant as unexpected. The child finds his employment in the subdivided functions. The domestic labor, simplified, transformed into public services, render back to productive life whole swarms of valets. No more destructive armies, and multiplication of fiscal agents. The Association turns into the treasury, by a single payment, the contributions of all. The merchant is nothing but the agent, the commissioner of the producer. The township, for its sales and purchases, goes to the township, and the commercial profession feeds no more clouds of social parasites. The rich, unoccupied and sick with spleen, reclaim their place in labors which now are pleasures. The ranks of active humanity are re-inforced. What obstacle can resist this united and enthusiastic Phalanx? Will not the hill, cleared and stripped of all its trees, be re-wooded, will not a vast system of irrigation restore the youth of the globe, the

marsh be dried up, the mine be opened, and every thing ameliorated, animal, trees, fruits, and even climates? Man is victorious in his combat against nature, the reign of riches and of happiness has commenced upon the earth.

If the serial distribution of labor is conformed to the universal order, if it renders functions attractive and increases the products in a ratio so colossal that one scarcely dares to calculate it, why not organize all the arts, all the professions, all the trades according to this principle? And how are we to set about this regeneration?

Why not organize? Because, to arrange labor, if not in the whole of France at once, at least in some townships which shall serve as prototypes and models, it will be necessary to have capital or power; and because the writings, the journals, the lectures, by which a school of associationists have been teaching these principles for ten years past, have not yet converted the depositaries of capital and of power. How organize? To this question most circumstantial answers have been given, with estimates and plans; answers precise, too precise even, for they have been the cause of doubt. The public does not like that innovators should know their business at their fingers' ends, that every thing should be foreseen and no detail left out. A palace constructed in imagination, with its tower, its porches, galleries, gardens and kiosks, seems to it a castle built by fairy hands, a castle which floats upon the clouds, and which will never rest upon earth, unless it be in Spain. Be a little less wise about the future, says the public, and a little more so about the present. You want to transform society. We grant that it suffers; but show us that you know this element upon which you pretend to set: to cast a statue it is necessary not only to dig a mould, but also to know how to melt the metal which you are to run into it.

It is just what we propose. We wish to study the composition of this metal, to study society in the legislative elements which govern it. For men devoted to the application of actual laws, this picture may have a practical interest; we seek in it a more elevated advantage. If our studies are conscientious and complete, in furnishing them we shall have perhaps acquired more authority with our readers, and we shall then be able to expound the measures of social transition, which now want guarantees and weight.

VICTOR HENNEQUIN.

¶ Lacon observes that the decline of a religion may be measured by the splendor of its edifices.

¶ A gentleman named Day advertises for a lost dog. As "every dog must have his day," we know of no reason why Day should not have his dog.

LABOR IN NEW YORK.

Its Circumstances, Conditions and Rewards.

NO. XVI.—THE UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MAKERS.

The manufacturing of Umbrellas and Parasols is carried on to a considerable extent in our City, and like most other trades this branch of industry has also experienced the severe effects of competition. Of late years, the large numbers made up for the auction sales, manufactured of all sorts of stuff, and sewed together in all sorts of manners and styles, in fact like the Dutchman's razors, *made to sell*—have so cut into the regular business as to bring down the prices paid for good work and thus compel the ready, industrious and skillful, to work for the most inadequate wages.

The making of Umbrellas and Parasols, is divided into different and distinct departments. The sticks, heads, tips, ferules, &c. formerly were manufactured at the same establishments as the framework and covering: but they are now generally done at other places. What is called the *framework* is made by males, and, the putting on of the covers is always done by females. The two classes work in different apartments. It is of the female branch that we now wish to speak.

There are many large establishments in the City, some of them giving employment to thirty or forty hands each. The youngest girls employed are about fifteen or sixteen years of age. Covering Umbrellas or Parasols requires a good deal of strength and skill, which are required to make the work *fit nicely*, and girls younger than fifteen are seldom employed in this business.

The girls who work at this business are mostly Americans. There are a few Germans and Irish; but the Americans are considered the best workers. There is generally what is called a *Cutter*, who superintends the Female Department. Her duties are to cut the material for the umbrellas, and give out the covers, cord, thread, cotton, cap-stuff, strings, buttons, &c. There are some places in the city where the girls are required to furnish their own thread. This to the uninitiated at first would appear to be no great hardship; but when we take into consideration the large numbers of umbrellas made and the few cents apiece these poor girls are allowed for their work on them, this thread becomes quite an important item.

The girls work about ten hours a day. They bring their dinners with them, as they generally live at such a distance from the establishment that it would take up too much of their time to go home and return again. They are paid for their work by the piece. Some of the girls at the establishment are permitted to take their work to their homes and do it there; but these are good and well-tried hands, who have been long employed. This taking the work out of the shop muses it and the practice is therefore not much allowed. The prices paid for covering umbrellas and parasols depend upon the materials used and the sizes of the articles. There are three sizes of umbrellas—28, 30 and 32 inches. For covering with gingham, the price paid is ten cents for the 28 inches, eleven cents for the 30 inches, and twelve cents for 32 inches. For covering with silk eleven cents for the 28 inches, twelve cents for the 30 inches and thirteen cents for the 32 inches.

The work on the silk covers is a little finer than on the gingham. For covering with the common muslin, seven cents for the 28 inches, eight cents for the 30 inches and nine cents for the 32 inches. There are three sizes of parasols—the present fashion is a small size—15, 16 and 18 inches; and for covering all these sizes the price is the same. The fine work is extra pay. Some girls can not make as much working on parasols as on umbrellas; for the former require a good deal of skill and expertness in covering. At the prices usually paid the girls at this trade can make, some of them twenty shillings, some three dollars and some who are extraordinarily smart, four and five dollars a week. There are many who do not earn twenty shillings. These are to be found chiefly among that class who work on the commonest umbrellas made of coarse muslins, cane frames, tin tips, &c. For covering these they get from four to six cents apiece. This is the kind of umbrellas which keep off a shower about as well as a sieve, and generally turn inside out when going round a corner.

There is a good deal of the cotton and gingham work made for the country, and it would surprise one to see the various kinds of stuffs—the queer patterns, colors, &c. which are done up into parasols and sun-shades by some of these cheap establishments for the country trade. They would be splendid *fanzis* for a mammoth Kaleidoscope.

The busy season with the Umbrella-Makers is the Spring and Fall. There are some establishments where they employ girls to make up work for the auctions alone. These girls are employed a few weeks, when their work being through with, they are discharged. But there are many places where the girls have constant employment the year through, and good workers can almost always be employed. Many of these establishments in the city have girls who have been working for them for five and six years and have worked no where else during this time.

Girls who have never worked at making Umbrellas and Parasols can with a little attention and industry soon understand it. Apprentices generally learn in a week or so.

NO. XVII.—THE RAG-CARPET WEAVERS.

The Journeymen Weavers are nearly all foreigners—Irish, Scotch, and Germans. There are very few of our own countrymen to be found among them. It is estimated that the number of Journeymen Weavers in the City is nearly five hundred: but only about three hundred of these are at the present time engaged in the business. The low wages and the scarcity of work have caused a large number of them to turn their attention to other branches of industry, and it is only occasionally that they work at their trade.

The whole business of manufacturing Rag-Carpets is pretty much in the hands of a few individuals, who own nearly all the establishments where this kind of carpeting is made. Of these establishments there are about one hundred and fifty in the City, and we know of one person who owns twenty-five of them. The ownership consists in the following: The Boss, as he is termed owns the looms, fixtures, &c. buys all the materials used in the manufacturing of the article, rents the place where the work is

carried on, and employs the Journeymen at a certain price for as many chains of carpeting as he may weave. This chain is a piece of carpeting one hundred yards in length. A Journeyman never works by the day, but always by the yard—so that what he can make by his trade depends upon his own skill and industry. The Boss visits his establishment about once a day, to receive the money for what carpeting may have been sold, and also to see that things are going right.

The Journeymen Weavers work about ten hours in the Summer months, and in the Winter they are engaged from seven in the morning until nine at night. They can make from four to six dollars a week. The latter sum is considered good wages; but to earn it the Journeyman must ply the shuttle quickly. The average wages earned by this class are about four dollars a week.

There are two different kinds of carpeting manufactured at these establishments. The common Rag-Carpet is made out of old rags. These rags are got from the odds and ends of tailors' cuttings, from the rag-picker who goes about through the streets with a basket and a stick with a hook at the end of it—which is death on any thing resembling rag—and also from families who are in the habit of keeping what is called a rag-bag. After being washed and cleaned the rags are torn and sewed into strips of about two or three yards in length and half an inch in width. The colors are sorted, and they are then put up in hanks of three or four pounds each, and sold for five or six cents a pound—the price depending very much on the quality of the rags. This gathering and cleaning of these rags give employment to quite a large number of the poor of the City, who thus get a scanty subsistence by collecting the waste rags and selling them to the carpet and paper manufacturers. With these rags the common kind of Rag-Carpets are made, and which are sold for about two and six pence and three shillings a yard.

There is a better article of carpets made of listing, as it is called. This listing is the selvage of broadcloth, cut up into strips in the same manner as the rags. Carpeting made of this material is worth from one shilling to fourteen pence more a yard than the Rag-Carpeting. The Weaver gets the same price for working on the common Rag-Carpet as on the Listing. Some one of the Journeymen attends to the selling of the carpets in the establishment—for this he is allowed extra pay, as it takes his time from his regular work.

Worsted Yarn, of various colors is also used in the manufacturing of carpets. It is for ornamenting the work to make it look well. The establishments where the Journeymen Weavers work are only occupied by them during the hours they attend to work. These establishments are generally located in cellars, and look more like dungeons than any thing else. You may go into a dozen of these establishments and you will find that all have the same appearance—all are alike gloomy and uncomfortable; cobwebs and mould abound on the walls and ceilings; the air is unwholesome, close and damp, and the occupants have the appearance of persons who have been confined in prison a long time; such a thing as a rosy-cheeked weaver would indeed be a curi-

osity. These establishments look more like places to incarcerate a felon than to put good citizens in to earn a smallittance to keep soul and body together.

The very low wages of the Journeymen Weavers, compel them to exercise the most rigid economy and self denial; and those who are burdened with large families find it tight squeezing to keep the pot boiling. We have seen some who said that they were sometimes astonished themselves at how they got along.

There are some of the Journeymen Weavers who have constant employment all the year round; but there are many, as I have before mentioned, who are obliged to seek other occupations until they can procure work at their regular trade.—Tribune.

REVIEW.

The Florentine Histories. By NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI. In Two Volumes. pp. 220 and 227.

The Citizen of a Republic. By ANSAELO CEBAL. pp. 190.

The Autobiography of Alfieri. pp. 269. Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, of the Medici Series of Italian Prose, Translated and Edited by C. EDWARDS LESTER. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1845.

We thank Mr. Lester for these books. Their character far surpasses the promise given by the first number of the Series. They are really important additions to our literature. Though the labor of the Translator is frequently a thankless and unappreciated one, the satisfaction he feels at opening new sources of information to his countrymen, can be second only to that of the author, and the good he is thus doing must greatly cheer him in his task. But we anticipate for Mr. Lester, pecuniary profit, as well as inward satisfaction, from these translations. They are worthy of a place in every library, and none can read them without pleasure and instruction.

Respecting Nos. 4 and 5, we cannot better express our opinion, than by copying part of a letter to the translator, from Professor Sparks, which is printed at the commencement of the first volume.

“With one of the works mentioned in your list, Machiavelli's *Florentine Histories*, I am well acquainted. In my opinion, you could not have made a better selection. Formed on the classical models or antiquity, it is executed with consummate skill. Few historical compositions are so successful in attaining the two great ends of entertainment and instruction. The style is spirited, clear and vigorous, the narrative rapid and condensed; the reflections of the author, though brief and sententious, are always appropriate and often profound. The subject is likewise one of great interest. The fortunes of a people trying the experiment of various forms of Government through a long period of years, jealous of their liberty, contending at one time against internal

factions, and at another against the intrigues and encroachments of foreign powers, are here delineated with a master hand. There is probably no work within the same compass, in which the instructive lessons of History can be studied with more profit and effect."

We will also add, that no writer of any age has been more misunderstood and less appreciated by the public mind, than Niccolò Machiavelli. The perusal of this work will correct the false opinion entertained of him by many, who have received their impressions solely from the application of his name in our own and other languages. They will here see him as he really was, a clear, candid and impartial observer, courting no favor and deprecating no hostility in his faithful transcript of historical truth, and what will be more new and strange to most persons, a hater of tyranny and an ardent lover of civil liberty.

This work is properly followed by the *Citizen of a Republic*, which is composed of short chapters setting forth the duties of a good citizen in all the relations of life, and exhibiting before the eyes of men "a beautiful model," which the author hopes those who are so happy as to be free, "will be prone to imitate." This model is one certainly worthy to be imitated by all men, in all ages, and if some few of the rules be inapplicable to our country, they serve to cast a strong light upon the condition of men and manners, when Genoa was a free City among many others scattered here and there over the face of Italy, and when that liberty, now no more, could only be maintained by the virtue and bravery of her citizens.

We would draw especial notice to the fact that the teacher does not enforce his rules by appeals to self-interest, but to the interest of one's country, and that the motives he would put in play, are thus more extended and of a higher character than those excited by most teachers of his and our own days. Our high opinion of the man and his work is much enhanced by his evident desire to draw his reader out of the narrow and restricted circle of selfish and family interests, and to place before him some higher aim than his own individual aggrandizement. That he limits his view to the State in which he lived, is evidently the fault of those troublous times and not of the man himself. In this age we have been enabled to extend our views still more broadly, though for the present we must be satisfied with the true but still bounded expression of Mr. Lester in his preface to the *Histories*. "Above all, let us remember, we are powerful and free, only while we maintain our civil union."

Of *Alfieri's Autobiography*, our limits will not permit us to say enough. Born

a noble, under a despotic Government, passing his youth in constant dissipation and idleness, almost entirely master of his actions at fifteen, with a large fortune and violent passions, he became a republican, a student, the restorer of Italian Tragedy, the regenerator of Italian Literature.

We have here the history of his life, written by his own hand, and with no extenuation, for the book has the strongest marks of genuine simplicity and frankness. The style is free and fascinating, and with due allowances for the differences of manners in Europe and our own country, no one can rise from the perusal without benefit and pleasure. We will add to this expression of our feelings, a few lines from a letter of the Abbé di Caluso, which gives an account of Alfieri's death, and completes the work.

Speaking of the *Autobiography*, he says: "Knowing the genius and the soul of that unique man, I was exceedingly anxious to see if he had in some way, entirely his own, conquered the almost insuperable difficulty of speaking for a long time of oneself, without either tiresome follies or false coloring; but he has surpassed all my hopes by his amiable simplicity and sublime sincerity. The naturalness of his almost careless style is delightful; the image he has left of himself, sculptured, colored, living, is wonderfully striking and faithful. He is there seen just as he was, lofty, strange and extreme, not only in his natural characteristics, but in every work that did not seem to him unworthy of his generous affections. And where he went too far, it is easy to perceive his excesses always flowed from some praiseworthy sentiment.

"Alfieri always aimed to excel, and among the noble feelings to which the love of glory inspired this great heart, the love of two things was supreme, things he could never sunder, his own country and civil liberty."

Mr. Lester's translations are good, and the difficulties he must have experienced in rendering some of the above works, have been overcome in a manner which shows an adequate appreciation of the genius of the Italian language. We notice however, though less frequently, the same defect in his style we before adverted to, and though ourselves strongly in favor of conciseness, we deprecate the omission of particles, where such omission makes a second perusal necessary, before the writer's meaning can be fully seized.

We see that we were in error respecting the title of *L'amico della Letteratura*,*

* As to titles in general, Mr. Lester seems to have acquired an excessive liking for them from his residence in Italy, if we may judge by his title pages, and with it an inclination to grandiloquent dedications, which are not unworthy of the earlier days of French and Spanish literature.

and that Mr. Lester did not intend to apply it to Massimo d'Azeglio, but to Lorenzo de' Medici, than whom no one could have worn it with more justice or a better grace.

Remarks on Prisons and Prison Discipline in the United States. By D. L. Dix. Boston: Munroe and Francis. 1845. pp. 104.

We recommend this pamphlet to the attentive perusal of all. It presents a comparative view of the condition of the various prisons in the United States, gives the results of the author's observations, and depicts the advantages possessed by one system over others. To those who are engaged in the supervision and management of prisons or prisoners, it gives advice which, if listened to, cannot be without good effect; while for our citizens in general, it will throw a new light upon the character and condition of the unfortunate convicts, and lead them, perhaps, to look with a more compassionate eye upon those who are subjected to the rigor of our laws.

Miss Dix's opinion is evidently in favor of the separate system of confinement, as practised in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Respecting this system, she says: "The prisoner is not therefore solitary, nor quite alone for any long time; he is separate, but it is from fellow convicts, and shut in from the curious gaze of thoughtless visitors."

"In any and all countries, where similar influences and an equally efficient and beneficent administration can be brought to bear, as in the Eastern Penitentiary and in the Pentonville prison in England, I should for the sake of humanity, and a just care which society owes to the unfortunate offender, desire to see this system widely studied, understood, and adopted."

In a communication from the warden of the prison of Wethersfield, which Miss Dix considers the best on the silent or Auburn system, there is the following passage. "After an experience of twenty years, watching the effect of state prison influence upon criminals, I am constrained to say, that its effect in general has not been to reform those who, in early life, have been disposed to crime, even when the best opportunities have been afforded to them for reformation." If rightly read, what a lesson does this short sentence teach us upon the duty of society towards its children, and upon the interest, even for the sake of dollars and cents, it should feel in providing a training somewhat more efficient than our common school education.

There is yet another point we wish to bring to the notice and consideration of our readers, which is, that the inmates of

our prisons are, in general, below the medium in intellect. Hear what Miss Dix, whose means of observation and clearness of judgment can not be inferior to those of any other person, says on this subject. "Enlightened transgressors and those of considerable intellectual capacity, rarely are found in our prisons. These are too adroit, too cunning, to permit themselves to be ensnared by the emissaries of the law. Feeble minds, too infirm of purpose to keep in the straight path, too incapable of reasoning out their truest good and best interests, and many of constitutionally depraved propensities, these, chiefly, fill the cells of our penitentiaries."

Were our citizens generally persuaded of this truth, we are assured, the question would be, not alone,—How shall society protect itself against these criminals? but also,—What is the duty which society owes to these unfortunates?

Miss Dix requires no pauegyric from us to encourage her in her labors; the approval of her own heart is her best encouragement.

I Promessi Sposi—The Betrothed. By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. A new translation, reprinted entire from the last English edition. In Two Volumes. pp. 336 and 340. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Boston: Redding and Co., 8 State Street.

We hail with renewed pleasure these transfers of the literature of other tongues into our own. By means of them the clannishness of languages becomes weakened, and we begin to feel a stronger interest in countries inhabited by those with whom we cannot converse in words. Until recently, our acquaintance with most of the countries of Europe has been through history, and that the history of past times, which does not bring us into any connection with their modern inhabitants. Who, in reading Greek or Roman history, has ever felt any nearer to the modern Greeks or Italians? Indeed, having formed a false, or for want of information an inadequate opinion of the present condition of those countries, we have felt a kind of contempt for their inhabitants, because they have, in our opinion, fallen so far below the example set them by their ancestors, whose public acts are almost all we know any thing about, and whom we are accustomed to surround with a bright heroic halo. To bring our meaning still more clearly before our readers: do we not all feel more acquaintance with, more interest in the inhabitants of Sweden and their life, since we have read Miss Bremer's vivid pictures of their every day existence? And do we not rise from the perusal of that harrowing tale "The White Slave," with hearts beating more and more strongly

for the abject misery of the wretched serfs of Russia? By means of these translations of the literature, the light reading, the novels of other languages men are brought more closely to each other and made to feel their common origin, their common life, and that one pulse beats through all human hearts.

The book before us may possibly be considered as not of the class referred to, for the scene is laid in the year 1630. But the epoch has nothing to do with its characters, nor with its pictures of life, for this is private, individual life, the moving passions of which are the same under all skies and in all ages, allowing for the different circumstances in which they are developed. The betrothed are persons of humble life, peasants of the Lake of Como. Their marriage is hindered by the intervention of a powerful nobleman, and on this turns the interest of the tale, which is at last brought to a happy conclusion. The various characters, which are very numerous, are depicted by a master-hand, and the reader will not fail to be impressed by the portraits, for they will refer themselves at once to his own experience. A portion of the second volume may seem dull to many readers, as having little or no connection with the plot, but its historical value is great, and few will be unmoved by the description of the desolating plague which swept over Italy in 1630, and in its effects surpassed the horrors of the cholera of our own times. There are many scenes in this part of the book of a most touching character which we would gladly transcribe, but we leave our readers to form their own selection.

I Promessi Sposi holds a very high rank in Italian literature, and many writers have seemed to us extravagant in its praise. It is certainly a very beautiful work, which the most captious cannot find fault with, and of which all its readers will retain a most pleasant recollection.

A Letter to the Receivers of the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem. By SAMUEL H. WORCESTER. Boston: Otis Clapp, 12 School Street. 1845. pp. 24.

The author of this pamphlet, who we understand is still quite a young man, claims to be the medium of certain new revelations to the body of Christians commonly known as Swedenborgians. This Letter is written for the purpose of maintaining his claim, and of correcting some misrepresentations and misconceptions respecting it which it seems had got abroad.

With regard to the possibility of direct communications from the spiritual to the natural world, we have long been of opinion that a dogmatic and unreasoning scepticism is far removed from true wis-

dom. We are not however remarkably impressed by the contents of this pamphlet. The evidence in its favor which can be sought in its pages alone, has not convinced us of the truth of its assertions. As a sign of the times it seems to us chiefly worthy of attention. Standing as we do in the midst of a great moral and spiritual era, such phenomena are not without significance.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

AUTUMN.

Downward Time's sunny slope the Year descending,
With slow step glides;
Like Pan he seems his reedy music blending
With the eternal tides.

The loud full strains of the bright festive
Summer,
He once outpoured,
Now modulate with low and gentle murmur
To a rich minor chord.

Slowly he goes, with gay leaves red and yellow
Around him bound:
With wheat and corn and ripe fruits large
and mellow,
Well over-topped and crowned.

As from a tree, he drops the days so golden,
Like his own fruits,
Each one a reflex of that sunshine olden
That woke Arcadian flutes.

Far o'er the crystal streams, through tangled woods,
Up mountain sides,
He breathes o'er all his still autumnal moods,
As softly as he glides.

The grass is green beneath his silent tread;
But the pale leaves
Are falling; passing sometimes o'er their bed
The chill wind sobs and grieves.

And the small rain comes drizzling through
the air;
The cold gray cloud
Hangs on the faces of the mountains fair,
And wraps them in a shroud.

Yet steals on the cheerful stout old Year,
And draws away
His clouds, and bids the sunlight glittering
clear
Burst out in joyous day.

The glow of vigorous eld, a kindly light
Is on his face.
At morn, at sunset, through the cool moist
night
Still goes his steady pace.

Down to the deep vale of the Past he goes.
Invisible gates
Before him open and behind him close,
Locked by the stern old Fates.

And we are gliding with him hand in hand
There is no spot
Where we may pause to question or command
The power that yieldeth not.

May I but pass as peacefully as thou,
When age draws near,
With fruits and gay leaf chaplets on my brow
Like thee, departing Year!

C. F. C.

For the Harbinger.

"VORWARTS, BRUDER! VORWARTS!"

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

True heart! sink never!
Though darkly the clouds overshadow the sky,
Yet the sun will beam forth when the shadows roll by;
Darkness lasteth not ever!
Fond heart! faint never!
Though Eros may journey full many a mile,
There's an Anteros somewhere, with welcoming smile;
Love endureth forever!
Bold heart! fail never!
Though fiercely the battle around thee may rage,
Thou hast cast—take not up, then—thy venturesome gage,
Till thy chains thou shalt sever!
Young hearts! hope ever!
There's no time for repining while work is undone—
There's no harvesting time save when shineth the sun!
O! repine ye, then, never!

MUSICAL REVIEW.

GEORGE P. REED, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, has published:

No. 1. *I Love Thee Still; and The Heart that's Devoted to Me*; by THEODORE T. BARKER. *The Shades of Five are falling*; a Serenade by JOHN DANIELL. *My Angel Boy*; by JOHN BROUGHAM. Also, *The Fine Old Irish Gentleman*; by the same.

2. *Merry, merry Elves we be*: a Fairy Glee, for two Trebles and Bass, by HENRY SMITH.

3. *God save the Queen*, with New Variations for the Piano Forte, by CHARLES CZERNY.

4. *Aurora Waltzes*, for Four Hands, by LABITZKY. *La Fete Indienne*, Quadrille Brilliant, par HENRI BOHLMAN. *Lizzie's Waltz*, *Marianne's Waltz*, &c. &c. by LOUIS LEMAIRE. *White Lily Waltz*. *Red Rose Galop*.

5. Twelve celebrated *Etudes pour Violin*, par R. KREUTZER.

1. Mr. Barker's songs, for a young composer and an American, have a good deal of merit. They are graceful melodies, with rich and chaste accompaniments; and besides mere beauty of form, have enough of sentiment to justify it, which can hardly be said of most new songs of our own domestic manufacture, or even of the English. It can hardly be expected that music with us can be much more than echoes, and at best heart-felt and appreciating responses to the reigning music of Italy and Germany. Our day for originality has not come; we are simply being awakened, and all our

impulse comes from without. One day we shall not only respond, but appeal. The first of the songs referred to is in the spirit of Bellini; we might almost say, worthy of him. Mr. Daniell's "Serenade" is more after the German model, evincing both good study and taste. We only regret the introduction of such un-singable words as "listen" and "glitten." The beautiful vignettes on the title page of these songs are worth noticing. Brougham's *Angel Boy* is a sweet ballad. The *Old Irish Gentleman* has an exceedingly comic effect; being no other than the "Old English Gentleman" travestied, and arranged in the manner of a Chant!

No. 2 is a good glee for passing practice. No. 3 has undoubtedly Czerny's excellencies, as a finger exercise; for the rest, it is a weak dilution of *God save the King*. Why has he stripped it of its full harmonies? We have never seen the grand old chant so shivering and naked. Think of the stately, broad-ranked procession filing off by twos and threes!

No. 4. *Aurora Waltzes*. Here is the very essence, quintessence, and evanescence of the waltz, caught, kept, and embodied, as only Strauss and Laeuer, besides Labitzky, could have done it. Waltzing is inspired, when it is any thing. Our people hurry it, and force its graceful, languishing movement into a romp. The beauty of it is when from the centre of a loose, promiscuous crowd, one couple after another are drawn magnetically out, as it were, by irresistible music, and sail in orderly orbits round some invisible sun, at the same time turning each upon their own axis; by degrees the whole crowd pass out of the chaotic and listless into the repose of orderly and unceasing motion, and the room is, so to speak, inspired. It is not an impetuous, but a subdued activity; and music is the soul of it. How important to this idea, that the music of a waltz should be full of genius and poetic imagination! To see people waltzing to hum-drum tunes, like "Buy a Broom," is to meet a nymph or fairy, dressed like Mother Hubbard. Of the "Quadrilles" by Bohlmán we cannot say so much. Mr. Lemaire's Waltzes are simple things for children; but why should not simplicity have beauty!

We have received from the publisher, OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St. Boston, the following peices:

No. 1. *The Little Voice*; Poetry by BARRY CORNWALL; Music by NEUKOMM.

2. *Angels of Peace and Gladness*, by BELLINI.

3. *The Church-yard Wall*; Words by H. T. CHORLEY Esq.; Music by M. W. BALFE.

4. *Le Tremolo*, for the Piano Forte, by HENRY ROSELLEN.

No. 5. *La Poste Waltz, en forme de Rondeau*, par F. BURGMULLER.

6. *The celebrated Galop de Norma, de Bellini*, arranged by FRANCOIS HUNTER.

No. 1 is worthy of the names it bears. Neukomm's music is always learned and effective; though there is a certain coldness pervading it. No. 2 is the exquisite "*Angiol di pace*:" in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, transformed from a Trio to a Song, and transposed from the key of A flat, to that of F. No. 3 is in a style somewhat common with late English composers, reminding us not a little of our popular favorite, J. P. Knight. It is one of those Old Mortality songs, full of backward thoughts, about old things, in which Henry Russell delights so much. They compel the mind to linger in a sadly amiable, though hopeless element, but make no appeal to its activity, wake no aspiration. The music of this, however, has great beauty, and will no doubt, be popular. It has also one or two fine and peculiar modulations.

No. 4 is an admirable exercise for the fingers, in the rapid reiteration of the same note. Seeming to aim at only this, it nevertheless unconsciously, as it were, sings a sweet sad tune of its own, full of sincerity and beauty, which is sure to haunt your mind when you go away from the piano. Indeed, it is a true little poem, or "song without words." The *Poste Waltz* of Burgmuller is quite a brilliant rondo, full of varied and pleasing effects. No. 6 is an exceedingly pretty Galop, but we do not find the like of it floating about in our recollections of *Norma*, nor were we aware that that opera contained any Galop or dance of any form.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of the "Beethoven Collection" and other musical works from E. Ives, Jr. of New York. They demand more than a hasty perusal, and shall be noticed soon.

"NORMA" IN BOSTON.

By a natural reaction, the taste for theatrical amusements has come out in doubly full blossom this season, having survived the wintry crusade which turned the theatres into churches. It seems to be seen, that true policy is to direct it, since it cannot be suppressed. The "Miller Tabernacle" has become the HOWARD ATHENEUM, where the drama and the opera are to be presented purely, without the aid of grosser attractions, which have been hitherto connected with the theatre. All distinction of seats and prices is given up, and the audience are seated as in a lecture or concert-room. The peculiarity of the building, the *tabernacle* idea, has been preserved in the in-

ternal architecture, which is light, graceful, and tent-like.

"Norma" by the Seguin and company, is more like an opera than any thing since the days of the Woods and *La Sonnambula*. Of course there were drawbacks upon the complete artistic harmony and illusion of the performance. The opera being but a new and occasional thing in Boston, the choruses and general action were not free from awkwardness; neither do our audiences yet know how to listen to music. Besides the poor substitute of English for Italian words. Still, judging from the single evening on which we were fortunate enough to be present, the effort as a whole was worthy of all praise. Mrs. Seguin, though not a Norma in character and person, though not commanding, great, and adequate to high passion, nevertheless sang divinely, and fully entered into the tender and sad spirit of Bellini's music. Her acting was chaste, judicious, dignified, and graceful. She was most effective in the more pathetic scenes, where the wife's devotion struggles with indignant sense of injury; the mother's tenderness with the tyranny of institutions obliging her to conceal her children; and the friend's generosity with the pain of rivalry. These are the sources of tragedy in the story, which for the most part is a meagre thing, though containing some fine musical points. In the same parts Mr. Frazer, as the Roman Consul, and Mrs. Mæder, as Elberta, (*Adalgisa* in the Italian) were both excellent. The trio, containing the denouement of the secret loves of the parties, at the end of the first act, was admirable; and the duets in the second act, where Norma confides her children to Elberta (*Mira Norma, &c.*) were most sweetly and touchingly given.

But in the sublime opening, where the Druids are assembled for sacrifice and council, where Norma cuts the Mistletoe and sings the prayer, "*Casta Diva*," to the rising moon, Mrs. Seguin had not the force and authority of Norma. Here is field for the highest powers of a singer. In these portions Mr. Seguin, as the high priest Oroveso, exerted his powerful Bass voice and his manly figure with fine effect. Indeed a more satisfactory Bass we have seldom heard. The choruses too sang well, however awkwardly they acted; the orchestra was well proportioned and in good understanding with the voices; and all conspired to a charm, so far as music went. One could easily lose himself in the delicious labyrinth of melodies. There is this in favor of Bellini's inspiration, that his intentions are not so hard to realize as some in a performance. As a whole, the entertainment was of a very pure and exalted kind, and will dwell sweetly in the memory of Bostonians.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions, all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

THE TRANSLATOR OF THE WANDERING JEW

A friend has called our attention to a fact which we should long since have spoken of had it sooner met our notice. It seems that a *litterateur* of New York, Mr. Henry William Herbert, known to the public by various performances in the magazines; and as the author of two or three novels, who was employed to do the translation of Winchester's edition of the *Wandering Jew*, in a preface, below criticism in style, attached to the concluding number of that work, brings some charges against what he calls the "Fourierite" philosophy. Though we do not answer to this name, yet as his assertions are in fact aimed at the doctrine of Association and its advocates, we propose to make a few comments upon them.

Mr. Herbert, it appears, after completing the *Wandering Jew*, and doing his part in scattering thousands of copies throughout the country, suddenly discovers that the book is a very bad one, to use his own words "utterly subversive of social morality, destitute of religion, and averse to Christianity." We cannot repress the inquiry, How so striking a fact had previously escaped the notice of so acute a moralist? Did it take Mr. Herbert the whole fifteen months that he was at work upon the translation to ascertain that he was sending abroad such poisons? Did the public need no voice of warning until after the mischief was accomplished? Were our translator's sensibilities altogether dormant up to the moment that his job was finished and his wages were received? This may have been the case. Examples are not wanting of criminals into whose minds remorse has entered as their hire has entered their pockets. Whether Mr. Herbert gives evidence of such compunction we cannot say, though his preface is wretched enough to stand as penance for sins of great magnitude. His repentance does not, however, go to the extent of casting away his ill-got gains, any more than of wishing to diminish those of his principal in guilt. Accordingly he endeavours to trim his accusations, so as not to affect the market for the pestilent commodity. "After all it is not likely to do any great harm; it carries its own antidote with it. It is so intensely immoral as not to be in the least

dangerous!" Truly in this age of wonders, Mr. Henry William Herbert, viewed as a specimen of moral sensitiveness, is not a small wonder! If there were a museum of mental curiosities, he should be preserved in it.

In another respect the preface is a noticeable production. We refer to the self-important tone which its author employs. He assumes all the airs of a man who has achieved some great literary undertaking, instead of one who has been drudging in the mere job work of a bookseller's hack. He almost regards the *Wandering Jew* as his own, speaks of *his* work, and thanks his readers for their flattering attention with a complacency hardly less ridiculous than that of a carpenter or a scene shifter who should come forward to return thanks on the success of a new play in which they had discharged their respective functions.

Had Mr. Herbert contented himself with misrepresenting M. Sue alone, we should not have thought of correcting his statements. But when he goes beyond this limit to make the foulest and falsest charges against a philosophical system, of which he knows next to nothing, and against a movement of the most enlarged philanthropy to which many pure-minded and noble hearted men and women are devoted, and when these charges, owing to the popularity of the work to which they are attached, are likely to fall into the hands of many persons who are liable to be deceived by them, they assume an importance which neither the name nor the character of their author, could ever give them.

Of the *Wandering Jew* and of its author as a man, a reformer, and an artist, we design hereafter to speak at length. For the present enough to say that we are not responsible for his faults in any of these capacities. His opinions as well as his mode of expressing them are his own; in some of them we agree with him, in others we do not. But we have no wish to conceal our admiration for the man, who in the flush of success and in the midst of a fickle and selfish generation, by becoming the champion of the laboring classes devotes his talents to the defence of those who cannot defend themselves, and clearly and earnestly proclaims truths and duties which the world does not yet recognize. We are fully aware of the defects both positive and negative which are to be found in his writings. These, however, furnish no sufficient ground for the outrageous attacks which have not been made by Mr. Herbert alone, and which display a perversion of the ideas of M. Sue, so gross as at once to stamp the character of their authors.

We are free to confess that we are offended by the appearance of sensualism,

which may be found in some parts of the Wandering Jew and we regret that a work of so grand a design should have this and other defects. But in this case who shall cast the first stone!

We have seen two or three critical notices which, as we happened to know who wrote them filled us with indignation. Men steeped body and soul in sensuality may be the first to detect or to imagine its presence; they are often the loudest in its condemnation. With hearts too foul for the light of day, they dare to take the words of virtue on their lips and to stand in hypocritical judgment upon others. The more deeply their own souls are polluted, the more zealously and unrelentingly do they pursue every deviation from the path which they inwardly hate as a devil hates heaven, the more vehement is their indignation at every word which does not accord with the most overstrained notions of propriety. We know men whose private lives are a constant profanation of truth, of honor, and of all that is sacred and tender, who have the effrontery to talk of the licentiousness of this or that writer, and to lament the decline of the public morals. Such men excite in us a sense of immeasurable disgust. Intolerable as is their character, and the infernal atmosphere they bear about them, their caunting moralism is even more revolting. In comparison, open and avowed villains are good and honorable men.

But even those critics whose conscience is clear in this respect ought not to be too hasty in their severity. They should be fully aware of the ground they stand on. A glance at the society in which they live might well make them hesitate. There may be states of society more brutal and more shameless, but none can be more corrupt. Is this too broad an assertion? Look at the facts. One tenth of the adult women in all civilized cities are public prostitutes, to say nothing of the large proportion who are secretly so, and of adult men nine-tenths at least, are little better. We speak within limits; the statistics are at hand. Still further, we will say another word, upon which we beseech all pure and honest men who maintain the present order of things to reflect. **GENERAL LICENTIOUSNESS IS THE PERMANENT AND INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE OF THE CIVILIZED SOCIAL ORDER.** Has any man who defends civilized institutions, a right to condemn their necessary result?

We allude to these things with no other feeling than the saddest and profoundest pity. God forbid that any spirit of defiant controversy should make us speak lightly and coldly of facts of such melancholy significance, or forget that they are human beings who suffer this degradation. Think of it;—un-

der the same horizon with yourselves, within the sound of the same busy murmur, are thousands of creatures whose life is destroyed at its fountain, upon whom the seal of vice is set, whose existence is one scene of wretchedness descending ever into lower and lower abysses of despair. Think too that this *cannot be otherwise* as long as the present order of society remains. Shall we look with indifference upon such a state of things! Shall we stand in cowardly and selfish inaction while Civilization, more ruthless than the car of Indian idolatry, immolates its myriads and adds new horrors to its gloomy catalogue! For our own part nothing inspires us with a more earnest determination to give our feeble strength to the upbuilding of another and better state, than the spectacle of those who are thus devoted to the extreme evils. We cannot look upon men and women dragged down from their humanity, bereft of their reason, shut out from good influences, and damned to infamy by the very society whose fault, whose crime it is that they are destroyed, without feeling a resistless summons to do something towards the removal of a system which afflicts mankind with such fearful scourges.

But we have wandered from our subject, though perhaps not in vain. In answering the aspersions which have called forth these remarks, we wish to have most distinctly understood what we have said again and again, that we do not adopt either the theories or the statements of Fourier, as to the relations of the sexes, nor are we in any way responsible for them. And indeed we might reply at once to all the charges of our opponents, by saying that we simply advocate *industrial association*. Our aim is to make labor attractive by means of the serial organization and to produce by attractive labor, taken together with the economies of association, so great an amount of general wealth that the poorest man shall have an abundance. What we desire most and first of all things is the organization of industry. This is the first of human necessities; without it society is a chaos, liberty a dream, general morality an impossibility, and religion only an abstraction. Let the divine principles of order be applied to the elevation of labor, and thus let justice be done to those who support the world. Can the blindest and foolishlest conservative object to this!

But far from making social regeneration to consist in the abolition of the marriage tie, we wish to see it made more pure and sacred. To our minds it is the deepest and holiest of human relations, much deeper and holier than society is aware. And we are convinced that with the introduction of truth, honor and ele-

vated sentiments into the other relations of life, with the freedom from pecuniary anxiety, and with the opportunities of becoming acquainted with character which Association will furnish, the marriage union will become a living and beautiful reality and will be universally recognized as the highest earthly symbol of the Divine. If a religious reverence for marriage and a complete devotion to the establishment of a form of society in which it will be all that it should be, can be construed into a desire for its abolition, we shall not deny it.

The charge that we design to destroy the whole structure of Christianity will seem too absurd to those who are at all familiar with the doctrines advanced in the Harbinger, to need any denial. Neither Fourier nor any of his disciples with whom we have ever been acquainted ever entertained such an idea. Indeed what more than any thing else led ourselves to study the theory of Fourier and to adopt its leading features, was the conviction that it was the social embodiment of Christian principles, that it was Christianity applied to the natural relations of men. In vain, after years of experience, did we look for any existing social organization in which those principles prevailed. We saw every where, and under all guises duplicity, fraud, oppression and antagonism; man against man, interest against interest, selfishness the law, falsehood the method, sorrow and misery the result of the whole civilized mechanism. We thus came to the Combined Order from a moral necessity. We could not rest till we found out a social organization fully satisfying the demands of common sense on the one hand and of the highest moral principles on the other. This was Association. But not to prolong the discussion, let us hear testimony that is decisive as to the matter. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the Prophets." Upon these two commandments Association is based. The love of God and the love of the neighbor are the central and all-pervasive principles of its organization. If this be to destroy Christianity we must admit the charge.

Equally false is the assertion that we regard the unlimited indulgence of all the passions, as the highest virtue. We challenge any man to find a word in any of our writings, which can be distorted into such a meaning. We have always held and always said exactly the contrary. In the true medium of life, in that divine social order for which the affections of the soul are created, and to which they are

adapted by their Author, there can no longer be any such thing as self-control, because, the material and intellectual passions, will act in perfect harmony with the higher impulses, and the whole soul will be in Unity. But in the present state, we believe that it is only as the lower passions are *subjected* to the higher, that either individuals or societies can be said to *live*, and our most immoveable objection against the civilized form of society, is, that in it the higher sentiments are subjected, and almost extinguished by the material and selfish desires. Our whole doctrine on this subject is confirmed by the Christian Revelation, which, enjoins self-denial during the reign of discord and evil, but promises the harmonious satisfaction of the passions when man shall have discovered and realized the Social Code which God has framed for the government of human societies. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; (Associative Unity and social justice,) and all these things (all earthly enjoyments,) shall be added unto you."

To say that we deny the divinity of the Savior, is in itself an absurdity. We are not a religious sect, and as a school, hold neither this nor that theology. As individuals, we have our own opinions, varying from Rationalism to the deepest and entirest faith in Christ as the Son of God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth. Under our banner are to be found men of almost all denominations, fired by the same enthusiasm for the establishment of Justice and Unity throughout the earth. The organization of labor, the abolition of war, slavery, and domestic servitude, the guarantee to every person of the best possible education, of constant and congenial employment, and of pecuniary independence, —these are our objects. With regard to what is beyond these, the practical questions of marriage, religion, and government, we have constantly declared that *the established order of things must be preserved*. We are conservatives as well as reformers, but our conservatism is not of the kind which imagines that all possible truth is discovered and applied, and that no farther progress is possible. We believe that the Divine Providence is never absent from humanity, and that in spite of the arrogance of reason and the subverted passions which ravage the world like tigers, there is still in society, a great heart of good, by whose faint pulsations it is kept alive. This good we seek to cherish and to unfold into a freer and better sphere of action. For this object, sacred to all wise and good men, we labor. We may be misunderstood and wronged, ourselves calumniated and our faith belied. But these are only temporary evils. The great result is certain. Weary, travel-stained, and sometimes

faithless, Humanity at last draws near, the promised land. Enough and more than enough for us, with life-long toil, if need be, to open the mountain defiles through which she has to pass, thrice happy if with our latest breath we may catch the first shout of joy that salutes the vales beyond.

CHILDREN IN THE WORKSHOPS NEAR PARIS.

We copy the following statement from the "Democratice Pacifique." It shows in characters too plain to be misunderstood the legitimate results of anarchical competition. Let us not glory in the belief that nothing of the kind can as yet be found in our favored country. We are fast verging to the same condition, the greater our population, the greater our riches, the more precipitous becomes the declivity, the more rapid our descent. English Parliamentary evidence shows that the results are the same on both sides the British channel, that is, so far as they have been examined, for hitherto only the outside, the destitution and misery, have been made known in England; here we have the effect upon the morals, upon the whole lives of the sufferers. Like causes, every where produce like effects, and the day is not far distant, when our thickly settled cities will no longer present even apparent exceptions. Already, instances of the same precocious depravity here depicted, may be found among us, and were the condition of the unfortunate children, who frequent our streets and wharves to glean a scanty subsistence, properly inquired into, we fear much would be brought to light to make those who boast of the superior condition of our poor, hang their heads with sorrow and with shame. Would that our whole nation could see herein the destiny (if unaverted) which awaits myriads of her unborn generations, and be warned in time.

"We take these horrible details from a work addressed to the *Annals of Charity*, by Mlle. Eugenie Michel; we give the words of this conscientious observer; she speaks from the heart:

"Among the industrial establishments which exist near Paris, there are many for printing cloths; and there, more than elsewhere, are to be found the misery and wretchedness of this population of many thousands: a population half vagabond, receiving natives of Lyons, of Alsace, of Belgium, of Germany, retaining them some months, a year, two years, then letting them go to receive others; on this account recognizing almost no family ties, living from hand to mouth, preserving neither morality, good conduct, nor hope

of the future. Thence, disorder in every form, depravity with all its consequences. In these establishments, every journeyman printer requires an assistant to prepare his colors; for this purpose, he takes a child, either boy or girl, who may be from five to fifteen years old; the age is of no consequence, strength is enough; and if strength is wanting, necessity or bad treatment supplies its place. To earn half a franc, the child works from six in the morning to seven in the evening during summer, from seven in the morning until dark, in the winter, standing all the while upon a little stool.

"Barely clad, without socks, with old cloth pantaloons, or a frock, always full of holes, because the color burns the clothing, with sabots, or worn out shoes, the child leaves the workshop, which is often overheated from the nature of the operation, in order to take his meal at his mother's, who, herself at work elsewhere, has left for him at her lodging, some bread and an apple, or a little cold liquid called soup and half a glass of bad wine; or perhaps he finds his mother, who overburdened with children and misery, makes him perform fatiguing labor, which allows him hardly time to eat, during that hour which ought to be an hour of rest for the poor little one. As soon as the hour allotted to the meal has passed, the child returns towards the workshop, blowing his numbed fingers in winter, raising with difficulty his feet, chilled by the snow, and waits for the moment of re-entering, crouched with his comrades in the wet, along the walls of the building; and this is called resting for an hour.

"In summer, playing, and often, in consequence of some rough word or practical joke, fighting savagely, boys or girls, before a circle of workmen, from thirty to fifty years old, who applaud the strongest and the most wicked; then finally, re-entering the workshop, at the stroke of the bell, the face covered with blood, and the body with bruises, and receiving no other reproof or consolation but fresh blows or mocking laughs. So much for the body. Now, from this contact of twelve hours each day with men of whom the greater portion are corrupt, the little boys become entirely depraved; they imitate the cynicism of their masters; they exceed them in oaths, in vile words, in brutality; this is doubtless a great evil, and one which we fear cannot be remedied; but as to the little girls, they are lost forever. For these poor children, there is no childhood, no innocence: the corruption of the body precedes that of the soul; but the latter follows infallibly. It is a joy to the coarse masters to teach those poor little unfortunates all the mysteries of vice and all its phases of impurity; thence what are the results! Polluted at

ten, mothers at fifteen, they accept infamy without shame and without remorse.

“The demoralization of a part of the population of great cities which is known only to those who, either mingle with it, or watch over it, or seek to purify it, shows itself here in broad day-light without veiling its brow. The young girl, I might almost say, the child, who has become a mother, talks boldly and loudly, certain of finding some man who will form a union with her, or who will become for a time her companion in debauchery; her child will have no father; no matter! no matter either how she brings it up. When she has given it the first cares, which, corrupted as she is, she does not refuse to it till it is two years old, she will trouble herself no more about it; she will not care what it sees or what it hears; it will be a witness to all sorts of turpitude, forgotten in the streets for hours; then, it must go to the workshop, and take its chance, as did its father, as did its mother.”

THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER. A correspondent of this paper, whose communication is dated at Brussels, Oct. 1, takes the opportunity to bewail the condition of France with especial reference to the movements of the Associative School in that country. While he sheds a tear or two on account of the Communists who are, he says, exceedingly dangerous, he still thinks that Charles Fourier, now deceased, and our friend Victor Considerant, are quite improper people. It is hardly necessary to say that of the doctrines which these two gentlemen and their fellow laborers have disseminated, and in one way or another do yet disseminate, his want of information is too entire to be ridiculous. The Ledger has ample right to publish and endorse the nonsense of the most stupid blockhead, who aspires to enlighten America as to European or other affairs, but we entreat it for its own reputation not often to venture to such extreme lengths as it has done in the present instance. A certain degree of ignorance is sometimes convenient in the discussion of new subjects, and too strict an adherence to the truth occasionally dulls the edge of a paragraph, but where the falsehood is seasoned neither by wit nor sense, it requires an omnivorous appetite to swallow it with any gratification.

In the vast sphere of human absurdities few things are more laughable than the European correspondence of many of the Journals. The oracular gentlemen to whom all state secrets are transparent, and who see through the spirit and tendencies of a nation as easily as a black-bird can whistle, sometimes confirm a hypothesis which a friend once suggest-

ed as an evidence of general progress. “We are getting more peaceable and less ferocious;” he said, “even asses no longer put on lion’s skins, but go about in much less frightful disguises.”

THE DAILY DELTA, a paper just started at New Orleans, states what is not true of the Harbinger. It says: “The Harbinger has occupied so equivocal an attitude, that it has been publicly charged with fomenting the Anti-rent outrages; and though in its explanation or apologies, it disavows all acts of blood and violence, yet it advances the very doctrines, which, acting on the minds of uneducated and half-thinking men, would lead to them.” This statement is made to give some show of coloring to previous misrepresentations of the doctrines of Fourier, in which with as little discrimination as regard to truth, the “disciples of Fourier” are first confounded with the members of the “World’s Convention,” and then held responsible for the outrages of Anti-rentism! The Editor of the Delta has surely been a constant reader of the *Express*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and the *Herald*, to be so accurately informed on the subject. These sagacious and veracious prints have all exhibited the profundity of their knowledge of the “doctrines of Fourier,” and their nice sense of courtesy and justice to contemporaries, — the Delta is a happy imitator. New Orleans may congratulate itself upon so worthy an accession to its press.

So shameless is the Delta in its statement, that it makes it in the face of an extract, made by a correspondent, in reply to former aspersions, from the Harbinger of the 23d August, in which we distinctly expressed our views of Anti-rentism, disapproving of it entirely; and so superficial that it calls that an “explanation or apology” for an equivocal course which had subjected us to the charge of “fomenting the Anti-rent outrages,” which was, in fact, an answer to the advocate of Anti-rentism, Young America, the last paper that would make such a charge. It is unnecessary to say that the Harbinger has never been “publicly charged” any where, with “fomenting the anti-rent outrages. The Delta has the honor of coining the accusation.

Our Editorial brethren are once more requested to take notice, that, although the Harbinger is published at New York and Boston, it is printed at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass., where their papers should be directed. Our publishers as well as ourselves, have been troubled not a little by neglect in this particular. We trust our friends will see to it,

Mr. GEORGE VANDEKROFF. The New York Mirror learns by a correspondent in London, that Mr. George Vandenhoff intends returning to this country, with the intention of becoming a citizen of the Republic. He purposes studying for the bar, to which he will be a bright ornament. In writing to a friend he says: “My absence from America, in the bloated capitals of Europe, where the diseased social body seems to suffer from plethora at one of its extremities, and from utter inanition in the other, has sharpened my inclination for the more even and healthy temperament of American Institutions, and the result is that I have made up my mind to return amongst them for good and all.”

ONE OF PUNCH’S “ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.” Harry Simpson never would take any medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a piece — I do not recollect the name — in which the hero is sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Harry Simpson was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have it filled with port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upsidedown, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man this trick, as was fully proved at his death, for he died without paying him his bill.

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Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

THE NEW JERUSALEM AND THE PHALANSTERY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME
D'ALIBERT.

Translated for the Harbinger.

Religion and science, the heart and the reason, those two necessary elements of human nature, which it has been vainly attempted to crush one by the other, cannot be long disunited without seriously compromising the happiness of individuals, and the salvation of the whole race. This is the curse of our age, this is the secret of that nameless sorrow, which is devouring all men and follows them even to the bosom of those diversions, by which they seek to deaden it.

The evil is deep, let us avow it, and the remedy difficult. More and more is every thing tending to the separation of those good men who have become the champions of the two parties, and to the neutralizing, in a powerless struggle, of the powers which should serve the common cause and the general good. The sciences are assuming more and more a material character, and the labors of the learned, lost in ignoble details, seem devoted only to giving mechanical explanations of the phenomena of nature, and consequently causing the intervention of the spiritual forces which give it movement and life, to be regarded as useless. Religion on the other hand, far from preceding, as it should do, the progress of the age, seems to be drawn painfully along in its train, and contradicts all its tendencies. Hence its formulas, losing all credit, seem more and more puerile, its dogmas more contradictory, its practice more useless. It is amongst us, if the whole truth must be spoken, nothing more than a spring of action which is reserved for the education of children, or to restrain a part of the rural population which yet has faith in it. Every where else it has lost all credit, all influence, and exists only in form. It is in such a state of things that

strong in the sentiment of truth and the protection of Heaven which has blessed our efforts, we announce to men of science, the resurrection and re-clothing of the religious sentiment; and to men of faith the existence of sciences in the world which accord with their belief, and which, by rendering them intelligible and palpable, confirm their most mystical and exalted hopes. We shall show besides the perfect harmony that exists between the writings of learned men who have spoken in the name of reason and logic, and those of the revealer who has preceded them, and whom Providence has destined to prepare upon our globe the coming of a new order of things. We will occupy ourselves at first with the latter. He merits this preference by his priority, the importance of his works, and the sacred character with which they are clothed in our eyes, and which will be placed out of reach of doubt for all those who will follow us in good faith into the examination we are about to make of his principal discoveries.

Born in 1688, it was only in 1734 that Swedenborg abandoned the high human dignities with which he was clothed and the culture of the sciences of the world to give himself up to the study of the Scriptures, and to the publication of those numerous works, in which he details the revelations with which he was favored and which lasted till his death, in 1772. At this epoch the spirit of incredulity and scepticism had sapped the foundation upon which popular faith rested, and simple belief which had hitherto reposed upon tradition and authority, could not fail to yield to the united attacks of talent and of learning. The Holy Scriptures were above all the object of sarcasm and the most violent attacks, and these venerable pillars of the Christian religion despoiled of the glory with which the reverence of ages had surrounded them, shaken by this unexpected shock, left without support the edifice that had overshadowed so many generations, so many different nations under its protecting arches. Was there nothing

sacred in these books consecrated by the veneration of nations and preserved through the course of ages from the shipwreck by which have perished so many wonderful labors of the human intellect? Could one regret that they had not been lost rather than the fragments of Tacitus, Livy or the works of the poet Varrus? Such were the questions that might be asked in seeing the attacks made by the school of Voltaire against the holy Scriptures, and the success of its efforts. It was then, at the very moment when the philosophic mind had used so unsparingly the sacred text, that Swedenborg revealed to the earth the language of correspondences. According to it, each of the objects of the material world answered to a moral idea, and this, not through a tacit agreement between the writers of the oriental nations, but through the nature of things, and according to the laws of an immense science, known to ancient sages, and lost completely in the course of ages. In this language the old Testament was written. Most of the oriental nations possess also sacred books, where more or less trace of it is found. In short our dreams themselves, interpreted into this language, give often a clear and precise sense, which indicates that it is truly the language of nature, the voice by which the spiritual world communicates with us, when we have ears to hear it. This Swedenborg announced a century since. Fifty years later the most profound of modern orientalists, Fabre d'Olivet, after immense philological labors, arrived at the same results, and confirmed wonderfully through science what supernatural means had made known to his predecessor. But the world is little stirred by this unheard of coincidence. Perhaps it is still ignorant of it; in this case, we challenge the denial of this fact, as well as those which we are about to relate and which constitute coincidences much more incomprehensible, if recourse is only had to human means to explain them. Let us now see what was the result of the discovery of the language

of correspondences. Thanks to it, the Swedish seer soon perceived priceless treasures in those books which men were weary of venerating, and had abandoned to the sarcasms of caustic minds. Then that text, whose simplicity was no longer sufficient to command faith, brought out the most unheard of wonders which it concealed in its bosom, and of which it was only the envelope, the material veil. This text was the vulgar letter which the Levites delivered to the Jewish people, reserving to themselves the spiritual sense, full of wonders and of grandeur. It was the sheath of the plate of steel, which glittered in the sunlight, after having been hidden for long years; it was the rough casket in which is concealed a pearl without price—the insipid rind of a delicious fruit. It was the depository of the profound knowledge of the metaphysicians of the first ages, and became for learned and religious men an inexhaustible theme for study and admiration. The spiritual sense of Genesis and Exodus were first exposed in the Arcana Celestia, published in 18 volumes, and they were followed by all those numerous works of Swedenborg, which are only, if I may express it, the application of this wonderful discovery of the science of correspondences. The sublime bursts of the Prophets and the Psalms, the ecstasies even of St. Theresa and other seers, at length assumed a meaning and had an intrinsic value in connection with the influence that these extraordinary beings have exercised upon the imagination of their cotemporaries. The history of the whole of Humanity, which it is easier to mutilate than to explain, unveiled at length to the eyes of the astonished sage the wonderful chain of designs of Providence, concerning Humanity. But the book which became above all in the hands of our author, the foundation of the most admirable revelations, was the book written by St. John, during his exile in Patmos. There is found really the complete prophecy of the new era, and the precise announcement of the definitive redemption which we await. The men of the age, among whom a stupid smile at every turn takes the place of the discussion and examination of truly serious ideas, will expect perhaps to answer by railleries, the luminous explanations which Swedenborg gives of the Apocalypse. According to them, Pascal's was a weak mind, Bossuet's a narrow spirit, Isaac Newton, that king of geometricians, that indefatigable observer, the discoverer of attraction and the composition of light, had lost his mind when he thought of consecrating his studies to seeking the mysterious sense of the vision of John. Pardon, illustrious and venerated shade, pardon the blindness of men unworthy of

comprehending thee! So long as thou didst move on, compass in hand, it was impossible to dispute the wonderful fruits which thy genius gathered in the yet uncleared fields of science, for thou hast forced the vulgar to touch them with the finger; but the day when weary of analysing effects, thou didst wish to ascend to causes, the day when thou didst wish to discover the moral sun, around which gravitates the universe of minds, that day thy age regarded thy intellect as narrow and limited. Yet once more pardon them! The future, which will place the work upon the Apocalypse, by the side of thy most beautiful discoveries in the physical world, the future will avenge thee of thy blind and ungrateful cotemporaries.

But what the fathers of the church, had attempted, Swedenborg accomplished. In possession of the key of symbols he has written that tremendous paraphrase of the inspired book, before which the imagination and the intellect recede in awe. That horse mounted by death, is the correspondence of the human intellect, which bears within it the germ of its own destruction. The luminaries of heaven which fall and are extinguished, represent the extinction of every moral light, the profound darkness that surrounds us. The tribulation of the elect, the afflictions of believers, the political catastrophes of our epoch, every thing is described with the greatest exactness, in that paraphrase written a century since, and which every thing verifies under our eyes. But if heaven has permitted the triumph of the abyss, it has also foreseen what limits were to be placed to it. These times shall be shortened, Jesus has said, for the salvation of many. Open the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse and see the New Jerusalem, descending radiant as a bride adorned to meet her husband. Admire the luxury of oriental imagos accumulated by the seer of Patmos, and then demand from the tongue of nature the sense of these allegorical mysteries. The celestial Jerusalem is the new social order into which Humanity must enter. The old earth which must disappear, is the state of violence and injustice in which we live. The kingdom of God on earth is man obeying the divine will, docile to the voice of nature. Delicious fruits, precious stones are virtues, felicity, abundance, the inheritance of regenerated man. These are powerful images, and alone capable of depicting worthily the future delights reserved to Humanity reconciled with its God. Such prophecies have nothing doubtful, nothing ambiguous, they are realised already in part under our eyes, and each one can verify them. In short to take away all doubt, if any remained, Swedenborg has

fixed the eightieth year after his death, as that in which the prophecy contained in the twenty-first chapter was to commence being accomplished, and has announced that every thing would be fulfilled before the hundredth year, that is to say, before 1872. The rest of the Apocalypse has already taken place, or is actually passing. Thus religion, reading the veil of mysteries, presents itself boldly henceforth to the faith of the people and to the examination of the learned. Greater, a thousand times than she has ever been, without ceasing to speak to the sweetest sentiments of the heart, she foresaw and confounded the most subtle objections of the reason and the intellect. Also, thanks to this new manifestation, hope and faith descended again to our poor earth. The belief of the simple was re-animating by the idea of a direct and immediate intervention of Providence in human destiny. Science, at length enlightened as to the true sense and the nature of the prophecies, stood awe-struck at the sight of their miraculous realization, and was confirmed as to their future veracity, by seeing every day their partial accomplishment. Already in Sweden, Germany, England, America, are multiplied the churches of the new dispensation. The number of New Jerusalemites is very great in France, but there is no church truly constituted except at St. Amand, where M. Leboys Desgays publishes the New Jerusalem Journal. Thus God has provided for the renovation of religious belief. To the most sceptical of epochs, he has sent the most mystical of prophets. To the age which trampled the Bible under foot, he has sent a commentator upon the Bible, and that which was despised has been re-clothed, and the railers remain now mute with admiration before these signs of the power and grandeur of the Most High. The face of science was also to be renewed. All was to coincide upon our globe, predestined to the installation of this New Jerusalem, which the rest of the Universe envies us, and which the angels of Heaven themselves await, trembling with impatience and desire. Already had Copernicus rectified and extended our ideas of the grandeur and form of the Universe. Columbus had put us in possession of the rest of our globe. The sciences, thanks to Bacon, had assumed a firmer and more regular movement. The natural sciences were almost renewed. But that was not sufficient. Every thing was to be changed, since for 6,000 years the human mind had been moving backwards, and all things were to become new. It was for this object that five great geniuses were given to the world. Mesmer, Fourier, Habemann, Gall, Jacotot. Many planets, of a secondary order, gravitated around these suns of

intellect, and prepared the human mind for the reception of the great changes that they were to bring into the domain of science. We cannot here occupy ourselves with them all, but it will be permitted us to name St. Simon, Pestalozzi, Lavater, who have aimed at the same object as Fourier, Jacotot and Gall, without reaching it, but have facilitated the task of their more successful rivals. There is another series of elevated men, who, in the mysterious depths of a subtle metaphysics, have made discoveries analogous to those we signalize. These are Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, the Polish Wronski, that Messiah of mathematicians; a family of formidable logicians, of whom Kant, that intellectual giant, is the father. There is among us M. Lebailly Grainville, who belongs to the same group, although personally they are unknown to him, and he originates wholly from himself. But the purely national character of the works of these great philosophers, places them too far from the generality of men, for them to have much influence over the destiny of their race. Too severe artists, they have sketched a magnificent design, but they are ignorant of the colors which give life to the works of the pencil. Providence, who loves the simple of heart, will transfer to geniuses, not less great, but more human and more simple, the glory of revealing to men their destiny. The admiration of the learned will be without doubt their inheritance; but love and the transports of gratitude will be that of the men who are more accessible to the understanding of this race. Fourier, with whom we at first intend to occupy ourselves, would be, if Swedenborg had not existed, the true precursor of the New Jerusalem. What is the Phalanstery? Is it not an abode of delight, where the struggle of interest and duty terminates, in a word where regenerated man obeys nothing but the voice of nature, and the will of God manifested through the attraction of pleasure. Now let us seek in Swedenborg, what he understands by the New Jerusalem, and we shall see that he gives absolutely the same idea of it and almost in identical expressions.

§ 6. "In the affection of the will of every angel, there is a hidden vein, which attracts the spirit to do something; and through this the spirit becomes tranquillized and satisfied. This satisfaction, and this tranquillity render it susceptible of receiving the love of use, (this is the formula by which Swedenborg indicates attractive industry.) § 8. The delights of the soul come from love, and from wisdom through the Lord, and it is for this reason that the seat of both is in use. § 461. The will, by which man is man, is not moved a point's space, if it be not by

pleasure." (See the "Delights of Conjugal Love.") In short, if we did not fear length of quotation, we should copy here the opening of the "Delights," where all the errors of men concerning the beatitude of Heaven are by turns destroyed by the sight of the scientific, literary, and I may even say, industrial activity, which animates all the societies of Heaven. Disciples of Fourier, see if we fulfil the promise we have given. Is it permitted to despise in this book, written a century since, the fundamental principle of the Phalansterian theory? Is there another book proceeding from the hands of man, in the past, which defines in so precise a manner the object that Fourier was to attain? The details, are they as striking, as numerous? We think not; but if doubts remain to you, open the inspired pages, from which these passages are extracted. Read all of the first memorable relation of the "Conjugal Love," and you can no longer doubt the marvellous coincidence that we have pointed out.

To be Continued.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

A gentle spirit hovers now,
Around the mountain's lofty brow,
And nestling down 'mid valleys green,
By brooks and glens, yet all unseen,
It flings its warm and flushing dyes,
The gorgeous hues of Summer skies,
O'er lightest branch and covert rude,
To deck wild Nature's solitude.

It cometh from the sweet south-west,
The sunny forests of the blest,
With lulling airs and golden light,
To make the shadowy wood-paths bright,
And bring us back, with its calm skies,
The quiet light of cherished eyes.

When first the frost dropp'd hoar from Heaven
Amid the holy hush of even,
The Summer blossoms bowed and died,
The fair and lovely side by side—
But here and there the Gentian stood,
By tangled path and lonely wood,
With azure eye and fringed lid,
Among the matted grass-tufts hid.

And still the Sunflower, noddeth tall,
O'er ruined gate and garden wall,
Lifting its yellow blossoms high,
Each with serene and quiet eye,
To greet the sky, by glimpses seen,
The breaking storms and clouds between.

How tenderly doth Nature throw
Her parting smile o'er all below,
A mournful beauty that endears,
'Mid all of death, decay and tears,
For every sad and tender feeling,
Hath in itself a balm of healing—
A springing hope, a loving trust,
That consecrates our fading dust.

Sweet spirit of the tranquil West,
The weary wanderer's dream of rest;
If sought of holy meaning lies
'Neath sun-lit Autumn's fading guise,

O let fair Nature's tearless eye,
Hush in my heart the fear to die!

Tribune.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XI.

This language reassured Consuelo for the present, but did not leave her without apprehension for the future. Albert's fanatical self-denial sprang from deep and invincible passion, respecting which the serious tendency of his character and the solemn expression of his countenance could leave no doubt. Consuelo, perplexed though gently affected, asked herself if she could continue to consecrate her cares to this man, so unreservedly and unchangeably in love with her. She had never treated this kind of relation lightly in her thoughts, and she saw that with Albert no woman could enter upon it without serious consequences. She did not doubt his loyalty and his promises: but the calmness she had flattered herself she should restore to him, must be irreconcilable with so ardent a love, and the impossibility she felt in herself of responding to it. With a sigh she stretched out her hand to him and remained pensive with her eyes fixed on the ground, and plunged in a melancholy meditation.

"Albert," said she to him at last, raising her eyes and finding his filled with an expectation full of anguish and sorrow, "you do not know me, when you wish to impose upon me a character for which I am so ill-fitted. Only a woman who would abuse it, could accept it. I am neither coquetish nor proud, I think I am not vain, and I have no spirit of domination. Your love would flatter me, if I could share it; and if it were so, I would tell you immediately. To afflict you by the reiterated assurance of the contrary, in the situation in which I find you, is an act of cold-blooded cruelty which you ought to have spared me and which is nevertheless imposed upon me by my conscience, though my heart detests it and is torn in accomplishing it. Pity me for being obliged to afflict you, to offend you perhaps, at a moment when I would willingly give my life to restore to you happiness and health."

"I know it, sublime maiden," replied Albert with a sad smile, "you are so good and so grand, that you would give your life for the least of men; but your conscience, I know very well, will not bend for any one. Fear not to offend me by disclosing to me that firmness which I admire, that stoical coldness

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

which your virtue preserves in the midst of the most touching pity. As to afflicting me, that is not in your power, Consuelo. I have not deceived myself; I am accustomed to the most horrible sorrows; I know that my life is devoted to the most painful sacrifices. Do not treat me like a weak-minded man, like a child without heart and without courage, by repeating to me what I very well know, that you will never feel love for me. I know all your life, Consuelo, although I am not acquainted with your name, your family, or any outward fact which concerns you. I know the history of your soul, the rest does not interest me. You have loved, you still love, and you will always love a being of whom I know nothing, of whom I wish to know nothing, and with whom I would not contend for you, unless you should so command me. But know, Consuelo, that you will never belong to him, nor to me, nor to yourself. God has reserved to you an existence apart, of which I neither seek nor foresee the circumstances,—but of which I perceive the object and the end. Slave and victim of your greatness of soul, you will not receive any other recompense in this life, than the consciousness of your strength and the sense of your goodness. Unhappy in the world's eye, you will be, in spite of all, the most serene and the most happy of all human beings, because you will always be the most just and the most virtuous. For the wicked and the cowardly only are to be pitied, O my beloved sister, and the words of Christ will be true so long as Humanity is blind and unjust: *Happy are they that are persecuted! Happy are those who weep and labor in suffering!*"

The strength and dignity which glowed on the broad and majestic brow of Albert, exercised at this moment so powerful a fascination upon Consuelo, that she forgot the part of proud sovereign and austere friend which was imposed upon her, to bow before the power of this man inspired by faith and enthusiasm. She could hardly support herself, still weakened by fatigue and entirely overcome by emotion. She allowed herself to fall upon her knees already bending under the torpor of lassitude, and clasping her hands began to pray aloud with earnestness: "If it be thou, O my God," cried she, "who utterest this prophecy by the mouth of a saint, may thy will be done and may it be blessed! In my childhood I asked thee for happiness under a smiling and puerile aspect, thou reservedst it for me under a rude and severe one, which I could not comprehend. Cause my eyes to be opened and my heart to submit itself. May I know how to accept this destiny which seemed to me so un-

just, O my God! and to ask of thee only what man has a right to expect from thy love and thy justice: faith, hope, and charity."

While praying thus, Consuelo was bathed in tears. She did not try to repress them. After so much agitation and fever, she had need of this crisis, which relieved while it weakened her. Albert prayed and wept with her, blessing those tears he had so long shed in solitude and which were at last mingled with those of a pure and generous being.

"And now," said Consuelo rising, "we have thought enough of ourselves. It is time to think of others and to remember our duties. I have promised to restore you to your parents, who mourn in desolation and who already pray for you as for one dead. Will you not restore peace and joy to them, my dear Albert? Will you not follow me?"

"So soon!" cried the young Count with bitterness; "so soon be separated! So soon quit this consecrated asylum in which God alone is between us; this cell which I cherish since you have appeared to me in it; this sanctuary of a happiness which perhaps I shall never again find, to return into life, cold and false as it is with its prejudices and expediences! Ah! not yet, my soul, my life! Let me have yet one day, one age of delights. Let me forget here that there exists a world of lies and wickedness, which pursues me like a fatal dream; let me return slowly and by degrees to what they call reason. I do not feel myself yet strong enough to bear the sight of their sun and the spectacle of their craziness. I need to contemplate, to hear you yet longer. Besides I have never quitted my retreat by a sudden resolution and without long reflections; my horrible but beneficent retreat; this place of terrible and salutary expiation, where I arrive running and without turning my head, into which I plunge with a savage joy, and whence I always withdraw myself with too well founded hesitations and too enduring regrets! You do not know that there is here a myself which I leave behind and which is the true Albert, and which cannot quit it; a self which I always again find here and whose spectre besieges and recalls me whenever I am elsewhere. Here is my conscience, my faith, my light, my serious life, in fact. I bring hither despair, fear, madness; often they rush in after me, and compel me to a violent struggle. But look, behind that door is a tabernacle where I subdue them and renew myself. I enter stained and assailed by dizziness; I issue purified, and no one knows at the cost of what tortures I recover patience and submission. Do not drag me hence, Consuelo,

suffer me to withdraw by slow degrees and after having prayed."

"Let us enter and pray together," said Consuelo. "We will depart immediately after. Time flies and perhaps the day is about to dawn. The means by which you return to the chateau must not be known, you must not be seen to enter and perhaps we must not be seen to enter together: for I do not wish to betray the secret of your retreat, Albert, and hitherto no one has any notion of my discovery. I do not wish to be questioned, I do not wish to lie. I must have the right of maintaining a respectful silence towards your parents, and of letting them believe that my promises were only presentiments and dreams. If I were seen to return with you, my discretion would pass for rebellion; and though I am capable of braving all for you, Albert, I do not wish unnecessarily to alienate the confidence and the affection of your family. Let us hasten, I am exhausted with fatigue, and if I remain long here, I shall lose the little remnant of strength which I need to make the passage anew. Go and pray, and let us depart."

"You are exhausted with fatigue! Then rest yourself here, my well-beloved! Sleep, I will watch over you religiously; or if my presence disturbs you, you shall shut me up in the neighboring grotto. You shall close that iron gate between us; and until you recall me, I will pray for you in my church."

"And while you are praying, and I yield myself to repose, your father will still endure long hours of agony, pale and motionless, as I once saw him, bent under the weight of old age and sorrow, pressing with his feeble knees the pavement of the oratory, and seeming to expect the news of your death to draw from him his last breath. And your poor aunt will be excited by a state of fever to ascend continually the highest towers in order to search for you with her eyes in all the paths of the mountain! And this morning again the family will meet in the chateau and separate when night comes, with despair in their eyes and death in their souls! Albert, you cannot love your parents, since you make them languish and suffer so much without pity and without remorse!"

"Consuelo, Consuelo!" cried Albert, appearing to waken from a dream, "do not speak thus, you pain me horribly. What crime have I committed? what disasters have I caused? why are they so uneasy! how many hours have elapsed since that in which I left them!"

"Do you ask how many hours! Ask rather how many days, how many nights, and almost, how many weeks!"

"Days, nights! Be silent, Consuelo, do not disclose to me my misery! I knew

that I here lost the true notion of time, and that the memory of what passes on the face of the earth did not descend into this sepulchre. But I did not believe that the duration of this forgetfulness and of this ignorance could be reckoned by days and weeks."

"Is it not a voluntary forgetfulness, my friend! Nothing here recalls to you the days which pass and are renewed; eternal darkness maintains the night. You have not even a sand-glass, I believe, to mark the hours. Is not this care to exclude the means of measuring time, a savage precaution to escape from the cries of nature and the reproaches of conscience?"

"I confess that when I come here, I feel the necessity of abjuring every thing purely human within me. But I did not know, O my God, that sorrow and meditation could so absorb my soul as to make long hours appear indistinctly like days, or the rapid days like hours. What kind of a man am I then, and why have I never been enlightened as to this new misfortune of my organization?"

"On the contrary, this misfortune is the proof of great intellectual power, diverted from its true employment and given up to fatal reveries. Your friends imposed upon themselves the task of hiding from you the evils of which you were the cause; they thought themselves obliged to respect your sufferings, by concealing from you those of others. But, in my opinion, it was treating you with too little esteem, it was doubting the goodness of your heart; and I who do not doubt it, Albert, conceal nothing from you."

"Let us go, Consuelo, let us go!" said Albert, hurriedly throwing his cloak upon his shoulders. "I am a wretch! I have caused suffering to my father whom I adore, to my aunt whom I love! I am hardly worthy to see them again! Ah! rather than again be guilty of such cruelties, I would impose upon myself the sacrifice of never returning here! But no, I am happy; for I have found the heart of a friend to warm and restore me. Some one has at last told me the truth respecting myself, and will tell it to me always, is it not so, my beloved sister?"

"Always, Albert, I swear it to you."

"Divine goodness! and the being who comes to my relief is that one, whom alone I could have heard and believed. God knows what he does! Ignorant of my own insanity, I have always blamed that of others. Alas! had my noble father himself, told me what you have just said, Consuelo, I should not have believed him! It is because you are truth and life, it is because you alone can bring conviction to my mind, and give to my

unquiet spirit the celestial security which emanates from your own."

"Let us go," said Consuelo, assisting him to clasp his cloak, which his convulsive and distracted hand could not arrange upon his shoulders.

"Yes, let us go," said he, looking at her with a tender eye, as she performed this friendly office; "but first swear to me, Consuelo, that if I do return here, you will not abandon me; swear that you will again come to search for me, were it only to overwhelm me with reproaches, to call me ingrate, parricide, and to tell me that I am unworthy of your solicitude. O! leave me no longer a victim to myself! You must see that you have entire control over me, and that one word from your mouth persuades and cures me, better than ages of meditation and prayer."

"You yourself will swear to me," replied Consuelo, resting upon his shoulders her hands, emboldened by the thickness of the cloak, and smiling frankly upon him, "never to return here without me!"

"Then you will return with me?" cried he, looking at her with intoxication, but not daring to clasp her in his arms; "swear that to me, and I will take an oath, never to quit my father's roof without your order, or your permission."

"Well, may God hear and receive this mutual promise," replied Consuelo, transported with joy. "We will return to pray in *your church*, Albert, and you will show me how to pray; for no one has taught me, and I feel a necessity of knowing God, which consumes me. You shall reveal heaven to me, my friend, and I will remind you, whenever you require it, of terrestrial concerns and the duties of human life."

"Divine sister!" said Albert, his eyes drowned in delicious tears, "I have nothing to teach you, and it is you who must confess me, know and regenerate me! It is you who will teach me all, even prayer. Ah! I need no more to be alone, in order to raise my soul to God. I need no more to prostrate myself upon the bones of my fathers, in order to comprehend and feel my immortality. It is enough that I look upon you for my revived soul to ascend towards heaven as a hymn of gratitude and an incense of purification."

Consuelo drew him away; she herself opened and closed the doors. "Come, Cynabre," said Albert to his faithful companion, presenting him a lantern, better constructed than that with which Consuelo was furnished, and more appropriate to the kind of journey in which it was to be used. The intelligent animal took the handle of the lantern with an air of satisfied pride and began to walk in

front with a steady step, stopping every time that his master stopped, hastening or slackening his pace as he did, and keeping the middle of the road, so as never to risk injuring his precious charge by hitting it against the rocks or bushes.

Consuelo found much difficulty in walking; she felt herself bruised; and without the arm of Albert, who supported and carried her along every instant, she would have fallen ten times. They re-descended together the course of the stream, following its graceful and fresh margin. "It is Zdenko," said Albert to her, "who lovingly tends the Naiad of these mysterious grottoes. He smooths her bed, often encumbered with gravel and shells. He cherishes the pale flowers which grow under her steps, and protects them against her kisses, which are sometimes rather rough."

Consuelo looked at the sky through the openings of the rock. She saw the glittering of a star. "It is Aldebaran, the star of the Zingari," said Albert to her. "There is yet an hour before dawn."

"It is my star," replied Consuelo; "for I am, not by race, but by calling, a kind of Zingara, my dear Count. My mother had no other name in Venice, although she revolted against this appellation, which was insulting, according to her Spanish prejudices. And as for me, I was and am still known in that city under the surname of the Zingarella."

"Why are you not in fact a child of that persecuted race?" replied Albert: "I should love you still more, if it were possible!"

Consuelo, who had thought to do well, in reminding the Count of Rudolstadt of the difference in their birth and condition, remembered what Amelia had told her of Albert's sympathies for the poor and the vagabond. She feared she had involuntarily abandoned herself to a sentiment of instinctive coquetry, and she kept silence.

But Albert broke it after a few moments: "What you have just told me," said he, "has awakened in me, by I know not what association of ideas, a remembrance of my youth, quite childish indeed, but which I must relate to you, because since I have seen you, it has presented itself many times to my memory with a kind of pertinacity. Lean more heavily upon me, while I speak, dear sister."

"I was about fifteen years old; I was returning alone one evening, by one of the paths which border the Schreckenstein and wind among the hills, in the direction of the chateau. I saw before me a tall and thin woman, miserably clad, who was carrying a burden on her shoulders and who stopped from rock to rock,

to seat herself and gather breath. I accosted her. She was handsome though burned by the sun, and haggard with misery and care. There was a sort of sad dignity under her rage; and when she stretched out her hand to me, it was rather with an air of commanding, than of imploring my pity. I had nothing left in my purse, and I asked her to come with me to the chateau, where I could offer her assistance, food, and a lodging for the night.

"I like it better so," replied she with a foreign accent, which I took for that of the vagabond Egyptians, for at that time I did not know the languages I afterwards acquired in my travels. "I shall be able to pay you for the hospitality you offer, by singing some of the songs of the different countries through which I have travelled. I rarely ask for charity. I must be forced to do it by extreme distress."

"Poor woman!" said I to her, "you are carrying a very heavy burden; your poor feet, which are almost bare, are wounded. Give me the bundle, I will carry it to my home, and you can walk more freely."

"This burden becomes every day more heavy," replied she with a melancholy smile which made her quite beautiful; "but I do not complain. I have carried it for many years, and have travelled hundreds of leagues with it, without regretting my labor. I never trust it to any one; but you have the appearance of so good a child, that I will lend it to you so far."

"At these words, she unclasped the cloak, which covered her entirely, and only allowed the handle of her guitar to peep out. Then I saw a child five or six years old, pale and tanned like her mother, but of a gentle and calm countenance, which filled my heart with tenderness. It was a little girl, all in rags, thin but strong, and who slept the sleep of angels, upon the burning and bruised back of the wandering singer. I took her in my arms, but had much trouble to keep her; for she woke, and finding herself upon a strange bosom, she struggled and cried. Her mother spoke to her in her language, to comfort her. My caresses and my cares consoled her, and we were the best friends in the world when we reached the chateau. When the poor woman had supped, she put her child into a bed I had had prepared for her, made a kind of strange toilet, more sad than her rags, and came into the hall where we were eating, to sing Spanish, French, and German songs, with a beautiful voice, a firm accent, and a truthfulness of feeling which charmed us. My good aunt bestowed a thousand cares and attentions upon her. She appeared grateful for

them, but did not lay aside her pride, and made only evasive answers to our questions. Her child interested me even more than she did. I could have wished to see her again, to amuse her and even to keep her. I know not what tender solicitude was awakened in me for that poor little being, a wretched traveller upon the earth. I dreamt of her all night long, and ran to see her at the break of day. But the Zingara had already departed, and I scaled the mountain without being able to discover her. She had risen before day, and had taken the road to the south, with her child and my guitar which I had given her, her own being broken to her great sorrow."

"Albert! Albert!" cried Consuelo, seized with an extraordinary emotion. "That guitar is at Venice in the hands of my master Porpora, who is keeping it for me, and from whom I will request it, never again to part with it. It is of ebony, with a cipher incrustated in silver, a cipher which I remember very well, 'A. R.' My mother, whose memory failed her, because she had seen too many things, could not remember your name, nor that of your chateau, nor even that of the country in which this adventure had happened to her. But she often spoke to me of the hospitality she had received at the house of the owner of the guitar, and of the touching charity of a young and handsome nobleman, who had carried me half a league in his arms, talking with her as with an equal. O my dear Albert! I also remember all that! At every word of your recital, these images, long slumbering in my brain, were awakened one by one; and this is why your mountains could not seem absolutely new to my eyes; this is why I strove in vain to know the cause of the confused recollections which have assailed me in this country; this is why especially, I felt my heart beat and my head bend itself respectfully before you at the first sight, as if I had re-discovered a friend and protector, long lost and regretted."

"Do you believe, Consuelo," said Albert, pressing her to his bosom, "that I did not recognize you at the first instant! In vain have you grown, in vain have you been transformed and beautified by years. I have a memory (wonderful though often fatally present) which needs neither eyes nor words to exercise itself through ages or days. I did not know that you were my cherished Zingarella; but I well knew that I had already known you, already loved you, already pressed you to my heart, which from that moment, had attached and identified itself with yours, without my knowledge, for my whole life."

XII.

While talking thus, they arrived at the branching of the two roads, where Consuelo had encountered Zdenko, and from a distance they saw the glimmer of his lantern which he had placed on the ground beside him. Consuelo knowing the dangerous caprices and athletic strength of the *innocent*, pressed involuntarily closer to Albert, as soon as she perceived this indication of his vicinity.

"Why do you fear that harmless and affectionate creature?" said the young Count, surprized yet pleased at this emotion. "Zdenko loves you, although since last night an unpleasant dream has made him backward in fulfilling my desires, and somewhat hostile to the generous project which you had formed of coming to search for me: but he has the submission of a child when I insist with him, and you will see him at your feet if I say the word."

"Do not humiliate him before me," replied Consuelo; "do not aggravate the aversion with which I inspire him.—When we have passed him, I will tell you what serious reasons I have for fearing and avoiding him henceforth."

"Zdenko is a being almost celestial," returned Albert, "and I can never believe him formidable to any one. His state of perpetual ecstasy gives him the purity and charity of the angels."

"That state of ecstasy which I admire myself, becomes a malady, Albert, when prolonged. Do not deceive yourself in that respect. God does not wish man thus to abjure the sentiment and consciousness of his real life, in order to elevate himself too frequently into the vague conceptions of an ideal world. Insanity and madness are at the end of this kind of intoxication, as a punishment for pride and idleness."

Cynabre stopped before Zdenko, and looked at him with an affectionate air, expecting some caresses which that friend did not deign to bestow upon him. He sat with his head buried in his hands, in the same attitude, and on the same rock, as when Consuelo left him. Albert addressed him in Bohemian and he hardly answered. He shook his head with a discouraged air; his cheeks were bathed in tears, and he did not wish even to look at Consuelo. Albert raised his voice and addressed him with determination; but there was more of exhortation and tenderness, than of command and reproach, in the inflections of his voice. Zdenko rose at last, and offered his hand to Consuelo, who clasped it trembling.

"Now," said he in German, looking at her kindly, though sadly, "you must no longer fear me: but you do me a great injury, and I feel that your hand is full of misfortune for us."

He walked before them, exchanging a

few words with Albert from time to time. They followed the spacious and solid gallery which Consuelo had not yet traversed at this extremity, and which led them to a circular vault, where they again met the water of the fountain, flowing into a vast basin formed by the hand of man, and bordered with hammered stone. It escaped thence by two currents, one of which was lost in the caverns, the other directed itself towards the cistern of the chateau. It was this which Zdenko closed by replacing with his herculean hand, three enormous stones, when he wished to dry the cistern to the level of the arcade, and of the staircase which led to Albert's terrace.

"Let us seat ourselves here," said the Count to his companion, "in order to give the water of the cistern time to drain off by a waste way—"

"Which I know but too well," said Consuelo, shuddering from head to foot.

"What do you mean? asked Albert, looking at her with surprize.

"I will tell you bye and bye," said Consuelo, "I do not wish to sadden and agitate you now by the idea of the perils which I have surmounted—"

"But what does she mean to say?" cried Albert terrified, looking at Zdenko.

Zdenko replied in Bohemian with an air of indifference, while kneading with his long brown hands, lumps of clay, which he placed in the interstices of his sluice way, in order to hasten the draining of the cistern. "Explain yourself, Consuelo," said Albert, much agitated. "I can comprehend nothing of what he says. He pretends that he did not conduct you to this place, that you came by subterranean passages, which I know to be impassable, and where a delicate woman could never have dared to venture, nor have been able to direct herself. He says, (Great God! what does not the unfortunate say,) that it was destiny which conducted you, and that the archangel Michael, whom he calls the proud and domineering, made you pass through the water and the abysses."

"It is possible," said Consuelo, with a smile, "that the archangel Michael had something to do with it; for it is certain that I came by the waste way of the fountain, that I fled before the torrent, that I thought myself lost two or three times, that I traversed caverns and quarries where I expected to be swallowed up, or smothered at every step; and yet these dangers were not more fearful than Zdenko's anger, when chance or Providence made me find the true route." Here Consuelo, who always expressed herself in Spanish with Albert, related to him in a few words, the reception which his pacific Zdenko had given her, and the attempt to bury her alive, which he had al-

most entirely accomplished, at the moment when she had the presence of mind to appease him by a singularly heretic formula. A cold sweat burst out upon Albert's forehead, on hearing these incredible details, and he often darted terrible glances at Zdenko as if he would have annihilated him. Zdenko on meeting them, assumed a strange expression of revolt and disdain. Consuelo trembled to see these two insane persons excited against each other; for notwithstanding the deep wisdom and the exquisite sentiments, which inspired the greater part of Albert's conversation, it was evident to her that his reason had sustained a severe shock, from which perhaps it would never entirely recover. She tried to reconcile them, by addressing affectionate words to each. But Albert rising, and giving the keys of his hermitage to Zdenko, said to him a few cold words, to which Zdenko submitted on the instant. He resumed his lantern and went his way, singing very strange airs with incomprehensible words.

"Consuelo," said Albert as soon as he had lost sight of him, "if this faithful animal which lies at your feet should become mad; yes, if my poor Cynabre should endanger your life by an involuntary fury, I should surely be obliged to kill him; and believe that I would not hesitate, though my hand has never shed blood, even that of beings inferior to man—Be tranquil therefore, no danger will menace you hereafter."

"Of what are you speaking, Albert?" replied the young girl, troubled at this unforeseen allusion. "I fear nothing now. Zdenko is still a man, though he has lost his reason by his own fault perhaps, and by your's a little likewise. Speak not of blood and punishment. It is your duty to restore him to the truth and to cure him, instead of encouraging his insanity. Come, let us go; I tremble lest the day should dawn, and surprize us on our arrival."

"You are right," said Albert resuming his route. "Wisdom speaks by your mouth, Consuelo. My insanity has been contagious to that unfortunate, and it was quite time for you to come, and save us from the abyss to which we were both hastening. Restored by you, I will try to restore Zdenko. And yet if I do not succeed, if his insanity again puts your life in danger, although Zdenko be a man before God and an angel in his tenderness for me, though he be the only true friend I have hitherto had upon the earth—be assured Consuelo, I will tear him from my heart, and you will never see him again."

"Enough, enough, Albert!" murmured Consuelo, incapable after so many terrors, of supporting a new one, "do not fill your mind with such suppositions. I

would rather lose my life a hundred times, than inflict upon your's such a necessity and such a despair."

Albert did not hear her, and seemed absent. He forgot to support her, and did not perceive that she failed and stumbled at every step. He was absorbed by the idea of the dangers she had incurred for his sake; and in his terror at retracing them, in his ardent solicitude, in his excited gratitude, he walked rapidly, making the gallery resound with his hurried exclamations, and leaving her to drag herself after him with efforts which became more and more painful. In this cruel situation, Consuelo thought of Zdenko who was behind her, and who might retrace his steps; upon the torrent which he always held, so to speak, in his hand, and which he could again unchain at the moment when she was ascending the well alone, deprived of Albert's assistance. For the latter, victim to a new fancy, seemed to see her before him and to follow a deceitful phantom, while he abandoned her in darkness. This was too much for a woman, and for Consuelo herself. Cynabre walked as fast as his master, and fled, carrying the lantern. Consuelo had left her's in the cell. The road made numerous angles, behind which the light disappeared every instant. Consuelo struck against one of those angles, fell and could not rise again. The chill of death ran through all her limbs. A last apprehension finally presented itself to her mind. Zdenko had probably received orders to open the sluice gate after a certain time, in order to conceal the staircase and the issue of the cistern. So that even if hatred did not inspire him, he would from habit obey this necessary precaution. "It is then accomplished," thought Consuelo, making vain attempts to drag herself forward on her knees. "I am the victim of a pitiless destiny. I shall never escape from this subterranean; my eyes will not again behold the light of day."

Already a thicker veil than that of the outward darkness spread itself over her sight, her hands became numb, and an apathy, which resembled the last sleep, suspended her terrors. Suddenly she felt herself pressed and raised in powerful arms, which seized and drew her towards the cistern. A burning bosom beats against her's and warms it; a friendly and caressing voice addresses her with tender words; Cynabre bounds before her, shaking the light. It is Albert, who restored to himself, seizes and saves her with the passion of a mother who has lost and found her child. In three minutes they arrived at the canal whence the water of the fountain had run out, they reached the arcade and the staircase. Cynabre, accustomed to this dangerous ascent, leap-

ed forward first, as if he feared to encumber his master's steps, by remaining too near him.

Albert, carrying Consuelo on one arm, and clinging with the other to the chain, ascended the spiral staircase, at the bottom of which the water already began to mount also. This was not the least of the dangers which Consuelo had encountered, but she felt no fear. Albert was endowed with a muscular strength in comparison with which Zdenko's was as a child's, and at this moment he was animated with supernatural power. When he had deposited his precious burden upon the margin of the well, in the light of the breaking dawn, Consuelo, at last breathing freely, and rising from his panting breast, wiped with her veil his broad forehead bathed in sweat. "My friend," said she to him tenderly, "without you I should have died, and you have repaid all that I have done for you; but I now feel your fatigue more than you do yourself, and it seems to me that I shall sink under it in your place."

"O my little Zingarella!" said Albert to her with enthusiasm, kissing the veil which she rested upon his face, "you are as light in my arms as on the day when I descended from the Schreckenstein to carry you to the chateau."

"Which you will not again leave without my permission, Albert, do not forget your oath!"

"Nor you your's," replied he, kneeling before her. He helped her to envelope herself in the veil, and to cross his chamber, whence she escaped stealthily to regain her own. The family began to wake in the chateau. Already from the lower story, the canoness sounded a dry and piercing cough, the signal of her rising. Consuelo had the happiness not to be seen or heard by any one. Fear gave her wings to recover the shelter of her apartment. With an agitated hand she freed herself from her stained and torn clothes, and hid them in a trunk from which she took away the key. She retained sufficient strength and memory to conceal every trace of her mysterious journey. But hardly had she let her wearied head fall upon the pillow, when a heavy and burning sleep, full of fanciful dreams and horrible adventures, nailed it there, under the weight of a usurping and inexorable fever.

To be Continued.

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. Standing in the porch of a noted hotel yesterday, we observed a gentleman pick up a pin and carefully place it on his collar. "That's the way to do it, my boy," said a man from the Western part of this State, who has risen by his own energy from poverty to an income of forty thousand a year; "if your eyes are always as sharp, you will rival me in wealth before your hair is grey."

AUTUMN.

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:

To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work ye may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he bowed the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;

My very heart faints and my whole soul
grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Tennyson.

AN ILL TIMED SHOT. A French Diligence was lately travelling on the road between Lagny and Paris, with its complement of passengers, and among them several Parisian sportsmen on their way home. One of these gentlemen, on account of the crowded state of the vehicle, was compelled to take his seat on the outside with the conductor. The heavy machine in which twenty six persons were heaped up had nearly reached Chellic, and the horses were moving with rather an unsteady pace, when suddenly a flock of partridges rose up from a field on the side of the road. The sportsman, who was seated by the conductor, immediately pointed his gun, which was double-barrelled, and fired it.

The sound of the explosion alarmed the horses, who broke the reins, sprang forward, and upset the carriage into a ditch. Cries of pain and alarm arose, the conductor and the passengers, who had suffered least, endeavored to disengage themselves, that they might assist the others, and some of them hastened for help to the next village. But at that moment the gallop of horses was heard, two riders advanced in all haste; they were the gens d'armes attracted by the report of the gun.

"Gentlemen," cried the officer, "your hunting permit if you please."

"Talk about hunting permits," answered the unlucky author of the accident. "Help us get out the passengers from the Diligence, and we will explain afterwards."

"Every thing in its time," replied the police officer, "if there are people wounded, send for a doctor, but in the meantime give me your hunting permit or I shall arrest you."

The huntsman searched, turned his pocket, his game bag inside out, no permit. He was then obliged to give his name, surname, his domicile and profession, of all which the officer took note. Meantime groans had succeeded to screams, six travellers, one of whom

had his left arm broken, were waiting on the other side of the ditch,—it was a sad sight, but it was necessary to go through the formalities of the law.

Finally, at the end of an hour, the travellers who were most injured, were allowed to return to Lagny. The police officers rendered no assistance, but their proces verbal recompensed the partridges for the alarm which had been given them by the ill-advised sportsman. This episode of the new game laws will necessarily have a sequel in the correctional police court.—*Paris Journal des Debats.*

SMOKING IN PARIS. Willis, in his last letter from Paris to the New York Mirror, says:

Every man smokes in the street in Paris. And what is worse, (or better, as you chance to think about it,) the ladies smoke very generally! I was sitting by the side of a lovely English woman yesterday, on a morning call, when she suddenly threaded her fair fingers through the profusion of blonde curls upon her cheek and said. "I hope my hair is not disagreeable to you!" I looked amazement at the possibility, of course. "Because," she added, "I have been smoking all the morning; and it stays in one's hair so!" The ladies smoke small paper cigars, made of very delicate tobacco. They scout the idea of ever giving the practice up, and are only astonished at having so long left this charming thought softener to male monopoly.

I have since seen a dandy coolly approach a party with a fresh cigar in his mouth, and draw a light from the lady's cigar while she was smoking. This was in a cafe, and he might have been an acquaintance: but one would like to know how much magnetism might pass over a bridge of tobacco, and whether it is fairly the custom of the country thus to take fire at a lady's lips without an introduction.

THE TRUE REFORMER. The true and valuable Reformer, the American Reformer, is not a man of mere faith, without works and without sense. Having hit upon a favorite theory, he does not resolve at once to force it upon the world without reference to the existing state of things, and with no regard to time or consequences. He sees the human race struggling as it has struggled for thousands of years, to ascend the steep and rugged heights, on the summit of which it hopes to enjoy peace and happiness, and although with the eye of faith he may look beyond the clouds and darkness, and gain a view of the resplendent glories which encircle the brow of this lofty mountain, still he does not with reckless and fanatical haste risk all that has been gained by springing forward to reach the object at a single bound, the consequence of which would be to precipitate him back to the foot of the hill to commence the journey anew. On the contrary he toils on with patience, caution and deliberation. He takes care to keep all that has been acquired. He looks well to his footing, and before leaving the spot on which he stands, finds a safe and secure buttress of the rock on which to plant his next onward and upward step.—*N. Y. News.*

ASSOCIATION—ITS AIMS.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

The Courier and Enquirer of Thursday last contained an article on the reforms of the day which is so false in its statements and breathes a spirit so revolting, that I cannot refrain from making a few comments upon it.

After speaking of you as a self-made man, and accusing you, for that reason, of being filled with vanity and egotism, he commences an attack upon the doctrine of Association, or as he calls it *Fourierism*, and lays the charge to the men engaged in its advocacy, of wishing to realize the following disgusting results, to wit: "to compel men to live together in herds, like the beasts of the field," "without religion and without hope," "without the affections and endearments of home," &c. Now there is something so repulsive in such an accusation, so utterly abhorrent to every sentiment of humanity, that the mind feels an unwillingness to answer, or even meddle in any way with it. But some answer perhaps may be necessary, otherwise a portion of the public, so credulous as to believe whatever appears in print, may take it for granted that such monstrous results may be sought for by some crazy and desperate outcasts from society. In the face of the fact that the men engaged in the Associative movement are not only respectable, but some of them even eminent in their spheres, accusations like the above can only come from inconsiderate prejudice and blind antipathy.

The epithet of "beasts of the field," has been a favorite one with the Editor of the Courier, and has often been applied before in discussing the question of Social and Industrial reform. A feeling often crosses our mind that this term of "beasts of the field," is but the faithful mirror of the moral state of the source from which it emanates; yet we hasten to disclaim entertaining seriously any such opinion, for we believe the Editor of the Courier is animated by many just and honorable sentiments, perhaps a majority, but he is rash and prejudiced, and some of the propensities of those innocent animals to which he refers, may be momentarily aroused by his antipathies. He might, at least, be more choice in his language, for in our conviction, it is descending below the level of the harmless herding animals and entering into the region of howling hyenas and fork-tongued snakes to accuse our fellow men of the detestable design of wishing to destroy "religion and a hope in the future," and of reducing mankind to the condition of "beasts of the field."

Let us explain in a very few words what the Advocates of Association, or a Social and Industrial reform, are really aiming at.

The present system of Society, called Civilization—the fourth distinct Society that has existed on the earth, the Savage, Patriarchal, and Barbarian, having preceded it—is the work of the legislators and lawyers of Greece and Rome, and the kings, tyrants and aristocrats of the Middle Ages in Europe. It was created and established in times of war, slavery, oppression, discord, poverty, ignorance, and as far as Greece and Rome are concerned, under the influence of false religions. Can such a Society, coming from such a source, be true, just, sacred in its spirit and its practical organization!—

Judge a tree by its fruits, and a society by its results: let the history of blood of the last twenty five centuries answer in tones of awful woe and misery.

The present is somewhat better than the past—for the wrath of a false social world will wear itself out—but look at the files of papers that every steamer brings to our shores, and what do we see? Wars, famines, poverty, executions, murders, epidemic diseases, brutal acts of tyranny, the sad accounts of which are relieved only by frivolous details upon the fashions, the theatres, the doings of the idle and selfish. Look at these fruits of the present social organization, and let them answer.

And in our own country—"this happy and plenteous country"—as the Editor of the Courier calls it, how stand things!

In the South three millions of Slaves toiling in the cotton fields and rice swamps to grow products for the planters of the South and the trading classes of the North to speculate upon, and whose advertisements fill the columns of the ponderous Courier, yielding its owner at least \$25,000 per annum, who exclaims—"this happy and plenteous land," and declares that things are well enough, and that no change is wanted. Again, in our city, according to the statement of one of its Aldermen, there are ten thousand prostitutes, and throughout the land there are drunkenness, more or less poverty, dreadful disappointments, hopes blasted, and other moral and physical evils—a majority of which common sense proclaims to be the result of false social circumstances, and not the depravity of the human heart, as the Courier tells us.

Now he has no burning indignation to express against these social abuses and monstrosities: he passes gently over them, and lays them all to the human heart—the work of the Divine Hand and the victim of the false social and political arrangements which dark ages of ignorance and poverty have engendered.

What are the institutions on which the boasted civilized Social Order—the offspring of monarchical Europe and gored-stained Greece and Rome—is based? The following are some of them: examine them, and see whether they are fit to govern even the poor "beasts of the field," or rather the beasts of the jungle and the desert, and say whether it is wisdom or stupidity to uphold them as some journals are now devoting themselves, with holy ardor to do. Among the institutions and arrangements which form the parts or elements of the Civilized social mechanism, we find—war—slavery—serfdom—hired labor or servitude to capital—false and anarchical competition—conflict of interests—war of capital and labor—monopolized machinery—industrial incoherence and waste—which jointly and severally engender those frightful social scourges, like poverty, ignorance, discord, universal duplicity of action and selfishness, drunkenness, degradation and prostitution.

"Beasts of the field," exclaims with virtuous indignation the Editor of the Courier. Well, Mr. Editor, look at the men in the social world of your predilection; how many of your brethren—and as you have publicly declared yourself to be a Christian, I suppose you will not regret the title, for Christ said, Ye are all brethren—how many of them, sir, are reduced to the condition of beasts of bur-

then, which are composed of the "beasts of the field?" Three millions of negroes in the South, forced to toil from fear of the lash, and sold like cattle in the public markets of Civilization, are they not made, sir, truly beasts of burthen? Yes or no? And if so, I throw back to you your accusation of "beasts of the field," and say to you that the system which you uphold, and which pays you in wealth, standing, and influence, reduces men as near as possible to the condition of "beasts of the field." This is no fiction—examine it, and if you can see through the dark mists of prejudice and selfishness which \$25,000 per annum, and standing, and influence raise up around you, and which are drawn mainly from existing iniquities, particularly unholy profits wrung from oppressed labor, and party politics with its insane strife, come out and attack it boldly, if you love truth and have the courage to face the popular selfishness and prejudice.

Look also at the white toiling millions throughout Civilization, working from 12 to 16 hours per day to earn a miserable physical existence, without any hope of social elevation, without the means of intellectual culture, without any future on this earth before them, but toil, poverty and anxiety—condensing their sweat and blood into treasures for a favored few, look and say whether these masses are not mere machines of toil, and whether Civilized Society with its monstrous organization of labor does not reduce them comparatively to the condition of beasts of burthen—that is, toiling ceaselessly for a mere physical existence—and if the divine spark implanted in the human soul by God could be obliterated, would reduce them in reality to the condition which you speak of with such hearty emphasis.

Look, sir, at the bulk of the working population of Civilization, driven to toil by the lash or starvation, and scrutinize very carefully whether in your conservative mania you are not aiding powerfully to sustain an Order of things which produces in part the results of which you are so liberal in accusing others.

HUMANITY.

GOOD BOOTS NECESSARY TO CREDIT. The Mississippi Free Trader relates an anecdote of the late Judge Story, which he gave to his class illustrating principles in law. Soon after his removal to Cambridge, on his way to Boston, he had occasion to use fifty dollars, for which he stepped into the Bank at Cambridgeport. The Cashier, not knowing him, scrutinized him very closely, and after he had told him who he was, observed that his object in his scrutiny was to satisfy himself whether it was probable, from his personal appearance, that he was good for fifty dollars, and he thought the best evidence would be afforded by the kind of boots he wore.

NOTHING LOST. It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water which is spilt, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots on the ground, all that perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence daily returned for use. — *Mc Culloch.*

CANDID. An apothecary in Salem has written over his door—"All kinds of DYING STUFFS sold here."

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

REVIEW.

Studies in Religion. By the Author of "Words in a Sunday School." New York: C. Shephard, 191 Broadway. 1845. pp. 230.

This little book, if not a direct offshoot is of very near kin to that remarkable intellectual and moral phenomenon, New England Transcendentalism. That family however, we must understand, though not very numerous, is quite various in quality. From the lofty thought and melodious utterance of its leader, down to the twaddle of the younger born, the descent is as unsatisfactory as any that we are aware of. The dogmatic and oracular mode of speech which fits him so well is insufferable when assumed by the callow youths and maidens, who deal so largely in self reliance and spirituality, and who make nothing of seeing through and through all the divine and other things, wherewith the universe is indifferently furnished. It is gratifying to know that these persons are generally short lived and that their number is not at present increasing.

Like many things beside in these times, this sect of thinkers has quite different values, if we consider it as an element of the general movement or as an individual thing. Taken as a sign of dissatisfaction with the unpoetic and even decaying husks, which had been and in some quarters still are not stintedly fed out, and of the deep impulse to demand and to have something better, it commands our sympathy and admiration. In the general *elan* towards a broader mental freedom, it has contributed not a little. Equally useful has been its part in the culture of some of the best minds, who are now not only "sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation," but who in truth and in earnest, have laid their hands to the work. Nor has it been without service in the advancement of truth itself. Amidst the brilliant paradoxes and glittering errors which its Coryphaeus, eminently a one-sided and unbalanced man vainly endeavoring after equilibrium, from time to time sends forth, are many great and wise ideas set too to such music that they cannot soon be forgotten. But regarded as a system of philosophy and ethics, the theory of our Transcendentalists is fatally defective and erroneous. Briefly, it knows nothing of the progressive, hierarchichal Order of the Universe, and by consequence stumbles at almost every step and does not always stumble forwards. But we have neither space nor time for a scientific analysis; we only point out the prominent peculiarities of the system we speak

of, for system it is, though it may not always be easy to perceive it.

The chief of these is the want of real human sympathies. Its doctrine and tendency are extreme individualism. It sunders the man from his fellows, and even doubts whether it is necessary that he should have any fellows at all. In a word, it teaches a perfect *spiritual* selfishness. It is the poetic and mystical expression of the Ego-ism, which makes modern life so mean, so pitiful, and so wretched. In this point of view it is perhaps a necessity. Our Civilization must complete its circle. "Each one for himself," had to be published in this way as well as in the frauds of commerce and the auction-sales of town paupers. Thank God that the higher principle of "Each for all and all for each," is beginning to be clearly enforced, and that we are learning to understand that man is really man only so far as he is in intimate union with his brethren. We cannot live alone. It is not to the isolated soul that God's inspirations are given. Not in cold, solitary contemplation does the celestial visitation descend upon us, but when we glow with life, when human hearts of love answer each throb of ours, when great resolves shine upon us from other's eyes, and solemn and joyous enthusiasm fills the whole atmosphere we breathe.

The calm arrogance which the doctors and disciples of this philosophy employ in speaking of other modes of thought, if not always pleasant is sometimes amusing. One might imagine that the dicta of the absolute ideas were now being proclaimed, that any body who wanted to hear the last decision of the Pure Reason need only draw near.

There are many other things to be said upon this subject which we shall bring forward on a suitable opportunity when we hope to treat it more fully.

The "Studies in Religion," is by an amiable person of much genuine religious feeling, and is a kind of diluted quotation of the speculations we have spoken of. For our own part we greatly prefer them at first hands.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE VIRTUOSO AGE IN MUSIC.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF PIANISTS AND VIOLINISTS.

The arrival of the last great wonder, the *Trismegistus* among pianists, LEOPOLD DE MEYER, heralded by his own biography in thick gilt-edged pamphlet, detailing his whole career of European triumphs, and making a book no wise inferior to the Arabian Nights for marvellous entertainment, gives us a good occasion to draw out from our stores what

we have kept written about musical prodigies in general. We shall go into it at some length, as we mean to show both sides of the matter, which may cost us a series of articles.

The fact is, a new development of musical art has been for a long time, and is still, in its ascending phase. The new school, a long meteoric shower of solo-players, "virtuosos," not yet past, so fills all with its dazzling light, as almost to extinguish for a time the quiet orbs to which we have been wont to look up. It has some things bad, and some things good in it, this tendency; and came as naturally in the course of things, as did any other forms of Art.

As the genius of the old Cathedral, that Gothic sense of the Infinite, produced the Fugue; as the genius of Protestantism produced the Chorus and the Oratorio, in the style of Handel; as the dramatic genius found utterance for the feelings of the individual heart in the Opera and its Mozart; as the genius of nature, or the feeling of the correspondence of all outward sights and sounds with the inward life of man, moulded a chaos into order in the orchestra;—so too, at length, the very mechanical skill requisite to express all this, the *genius of execution*, has come to have its day, and, declaring itself independent, has created a music of its own, and now dictates what sort of composition it will show itself off in;—for it is not always that the music of the heart or of the head afford sphere enough for its miracle-working propensity. Hence the music of the fingers. Hence the day of solo-players, and the hundred-handed Briareuses of the piano, of voices which vie with instruments in their swift liquid passages, and of instruments which almost sing. The fingers have entered into conspiracy with the peculiarities or genius of the instruments played upon, and sworn to serve no longer in the mere bringing out of melodies and harmonies written for the heart; they will have an order of music which shall represent *them* in their sovereign capacity. And if in the course of their surprising feats, there is sometimes a glow of soul, or an *aurora-borealis* play of the imagination, this is accidental, clear gain which did not enter into the original calculation. A man can hardly apply himself to think out a system of severe logic, without now and then striking a vein of warmest poetry; or resolve to be very practical, without theorizing before he knows it. So the virtuoso, working away with all his might and conquering the mechanical difficulties which hem him in, till he has become master of all the latent capabilities of his instrument, will find his heart and soul kindling with the excitement of such luxuriant freedom, (that is, if he

have any heart,) and will in spite of himself, inspire and move, as well as astonish; seeking applause, he will find the heart of his audience. Or, shall we say, seeking the heart of his instrument, he finds his own heart. There is nothing like the excitement of exertion of any kind, and especially triumphant exertion in overcoming difficulties, to fire one's whole soul and rouse into action his best genius. And so the mechanical finger-school in music has produced soul-stirring fantasias and true pictures of marvellous ideal beauty. Springing from an ignoble source, the stream is swollen in its winding way with many a mountain brook from purest heights. The fashion of becoming great players has opened a market for great genius too. Paganini, Thalberg, Chopin, Listz, are no mere mountebanks; they have not stifled the divine fire in working at the finger-trade; but have occupied with light and beauty, as fast as they have conquered, the stubborn world of matter.

This new school therefore is to be respected. The genius of the age consented to work in it. Still it cannot be denied that, as a school, this is its characteristic: *It is music to satisfy the demands of extraordinary skill; and not skill to satisfy the demands of music.* In its origin, therefore, it is monstrous and illegitimate; though it may manifest some fine traits of humanity as it grows up. When we go to the concert of one of these modern virtuosos, is not this the pleasure which we promise ourselves: *first*, to hear the greatest player we ever heard; and *secondly*, to hear the peculiar nature of his instrument brought out! while to the music itself, as a language of the soul, only a subordinate interest is attached! Signor such an one has come from Europe, to show us what the violin is, or the violoncello, or the piano; and what strides the art has made, what difficult feats he can perform. He has not learned all this that he may show you what good music is; no; but he has composed his own music, so as to show what heights, what depths, what velocity, what varieties of tone, what seeming impossibilities his instrument and he are capable of.

As we have said, there is evil, and there is good in all this; and we will endeavor to consider them both fairly.

I. Let us dispose of the worst side first. There are several ways in which this tendency degrades the art.

1. By making it an *exhibition* of personal skill. In these fashionable concerts the artist bespeaks more attention to himself, than to his art. Music is but the scenery and background, in front of which he stations his own figure in the strongest light. He comes before you as

the hero of an interesting occasion. You are met to sympathize, or judge in an affair of personal consequence. It is *his* success, or failure, which constitutes the charm of the thing, and makes you breathless with expectation, as when lost in the interesting part of a novel or a play. It is not to enjoy music, to get transported into the ideal world of harmony, to rise above your cares on wings of melody; but it is to see a great deed performed, to admire and applaud a wonderful achievement. The virtuoso of the violin, or the piano, or the voice, stands there, like a gladiator, to contend with that most formidable foe, the extravagant demand of a pampered public taste for some new miracle that shall swallow up the miracle of yesterday, like Aaron's rod. He seems to be striving to convince you that he can do some things as well as any body else. And if he can only convince you of it before-hand, if he can only throw an irresistible air of mystery and superiority around his very first entrée, so that you shall all be in his power before he strikes a note, then it is the height of the sublime! then the music will certainly be great!

Observe, then, how admirably every thing is calculated for *effect*; with what consummate skill the grand stroke is prepared; what forethought in each little arrangement; each music-stand, each lamp set as characteristically and with as much reference to the "*tout ensemble*," as each note in a well composed Fugue, or Symphony. Perhaps, (we hear of such things, if they have not yet reached us, since we belong only to the *provinces* in Virtuoso-land) the orchestral corps, who are to accompany our hero, glide in softly to their places, each in suit of elegant and solemn black, all ranged, symmetrical and still, as priests about an altar, their instruments tuned as if by instinct, each looking so absorbed and yet so conscious of the whole, no need of bustle or explanation, or coming to mutual understanding about what is to be done; the genius of the scene will inspire each part in its due season; they do not seem like men, but organs of some ruling spirit of the air, whose visible appearance now we all breathlessly await. Do not be impatient. Precisely in the fullness of time, not a moment before or after, the folding doors in the back of the stage fall open of their own accord, and forth advances, amid deafening applause, the tall dark form of the master, like a calm magician stepping forth upon the troubled sea, which he will soon tranquillize. He is dressed in elegant black, with the utmost precision. His air is that of the exquisite and the Paganini combined; pale and rapt and all abstracted from this world, and yet so courtier-like in attitude and attire, that he seems waited upon in his sublime care-

lessness by invisible graces, who send him forth all curled and perfumed, like young Ascanius from the hands of Venus. With what complacency of sublime vanity he smiles down upon his audience, and distributes gracious little bows, accepting the applause as something for which he was not anxious, something his by right! And true enough; he need not concern himself; the victory is already won; he has spell-bound that many-headed monster, the public, by the very magnetism of his presence; and now perhaps he will condescend to amuse himself a little with his violin, and let the monster hear. He draws out fitful snatches of melody from the strings, just as his humor prompts him; and, by a sort of instinct, orchestra and all things chime in properly, for it is a magic influence; and now you shall go into ecstasies, you shall taste the very delirium of musical sensation, to reward you for yielding yourselves in such implicit faith to him.

Art and Taste are certainly at a low ebb, when performances of this sort are the great attraction; when we crowd to the concert room, not for the quiet enjoyment of good music, but for the excitement of some great contest of skill, or of some great player's triumph; when we care not so much for the intrinsic value of a peice of music, as for the wonderful feats of the performer. No matter how beautiful it is in itself; the music in itself is made secondary to the display and fashion of the thing. Granting the utmost that has been said in praise of Paganini, yet who does not see that there must necessarily have been less of pure musical enjoyment at one of his concerts, than at a good Oratorio, or the performance of some rich Symphony by an orchestra, no member of which is celebrated.

2. And this because the music selected is always made subservient to this principal end, of display. Almost never can you hear any thing of Beethoven, Bach or Mozart, from one of these prodigies, who can play *any thing*. So seldom is it that one is qualified to do justice to those immortal composers by performing them, that we fondly hope the virtuosos will introduce us to them. But no. They are not difficult enough, to show the public what he can do; or they composed nothing which will bring out the newly discovered peculiarities of his instrument, which he is anxious to show you. And so you must listen to some Fantasia, or brilliant Variations, by the master of his school; or ten to one, he chooses to compose all his own music. Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, composed for the church, for the affections of the heart as developed in the drama; for the quiet intellectual home enjoyment of the Quartette, or Sonata; but

the most remarkable music of this day is composed first and principally for the fingers, to astonish. It is his skill, his school, his instrument, and not *the Art*, of which he stands forth the champion and representative. And so Beethoven, and the best in music, are brought no nearer to us, for all this improvement in the mechanical facilities. It is very much like building railroads, for the sport of it, not for the purpose of transportation, not to bring the wealth of distant lands within our reach. Certainly we will not object to the artist, if he will produce as good, or better music of his own; we will not say that the only true calling of the artist now, is to perform and interpret the music of old masters. But it is very clear, that if he had the soul of Art in him, he would not be so shy of those great masters, and would occasionally be glad to postpone the satisfaction of making known the whole compass of his skill, or of his instrument, for the sake of an hour of genuine quickening converse with those great spirits, and for the pleasure there must be in lifting his audience to some participation in it. If the musical public had any genuine love of Art, the demand would be for the genuine, rather than for the glittering.

3. Again. Without denying that it is a very distinct and very legitimate province in the Art, that of the Solo-player by profession; that it is a sphere which very high talents may honorably enter, and that a man may fulfil the noble calling of an artist in that way; still we cannot but feel that its success is at the expense of other forms of music. It begets such habitual craving for applause, for personal consideration, that the accomplished performer is hardly willing to subordinate or lose himself in a joint effort with others to bring out some noble work in a way that shall do the composer justice. He leaves it to others to fill out a Quartette, or an Orchestra. It is a part of the policy of his profession not to make himself too cheap. He must only play where he can be all in all. Now this is a false pride; and fatal to the best interests of Art, quite opposed to its high disinterested spirit. True Art can entertain no egotism. A true artist, if he felt the greatness of his mission, could no more think of making himself too cheap, than the Son of Man could, on his daily errands of mercy. All the dignity resides in the idea, the spirit, the conception of the beautiful whole to be wrought out; and the humblest part in the outward machinery of it is alike honorable with the most difficult. It is not beneath one's dignity, surely, to help perform "the Messiah" or a Symphony of Beethoven, though one's part be ever so easy, ever so little prominent. There is a fault

somewhere, in the public estimation of the Art, in the fashion as it regards concerts, or in himself, when a good player is no longer willing to play for the glory of music, but only to glorify himself.

4. Another evil of such performances is, that they establish a false standard; they divert beginners from the true aim. All the young pianists are ambitious to learn the most *difficult* pieces. They seem to think that the whole merit lies in *that*. Good music is often difficult to perform; what came warm and simply from the heart, does not necessarily coincide with the most natural and easy habits of the fingers; but it does not therefore follow that difficulty should be the chief desideratum in composition. For if music from the heart is often harder to execute, than it was for the mind to invent; so too it is never any the poorer for happening to be easy. There is as much thought and beauty, sometimes, in that which is easy, as there can be in the most difficult. And what is the motive for studying into and mastering a piece of music? What the anticipated good which justifies so much preliminary practice? Is it the accomplishing of a difficult feat, or is it the attaining to the power of understanding, feeling and expressing the sentiment, the beautiful conception of the composer. Through the rock of mechanical difficulty we bore till we come to the living spring; but that may also gush up, and often does gush up, in greener and more accessible spots. To learn to love its waters is the great thing, and not despise the gift which may be easily enjoyed. Half the practice which a young lady bestows upon her ambitious resolution to be up with the day, and conquer the last brilliant and frightfully difficult set of variations by Herz or Thalberg, would give her the enviable power of playing with ease and correctness the more soul-satisfying sonatas of Beethoven, so far as the mechanical difficulty is concerned; and if she be not susceptible to their spiritual meaning and beauty, why should she wish to meddle with music at all? Yes, half and less than half of the toil expended upon this fashionable accomplishment, might make the purest and most refined and intellectual of all enjoyments, that of familiar acquaintance with the works of Beethoven and Mozart, a comparatively common blessing in our houses; and how much would social life become enriched by it! Mere admiration is a very barren pleasure. We go away dazzled and confused and wretched after hearing the brilliant performance on the piano, which surprised and delighted us as long as it lasted. We go home weary; it has excited us, but infused no new vigor into our soul, left no deep inward chord vibrating; we find we are not refreshed; we

carry nothing home. Whereas the effect of hearing true music, though it be the longest Symphony of Beethoven, or Oratorio of Handel, is to refresh and renew our mind, and send us away richer and stronger, and doubly proof against the torpedo touch of common-places and dullness. By the first sort of exhibition we get to be familiar with wonderful things; by the last we are made to feel that life is altogether wonderful and unspeakably interesting. The effect of the first is *ennui* and discontent; of the last, that diviner discontent, called aspiration.

(To be Continued.)

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHARWING.

EUGENE SUE.

Immediate popularity is poor proof of an author's depth or genuineness. These mushroom reputations have not, as a general rule, been permanent. But the name which we have just written down, has got the better of our incredulity. With Eugene Sue the dazzling qualities are only secondary, and his unparalleled success is but the accident, by no means the end and ultimatum of his talent. Crowned as a novelist, he has not forgotten his mission as a man; as he does not descend to please his age, there is cause to hope that he will not go *down*, as the saying is, to future fame. If he had not the faith, the freedom, and the earnestness, which the vain world usually rewards with martyrdom, we should suspect such brilliant powers of pleasing, in spite of our own pleasure, to be the devil's charlatanry, with which the world is fuller now than ever. How is it that this man can love the people more than popularity, and yet be in all men's mouths? Verily, an altogether new and grand position for a man! We tremble lest he lose it.

And how has he used this popularity? Not as the admired ones generally do, who do not *use*, but only *serve* it. He has not fallen from truth, as he has risen in power. He has not yielded to the usual fatality of success, and adopted the smooth complacent airs of conservatism, comforting himself with his own good fortune, flattering the dominant interests and tastes, gently rebuking the world's discontent, politely motioning away the plans of the reformer, and pronouncing the present frame-work of society to be

most admirably and wisely fashioned, since *à* forsooth is fashionable. The prodigious success of his "Mysteries of Paris," only suggested to him an opportunity of doing still nobler things for Humanity; and, having got the ear of the many-headed tyrant, he does not whisper smooth things, but improves the hour to introduce great startling truths, in whose name his brilliant talents went before. In the "Wandering Jew," he consecrates his laurels to truth and the great cause of Man. Few have so succeeded in putting their success beneath them. We can joyfully acquit him of the great sin of the age, which is the passion for success. Almost no one dares to be unsuccessful, can afford to fail. Were truth sought half as eagerly as we seek success, truth would long since have succeeded, and Humanity, redeemed, would hold continual festival, bestowing glorious offices and glorious rewards on all. It was a heavenly instinct that led our author to reason thus. He has set the example: dare you follow it, ye aspirants for fame, ye 'men of spirit,' whose ambition, whose proud resolve it is, to be *something* in the world? Might we anticipate *what thing?* alas! not, we fear, in most cases, when you shall have reached your goal, will you be able to answer, like Mrs. Quickly, "a thing to thank God for."

But we did not set out to eulogize. M. Sue, it is known, is one of us; he is an Associationist; he believes in the redemption of Humanity through industrial association, prompted by the Christian sentiment of love, and guided by a scientific study of man's nature and destiny. He believes in the removal of the curse from Labor; and, seeing the shadow of that thought in the tradition of the Wandering Jew, he has made it the basis of the most remarkable novel of the day. To the charges brought against that work of Fourierism, infidelity, &c., by the translator, Herbert, who, besides deigning to *translate* it into immortality, also "added to the value of this edition," by appending to the successive numbers divers notes, both eulogistic and apologetic, touching the aim and spirit of the work, until the whole was finished, when he spat upon it, just to ease his worldly conscience, — sufficient refutation was given in our last. Our business is with the book itself, as an offering to Humanity, and as a work of art; and we hope to estimate it fairly.

Probably we could not state its aim and scope so well, as by quoting from the *Democratie Pacifique* — (and, Reader, do not fail to render your most grateful thanks to Mr. Herbert, to whose arduous labors we are indebted for the translation!)

"The poet supposes that, in the present world, scattered over the different

steps of the social ladder, there exist seven descendants of the well-beloved sister of the cobbler of Jerusalem. In these different personages are summed up and typified all the virtues and degradations, all the splendors and miseries of human existence; and over these beings, who are his *sole* family, his sole objects of love, the Jew watches with ardent solicitude. Here is the whole range of Humanity, in its passions, in its weakness, in its efforts, in its hopes, in its dreams. Here is his race struggling against its laborious trials, threatened incessantly with ruin, yet ever sustained and preserved by the unremitting care of Providence, for a great ulterior end.

"All these individuals, brothers in blood, though widely divided by the false world in which we live; Prince Djalma; the patrician, Adrienne de Cardoville; the citizen, M. Hardy; Gabriel, the saint priest; the orphans, Rose and Blanche; the mechanic almost utterly degraded, whose fantastical and disgusting name denotes his nakedness and disorder; all these are destined one day to be united, and to reconstruct the human family and human unity, according to the laws of God. From their agreement will arise the salvation of the world, the consummation of accursed centuries, the redemption of the race, the repose, in a word, of their grand ancestor, the universal man, the Jew.

"A Providential order convokes all these on an appointed day, in an obscure street in Paris, that hoiling brain of the world; they are on the point of being brought together, of becoming acquainted, united. A treasure will be placed at their disposal, and of that treasure they will be directed to make a disposition of the highest social charity.

"Against these isolated forces, the union of which tends to true order and liberty, are opposed the forces already combined for the maintenance of false order and compression. The poet, wishing to demonstrate the power of association, whether for evil or for good, has sought out of all history the most energetical combination of human forces which ever has occurred. Assuredly, no society has yet been constituted so vigorous or so strong as that of the Jesuits. Assuredly also, that association has not always striven to good ends; and if it be right to give honor to its exertions and success in the propagation of the faith among savages, and in works of colonization, it is also right to admit that in the old world its action has been particularly oppressive, and, in reality, demoralizing. Jesuitism is the spirit of darkness and compression; it is the falsification and stifling of human nature.

"M. Eugene Sue has grasped, then, this association, with its vast secret power, and has set it at issue with all the elements of human emancipation. The pure and tolerant faith and charity of Gabriel — the intelligent activity and free examining spirit of M. Hardy — the artless charms and childless expansive uprightness of Rose and Blanche — the generous enthusiasm of Djalma — the disorderly recklessness, the hot blood, and animal enjoyments of Go-to-bed-naked — the spirit of emancipation and of delicate refinement embodied in Adrienne de Cardoville — isolated and parcelled out, all these elements are threatened with extinction and annihilation. The spirit of

evil, applying its organized power, struggles to hold them asunder and divided, and to convert to the benefits of the dark society, the treasures destined to create the society of light and truth. At the moment when we touch on the development of the drama, every thing appears to have succeeded against the family of the Jew; every thing paves the way for the triumph of D'Aigrigny and Rodin. Only miraculous aid, Providential interposition, could overthrow the dark intrigue, and preserve to the seven descendants of the Jewess their re-union and association for the happiness of the world.

"After having partially exposed to us, in hard and pitiless coloring, in a terrible and awful picture, the power of the association for evil, M. Eugene Sue, doubtless, in the conclusion of his book, will initiate us into the sovereign grandeur of the association for good. Perhaps, even, he will uplift a corner of the veil which conceals futurity, and reveal to us some lovely image of true order, of happy and approaching destinies.

"Such, in a barren summary, is very nearly the general conception of M. Eugene Sue's new work. That conception is magnificent; it is inspired every where by a religious sentiment; it is truly Christian. No work of imagination within our recollection, has taken so wide a view of social life in all its different phases, in its present confused and doleful situation, and in its first effort towards order and happiness. No writer has laid before us so near at hand, and so deeply displayed, the problem of human destinies in a dramatic form."

Here is certainly a grand conception. In the magnificence of its plot it dwarfs all other works of fiction. It combines the highest epic and tragic sources of interest. It offers the richest play of all the passions, with the whole dark history of the past for background, while all points forward to the accomplishment of the world's great hope, of which the curtain, dropping at the close of the action, is but an inexhaustible vision. Unfortunately, however, the prediction of the *Democratie*, (uttered before the whole was finished,) and the amiable wish of every reader, respecting the winding up of the tale, were destined to be disappointed. No such triumph of true association over false is given. Evil and Rodin prevail. Thwarted by miracle in the first attempt, the hydra of Jesuitism thrusts up a new head; and tough old Rodin, the *genius* of the infernal plot, whom cholera could not kill, who let not shame, nor fear, nor sympathy, nor self-love even, (for his visions of the papal chair were rather the poetic ideal of his mind,) divide him from his pure and undivided devotion to evil and to this one particular scheme of evil, — Rodin, the consummate intriguer, the master *mind* without a heart, and therein the truest type of the reigning genius of civilization, commences a new campaign, by bringing moral means to bear against his victims, by attacking them within, and weaving a

fatal web of their own passions to destroy them. In this, though baffled oft, he succeeds. Adrian and Djalma find their consummation of love's golden hope in the same poisoned cup, of which Romeo and Juliet drank; Rose and Blanche, wrought upon through their own pious sympathies, immolate themselves in the pest-house; the riotous mechanic is simply left to the vortex in which he was; M. Hardy, the benevolent manufacturer, stabbed in his three weak points, his friend, his love, and his noble experiment of elevating the laborer, is reduced to that state of deadness to all motive, that total benumbing of intellectual power, in which he would be a fit candidate for the "rusty knife and halter" of "that villain, Despayre," described by Spencer, but for which the Jesuit priests could offer grimmer consolation and deadlier remedies. "Aware that the abyss of despair exercises a sort of dizzy attraction, these priests dig—dig this abyss round their victim, until, confounded and fascinated, he continually plunges his fixed and ardent look into the depths of the precipice that must swallow him up."

Evil and Rodin prevail, but do not triumph. The treasure turns to smoke and ashes in the hands of the priests. They have killed the noble intention of the Rennepont will, but at the same time sealed their own doom; they could not kill the idea and the vision of the unity of Humanity, which falls, as we said, like a curtain over the close of the tragedy, and which was the only fulfilment, of which, in an artistic point of view, the poem would admit. Such an ending, no doubt, shocks the reader, and makes him angry with the book. It seems a sad dwindling away of a fair promise. It seems as if the writer had undertaken more than he could manage, and was fain to break desperately away from the dilemma. But let any reader ask himself, what do poetic unity, and every other sort of unity, require in such a story; let him place himself in the author's position, and will he not see that it *could not* have ended otherwise? Could the union of all scattered interests, the harmony of all passions, the triumph of Humanity, and the complete reorganization of society,—could more than science has defined except in merest abstract, more than the loftiest ecstasy of faith has pictured to itself,—could the very reality of the kingdom of Heaven on earth, be appended to a story of Parisian life in this poor civilized nineteenth century? Must not the body of fact go down to its grave by natural course? Can events be shown much different from what they are, and retain a shadow of reality or satisfactoriness? Trust Providence to teach in the right way. Enough for the poet, if he can so interpret the tragedy, without in

the least denying it, that it shall preach only hope and not despair. Enough if he some how indicate the soul hovering over the tomb of the body, and through the very martyrdom of our actual hopes lead us to stronger faith in principle. The doctrine of the coming reunion of the scattered limbs of Humanity is as fully taught by the tragic close of the Wandering Jew, as it could have been by attempting the impossible, and describing Association realized.

All true art lies within the actual; it can but foreshadow the ideal. Do not those old Fate-tragedies of the Greeks, ending as they do always in the ruin of human fortunes, preach a glorious faith, by revealing the power of the soul whose very essence is faith? So in the ruin of the Rennepont family, M. Sue depicts the last act of the tragedy which has gone on since the world began; it ends in vision, like that which hung over the last dungeon sleep of Goethe's Egmont. It is in the supernatural back-ground, in the episodic interventions of the Wandering Jew and Jewess, that the idea lives on. With the death of the devoted family, the Jew also dies, his curse is taken off, whereby is signified the removal of the curse which had always rested upon labor. Such, on the one hand, are the results of the past, of isolation, competition, civilization; such, on the other, is the new regenerative thought implanted in the bosom of this age; it is germinating now; "all things stand provided and prepared, and await the light;" we will wait and see the accomplishment, ever working with our might therefor; but let us not irreverently lift the veil of the future, and try to jump to conclusions too great for present man's imagination. Such we can fancy to have been the feeling of Eugene Sue, as he concluded his romance.

But notice one thing more. Besides the emancipation of labor, he makes the Wandering Jew the type of the one other essential and mystical condition of the regeneration of society. And that is the meeting of Man with Woman, as hitherto they have not met. Only when the Wandering Man meets the Wandering Woman, the mirage of whose form had saluted him from the opposite continent across the polar straits, does he feel the curse begin to leave him. Mystical type and indispensable condition of all true human act and destiny, of all true social and celestial unity, is that first unity of two, that sacred conjugal bond which completes one life in another, which keeps alive the inward warmth, without which thought, action, resolution, prayer and striving are but vain confessions of the want of life. The raising of woman to her true position is one great thought in the

Wandering Jew, as it is one of the corner stones of the structure of Association.

We have dwelt thus long upon the conclusion of this romance, because it has proved the stumbling-block with most readers, and because here is just one of those cases where criticism is not superfluous, inasmuch as it has a kindly work to do, to place the artist in understanding with his readers. At the same time, while we justify his general method, we confess our objections to many of the details of his working up of the idea. There is a manifest falling off towards the close. He seems to have lost the very patience with which he has almost wearied you before. Wanton and unnecessary blows are dealt upon the sympathies of the reader. Tragic ends are rudely sprung upon you, like tricks at the close of a game by vulgar players. And the ruin is too abrupt, too grossly physical, more bald and unannounced than the Fates themselves were ever wont to perpetrate, for they are better artists. He makes the issues flow too much from management, and not enough from character. Of this more will offer when we come to an examination of his characters, which we shall be obliged to postpone until next week.

The plot too is liable, though in a less degree, to the objection against the "Mysteries of Paris." It has too much plot. That is, it is too crowded. There is too great elaborateness in details. They all tend to one unitary result, it is true; but unity does not need them all, and they exhaust the reader's appetite too early. The perpetual spring and elasticity of the author's mind, no doubt, betrayed him into this. He is a frightful accumulator and layer in of the stores of fancy. He should study a more simple and convenient way of furnishing his house.

LECTURES ON PSYCHOLOGY.

Or, the Science of the Soul, in Cincinnati.

We are happy to learn that a course of lectures on this subject, based upon the system of Fourier, is in contemplation in Cincinnati, and other western cities, by Mr. John White. In these lectures will be considered the properties of SPIRIT, as a substance, not material, but nevertheless substantial and indestructible. Secondly, the SOUL; its analysis into Twelve Primary Passions, with a definition of their several functions; their susceptibility of a two-fold development, the one harmonic, and the other subversive; and the consequences, both here and hereafter, which flow from their true and from their false developments. Thirdly, the whole subject considered with reference to an Organization of Society that shall be adapted to the true and harmonic development of the Passions of the Soul.

"The subject," says Mr. White, "involves all true knowledge, from Man's Origin to his final Destiny, and includes all the things of both the world of Matter and of Spirit. Hence the study of the Soul opens a vast field of thought, with ample room for the exercise of our mental faculties. If the novelty of the subject, or the comparatively little that is now known respecting it, should be considered a barrier to our entering such a field, let it be recollected that, until very recently, man was in utter ignorance of the fact of the circulation of the blood through his own body. Let us then, with modest boldness, enter this field, and learn 'ourselves to know.'"

In relation to these Lectures we have received the following communication from Mr. White:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16, 1845.

To the Editors of the Harbinger:

Beloved Friends: I have just now drawn down upon myself floods of wrath from the "powers that be," by exposing to public view the heavenly vision that lies concealed in the Psychology of the Associative School. How this wrath manifests itself, I have neither time nor inclination, at present, to detail to you;—and it matters not, you know; for, all that wrath which is not rendered subservient to the praise of our Lord, shall be restrained. But, that our message was not altogether rejected, is manifest from the fact, that the trustees of the first Universalist Society in this city, (who know something of our views) readily granted the use of their beautiful house, and an audience of about eight hundred persons of both sexes, gave the most respectful attention, to a discourse of about an hour, on the subjects indicated in the printed bill within. There were present, some few friends of Association, and some who are known to be bitterly opposed to it, (among them several of the clergy,) besides numbers of the curious, and the uninformed. The lecture was opened by a short preface on the apparently two sources of knowledge—*Faith* and *Science*—which have hitherto been at variance, but are now *One*, each illustrating the other. It was assumed that no satisfactory Psychological theory could be given, which did not originate in a genuine faith in the Word, as recorded in the first chapter of St. John, "That in the beginning was the Word," &c., that the Word was made flesh, and dwells in us, (not among us, according to the commonly received version,) and that "in Him is Life," &c., that our life is a *derived* life, from the Lord as the spiritual Sun, and that this Life, in its inflowings, is *pure*, reflecting an "image of God;" all of which was confirmed by a reference to

the *Passions*, that is, to their inherent tendencies and aspirations. For instance, we contended that the Passion of *Friendship*, under an enlightened faith in God, acknowledges the universal brotherhood of the race, and causes us to seek so to unite ourselves with our fellow men, as that we may be enabled to render them the greatest possible good; that this Passion is not, and cannot be, satisfied with *one* friend, or a *select circle* of friends; but that it seeks to make friends of ALL who wear the human form; that it must be so, being nothing less than an emanation from God himself, having inscribed upon it, this law of eternal order: "*Call no man master; for ONE is your master, even CHRIST; and ALL ye are brethren.*" After having defined the functions of "the Twelve," and dwelling, at some length, on the *Cabalistic Passion*, showing what it had already produced, and what it was still producing, in the various forms of *Guaranteeism*, the whole was summed up, and *this view* of man's inherent propensities was contrasted with the doctrine of "*natural depravity*," which has so long resounded from the pulpit of the (so called) Christian Church. Here, a sensation, deep and powerful, pervaded the assembly, and I felt that I stood on firm footing, high above the dogmas of *sectarian Christianity*; and finally when looking into the requirements of the *Composite Passion*, Heaven opened and visions of peaceful harmony presented themselves, in such a manner as to render description impossible; that is, altogether inadequate to the conception.

Here, then, is the work that Associationists have before them. Let them learn that "*Love is the life of man*;" that this Love flows, like the heat of the Sun, from the *one only* Source and Fountain of life, the LORD, and that they are but the *reflectors* of that life, or, it may be, the *refractors*, or "*diffractionists*;" and that, true happiness consists in reflecting the Divine life truly, without refraction or diffraction, not to say absorption, which is, simply, to seek their *own good* in the good of their fellow men, instead of from them, as is now the case in disordered society. This is a simple theory in itself; and it prepares the mind to comprehend all the complicated mysteries of existence. Indeed, my own experience proves, that "the common people hear it (Him) gladly."

It is my intention to continue in the work I have begun, and to let no favorable opportunity slip, of urging these weighty subjects on the consideration of our thoughtless fellow mortals, according to the best of my ability.

For Unity, yours,

JOHN WHITE.

MR. CHANNING'S LECTURE.

The Lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Association on Wednesday by the Rev. W. H. Channing of New York, was a most admirable production, full of profound thought, bathed as it were, in a spirit of love and hope, and expressed in language clear, energetic, and often very beautiful. The lecturer commenced by alluding to the two preceding discourses as affording pictures of two nations of entirely opposite character—the *Americans* as the "*movement nation*," full of activity and full of commercial energy, with a quick exchange both of outward goods and of thought and feeling; and of the *Chinese* as a nation of permanence, whose institutions were hallowed by all the sacred associations of the past, and who had striven more than any other nation to concentrate themselves within their own borders. The true problem for a nation to solve, he said, is how to unite these two characteristics—to have all the reverence, the courtesy, the steadfastness which results from a permanence of institutions, with all the life and energy and freedom which belongs to the movement nation. He then considered the nature of man. He defined man in his spiritual essence as an active power of good emanating from the one source of all good—hence he is bound to God by his very nature and has a duty to perform towards him, but he also has a physical nature which binds him to the material world, and gives him a duty to perform there, and an intellectual nature whose province it is to act mediately between God and nature—to discern the laws by which they are bound together and to be a mirror of the divine love. He regarded the CHURCH, the COLLEGE, and the STATE, taken in their wide and philosophical meaning, as the institutions designed to represent these attributes of man and to carry forward their work. The Church receives the divine love and represents it to man. Its essence is charity, its aim to bind all together in love; to consecrate every thing in love so that every act shall be a pious act, and man thus glorify his creator always. The State represents and has the direction of the physical activity of man; of his relations to that physical nature, which, through the senses, gives him continually objects of beauty and of joy, and its object being the creation of wealth until the earth is crowded with forms of beauty and of joy—the creation of a common wealth. The college has the direction of the intellectual activity of man—it should learn the laws that govern all things, should appreciate its debt to the past, and look forward in trust and confidence to the future.

We have omitted Mr. Channing's admirable analysis of the intellectual operations, and of the social relations of man, with many other valuable remarks, because we wish to have room for a slight notice of the *ideal* church, state, and college, to which he looks forward with ardent and confident hope. A church, he thinks, shall yet be founded, which shall fully represent the thought of the Divine Love—and of that love flowing from Him which shall fill all the souls of men, and bind all together. And this church shall have a perfect theology—a perfect set of opinions—in which shall be comprised all the great and true ideas of the nature of God, and

man's relations to him. It shall have also a perfect ritual, in which all that is most holy and imposing in the Catholic church shall be far surpassed; where every thing in the life and industry of man shall have its appropriate symbol. In the great temple whose circular walls shall describe the visible horizon, and its dome the o'er-arching heavens, shall be represented the thought of the Divine, all-embracing Unity; and, in its niches shall be represented in forms of beauty the great who have passed away, and who, by the active goodness of their lives, have become fit emblems of the central thought of man. Round about this temple shall be gathered all modes and forms of industry—not working against each other, but working for each other. The aim of the state shall be the production of wealth—of all that can render life beautiful and blessed—when it shall not tend to accumulate itself in enormous riches in some hands, whilst wretched poverty stands in fearful contrast to it; but when none shall be poor but through wickedness—and that which is for the advantage of *one*, shall be for the good of *all*. And a college shall then be established, which shall have for its aim *universal education*—where all shall feel that they are peers—no outward distinctions of situation, but only the degrees of genius distinguishing one from another—where perfect freedom of thought, of speech, and of belief is allowed, and where the sacred debt of the past is fully paid, where the sacred duty to the future is fully performed, and the whole intellectual nature is exercised and educated.

Mr. Channing briefly glanced at the changes in regard to the functions of these three institutions, remarking that the church was becoming more enlarged; that every man and woman began to know that they might be ministers of the church, and not a separate priesthood; that the state was confining itself more properly within its true boundaries, and the college becoming more extended and universal. He spoke likewise of *reform* being the true work of the church. This he said might sound strangely to some who had heard bands of reformers denouncing the church; but, whether they knew it or not, they were within the sacred pale of the church, and were endeavoring to carry out its principles.—*Transcript*.

USES OF THE TELEGRAPH.—A correspondent suggests a valuable purpose that may be attained by the Magnetic Telegraph, thus: "There is one use to which the Magnetic Telegraph may be put on our Atlantic coast, that I have no where seen mentioned, it is in telling us of the approach of Northeast storms. It is well known they commence in Philadelphia often some hours sooner than here, and farther South at Baltimore, Washington or Norfolk, still earlier; and here before they commence in Boston. Now, word could be sent ahead of any hurricane or storm, from station to station, and thus prevent the loss of many richly laden vessels. For, instead of leaving port only to beat against the wind, or get on a lee-shore, they could remain securely moored at the wharf until the storm is over. Not only may the merchant and mariner be benefited, but all classes, especially the farmers, who might be notified of the approach of a Northeast storm, over a considerable

extent of country, and thus, in harvest time, save thousands of dollars worth of hay and grain. Why, I am not sure but that we shall see the time when we will look at the newspapers for the latest magnetic intelligence, so as to know whether to take our umbrellas along with us or not."—*N. Y. News*.

AMERICAN APPLES. Robert L. Pell, of Pellham, Westchester Co., has an orchard of twenty thousand apple trees, all bearing Newtown Pippins. By trimming and the application of the best manure, he has brought the fruit to unusual size and excellence. The apples are picked and packed in barrels without being rolled or jolted in cars, and so arrive in the very best order for shipment. Last year they were sold in London at twenty-one dollars a barrel, and the merchant to whom they were consigned, wrote that the nobility and other people of great wealth had actually bought them by retail at a guinea a dozen; which is some forty-five cents an apple.

Mr. Pell has from three to four thousand barrels of the apples this year, which are sold as fast as they arrive in market, at six dollars a barrel, and are all shipped to England. It is quite a business for one of our commission merchants to dispose of the produce of this noble plantation.

The American apple, take it all in all, is the most valuable fruit which grows on the earth. We undervalue them because they are so abundant; and even many American farmers will not take the trouble to live like an English lord, though the trouble would be very little.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

BROADWAY AND THE LADIES. M. Gailardet, of the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, writes of his disappointment with his country women, after having lived a few years here. He says:

All that has been said and written about the beauty of the Parisians, their taste, the luxury of their toilettes, all are mere fables. It may have been true formerly—I believe it was—but it is so no longer. I find among the women of Paris neither beauty nor remarkable grace, nor toilettes manifesting the ancient taste so renowned. A deplorable uniformity pervades the dress of the whole feminine sex—a poor and trifling uniformity. It is only by accident and at long intervals that one meets on the Boulevards or at the theatre, a woman richly and tastefully dressed. Broadway in New York, presents in this respect a much more remarkable spectacle than the Boulevards. In point of beauty the difference is even a hundred times greater. What in New York is the general rule, is here the rare, the very rare exception.

I have seen in the saloons of the most distinguished, women who produced *fanaticism*, and who yet were far from being any thing extraordinary. An American who is merely pretty in Baltimore and Philadelphia, is regarded as a Venus in Paris.

THE PEACH TRADE IN NEW YORK. Of the immense amount of the Peach business in New York we have already spoken. A single orchard (the Reybolds in Delaware) supplies us during the month of August alone with 63,334 baskets, (a basket is a short half bushel,) and in Sep-

tember probably more than half as many, making about 100,000 baskets from them alone. They have under yield 1,000 acres of ground, containing 117,720 trees. They send their fruit directly here by steamboat, and are making arrangements to supply Boston next year the same way. Calculating from all the facts we have been able to gather, we estimate the quantity of Peaches sold in New York during the present season, at say 12,000 baskets per day for forty days—making a total of 480,000 baskets. This we are certain is a small estimate. The price has ranged from 75 cents to \$3 per basket, and we believe will average from \$1 25 to \$1 50,—making a sum not under three-quarters of a million paid by the citizens of New York in a season for the single article of Peaches.—*Tribune*.

THE RULING PASSION. The mother of Rothschild, the wealthy banker, now in her ninety-seventh year, had recently a violent attack of illness; when she recovered she remarked to her friends about her—"No, no, my friends, I am not going to leave this world until I am quoted at par." Meaning that she would hold out till she reached ONE HUNDRED.

PRIMITIVE CRADLES. Mr. Cist in his last Cincinnati Advertiser, says there are two individuals living in that city, who were actually rocked in their infancy in SUGAR TROUGHS.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 8 A. M., and 1 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle's, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday excepted.
N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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MISCELLANY.

THE NEW JERUSALEM AND THE PHALANSTERY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME D'ALIBERT.

Translated for the Harbinger.
(Concluded.)

Does not the science of analogies, the favorite object of the predilections of Fourier exist entire in Swedenborg! What is then the language of correspondences! In what point does it differ from the science of analogies! Has not Fourier given as exact a description of it as we can do, we who understand analogies! Does it not seem that he had in view the voluminous productions of Swedenborg when he insists upon the extent to which treatises of analogies must be carried, and that some where he had had a glance at the sixteen volumes of the Arcana. Yet Fourier did not know Swedenborg, and the latter could not foresee him, for his death took place the same year in which the discoverer of the Phalanstery was born.

Let the minds of men then open themselves to this double miracle, and let the disciples of these two favorites of Heaven comprehend the salutary lesson it contains! In confirmation of our assertion we would refer to the Memorable Relation, section 76 (page 85) of "the Delights of Conjugal Love," and we would demand of every faithful Phalansterian if he does not find in it a harmony with the idea of his master, and if he does not seem to have taken a part in all these passages, where the question of correspondences and analogies arises.

We hope that the relation we have pointed out between Swedenborg and Fourier will lead disciples of the latter to study the doctrines of the former. The prejudices of the world cannot check them. They can judge of their value by the manner in which the Phalanstery is treated. Let them lay aside all prejudice and verify for themselves all that we have

endeavoured to point out to them. We should be very happy, on the other hand if we could attract the attention of members of the New Church to this magnificent system, which gives in the language of earth, the most beautiful translation of their mystic hopes. O that we could as messengers of peace between these two hosts who are unknown to each other, unite in the same band these soldiers devoted to the same cause under different standards! Have not the Phalansterians an admirable clearness of view, and all the means of an immediate realization? And yet nothing comes forth from their circle,—their school is divided. They are the prey to a thousand little intestine quarrels, in the midst of which nothing serious can be attempted, but if the religious sentiment should awake among them, immediately all the petty rivalries which divide them would be extinguished before a magnificent sentiment of unityism!

On the other hand, the mystic churches where reign that calmness, that fraternity, that devotion, which are the inseparable companions of the religious sentiment, provide no doubt a sweet peace for those who live in their bosom; but deprived of the practical ideas announced by Fourier they remain absorbed in a passive attempt at that Holy Jerusalem, which would terminate all their woes, and they weary heaven with their vows, while the earth claims in vain the action of their hands. Let them yield themselves then a little more to the study of the works of *this man, inspired also*, who has received from Heaven the mission of rendering intelligible and possible the celestial Jerusalem which they are awaiting with so much impatience. Let them be persuaded that the mystic city will not bring on earth a purely contemplative felicity; but let them see on the contrary in Swedenborg, how *uses*, that is to say activity and labor are a necessary condition of true goodness. The day when the Associative School and the New Church shall comprehend each other, shall feel

their identity, it will be immediately possible to realize the Phalanstery.

Nothing is difficult to the religious sentiment. Never has a rising sect been checked by obstacles so small as those which have frustrated the Phalansterians for seven years. Let them feel then at length the powerlessness inherent in a doctrine purely philosophic, let them unite themselves to believers, but to *believers worthy of comprehending them* and aiding them in obtaining thorough knowledge, condition perfectly fulfilled, in our opinion, by the churches of the New Jerusalem.

But to continue the review we have undertaken of the great discoveries which have been preparing for half a century the destruction of the old sciences and the installation of new ones. By showing the relations of the Phalanstery to the New Jerusalem, we have it is true pointed out the striking coincidence that we have found; but there are others, which merit no less attention from the philosopher and the believer and which will complete the demonstration we have undertaken.

MESMER. We now meet with a very significant fact, and one which has a direct relation with the mystic revelations of Swedenborg. If man is not alone material he must have some means of placing himself in relation with that more noble part of himself which escapes the conditions of our order of things. It is precisely this which takes place in the practice of Animal Magnetism. The wonderful phenomena which it presents are known to every one; the transposition of the senses, distant sight, the instinctive choice of medicine, and many other wonders, are common facts which innumerable witnesses have seen with their own eyes. There are in France, Germany and England, thousands of magnetizers, and somnambulists. Rejected by the learned, this amazing discovery has appealed to the good sense of the masses, and to *prove its existence*, it has moved on. Yet all established scientific bodies, a spe-

cies of conservative senates whose office it is to transmit to posterity, without augmentation or diminution, the deposit which they have received from their fathers, arise with a blind rage against a fact which overthrows, at one blow, the whole edifice of old science. Everything holds good against magnetism; the denial of justice is the order of the day.

In vain the members of the Academy of Medicine testify that they have seen, and touched with their hands; those who would be so blindly believed in any other instance, are not even listened to. Commissioners are appointed who refuse to look at facts, or who wish themselves to determine the conditions of the experiment, and hence render it impossible. It is as if it had been refused to the inventor of the electrical machine to choose the material of which his plate should be made, and he should be proclaimed a knave and an imposter on account of his determination to have only plates of glass. In short when a man of unparalleled energy (Dr. Frappart,) taking this cause in hand, which is lost in the eyes of the world, but imperishable by the truth that it contains, summoned the opponents of magnetism to witness the facts he was exhibiting, most of them declined this honest experiment and he was obliged to maintain the most singular controversy which systematic credulity could raise, and which may be summed up in the concluding words of M. Bouilland, one of his adversaries; "If I should see I should not believe." Let not the magnetizers then deceive themselves. It does not belong to them to establish a curious, physiological fact; their contest is of a very different kind, it is a contest between materialism and spiritualism, and while the first prevails in the world, the existence of a fact that saps the foundation of it, will not be recognized. This foreign element introduced into its bosom, would soon devour every thing; it will never be admitted there. Let the magnetizers then be patient; they have struggled for fifty years, let them persevere a little longer, their cause is allied to ours, and their labors will contribute largely to the common triumph.

Thus the Encyclopedia of human science is modified in all its parts by the labors of these immortal geniuses. Fourier proves the inutility of human morals and substitutes a generous culture for the means of repression and violence, by which it has hitherto been attempted to stifle the passions. Gall confirms the views of Fourier concerning the passions and establishes also the legitimacy of all the faculties, of all the inclinations of human nature.

Hahnemann discovers the relations which unite man with all nature and teaches us what advantages we can draw

from the substances of the three kingdoms for the preservation of our health and its re-establishment when it is injured. He unveils the imposture of the old medical science and substitutes for its material doctrine the theory of vital dynamics. Man is no longer a machine, he is a life. Medicine is a spiritual force, the more active the more it is freed from the clog of matter.

Jacotot comes to unveil honorably the superficial nature of scientific processes, and to avenge nature, whose simple movement was laid aside for one more learned, but brutifying in fact, and fatal to true intellectual progress. The synthetic method compared with the natural, as reinstated by Jacotot, is reduced to its just value and the apparatus of grammars, dictionaries and other shackles, is in short reduced to its true place, that of verifying a science already known, but powerless to teach any thing at first hand. By its instruction is put within the reach of every one. This process simple and fruitful in results, followed by men of genius falls into the public domain. The last and most powerful of aristocracies, that of intellect is sapped at its foundation and intellectual emancipation is proclaimed. Thus crumble away all old principles, thus after long aberrations man returns to God, by science and through the ruins of gloomy materialistic theories, and that nothing may be wanting to him in this work of renovation, Mesmer endows him with the most wonderful key to discoveries, that of Animal Magnetism.

By it man is incessantly warned of the spirituality of his being, by it the veil of the body permits a glimpse of the prodigious faculties of the soul independent of the conditions of space and time. Miracles whose remembrance popular traditions have preserved, the miracles, which have presided at the establishment of every religion, are renewed at will around us, and an almost infallible talisman is placed in the hands of elevated men (we would say *superstitious* if the beautiful acceptance of this word had not been destroyed by ignorance and scepticism) to communicate with that spiritual world in which our temporal world is enfolded and subsists.

Each of these discoveries numbers its defenders; but disunited as they are, what power have they against the phalanx of sciences and interests of the old world? What results can a disordered contest produce, in which the soldiers of the same camp often attack each other? How much more decisive and effective would be the progress of reformers, if united they should attack successively the different parts that we have pointed out to them. Nothing could resist them, and the world would soon hail as its libera-

tors, those whom it regards at present as madmen, or repels as dangerous enemies.

In short as regards Homœopathy, Magnetism, the Phalanstery, Jacotism, Phrenology, all fragments of the same whole, off-sets of the same idea, man would see the fruitful unity from which they flow. Their brilliancy would make the sombre torch of old science grow pale. They would make their superiority felt by innumerable benefits, and thanks to them, the religious sentiment reviving on earth, a hymn of love and gratitude would rise towards heaven, so long outraged and despised. Then the times would be accomplished. The genius of evil, repelled at all points and losing courage, would perceive its power expiring. The spirit of love penetrating into the domain of time would cast even into the region of the condemned a ray of its omnipotence. The demons themselves would feel its irresistible influence and would join their vows to ours for the last and universal redemption. Let them resist at present with all their power. The time of trials will reach its termination. In the heavens as upon the earth, among the angels of light as in the shades, a trembling of impatience and of rapture will announce the fall of the last veil. All things will be arranged for the coming of the bridegroom, for the manifestation of the comforter, and the sweetest of instincts, an internal and all powerful voice will cause all beings to feel the ineffable wisdom which presides over their destiny and the infinite clemency of him who according to the most sublime passage of the Scriptures, has abandoned them all to the same rebellion, to enfold them in the same mercy.

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XIII.

Still the canoness Wenceslawa, after half an hour's prayers, ascended the staircase and according to her custom consecrated the first care of the day to her dear nephew. She directed her steps to the door of his chamber and bent her ear to the key hole, though with less hope than ever of hearing the slight noise which would announce his return. What was her surprise and her joy on perceiving the regular sound of his breathing during sleep! She made a great sign of the cross and ventured to unlatch the door and enter gently on tiptoe. She saw Albert peacefully slumbering in his bed and Cynabre curled up on the neighboring arm chair. She waked neither of them, and ran to find Count Christian, who, pro-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

trate in his oratory, prayed with his accustomed resignation that his son might be restored to him, either in heaven or upon earth.

"My brother," said she to him in a low voice and kneeling beside him, "suspend your prayers and search your heart for the most fervent thanksgiving. God has heard you."

There was no necessity that she should explain herself further. The old man, turning towards her, and meeting her small clear eyes animated with a profound and sympathizing joy, raised his dry hands towards the altar and cried with a smothered voice: "O my God, thou hast restored to me my son!"

And both, by the same inspiration, began to recite alternately in a half voice the verses of the beautiful song of Simeon: *Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.*

They resolved not to awaken Albert. They called the baron, the chaplain, and all the servants and heard devoutly the mass for the return of thanks in the chapel of the chateau. Amelia learned the return of her cousin with sincere joy; but she considered it very unjust, that in order to celebrate piously this happy event, she should have to undergo a mass during which she had to stifle many yawns.

"Why has not your friend, the good Porporina, united with us in thanking Providence?" said Count Christian to his niece, when the mass was ended.

"I have tried in vain to awaken her," replied Amelia. "I called her, shook her, and used every means; but I could not succeed in making her understand or even open her eyes. If she were not burning hot, and red as fire, I should think her dead. She must have slept very badly last night and she certainly has a fever."

"Then that worthy person is ill!" returned the old Count. "My dear Wenceslawa, you should go and administer such remedies as her condition may require. God forbid that so happy a day should be saddened by the suffering of that noble girl!"

"I will go, my brother," replied the canoness, who no longer said a word nor took a step respecting Consuelo, without consulting the chaplain's looks. "But do not be uneasy, Christian: it will be nothing. The signora Nina is very nervous, she will soon be well."

"Still is it not a very singular thing," said she to the chaplain, when she could take him aside, "that this girl should have predicted Albert's return with so much assurance and truth! Sir chaplain, perhaps we have been deceived respecting her. Perhaps she is a kind of saint who has revelations!"

"A saint would have come to hear mass, instead of having the fever at such a moment," objected the chaplain with a profound air.

This judicious remark drew a sigh from the canoness. She nevertheless went to see Consuelo and found her in a burning fever, accompanied by an invincible stupor. The chaplain was called, and declared that she would be very ill, if the fever continued. He questioned the young baroness to know if her neighbor had not passed a very agitated night.

"On the contrary," replied Amelia, "I did not hear her move. I expected, from her predictions and the fine stories she has been telling for some days past, to have heard the sabbat danced in her apartment. But the devil must have carried her a great way off, or she must have had to do with very well educated imps, for she did not move so far as I know, and my sleep was not disturbed a single instant."

These pleasantries appeared to the chaplain to be in very bad taste; and the canoness whose heart redeemed the failings of her mind, considered them misplaced at the bedside of a friend who was seriously ill. Still she said nothing, attributing her niece's bitterness to a too well founded jealousy; and she asked the chaplain what medicines ought to be administered to the Porporina.

He ordered a sedative, which they could not make her swallow. Her teeth were locked and her livid mouth repelled all drink. The chaplain pronounced this to be a bad sign. But with an apathy which was unfortunately too contagious in the house, he deferred to a new examination the judgment he should have pronounced upon the patient: *we will see; we must wait; we can decide nothing as yet*: such were the favorite sentences of the tottered Esculapius. "If this continues," repeated he on quitting Consuelo's chamber, "we must think of calling a physician, for I would not take upon myself the responsibility of treating an extraordinary case of nervous affection. I will pray for this young lady; and perhaps in the state of mind which she has manifested during these last days, we must expect from God alone assistance more efficacious than of art."

They left a maid-servant by the bedside of Consuelo and went to prepare for breakfast. The canoness herself kneaded the finest cake which had ever been produced by her skillful hands. She flattered herself that Albert, after a long fast, would eat with pleasure of that favorite dish. The beautiful Amelia made a toilet charming in freshness, thinking that her cousin might feel some regret at having offended and irritated her, when he saw her so bewitching. Every one

thought of preparing some agreeable surprise for the young count; and they forgot the only one who ought to have interested them, the poor Consuelo, to whom they were indebted for his return, and whom Albert would be impatient to see again.

Albert soon woke and instead of making useless attempts to recall the occurrences of the preceding night, as was always the case after those fits of insanity which drove him to his subterranean abode, he promptly recovered the recollection of his love and of the happiness which Consuelo had bestowed upon him. He rose, quickly dressed and perfumed himself, and ran to throw himself into the arms of his father and his aunt. The joy of those good relatives was at its height when they saw that Albert had full possession of his reason, that he had a consciousness of his long absence and that he asked their forgiveness with an ardent tenderness, promising never again to cause them so much trouble and uneasiness. He saw the transports excited by his return to the knowledge of the reality. But he remarked the care they persisted in taking to conceal his situation from him, and he was somewhat humbled at being treated like a child, when he felt that he had again become a man. He submitted to this punishment, too trifling for the evil he had caused, saying to himself that it was a salutary warning and that Consuelo would be pleased at his comprehending and accepting it.

As soon as he was seated at table, in the midst of the caresses, the tears of happiness, and the earnest attentions of his family, he anxiously sought with his eyes for her who had become necessary to his life and his tranquility. He saw her place empty and dared not ask why the Porporina did not descend. Still the canoness who saw him turn his head and start every time the door opened, thought herself obliged to relieve him from all anxiety by saying that their young guest had slept badly, that she was reposing and expected to keep her bed a part of the day.

Albert understood very well that his liberator must be overpowered by fatigue, and yet terror was depicted on his countenance at this news. "My aunt," said he, no longer able to restrain his emotion, "I think that if the adopted daughter of Porpora were seriously indisposed, we should not all be here, quietly engaged in eating and talking around the table."

"Re-assure yourself, Albert," said Amelia reddening with vexation, "Nina is engaged in dreaming of you and hoping for your return which she expects in sleep, while we here celebrate it in joy."

Albert became pale with indignation,

and darting a withering glance at his cousin: "If any one here has expected me in sleep, it is not the person whom you name who should be thanked for it; the freshness of your cheeks, my beautiful cousin, testifies that you have not lost an hour of sleep during my absence and that you have at this moment no need of repose. I thank you with all my heart; for it would be very painful for me to ask your forgiveness, as I do that of all the other members and friends of my family."

"Many thanks for the exception," returned Amelia, scarlet with anger; "I will endeavor always to deserve it, by keeping my watchings and anxieties for some one who will be obliged for them and not turn them into a jest."

This little altercation, which was by no means a new thing between Albert and his betrothed, but which had never been so bitter on one side or the other, east sadness and restraint over the rest of the morning, notwithstanding all the efforts which were made to divert Albert's attention.

The canoness went to see her patient several times and found her always more feverish and more oppressed. Amelia, whom Albert's anxiety wounded as if it were a personal affront, went to weep in her chamber. The chaplain pronounced himself so far as to say to the canoness that a physician must be sent for in the evening, if the fever did not turn. Count Christian kept his son by him, to distract him from an anxiety which he did not comprehend, and which he believed still diseased. But while chaining him to his side by affectionate words, the good old man could not find the least subject of conversation and intimacy with that spirit, which he had never wished to sound in the fear of being conquered and subdued by a reason superior to his own, in matters of religion. It is true that Count Christian called by the names of madness and rebellion that bright light which pierced through the eccentricities of Albert, and the splendor of which the feeble eyes of a rigid catholic could not endure; but he resisted the sympathy which impelled him to question him seriously. Every time that he had tried to correct his heresies, he had been reduced to silence by arguments full of justice and firmness. Nature had not made him eloquent. He had not that animated facility which supports controversy, and still less that charlatanism of discussion, which, in default of logic, imposes by an air of science and pretended certainty. Simple and modest, he allowed his mouth to be closed; he reproached himself with not having turned his younger days to profit, by studying those profound things which Albert opposed to him; and certain that

there were in theological science treasures of truth, by means of which one more learned and skillful than himself could have crushed Albert's heresy, he clung to his shaken faith, and in order to excuse himself from acting more energetically, threw himself back upon his ignorance and simplicity, which emboldened the rebel and did him more harm than good.

Their conversation, interrupted twenty times by a kind of mutual fear, and twenty times resumed with effort on one side and the other, ended by failing of itself. Old Christian fell asleep in his arm chair and Albert left him to go and obtain information respecting Consuelo's condition, which alarmed him the more, the more they tried to conceal it from him.

He spent more than two hours wandering about the corridors of the chateau, watching for the canoness and the chaplain on their passage, to ask news from them. The chaplain persisted in answering him concisely and briefly; the canoness put on a smiling face as soon as she perceived him, and affected to speak of other things, in order to deceive him by an appearance of security. But Albert saw that she began to be seriously anxious, that she continually made more frequent visits to Consuelo's chamber; and he remarked that they did not fear to open and close the doors every moment, as if that sleep, which they pretended was quiet and necessary, could not be disturbed by noise and agitation. He was bold enough to approach the chamber into which he would have given his life to penetrate for a single instant. It was entered through another room and separated from the corridor by two thick doors through which neither sight nor sound could pass. The canoness remarking this attempt, had shut and locked both, and no longer visited the patient except by passing through Amelia's chamber which was adjoining, and where Albert would not have sought information, without a mortal repugnance. At last, seeing him exasperated and fearing the return of his disease, she took upon herself to lie; and while asking forgiveness of God in her heart, she announced to him that the invalid was much better, and promised to come down and dine with the family.

Albert did not mistrust the words of his aunt, whose pure lips had never sinned against truth so openly as they had just done; and he rejoined the old Count, hastening with all his prayers the hour which was to restore to him Consuelo and happiness.

But the hour struck in vain. Consuelo did not appear. The canoness making a rapid progress in the art of lying, related that she had risen, but that she found

herself still somewhat feeble and preferred dining in her chamber. She even pretended to send up selected portions of the most delicate dishes. These artifices triumphed over the terror of Albert. Although he experienced an overpowering sadness and as it were a presentiment of some horrible misfortune, he submitted and made efforts to appear calm.

In the evening, Wenceslawa came with an air of satisfaction which was hardly at all assumed, to say that the Porporina was better; that her skin was no longer burning, that her pulse was rather weak than full, and that she would certainly pass an excellent night. "Why then am I frozen with terror, notwithstanding these good news?" thought the young Count as he took leave of his relatives at the accustomed hour.

The fact is, that the good canoness, who, notwithstanding her emaciation and deformity, had never been ill in her life, understood nothing of the maladies of others. She saw Consuelo pass from a fiery redness to a livid paleness, her agitated blood congeal in her arteries, and her chest, too much oppressed to be raised under the effort of respiration, appear calm and motionless. For an instant she had thought her relieved, and had announced this news with a childlike confidence. But the chaplain, who knew some little more, saw well that this apparent repose was the forerunner of a violent crisis. As soon as Albert had retired, he gave the canoness notice that the hour had come to send for a physician. Unfortunately the city was far distant, the night dark, the roads detestible, and Hans very slow, notwithstanding his zeal. The storm arose, the rain fell in torrents. The old horse which carried the old servant, stumbled twenty times, and finished by losing himself in the woods with his terrified rider, who took every hill for the Schreckenstein, and every flash of lightning for the flaming flight of an evil spirit. It was not till broad day light that Hans again found his road. With the longest trot into which he could urge his steed, he approached the town where the physician was sleeping; the latter was awakened, dressed himself slowly and at last set forth. Four and twenty hours had been lost in deciding upon and effecting all this.

Albert tried in vain to sleep. A consuming anxiety and the unpleasant noises of the storm, kept him awake all night. He dared not descend, fearing again to scandalize his aunt, who had lectured him in the morning on the impropriety of his continual presence near the apartment of the two young ladies. He left his door open and frequently heard steps in the lower story. He ran to the stair-

case; but seeing no one and hearing nothing more, he tried to re-assure himself and to place to the account of the wind and the rain the deceitful noises which had terrified him. Since Consuelo had required it, he nursed his reason, his moral health with patience and firmness. He repelled agitations and fears and strove to raise himself above his love by the strength of his love itself. But suddenly, in the midst of the roaring of the thunder and the creaking of the old timbers of the chateau, which groaned under the power of the hurricane, a long heart-rending cry raises itself even to him, and penetrates his bosom like the stroke of a poniard. Albert who had thrown himself all dressed upon his bed with the resolution of going to sleep, bounds up, rushes forward, clears the staircase like a flash of lightning and knocks at Consuelo's door. Silence was re-established; no one came to open it. Albert thought he had dreamed again; but a fresh cry, more dreadful, more horrible than the first rent his heart. He hesitates no longer, makes the turn of a dark corridor, reaches the door of Amelia's chamber, shakes it and names himself. He hears a bolt pushed and Amelia's voice imperiously orders him to be gone. Still the cries and shrieks redouble. It is the voice of Consuelo, who is suffering intolerable agony. He hears his own name breathed with despair by that adored mouth. He pushes the door with rage, makes latch and lock fly, and repelling Amelia, who plays the part of outraged modesty, on being surprised in a damask dressing gown and lace cap, makes her fall back upon her sofa and rushes into Consuelo's chamber, pale as a spectre, his hair erect upon his head.

XIV.

Consuelo, victim to a horrible delirium, was struggling in the arms of the two most vigorous maid-servants of the house, who could hardly hinder her from throwing herself out of the bed. Tormented, as happens in certain cases of cerebral fever, by unheard of terrors, the unhappy child wished to fly from the visions by which she was assailed; she thought she saw, in the persons who endeavored to restrain and relieve her, savage enemies, monsters bent upon her destruction. The terrified chaplain, who considered her about to fall stricken by her disease, was already repeating by her side the prayers for the departing; she took him for Zdenko chanting his mysterious psalms, while he built the wall which was to enclose her. The trembling canoness, who joined her feeble efforts with those of the other women to retain her in the bed, seemed to her like the phantom of the

two Wandas, the sister of Ziska and the mother of Albert, appearing by turns in the grotto of the recluse, and reproaching her with usurping their rights and invading their domain. Her exclamations, her shrieks, and her prayers, delirious and incomprehensible to those about her, were in direct relation with the thoughts and objects which had so violently agitated and affected her the night before. She heard the roaring of the torrent and imitated the motions of swimming with her arms. She shook her black tresses scattered over her shoulders and thought she saw floods of foam falling about her. She continually perceived Zdenko behind her, engaged in opening the sluice, or before her earnest to close the path. She talked of nothing but water and stones, with a continuation of images which made the chaplain shake his head and say: "What a long and painful dream. I cannot conceive why her mind should have been so occupied lately with that cistern; it was doubtless a commencement of fever and you see that her delirium has always that object in view."

At the moment when Albert entered her room aghast, Consuelo, exhausted by fatigue, was uttering only inarticulate sounds which ended in wild shrieks. Her terrors being no longer subdued by the power of her will, as at the moment when she encountered them, she experienced their retroactive effect with a horrible intensity. Still she recovered a sort of reflection drawn from her very delirium, and began to call Albert with so full and vibrating a voice that it seemed as if the whole house must be shaken to its foundations; then her cries were lost in long sobs which seemed to suffocate her, though her haggard eyes were dry and of a frightful brightness.

"Here I am, here I am!" cried Albert rushing towards the bed. Consuelo heard him, recovered all her energy and imagining that he fled before her, she disengaged herself from the hands which held her, with that rapidity of movement and that muscular force which the delirium of fever gives to the weakest beings. She bounded into the middle of the room, hair dishevelled, her feet bare, her body enveloped in a thin white and rumpled night dress, which gave her the air of a spectre escaped from the tomb; and at the moment they thought again to seize her, she leaped with the agility of a wild cat, upon the spinet which was before her, reached the window which she took for the opening of the fatal cistern, placed a foot upon it, extended her arms, and again crying out the name of Albert in the midst of the dark and stormy night, was about to precipitate herself, when Albert, even more agile and strong than she, encircled her in his arms, and carried

her back to her bed. She did not recognize him, but she made no resistance and ceased crying out. Albert lavished upon her in Spanish the most tender names, and the most fervent prayers; she heard him with her eyes fixed and without seeing or answering him; but suddenly rising and placing herself on her knees in the bed, she began to sing a stanza of Handel's *Te Deum*, which she had recently read and admired. Never had her voice possessed more expression and brilliancy. Never had she been more beautiful than in that ecstatic attitude, with her hair flowing, her cheeks lighted with the fire of the fever, and her eyes seeming to read the heavens opened for them alone. The canoness was so much moved that she knelt at the foot of the bed and burst into tears; and the chaplain, notwithstanding his want of sympathy, bent his head and was seized with a religious respect. Hardly had Consuelo finished the stanza, when she uttered a deep sigh; a divine joy shone in her countenance. "I am saved!" cried she; and she fell backwards, pale and cold as marble, her eyes still open but fixed, her lips blue and her arms stiff.

An instant of silence and stupor followed this scene. Amelia, who, erect and motionless at the door of her chamber, had witnessed the frightful spectacle without daring to move a step, fainted away with horror. The canoness and the two women ran to help her. Consuelo remained stretched out and livid, resting upon the arm of Albert, who had let his head fall upon the bosom of the dying one, and did not appear more alive than she was. The canoness had no sooner seen Amelia laid upon her bed, than she returned to the threshold of Consuelo's chamber. "Well, sir chaplain!" said she dejectedly.

"Madame, it is death!" replied the chaplain in a deep tone letting fall Consuelo's arm whose pulse he had been examining attentively.

"No, it is not death! no! a thousand times no!" cried Albert, raising himself impetuously. "I have consulted her heart better than you have consulted her arm. It still beats; she breathes, she lives. O! she will live! It is not thus, it is not now that her life is to end. Who has had the rashness to believe that God had decreed her death! Now is the time to attend her efficaciously. Sir chaplain, give me your box of medicines. I know what is required and you do not. Wretch that you are, obey me! You have not helped her; you might have prevented this horrible crisis; you did not do it; you have hidden her illness from me, you have all deceived me. Did you wish to destroy her! Your cowardly prudence, your hideous apathy, have tied your

tongue and your hands! Give me your box, I say, and let me act."

And as the chaplain hesitated to trust him with medicines, which in the hand of an excited and half crazy man, might become poisons, he wrested it from him violently. Deaf to the observations of his aunt, he selected and himself poured out doses of the most powerful and active medicines. Albert was more learned in many things than they supposed. He had practised upon himself at a period of his life when he still studied carefully the frequent disorders of his brain, and knew the effects of the most energetic agents. Inspired by a prompt judgement, by a courageous and absolute zeal, he administered a potion which the chaplain would never have dared to recommend. He succeeded, with incredible patience and gentleness, in unclosing the teeth of the sufferer, and making her swallow some drops of this efficacious remedy. At the end of an hour, during which she several times repeated the dose, Consuelo breathed freely; her hands had recovered their warmth and her features their elasticity. She neither heard nor felt any thing as yet; but her prostration was a kind of sleep, and a slight color returned to her lips. The physician arrived and seeing that the case was a serious one, declared that he had been called very late and that he would not answer for the result. The patient ought to have been bled the day before; now the time was no longer favorable. Without doubt bleeding would bring back the crisis. That was embarrassing.

"It will bring it back," said Albert; "and yet she must be bled."

The German physician, a heavy personage full of self-esteem, and accustomed in his country practice, where he had no competitor, to be listened to as an oracle, raised his heavy eyelid scowling at him who thus presumed to cut short the question.

"I tell you she must be bled," resumed Albert forcibly. "With or without bleeding the crisis will return."

"Excuse me," said doctor Wetzelius; "that is not so certain as you seem to think." And he smiled in a disdainful and ironical manner.

"If the crisis does not return, all is lost," repeated Albert; "you ought to know it. This stupor leads directly to numbness of the brain, to paralysis and death. Your duty is to seize the malady, to restore its intensity in order to combat it, to wrestle with it in fine! If it be not so, what have you come to do! Prayers and burials do not belong to you. Bleed her, or I will."

The doctor knew very well that Albert reasoned justly, and he had from the first the intention of bleeding; but it was not

expedient for a man of his importance to determine and execute so speedily. That would have given cause to believe that the case was a simple one and the treatment easy, and our German was accustomed to pretend great perplexities, and a prolonged examination, in order to issue from them triumphantly, as by a sudden illumination of his genius, in order to have repeated what had been said of him a thousand times: "The malady was so far advanced, so dangerous, that Doctor Wetzelius himself did not know what to determine, no other than he would have seized the moment and divined the remedy. He is very prudent, very learned, very strong. He has not his equal, even in Vienna."

When he saw himself contradicted and put to the wall by Albert's impatience,— "If you are a physician," said he, "and have authority here, I do not see why I should have been called, and I will return home."

"If you do not wish to decide at the proper time, you may retire," said Albert.

Doctor Wetzelius, deeply wounded at having been associated with one of the fraternity who treated him with so little deference, rose and passed into Amelia's room to attend to the nerves of that young person, who urgently called him, and to take leave of the canonesse; but the latter retained him.

"Alas! my dear doctor," said she, "you must not abandon us in such a situation. See what a responsibility rests upon us. My nephew has offended you; but you must not take seriously the impatience of a man so little master of himself."

"Is that Count Albert?" asked the stupefied doctor. "I should not have recognized him. He is so changed!"

"Without doubt; during almost ten years that you have not seen him, many changes have taken place in him."

"I thought him completely re-established," said the doctor maliciously; "for I have not been called a single time since his return."

"Ah! my dear doctor! you know very well that Albert would never submit to the decrees of science."

"And yet he is a physician himself, so far as I see!"

"He has some notions of every thing; but he carries his hurried precipitation into all. The horrible state in which he has just seen that young girl, has agitated him very much; otherwise you would have found him more polite, more sensible, more grateful for the cares you bestowed upon him in his childhood."

"I fear he has more need of them now than ever," returned the doctor, who, notwithstanding his respect for the family and the chateau, preferred to afflict the

canonesse by this severe remark, rather than quit his disdainful position and renounce the petty revenge of treating Albert as insane.

The canonesse suffered by this cruelty the more, that the doctor's spite might lead him to divulge her nephew's condition, which she took so much pains to conceal. She humbled herself to disarm him, and asked him submissively what he thought of the bleeding recommended by Albert.

"I think it an absurdity at the moment," said the doctor, who wished to keep the initiative and let the decree fall with full liberty from his revered mouth. "I will wait an hour or two; I will not lose sight of the patient, and if the moment presents itself, even sooner than I think, I will act; but at the present crisis, the state of the pulse does not allow me to determine any thing."

"Then you will remain! May you be blessed, excellent doctor!"

"Since my adversary is the young Count," said the doctor, smiling with an air of protecting pity, "I am no longer astonished, and will allow him to say what he pleases." He was about to re-enter Consuelo's chamber, the door of which the chaplain had closed, in order that Albert might not hear this conversation, when the chaplain himself, pale and terrified, left the patient and came to find the doctor.

"In the name of heaven! doctor," cried he, "come and exercise your authority, mine is unacknowledged, and so would be the voice of God himself, I believe, by Count Albert. He persists in bleeding the dying person, notwithstanding your prohibition; and he will do it, if we cannot succeed in preventing him, by strength or by stratagem. God knows if he has ever touched a lancet. He will cripple her, if he does not kill her on the spot by an untimely drawing of blood."

"Ah, ha!" said the doctor in a jeering tone, dragging himself heavily towards the door, with the contemptuous and unpleasant sneer of a man whose heart does not inspire him. "We shall see fine doings, if I cannot find some tale to bring him to his senses."

But when he reached the bed, Albert already had the reddened lancet between his teeth, with one hand he held Consuelo's arm and with the other a basin. The vein was opened and black blood flowed abundantly. The chaplain wished to murmur, exclaim, take heaven to witness. The doctor tried to jest and to distract Albert's attention, thinking to take his own time to close the vein, if he opened it an instant afterwards, when his caprice and his vanity could claim the success. But Albert kept them at a distance solely by the expression of his look;

and as soon as he had drawn the desired quantity of blood, he applied the bandages with all the dexterity of an experienced operator; then he gently bent Consuelo's arm under the coverings, and handing a smelling bottle to the canoness to keep near the nostrils of the patient, he called the chaplain and the doctor into Amelia's chamber: "Gentlemen," said he to them, "you can be of no service to the person under my charge. Either irresolution or prejudice paralyzes your zeal and your knowledge. I declare to you that I take all responsibility upon myself, and that I do not wish to be distracted or opposed in so serious a task. I therefore beseech you, sir chaplain, to recite your prayers, and you, sir doctor, to administer your potions to my cousin. I will no longer permit prognostics and preparations of death about the bed of a person who will soon recover her consciousness. Let this be understood. If herein I offend a learned man, or am wanting towards a friend, I will ask pardon for it as soon as I can think of myself."

After having thus spoken in a tone, the calmness and gentleness of which contrasted with the dryness of his words, Albert returned to Consuelo's chamber, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said to the canoness, "No one shall enter, nor leave this apartment without my permission."

To be Continued.

For the Harbinger.

FOURIER'S WRITINGS.

I find in the Harbinger of the 1st November, in an article entitled "Fourier's Writings," the following remark relating to the scientific proofs which Fourier has given of his system.

"In fact his printed works, and, so far as we can judge, his manuscripts, contain *no demonstration at all.*"

I must dissent somewhat from the above view, and beg leave, with due respect to the Harbinger, to give some explanations on this point.

That a great *Law of Distribution* exists, which regulates with order and harmony all the parts, members, or elements of the universe, that is, the multiplicity in unity, no one can doubt. The universe being variety or multiplicity in unity, if there were not a *Law of Order* to regulate the innumerable individualities composing the unity, they would jar, clash, and war with each other, and perpetual and universal disorder would be the result. Now Fourier saw the existence of this Law, and sought to discover it with all the powers of his intellect. He says he discovered it, and he calls it, *the Law of the Series*. He has given us examples of what he calls the *Measured Series of the Third Power*,—which is the basis of all

the other Series, or all other forms of the Law,—in music, in the alphabet, in the distribution of the ages, in the bones of the human body, in the planets, in colors, and some other spheres which do not come to my memory at this moment. Of the simple, or free series, various examples are scattered through his works. He has touched upon, although vaguely, and yet sufficiently to put us on the track, the two fundamental kinds of harmonics or accords in the Series, the progressive and the proportional,—the one corresponding to the musical, and the other to the geometrical accords.

It is true that he has not explained in a clear and scientific manner, this Law of universal distribution or of the Series, but that is for his disciples to do. He had not time; absorbed in applying it to the construction of a true system of Society, which would give peace and happiness to mankind, *he could not* enter into a study of the sciences necessary to prove it clearly to the comprehension of the world. He saw this Law revealed in all the material works of nature: seeing it there, he knew that it existed in the moral world, of which the material is the emblem, and that thus it was universal.

His work was not to *demonstrate*, it was to *discover*; he discovered a mine of intellectual wealth,—the Law of Universal Order: he dug some precious blocks of truth from it,—such as the organization for rendering industry attractive, the system of education, &c. He has shown us that the mine exists, and where it is, and he has demonstrated that a system of Laws for the harmonious distribution of infinite multiplicity in universal unity, must exist; of this we certainly cannot doubt. He has given us some examples and applications of this system of Laws; they may be incomplete, and partly erroneous, but he has put the human mind on the track of a mighty truth; let it discover and develop it fully. This system of Laws always existed, and men of science should have seen it long since, but they did not *happen* to do so. Fourier, with piercing insight into the apparently complicated and confused mass of facts and phenomena of the universe, saw the great Law which bound them together and regulated them in order and harmony: this is his discovery, and in its generality demonstrates itself.

Kepler discovered the laws of the planetary movements, but he did not demonstrate them: the planets demonstrated them for him. Let one Association be organized in which industry will be rendered attractive, and the passions harmonized, and they will prove the truth of the Law of the Series. Fourier often remarked this to us in private conversation, and said it was the only way of

demonstrating the Law to the world. They will prove it, because if such results are attained by the application of the Law, they will necessarily demonstrate its truth.

There is no doubt that the great Law of universal distribution is to be clearly and scientifically explained, so that it can be applied to every sphere, and the theory of all movement be ascertained *a priori*. Fourier did not do this because he was engaged in constructing one most important sphere of movement—the Social, neglected by all past philosophers,—in accordance with the Law, and because a thorough knowledge of several sciences is necessary, and of some even which have not been discovered, such as the science of the imponderable fluids. He sketched out the great Law, and has given us the outline of it. To comprehend it fully, we must continue and complete his work by hard study, or we must organize an Association, in which the human characters and passions will be distributed harmoniously. When we see the Law in operation in the passionless movement, which is the pivotal one, then it will be explained in all other movements, which are types of it.

Fourier did not write out and explain all he knew: probably only a fragment of it, particularly as regards the Law of the Series. One reason of this was that he was not called upon to publish. The works which he did publish, and which were but the commencement of his system, did not sell; they entailed upon him loss and ridicule. He did not prepare MSS. to leave to posterity, and much of his science went with him to the other world. Those which he did leave were prepared for the third and fourth volumes of Universal Unity.

Besides, Fourier sketched out with a giant hand the results of his studies, without explaining how he got at them, or what course he followed. There is but little elementary instruction in him, save in those parts relating to the practical organization: this increases the difficulty. But even if he had explained clearly and familiarly the Law of the Series, it would require a hard intellectual labor to comprehend it. We have the science of musical harmony, but how many persons have the patience to master it. The Series is the science of Universal Harmony, and however clearly explained, it can only be understood by dint of study. A. B.

HEARTS, HANDS, AND SHILLINGS.—Daniel O'Connell, the other day, addressing a meeting which he had convened at Galway, said:—

"I want every man's shilling, and I will tell you why; because there is a heart and hand behind every shilling. I want the hearts and hands of every man."

REVIEW.

The Elements of Morality, including Polity. By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Author of the History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Two Vols. New York: Harper and Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. Boston: Redding and Co., 8 State Street.

The Preface of this book defines its object, as being an attempt to enumerate and classify the *Elements of Morality*, as preliminary to a *Philosophy of Morality*. Such a design is timely and wise; for it must be acknowledged, that Man's Moral Nature is still an unknown world. The map of it has been given when its shores only have been here and there skirted, and when none have thoroughly explored its wide-spread regions. Dr. Whewell deserves the praise of having taken a comprehensive bird's-eye-view of portions of the country, noted some chief landmarks, and pointed out some main roads to be traversed. He has prepared a sort of hand-book for travellers; and a student may thank him for the suggestions of many important trains of observation and thought. But here we regret to say our commendation is bounded; for we cannot in conscience say, that we consider this book, in any sense, an *authority*.

In the first place, the *plan* of the work seems to us too large in one aspect, and yet not sufficiently universal in another, too large,—because the historical development of morality in Christian and Civilized England does not strictly belong to the construction of the *Elements of Morality*, as found in the moral nature of Man considered abstractly, as a genus; yet not sufficiently universal, if the *Elements of Morality* are to be learned through their actual manifestation in the progress of ages and nations,—for then the religions and laws of ALL times and people should be separately examined, compared together, and ranked in orderly series. That this latter process would indeed be the scientific way of constructing the *Elements of Morality*, we are most ready to grant; indeed we confidently assert that any other mode of proceeding is a *simpliciter* one, and must lead to error. But Dr. Whewell has not taken either the course of the abstract psychologist, or of the historical realist; but has confusedly blended both. And the result is an imperfect sketch of the moral elements of an Englishman of the nineteenth century.

But in the second place, this plan, faulty as it is, is not adhered to. The author does not keep within his assigned limits. He gives not merely a construction of the *elements*, but also a *philosophy of Morality*. And the effect of the whole is consequently perplexing and unsatisfactory. The observation of facts is im-

perfect, hasty, superficial, the analysis of them partial, the classification arbitrary; and with all deference, we must say, that the Historian of the Inductive Sciences, has not observed his own three rules of selecting the true *Idea*, forming the right *Conception*, and determining the exact *Magnitudes*. Indeed, if we should give a title to this book it would be something like this,—“The Philosophy of Church-of-England-Toryism.”

We have said, that the observation and analysis of the facts of man's moral nature are incomplete, and in illustration of it we ask, can it be scientifically proved, that the “*Express Principles of Humanity, Justice, Truth, Purity, Order, Earnestness, and Moral Ends*,” are the *axioms*, so to speak, of Morality? Certainly Dr. Whewell has not proved that they are, and we are quite confident that he cannot do so. These are not the “fundamental principles of human action;” for they are not the primitive “springs” of action. It is a pity, that when Dr. Whewell has gone so far as to recognize the fact, that man has original, uneradicable, permanent emotions, which are truly as he calls them, the “springs of action,” he did not apply himself vigorously to discover and determine the exact number, and specific character of these essential elements of man. He might then have aided us to form a true science of our moral nature. But as it is, he has merely given us his arbitrary and partial conjectures. What we particularly need is an exhaustive analysis and serial classification of man's springs of action. This would be the first step in a true construction of the *Elements of Morality*.

Equally imperfect appears to us Dr. Whewell's “division of the general trunk of Morality into the five branches of Jurisprudence; the Morality of Reason; the Morality of Religion; Polity; and International Law.” This division is not only capricious, but it is fitted to mislead. It confounds history and psychology in the first place, and in the second obscures the true relations which unite the different provinces of human life. Historically, the developments of Religion, Polity, and Reason, in Humanity, have been coincident; psychologically, man's spiritual, sensitive, and intellectual powers, are indissolubly united in one living person; in their relations, the Church, the Commonwealth, the College, are mutually dependent by interaction, and are progressively organized in each growing Nation and the Race. Morality should not then be divided into five branches, but primarily into three, the “Morality of Religion,” of “Jurisprudence,” and of “Reason.” But indeed, the classification of man's moral relations, rights, and duties, should be much more

exact at once and comprehensive, than that given in this book, before the division of Morality should be attempted. The division of Dr. Whewell is worse than useless.

Still, notwithstanding these criticisms, we recommend the book, as one of the most suggestive and instructive in the language. The student will find it a useful help; and the entirely untaught, will see a wide field of deeply interesting thought opened before them. There are separate passages too of great excellence; and the whole view is comprehensive. But we trust the day is not distant, when what is here only attempted, will be actually done and well done.

The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman, of the Age of the Medici, and of our own Times. By C. EDWARDS LESTER, U. S. Consul at Genoa, Author of the *Glory and Shame of England*, &c. &c. Vol. 1. New York: Paine and Burgess, 62 John St. 1845. pp. 237.

The greater part of this volume is concerning HIRAM POWERS, the Sculptor. It is a beautiful tribute to a rising genius, of whom our country might be prouder, if she had more promptly recognized and fostered his transcendent qualities, if she had not employed foreign pretenders to disfigure her Capitol with tasteless statues, and driven her own inspired, untutored son to seek for patrons rather than masters in Italy, where in a short time he has become the wonder of all the schools, and by obeying nature has brought the masters to his feet. Much of Mr. Lester's book is in the tone of self-reproachful patriotism on this account, which disposes him, no doubt, to make the most of his hero. But he cannot say too much of Powers, and we can thank him for every word of this.

Intimate with Powers in Florence, a daily frequenter of his studio and of his house, he has drawn largely from his conversations, and so constructed a sort of autobiography, in which the artist speaks of himself and of his art in the most sincere and unaffected terms. What is published was revised by Powers; all the circumstances of the transaction are frankly and pleasantly stated, and are entirely honorable to all parties concerned.

There never was a purer artist. And it is not by accident that we say *purer*. He is purely so by calling; no secondary motives, no extraneous circumstances determined his position; but because he was born to reverence and to reproduce the human form in its purity, did he turn sculptor without a teacher, and without a model, save as nature furnished both, and through every obstacle follow the divine attraction, till he reached his present em-

innocence. His life is a proof that Art is one of God's designs, and not an artificial thing; that it has its times for appearing, where no Schools exist; and would exist all the more powerfully were there no conventionalisms and false refinements; for it answers a natural want; souls that are in earnest, look for it, and it is ready at the call, being inwardly forewarned. The great sentiments of Humanity called Art into being. It is the soul's highest confession of faith. It is thus far the world's only practical recognition of the doctrine that man was made in the image of God.

The purity of Art seems a leading thought with Powers. "To the pure in heart all things are pure:" of this text he is one of the sublimest preachers. No part of his conversations has impressed us with more respect than where he speaks of the female models in the Italian Schools of sculpture. The aims and character of the artist are sacred, and he is the holy confessor of the human form, from whom Modesty withholds nothing, but instantly shrinks abashed at the entrance of any unconsecrated portion of the world. For the artist only sees the soul; to him the form is altogether a spiritual manifestation, and before him it can securely throw away the garments of consciousness.

The Unity of Humanity, too, is beautifully symbolized in the sculptor's methods, and by none more clearly than by Powers. He finds no human figure perfect. The traces of the Fall are in the physical conformation of all of us. But the elements of beauty, (the original incarnation of purity,) still exist, though scattered. One has a beautiful hand, with awkward feet. One carries a noble front, while the lower limbs are shrunk. The sculptor must select from many models, here a trace and there a trace, of the beauty of his ideal whole. In his works of imagination, his statue of Eve, of the Greek Slave, &c. &c., he is acknowledged by the best living masters to have rivalled the ideal perfection of the ancients.

And this ideal he has reached, not primarily by vague idealizing, but by close adherence to the Characteristic. His first career was in the making of busts, a work conventionally esteemed lower than some in Art, but really requiring the highest genius, whether of poetry or wisdom, in the artist; for it has to do with the human head, the concentrated expression of character; the head, which comprehended well, explains and determines all the lines and movements which flow down from it. The busts of Webster and others, found few in America to appreciate them, or distinguish them from more ordinary attempts at the same sub-

jects, but among the artists of Europe have won for Powers a sober comparison with Michael Angelo.

Why is it that the germs of a higher art, than she knows how to nurse, are thus springing up in the lap of utilitarian America, while, transplanted into the choicest gardens of the old world, they outshine the best flowers in the land of Art? There is a meaning and a prophecy in all this. The Schools now fail to make an Artist, as Powers well says; but what made Angelo and Raphael, will make others even greater. Humanity will make them when she has greater occasions. And is not the greatest occasion in all history now preparing? Is not the greatest movement of all times beginning? And is not America to be the cradle and first theatre of that? Again is life becoming earnest; again is faith felt; again the unity and great destiny of man makes poets and prophets of all hearts; and this shall be the school of Artists. The Artist and the Reformer do not yet know each other, but it is their destiny to meet.

We had nearly forgotten to speak of the latter portion of Mr. Lester's volume, which is on our Consular system. The article is able, tracing the origin of this commercial magistracy to barbarous times, when every nation treated the foreigner who chanced upon its shores, as an enemy, and each had need of legalized protectors for its citizens in the others' ports; criticising justly the defects of our present system, and suggesting improvements, which show a high ideal of the office, and hopes of much more humane and rational intercommunication of nations, than at present prevails among the best of the civilized. We admire his feeling, but wisdom goes deeper, and sees that the whole frame-work of Civilization is what resists this as well as other improvements.

The Swedenborg Library, Part I. The Memorabilia of Swedenborg: or Memorable Relations of Heaven and Hell. With an Introduction, by GEORGE BUSH. New York: John Allen, 139 Nassau Street, 1835.

We have received the first and second numbers of a publication under the above title. The first contains Prof. Bush's introduction, in which he states in a clear and admirable manner the claims of the Swedish Sage, upon the studious and candid attention of all seekers after truth. With the following paragraph we entirely concur.

"Meanwhile we venture to charge it upon the Christian world as a course most grossly unphilosophical to let the problem of Swedenborg remain without an attempt to solve it. It is impossible to deny that he was a philosopher, and that his system involves throughout principles and

positions which justly claim to be philosophically confused, if confused at all. It is a mere superficial sciolism that can pronounce the man insane and the system a medley of brain-sick raptures and reveries, the embracing of which implies as strong a delusion as its origination. We hesitate not to affirm that no one can intelligently survey the system without being filled with astonishment at the profound insight into man—the vast comprehensiveness—the scientific exactitude—and the searching discrimination which it displays. Who then will deny that it deserves investigation? Shall every other crude concoction of dogmas be elaborately discussed—shall the veriest babblings of fantastical illusion in the form of Mormonism—the sublime subtleties of transcendental mysticism—and the lofty assumptions of the infallible Papacy—challenge grave scrutiny and labored debate, while no attention is paid to an exposé of inspired truth given to the world by one who combined in his person, in a pre-eminent degree, the Saint and the Sage? Is such neglect just to the claims of intellect, philosophy, and virtue? Is there no demand that the solecism presented by the union of such a life and such a genius with such an alleged rhodomontade of dreaming vagary should be explained? In challenging inquiry on the subject, do we more, than the obvious facts of the case abundantly warrant?"

The "Memorable Relations" which are to constitute the body of Prof. Bush's work, well known and highly prized as they are by all who are familiar with the writings of Swedenborg are the boldest selection that could be made from them. They narrate with all the sincerity and simplicity of an eye witness, events and appearances, which according to the writer took place in the ultra-mundane world, and which to the uninitiated reader will often seem astonishing, and quite as often absurd and ridiculous. But he will find that they soon assume another aspect. He will not fail to discover that what have seemed the merest phantasms, embody truths of momentous importance, and where he has presumed to laugh aloud in derision, he will be silent in thoughtful wonder.

Whatever may be said of the theology of Swedenborg, and of his claim to be a divinely illuminated revealer of religious truth, no man who has even glanced through his scientific writings can deny that he was one of the sublimest geniuses with whom the world has been blessed. Compared with him the great men who are the boast of the sciences, dwindle into ordinary dimensions. Not excelled by any in the laborious collection of facts, his is the world of principles and causes. While others are still doubtfully busy upon the surface, he has long since struck to the centre, whence, as with a native authority, he unfolds the hidden powers and laws of things. Inferior perhaps to Fourier in grandeur and comprehensive sweep of mind, less mathematical and ex-

act in his forms of expression, he carries into his studies a deep Scandinavian reverence, a poetic and religious *sentiment* with which Fourier was not endowed. But this is not the occasion to draw the parallel between them.

Now the philosophy of Swedenborg is taught both implicitly and explicitly throughout all his theological writings. Whether the latter agree at all points with the philosophy, our knowledge is not sufficient to say, and we speak of the fact merely to remind those who are inclined to make light of the doctrine of the New Jerusalem, that it is not always wise or safe to speak with levity of matters respecting which we are not well advised.

We heard with great pleasure that Prof. Bush was about to engage in the work of bringing the writings of Swedenborg more directly before the public. From experience we do not hesitate to say that the reading of them must constitute an era in the intellectual history and life of every thinking man, whatever may be their effect upon his religious opinions. We rejoice that they will have so learned and able an expositor.

We have somewhere seen it said, either directly or indirectly, that the Harbinger has a tendency to this theology, or that those engaged in the associative movement in this country are favorable to it. As to the latter point we admit that we regard it with profound respect, and that there are some, whom we are more than proud to call our brethren and fellow laborers, who receive entirely its most important features. But there are others of us who are of very different persuasions; and indeed, in admitting that Swedenborg was a Heaven-sent teacher of Humanity, we are far from pledging the members of the Associative School to his doctrines, or to the so called New Church as a special body. In fact we do not think that the New Church has yet fully comprehended those doctrines which in our opinion can be understood only by the help of Fourier's theory of General Destinies.

We commend the works of Swedenborg, and especially Prof. Bush's library to those who are struggling with doubt, as well as to those who would attain to clearer ideas of their own nature, and of the relation between this and the other world.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE VIRTUOSO AGE IN MUSIC.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF PIANISTS AND VIOLINISTS.

(Continued.)

In our last we exposed some of the false tendencies of the modern brilliant school in music. We characterized it as finger-music; as music made to the order

of extraordinary manual skill, when skill should be the servant, satisfying the legitimate demands of music, or rather of the affections and sentiments, of which music is the natural language. And we concluded with the remark, that we go away weary and discontented from the most astonishing Solo performances, while the effect of true music is to awaken that diviner discontent, called aspiration.

5. And this leads us to another remark. In that word, discontent, have we not accidentally struck the key to this whole new development of music? It is but another expression of the spirit of the age; or, shall we say, disease of the age. And that is a morbid restlessness, a *despairing* discontent! Man's noblest state, the unconscious religion of his nature, is indeed discontent; but then it is accompanied with faith and hope and heroic striving after something good. Of this such music as Beethoven's may be called the natural language. But now the faith of men seems failing, the restlessness remains. The result is a convulsive activity, a straining after novelty, a craving for the wonderful and the intense in literature, in art, in religion, in fortune-hunting, in every thing. Every thing is for *effect*. Hence the sweeping speculations in trade, which turn men's heads; hence the highly-colored extravagance of French novels; hence the amazing apparitions of a wizard Paganini, of the hundred-handed Briareuses who smite the piano with fanatical fury, till it resounds through all its length at once, with the fullness of an orchestra. But this unnatural craving can never be satisfied; not even by the endless succession of meteors, each glaring more intensely than the last. Alas! we learn that we can get familiar even with miracles. Hence a *despairing* discontent. But even a miracle, it is said, would not be a miracle, if it happened every day. The diseased craving for excitement will cure itself, when nothing can excite.

II. So let us hasten to do justice to the good and worthy aspect of this virtuoso-school.

1. And first, it must be confessed, that though in the main a false tendency in Art, yet it has produced a great deal of good music, which will outlive fashion; it has procured us many an hour of pure and satisfying enjoyment, and does number real artists and men of genius among its disciples. We have been more than amazed; we have been inspired with respect for the artist, with new consciousness of the beauty and inexhaustibleness of his Art, and with feelings deep and holy, more than once in the course of the succession of new musical wonders which have greeted our ears of late. For that "*Adagio Religioso*" on the violin; and for those manlier, riper tones of deepest

feeling from its kindred Bass, one must be grateful all his life, as for heavenly visitations. There is room for highest qualities of *style*; there is room for imagination and feeling; there is room for the boldest play of genius; there is even spur and excitement to it, in this unwearied exercise of mastering an instrument. Beauty, at all events, it directly aims at; and in proportion to the depth of soul in the artist, will his performance glow with something more than what we call beauty. In the mere performance of a piece, there is sphere for genius and taste, as much as there is in great acting. The Siddonses and the Garricks are second only to the Shakespeares. But in music there is hardly a great performer who is not also a composer; the excitement of enjoying music, still more that of expressing it, is more or less creative, and kindles up invention. When you hear music well and receive it into the depths of your soul, that is not the end of it; it starts full many an echoing fugue-like melody in your imagination, and you think and dream music by the hour. When in playing you have succeeded in bringing out the life of any favorite air, the next impulse is to improvise, or, if possessed of the requisite knowledge, to write. Hence the *Fantasia*, the favorite form of composition with the virtuosos of the day.

This, then, is the best aspect under which to contemplate this modern tendency: it is extending the boundaries of the Art, by an improved mechanism; it stimulates to new conceptions by increasing the facility of executing them. It places all the multifarious forces of the orchestra, in some sort, within the grasp of the single performer. Especially is this true of piano-forte-playing, which gives us the effect of concerted music, very much as an engraving represents a painting. Perhaps most of the real genius for music of this day goes into this form. Do not take the wearisome and unmeaning variations of Herz for a sample of the whole. There is much of the fire, the originality, the symmetry, and logical consecutiveness of genius in the works of the new pianists. You must get over the first confused impression of the novelty and brilliancy of the thing; of the rapid sweeps and runs, and wild chromatic tempest-howls; the startling scene-shiftings of those modulations from one full chord into another; the rolling thunder and tossing waves; the bright points of light struck out like sparks from the upper notes; and soft sprayey passages where the cool tones are sprinkled over the key-board, like tinkling rain-drops upon a roof, or on the water in a fitful gust; you must cease to be amazed; and then you will begin to discriminate

styles and enjoy these works, not as mere feats of execution, but as intellectual creations.

You will feel the charm of *symmetry* in the massive, profusely ornamented, *tone-architecture* of THALBERG. St. Peter's in its magnificence, and the cathedral of Milan, seem to rise before you. You are reminded of the inexhaustible fancy architecture of the Italian, who revelled in visions which he could only sketch on paper, of splendid halls and domes and arches and ranges of columns, rising and spreading without end, — innumerable details of beauty blended in one never-finished whole, like nature's crystallization and fairy frost-work. His music is a multiplying mirror, reflecting countless lights. It is suggestive of all splendor. It is common with Thalberg and those of his school, to choose some favorite air for a theme, and unfold it into brilliant variations, or build under and around it the most massive and gorgeous accompaniments, till the jewel, in the splendor of its setting, becomes like a light shining in the depth of a vast subterranean grotto, many-arched, all glittering with spars. In the variations upon the "Prayer" from "Moses in Egypt," there are passages where two hands do the work of three; the left darting alternately to the sub-Bass, and then back to the middle of the key-board, to rekindle the Air there and keep it alive, while the right is left at liberty to wander up and down in fluid aurora-borealis streams of light, investing with its flickering gauze of fire the stable, majestic columns of the central melody.

Still more astonishing, but more fiery and soul-stirring, is LISZT, that young musical Bacchus, drunk with the glories of his Art; the devoted worshipper of Beethoven; passing his life in alternate fits of furious practice, and of mystic religious melancholy; whose father made him, when a boy, play twelve of Bach's fugues every day, and transpose them on the spot into all the keys; who had carried it as far as "flesh and blood" would go in fingering, and has indulged in all the false and tempting habits of such unlimited mechanical power (in the course of his life), such as varying the themes from the greatest symphonies in his own way, in extempore performances; but has repented of them all in turn, and convinced the world of a genius superior to all mannerism, so strong and full and inexhaustible, that it could afford such waste. He is the arch-demon of the marvellous school; the Paganini of the piano. His music is possessed; it laughs and raves and shudders with the very frenzy of genius, and hurries all on with it in its uncontainable impulse. The rapids of Niagara do not boil and leap

with a more fierce wild glee. It is not so much the multitude of thoughts, as it is the resistless on-sweep, what the Germans call "*Schwung*," which is so wonderful in his music. In that "*Galop Chromatique*," which we have heard, there are but one or two ideas or melodies; yet how like the wild night-blast they hurry you along!

How sweet and soothing, after all this rush and glitter, to bathe one's wearied, dazzled senses in the more delicate and spiritual "*Night-music*" and fairy "*Mazurkas*" of CHOPIN. His music seems all compounded of spirit-voices and harmonic cadences — to be the distant skyey echoes of our groser earth-music. It is like the fragrance of flowers; we seem to breathe it, as well as hear it, till we reel in a drowsy oriental languor. He is the most sentimental of the tribe; an invalid, who seldom plays before large audiences. "He never improvises," writes an admirer, "as a matter of course, unless he feels himself thoroughly inspired; but if you have the good fortune of meeting him on one of these happy days, — if you follow the play of his animated countenance, and the wonderful agility of his fingers, which appear as if they were dislocated, — if you hear the anguish (*pleurissement*) of the strings, which still vibrate in your ear after he has ceased, — you waken as if from a dream, and ask if the pale and fragile man you see before you can be the same as he who has so completely subdued you." These great brothers, it seems, hold each other in high and generous esteem. A paper about Chopin, from a French Review, and written by Liszt, proves the artist-spirit in them both. It is as follows: —

"CHOPIN, who came to France about ten years ago, among the crowd of pianists who, at that time, flocked from all parts, did not strive to obtain the first or the second place. He seldom performed in public; the eminently poetical nature of his talent did not lead him that way. Like those flowers which open not their odoriferous chalice till evening, Chopin required an atmosphere of peace and retirement to enable him to pour forth freely the treasures of melody from within him. Music was his language; a divine language, in which he expressed a whole race of feelings intelligible only to the few. Like that other great poet, Mickiewicz, his fellow countryman and friend, his country's muse directed his song, and the cries of Poland lent to his accents a kind of mystic poesy, which to those who have felt truly, can be compared to nothing in this world. If less eclat be attached to his name, if a less luminous aureola encircle his brow, it is not for want of an equal energy of thought, an equal profundity of sentiment to that of the illustrious author of "Konrad Wallenrod" and "The Pilgrims;" but Chopin's means of expression were more confined; his instrument too imperfect; he could not, with the simple aid of a

piano-forte, reveal himself entire. This consciousness, added to a continual suffering, a repugnance from mixing with the world, in short, an entire individuality in the highest degree attractive and engaging, kept him aloof; and it was rarely, and at very distant intervals, that Chopin appeared in public; but that which for any other would have been the certain cause of oblivion and obscurity, was for him, precisely what raised his reputation above the caprices of fashion, jealousy, and injustice.

"Chopin, apart from that tumultuous excitement which, for several years past, has thrown into continual contention the pianists from all parts of Europe, has remained constantly surrounded by enthusiastic pupils and zealous friends, who, while securing him from injurious struggles and painful collisions, have every where circulated his works, and with them, their admiration of his genius, and respect for his name. Thus has this refined celebrity, admirably aristocratic, remained untainted by any attack; and the closed mouth of the critic has thrown around it a hallowedness as though posterity had already pronounced its judgment.

"I am not going to undertake here a detailed analysis of the compositions of Chopin. Without an unnatural struggle after originality, he is himself, both in style and conception; he has arrayed new thoughts in novel forms. The wild abruptness belonging to his country, has revealed itself in bold discords, in singular harmonies; while the tenderness and grace peculiar to himself betray themselves in a thousand fanciful ornaments and elegant traits.

"What can we say of the Mazurkas, those brief chef-d'œuvres, so capricious and yet so finished. 'A faultless sonnet is alone equal to a long poem,' said one who was the highest authority in the golden days of French literature; we feel much inclined to apply to the Mazurkas the exaggeration even of this axiom, and say, that to us at least, many of them are well worth *very long* operas."

2. In another view this new music is interesting, as developing the natures and powers of instruments. Each instrument has its peculiar genius, surely, corresponding to something in the soul of the Art. Art is developed not only by its own impulse from within, but also by hints and suggestions from without. Thus outward nature had as much to do with the invention of language as the mind itself had. So music originates in the soul and in the sounds of nature equally. He who wins a new order of tones from a string, a tube of wood or brass, at the same time quickens a new creative impulse in the mind, and adds to the composer's wealth. How much of the style of all modern music is due to the discovery of the violin! how much, still earlier, to the organ! He who discovers new beauties, new qualities of tone, of accent, &c., in an instrument, helps musical art, just as the invention of language quickened human thought. And so it is not fanciful to suppose that

Paganini, that mysterious being, whom no other mortal ever understood, was born for the violin,—a man of destiny, appointed to rule in that way, as much as Napoleon in his;—whose mission it was to unseal the secret springs of music within those strings and hollow pieces of wood, and convince his brethren how the spiritual world lies hidden every where.

Hear the "fiddle" of our boyhood transformed into the most eloquent of instruments, which may be so played upon, that it shall seem to part with its material nature and become pure sound! What tones! so pure and round and true—you hear no strings; you forget all about the scraping of the bow—it is nothing but tone—pure as a disembodied spirit. How sweet and soothing! and then again so earnest, so searching;—it enchains all ears; no other sound in the room, of whatever nature, can command attention while it lasts. What nerve, what flexibility!—now an earnest, thrilling emphasis, an *insisting* upon one note, till it goes through and through you; and now a gentle gliding up into those skyey heights, where, but for its exceeding purity, the sound could not be audible; then like a flashing torrent down it darts into the abyss of bass; and by degrees the player lashes himself into a very tempest of passion. It subsides a moment; and now float down soft silvery tones from the purest element above the clouds,—those "harmonics," or "flageolet tones" as they are called—tones which we cannot possibly identify with the instrument whence they proceed,—which seem to be of no place, to have no earthly element in their composition, but to be born in the air, to come in from the invisible spirit-world that envelops this ephemeral tent—tones such as we have only *seemed* to hear, heard in the mind, when we were happiest, rapt in communion with the holiness of nature. They pause—they come no more. And now, equally wonderful, those quick short harp-notes run off with exquisite precision, like drops sprinkled on the water. And having wearied itself with the elf-like exercise, having vented its impatience in all the wondrous feats fancy can contrive, or fingers execute, the soul of the artist sinks again into the melancholy adagio, and pours out its earnest complaint, its passionate longing, turning the unfathomable depths of sorrow into music, till, pleased and elated with the beauty of his own complaint, he feels new springs of joy and hope gush up within, and ends in a strain of holiest love and triumph.

So it seems to the enthusiastic hearer for the first time—so much is there in mere *tone* to him—though he soon finds, to his mortification, that the poetry of the thing was partly in his own imagination;

that with the player it was in great measure an oft-repeated mechanical trick.

There is music in the very motions of the arm by which this poetry is wooed and won from the strings—a music in which the eye too finds its share of pleasure. How gracefully the bow lights upon the string and then glides smoothly down the current, like a leaf dropping on a river, as if the spirit of the melody were imprisoned within the instrument, and syren-like drew the bow after it, controlling its graceful motions, as the tide sways the boat upon its surface.

All this may fall far short of Art; but the hearing of it does at least this good: it quickens our organic sensibility to the qualities of tone and rhythm; it acquaints us, one by one, with the characteristics of the different instruments, so that we recognize them in an orchestra, and are prepared for one of its great performances; listening to its multitudinous harmonies with that increased pleasure with which we enter an assembly of acquaintances and not strangers.

On the whole therefore, and in the long run, Art must be the gainer by this prevailing passion for the difficult and wonderful in music. It cannot be injured, in the end, by the improvement of its *mecanique*; although there is such a thing as being weakened by one's armour, weighed down and tamed by too great advantages. Man is often "subdued by his instruments," and the comforts, the means and appliances of civilization impair originality of mind. It is just so in music. But need it be so! Will it always be so! Shall we not at length have had enough experience of the transitoriness and unsatisfactoriness of all mere accomplishments, to know how to prize and seek a thing in proportion to the depth and purity of mind which inspired it,—to love best the music which contains most thought, though it requires no Herz or Listz to execute it. Who does not discover at last, that all these endless *variations* have a most monotonous *sameness*, so that one description of a solo-player answers for all. Every concert-goer will understand *C. Sharp's* advice to his friend on the eve of playing a grand *Flute Concerto Solo*:

"MY ADVICE TO MR. P.

"My dear Phunniwist!, as soon as your turn arrives you will of course keep the audience waiting some little time in expectation—it does them good, whets the appetite, and makes them curious; stay until they get tolerably fidgetty, and then make your appearance. Now mind! a grand Concerto always begins with a row—or else it cannot be grand; so tell your friend who "just scored it" for you, not to spare the brass. Well then, you commence with a crash, key of C, all the instruments starting in unison. Now the strain moves onward, *Andante maestoso*, you standing watching your music, with

your flute cast negligently into the hollow of your arm, and your head as gracefully on one side, as you can manage to get it. Having told your friend on what popular air you have composed your concerto, or fantasia, he will, if he be a clever fellow, touch upon it a little during the introduction, which you occasionally, *only occasionally*, mind me—will put the flute to your lips, and play a bar or two of it, just to show the folks you *could* play the introduction, if it was not "infra dig," and you happened to be in the humor; however, let that pass. The orchestra are reaching a climax, climbing, climbing, and bearing your flute on the top of their accumulated harmony, until you all come together upon another crash, more stupendous, if possible, than the first. Dominant seventh upon C, you holding the tip-toe-most B flat. The crash over, the orchestra is silent, leaving you floating in the air with your aforesaid B flat, a long, liquid, melting, streamy note, which you hold out as long as you can without endangering the wind pipe, or getting too red in the face. Then come scattering and tumbling down as fast as possible, with all sorts of skips and hops, quirps and quirks, and trills, and the various other beauties of which the instrument is so susceptible, until you settle some where about the middle of the lower octave, upon a serious, right down, hearty shake; which pump out there, as long as your strength lasts; then suddenly pitch it up an octave higher, and then, if you can, an octave higher still, and then drop gradually, and gently, and sweetly, by a chromatic passage, down again into the tune.

"Now as to this tune, I will suppose you have chosen one of the most popular airs of the day—"Polly put the kettle on," for instance—for in composing either a fantasia, or concerto, it is not essentially necessary that the air, any more than the scoring for the orchestra, should be *bona fide* your own work. 'Polly put the kettle on,' will make an excellent theme, and from the rarity with which it is heard in a concert room, will doubtless be the more strikingly effective. Therefore, 'Polly put the kettle on.' Having finished the favorite air with two *cadenzas*, the second longer than the first, and the first too long for any thing, the orchestra will take it up, and play it once through. That being well over, you gather up your features into a look of fierce determination, and come at once to the scratch; you set off almost by yourself, with a something that can be 'better felt than described'; something wonderfully and terrifically difficult; something *prestissimo*, of course, full of awful skips from the lowest note to the highest, and corresponding dives down again, mingled with chromatic runs, and relieved by occasional groups of triplets and sextets, and other *lets and tets*, and whatever those divisions of time are called by which the performer is directed to play innumerable *hemi demisemiquavers* in the time of one whole one; and then you wind up the variation, if it may be so styled, with a sky-rocketty sort of a rush, from the lowest C of the instrument, inconceivably wonderful, and there will ensue a sort of struggle between the audience and the orchestra, the former making the windows rattle with their plaudits, the latter trying to be heard in 'Polly put the kettle on'—which it repeats as if on purpose to show how

extremely original, and unlike the air, the variation really was.

"Here a pause of some little duration must intervene. Then do you commence; but under far different circumstances; your countenance must have lost its joyous gaiety, and have assumed a sombre lacrymose expression (if you could put on *rouge*, and then contrive, in turning your head round towards the orchestra, to rub it off with your pocket handkerchief, it would have a capital effect;) the flute must be raised slowly and sadly to the lips, while a low, tremulous, sorrowful note will announce to the expectant audience the commencement of the *Adagio con molto espressione*. Now, to perform an *adagio*, or compose an *adagio*, is generally held to be a very difficult piece of business; but in this case, nothing will be easier. Your *adagio* will simply consist of 'Polly put the kettle on,'—played in a style of eloquent despondency, slow and hopeless, save that you relieve your mind at every other bar by a strenuous shake, or now and then a prodigious flight of notes, as if too much grief had made you crazy; and then for the conclusion, you must touch the heart in a series of pathetic appeals perfectly irresistible, get up to the top B flat again, shake it gently, then whine down two or three half tones, and give some other note a shake, and go on whining, and shaking, and sighing, and dying, till all the audience have closed their eyes to hide the nascent tear and it would evidently be dangerous to add to their distress.

"Grief is dry. You must, therefore, have something particularly spruce and spirited in store, wherewith to dispel the gloom you have communicated. The *Rondo Finale!* This time the air may be given in six-eight measure, just by way of showing your musical invention and research. Extended arpeggios, runs, rushes, rattles and screams; with a second edition of the first variation, together with the air played in three parts—that is to say—heard first in the upper regions, with a 'phit,' 'phit,' 'phit'; then down at the bottom with a 'burr,' and lastly in the middle passage, bobbling away in the form of an accompaniment. So you will proceed with a 'phit,' 'burr,' 'bobble,' 'bobble,' 'burr,' 'phit,' setting at last into a brilliant close, which to render positively triumphant, give them one more tremendous chromatic scramble over the whole compass of the instrument, (in two parts if possible,) and then, my dear Phunniwist!, will you come off with flying colors indeed. Then will the electrified audience stamp, shout and rave, with delight. Then will you make your modest retiring bow, and descending into the room, shake hands with your pupils, who, by a previous arrangement, crowd to congratulate you. Yours, sincerely,
C. SHARP."

For the Harbinger.

TO

Thy spirit was a flexile harp, whereon
The moonlight fell like delicatest air,
Thro' thee its beauty flowing into tone
Which charmed the silence with a sound
as rare.

Thou peaceful maid! the music then I heard,
Whose influence had moulded thy soft eyes
To their deep tone of tenderness: O! bird,
Whose life is fed with thine own melodies.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.
DR. CHANNING.

EUGENE SUE.—NO. II.

In noticing last week this author's noble romance of the Wandering Jew, we had barely room to intimate the grandeur of its aim and plot; a grandeur which could only have been burrowed from the great Social Future of which this age is prophetic. No epic poem, not to speak of novels and romances, was ever laid out on so vast a scale. It is a greater plot than any genius, thus far known, could hope to manage with entire success; greater perhaps than Humanity with its present amount of experience was adequate to fill out. Let us look now at the characters.

It would be impossible to notice more than a few, for the scene is crowded even with remarkable ones. So far as dramatic effect goes, they are certainly most wonderful creations. And some of them do bear the impress of reality, and live to us after the drama is ended. We feel this in the humble La Mayeux, and in Agricola the inspired mechanic, whose touching episode is a novel by itself, of far more truth and nature than all the rest of the story; in faithful Dagobert, more than in the twin flowers under his protection, Rose and Blanche, who are but beautiful pictures of innocence, the emblems of it rather than the living facts; in Adrienne, the highly wrought ideal of youth and joy and generosity and love, embodied in all the perfection of classic grace, and self-surrounded with all the harmonies of the senses and the arts; but we feel it not in Djalma, in whom generosity and pride and courage and the grace of natural freedom suggest for her a worthy lover, but whose passion is too much of the blood, to justify these nobler qualities, and whose ungovernable jealousy comports not with the still faith of the soul's true love, which is proof against the devil's snares, and does not believe all it sees, being too far pledged to what it feels. It is a poor French stage-effect to make him kill the girl, whom the Jesuits have disguised as Adrienne, in the hocus-pocus scene towards the close. Of these two, more anon.

We feel reality in the Bacchanal Queen, Rose Pompon, Nini Moulin, and all the revelling rout of subordinates, in whom extravagance is nature. M. Hardy loses

much of his reality, when we see him reduced to so much despair; the noble faith ascribed to him, and exemplified in his efforts for his fellow men, has more tenacity than that, and though it may be tamed and paralyzed for action, cannot be deceived by juggling priests.

Of the evil characters, the Jesuits and their allies, we must pronounce the whole unreal: for in which one of them is there exhibited one single trait of genuine unaffected humanity, one gleam of good, one trace of a redeeming feature? It is all pure and unmixed evil; they are not made capable of good; you know how they will be sure to act if they can: your only interest is in their actions, dreading them; but a soliloquy of one of them you could not think of; alone and in themselves they are devoid of interest, you only watch their movements on the chess-board. Now in a novel these creatures, (we can scarce call them characters) may act their parts very well; but in real life we can easily dispose of those villains who offer nothing to our love or sympathy. And yet there is something very powerful in these characters, and in their collective individualities they constitute a by no means monotonous host of darkness. In the Princess of St. Dizier it is selfish vanity; in Faringhea the Thug, the cunning of fanaticism; in Morok, savage ferocity; in the Abbé d'Aigrigny, ambitious pride; and in Rodin, all of these combined in the pivotal form of selfishness, the love of power abstractly, for itself; he still seeks Unity, but in the inverse way; he would gather all the reins of power into his own hands, rather than enjoy God's harmony in a subordinate function. The most remarkable, apparently the most impossible of all the characters in the Wandering Jew, his, is perhaps the most real, for it has the most consistency, the most poetic truth.

But let it be understood what is the amount of our objection. We are far from saying that the story itself wants life, that the scenes and transactions there brought forward are not real. We mean, what we have hinted before, that the interest of the characters is not enough in themselves, as human personalities, but more in the parts they play. The characters seem too much made for the plot; or if not originally made for it, too much moulded by it afterwards. Many of them come before you with great interest and freshness in the beginning, but they are not all sustained, they part with their own reality, to realize the conditions of the plot. The problem was too great, that of evolving such a preconceived history, out of such given characters.

With this abatement, (which may hold against almost every work of fiction, if

we except the Homers, the Shakespeares, and the Goethes,) the work is one of the intensest interest. It covers a field of passional experience, that is absolutely immense. The vast accumulation of materials is all fully animated, and the multifarious elements are completely fused. A perfect unity reigns throughout. It displays powers of observation and description, rarely if ever, exceeded; an appreciation of the many spheres and forms of life, a most tangible acquaintance with nature through all her climes and products, with Art in all its spirit and its works, and most especially with the wealth of the senses, together with a pervading intimation of the manner in which the senses shall hereafter minister to the purest needs of the soul, of the essential correspondence between mind and matter. There is fine analysis and classification of character, too, such as unconsciously testifies, if it does not formally point to, the masterly psychological methods of Fourier. Thus how fine the analogy between the Thug of India and the Parisian Jesuit, both the servants of the passion of Uaity-ism in its inverse action! What a consecration of the senses, what a Gospel of beauty, what a revelation of the highest religion, or universal love, through the passion of a noble heart for one, in Adrienne! What a foreshadowing by contrast of the glorious purposes for which the *caballing* passion was implanted in the human heart, in the whole history of Jesuitical intrigues!

The descriptions are in the highest degree graphic and sensuous, not *sensual*. The physical identity, at least, of every one of the characters is fully established, so much so that it is astonishing the pictorial illustrations now in course of publication could be so poor. Adrienne and Djalma are warm, palpitating flesh and blood. It is all most admirable imagination of the senses. In every scene you taste the atmosphere. They are tropical to the life, those scenes in India; though we have never been there, we could vouch for their fidelity. Every word and image helps to transport the mind into a state of Oriental consciousness. This characteristic merit is the origin of the book's principal characteristic defects. There is too much raw flesh in it, as we say of portraits; too much of the French appetite for literal and palpable horrors; too much of detailed monstrosity, both in the description of persons and deeds. A gladiatorial taste profanes the pure intention of the book. At other times it verges on voluptuousness, a little too much perhaps for good taste, but not, we think, enough to justify the charge which some have brought of sensuality and immorality. What is sensuality? It

is not the gratification of the senses, it is not susceptibility to their delights; it is the divorcing of the senses from the soul, the profane indulgence of the sense without the warrant of a spiritual emotion. As profane swearing is called "taking the name of God in vain;" so sensual profanation, is taking the senses in vain, making light of the God-implanted instincts, exercising them without a reason from the soul which should control them. According to this definition Eugene Sue's writings are free from sensuality; they every where give prominence to the heart's pure emotions, and hallow with its sacred flame the physical instinct which God made to correspond.

In the loves of Adrienne and Djalma there is much, no doubt, to shock the civilized conventional notions about marriage. The truth is, the relations between the sexes are, and ever have been, false. The law perpetuates union without love, makes woman a slave, prevents true marriages and their blessed influence from being known, engenders secret licentiousness as the only escape from arbitrary constraint, from poverty, from a thousand evils of its own creation, and by the introduction of this duplicity into the first element of society, the home, makes the whole system of society corrupt and false. M. Sue, with the Associative School, advocates the true rights and dignity of woman. In the independent character of Adrienne he calls for holier ties than law or custom have succeeded yet in establishing between man and woman. It is enough to quote the following from the conversation of the lovers, to refute all calumny.

"Adrienne continued:—

"I find in you what you find in me, is it not so? all possible desirable guarantees for our happiness. But to this love a consecration is wanting; and in the eyes of the world in which we are called to live, there is but one form—one only marriage, and it enchains one's entire life."

"Djalma regarded the young girl with surprise.

"Yes, one's entire life; and yet who can answer forever for the sentiments of his entire life?" replied the young girl. "A God who alone knows the future of hearts can alone irrevocably bind certain beings for their happiness; but, alas! in the eyes of human creatures the future is impenetrable: so, when one cannot answer with certainty for more than the sincerity of one's present feelings, is it not committing a foolish, selfish, and impious act to accept indissoluble bonds?"

"It is melancholy to think so," said Djalma; "but what you say is just." Then he regarded the young girl with an expression of increasing surprise.

"Adrienne hastened to add, tenderly, in an impressive tone,

"Do not mistake my reflections, my friend: the love of two beings who, like us, after a thousand patient experiments of the heart, soul, and mind, have found

in each other all the assurances of desirable happiness—a love like ours is so noble, grand, and divine, that it may well dispense with a divine consecration. I have not the religion of the mass, like my venerable aunt; but I have the religion of God; from him came our burning love; let him be piously glorified for it. It is, therefore, by invoking him with profound gratitude that we ought, not to swear to love each other forever—not to swear to be forever one to the other—"

"What mean you?" cried Djalma.

"No," continued Adrienne, "for no one can pronounce such vows without falsehood or without madness; but we can, in the sincerity of our soul, swear, both of us, to do loyally all that it is possible to do to make our love endure forever, and belong thus to one another; we ought not to accept indissoluble bonds, for if we love each other always, what is the use of those bonds? If our love ceases, what is the use of those chains? for they would then only be a horrible tyranny. I ask you this, my friend."

"Djalma made no reply, but with an almost respectful gesture he made a sign to the young girl to continue.

"And then, in short," she continued, with a mixture of pride and tenderness, "from respect for your dignity and for mine, my friend, I will never take a vow to observe a law made by man *against* woman with contemptuous and brutal selfishness; a law that seems to deny soul, mind, and heart, to woman; a law that she cannot accept without being a slave, a perjurer; a law which, as a *girl*, robs her of her name; as a *spouse*, declares her to be in a state of incurable imbecility, and imposes on her a degrading tutelage; as a *mother*, it refuses to her all right, all power over her children; and as a *human creature*, enchains and enslaves her forever at the good will and pleasure of another human creature, her fellow and her equal before God. You know, my friend," added the girl, with passionate enthusiasm, "you know how much I honor you, you, whose father was named *the Father of the Generous*. I do not, therefore, fear, noble and valiant-hearted man, to see you use against me those tyrannical rights; but in my life I have never told a falsehood, and our love is too holy, too celestial, to be subjected to a consecration purchased by a double perjury; no, never will I take a vow to observe a law that my dignity, that my reason repugn; to-morrow, should the law of divorce be re-established, to-morrow, should the rights of woman be recognized, I would observe those usages, because they would be in harmony with my mind and with my heart; with that which is just, with that which is possible, with that which is humane;" then, interrupting herself, Adrienne added, with so profound and sweet an emotion that a tear dimmed her beautiful eyes, "oh! if you but knew, my friend, what your love is to me, if you but knew how your felicity is precious and sacred to me, you would excuse, you would comprehend these generous superstitions of a loving and loyal heart, which sees a fatal presage in a false and perjured consecration; what I wish is, to fix you by attraction, to enslave you by happiness, and leave you free, in order to owe you only to yourself."

We cannot call the character of Adrienne saint-like. It has not the repose of

holiness ; it is not the entire consecration of self in reliance upon Providence. She is willing to mock her enemies in her confidence in her own good cause. This so far weakens the force of her example in behalf of truths which the world will not accept so long as they present the shadow of a handle for objections.

But to return to the great purpose of the book. This saves it from a thousand counts of criticism. It is a noble exposition, as are all the writings of this author, of the destructive tendencies of Civilized Competition. It shows to what a pass isolation and *laissez faire* have brought men ; it shows the mere power of Association for the worst of ends ; and in the prophetic will of the old Sieur de Rennepont, as well as in the "common house" in M. Hardy's factory, and, in fact, in innumerable conversations and allusions, points to the incalculable blessings which association in industry, leading to unity of interest, yet richest variety and freedom of character in all things, is destined to accomplish. He might, and doubtless will, go farther. He may go deeper into the science of Association, and give some foretastes of the Phalansterian life, and exercise his imagination to show what interest and intensity there will be in the passional harmonies, both by affinity and contrast, of a state of things which will need not tragedy for its excitement ; a state where in the exceeding riches of the life of the soul will be known by its direct outshining, and not merely as it gilds the edges of these gloomy clouds, or sparkles for a second in the flinty collision of elements. Indeed it will soon be found that all the materials of romance and poetry are obsolete, except those furnished by the great Hope of the Age.

ETZLER'S MACHINERY.

A London paper informs us that a trial has lately been made of one of Etzler's inventions, with complete success.

We rejoice at this result, as we regard the project of Etzler to apply machinery to Agriculture, to cultivate the earth on a grand scale, among the most valuable suggestions of modern genius. Etzler proposes, as we presume most of our readers are aware, by means of machinery propelled by forces in nature now almost wholly neglected and wasted, to open a new era—to bring into existence a new order of things—to introduce a vast "mechanical world," which shall eclipse with its mighty powers and stupendous operations all the inventions and works of man that have been hitherto known or even dreamed of. The machine on which his calculations are all based, and which he calls a moving "satellite," is the invention that has been successfully tried.

Although we have never questioned the soundness of the general proposition of Etzler that the Winds and Tides, which are his two primary forces, afford an inexhaustible supply of power which man could avail himself of to perform herculean labors, yet, we confess, we have not been able clearly to understand the workings of his mechanical arrangements. If they are practicable, as this experiment appears to have proved, we have occasion to be greatly rejoiced. Etzler is as positive in his calculations based on the application and right management of the forces in the material world, as Fourier is in his of the passional world ; he has as supreme a contempt for philosophers and inventors who limit the powers of nature to their own standards of practicability, and his visions of the material splendor and glory of the future, are nearly as brilliant as those of Fourier. His "Paradise for all Men," is indeed, a wonderful arithmetical poem, calculations of the plainest facts in the simplest prose, resulting in the most magnificent solutions. By means of his machinery he proposes to fill the world with riches, to release mankind from the burthen of incessant toil to produce the necessaries of life, and to give to all abundance and leisure for self-improvement and enjoyment of the bounties of Providence. Compared with all former inventors, Etzler is a giant—his plans are all Titanic, and they sink the past works of man, in mechanics, to the efforts of Lilliputians. The Egyptian pyramids, for colossal grandeur, are the only works of art which give an idea of what he designs accomplishing by machinery ; these stupendous monuments of oppression, erected by *human labor*, with such dreadful toil and suffering, are but types of the vast structures which Etzler builds for the future by the aid of his machinery.

Some persons imagine an inconsistency in the doctrines of Attractive Industry with the advocacy of labor-saving machinery. They say, "if labor is 'attractive,' why abridge it, let man delight in performing it, and do not deprive him of the opportunity by introducing machines to do it for him." But this is a narrow and mistaken view : it is not work for the sake of work, that our doctrines of attractive industry teach, but labor for its results. One of its results (externally) is riches ; man requires riches and he should not need to drudge to obtain them ; he should possess them in abundance without too great an expenditure of time and effort in their production ; and if machinery can be employed to assist him it should be applied as far as possible, substituting wood and iron for sinews and muscles. The laborer will be released from excessive toil, and the energies and genius of man

will be directed to the refinement and perfection of all things, and, not the least, of himself. The activities of man will always find ample sphere for their exertion in refining and perfecting nature ; and the control of vast mechanical power will confer on him more unlimited dominion and render him more emphatically what he was designed to be by the Creator, King of the Earth.

Mr. Etzler is at present in the Republic of Venezuela, where he has gone with a company from England to found a colony and put his plans in operation. The government has very liberally granted him the privilege of selecting a tract of land without charge in that fine region of the globe, and has engaged to afford many valuable facilities for its settlement. Two Tropical Emigrating Companies have been formed in London, and the machine spoken of is intended for one of them. Mr. Etzler has our earnest wishes for the success of his great enterprise.

A NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPLE.— "On Monday week, a public trial of the 'Satellite,' or 'Iron Slave,' invented by J. A. Etzler, Esq., and constructed by Mr. F. Atkins, of Bicester, for the Tropical Emigration Society, was made in the neighborhood of Bicester, Oxfordshire. The first public display of this invention, which, at no distant period, will change the system of agricultural labor, especially in warm climates, and substitute iron slaves for human slaves, excited a good deal of interest. The machine is intended for agricultural purposes, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping ; also for making canals, roads and tunnels. It is a frame of iron, of four feet wide, and twenty feet long, with a shaft of seven feet long in front, and a shaft of six feet six inches long behind, with two broad wheels, and a steering-wheel on the extreme end. On the front shaft are feet similar to spokes of wheels, with buffers on their extremities ; these enter the ground by the revolving of the shaft. This is caused by a long lever of twenty feet swinging backwards and forwards on a spindle, and pulling alternately two levers of three feet in a box on two wheels, fixed to the shaft, similar to the capstan on the Great Britain steamship—with the difference, that the motion can be reversed, or the levers so placed, that they virbeate, without touching the driving-wheels. The power to work this machine is communicated by ropes, pulling alternately on the large lever ; these ropes, at a distance of a hundred yards, were wound around a double drum, and corresponding ropes ran from the drum to a distance of a further 120 yards, to two cranks of a steam engine. By this trial a new mechanical principal was established—namely, the transition of power from a fixed point to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions at the will of one man at the steering wheel, which was thought impossible by scientific engineers. By prolonging or shortening the communicating ropes, the distance from the prime mover to the machine travelling around its 'satellite,' can be from twenty yards to 1,600 yards in diameter. The ropes from the prime mover to the central drum

travel upon pulleys and rollers to diminish friction, and from the drum to the 'gate-lite,' they are held up by cars with poles, if they extend to a great distance, to keep them from the ground. The trial itself proved fully the practicability of the machine, and the applicability of the mode of transmitting power by levers and ropes from a fixed point to a moving point, although, owing to some minor causes, such as smallness of some pulleys, and an oversight in the steering of the machine, it was not quite satisfactory to the general public who are used to see the locomotives travelling at from thirty to forty miles an hour. This machine is intended to work and move at the rate of three miles per hour, although the velocity with which it did go at this first trial has not quite realized that speed; but the share-holders of the society present, have expressed themselves satisfied; and at a meeting held by them on the evening at the Cross Keys Inn, have passed a vote of thanks to the engineer and his workmen for their skill and labor displayed in the construction of the machine. The trial was made on a square of eleven acres, on the property of Edward King, Esq., of Blackthorn, who kindly lent to the Tropical Emigration Society his steam-carriage, which, eleven years ago, was running between Hammersmith and London. (This steam-carriage has since become the property of the Tropical Emigration Society, in consequence of some arrangements between the former proprietor and themselves.) The steam-carriage was fixed tightly on the ground, and on each of the large driving wheels was fixed a crank, on which a half-inch rope was fastened, communicating with the central drum. Two booths were erected on the ground, and many of the people of Bicester, Blackthorn, and the neighborhood had a regular holiday."

THE IVORY CHRIST.

Most of our readers have probably seen an account of this remarkable work of art, which is said to be the production of a simple and uneducated monk in an Italian Convent. The story is that a large tusk of ivory had been lying in the monastery for a great length of time, when the idea of converting it into an image of the Savior, took possession of his mind, and in spite of his entire ignorance of sculpture, and of the difficulty of working such a material, he succeeded in making this beautiful statue, under the belief that he was thus in the special protection of the Virgin, who visited him in his dreams, and animated him for his work. We have seen doubts expressed as to whether mere religious enthusiasm could produce a result of so high a character of art, and we confess that the excellent anatomy of the figure, the originality of its conception, and the delicacy with which it is executed, make us suspect that the facts of its history may be somewhat expanded and embellished. That it is the product of very deep religious enthusiasm, is however undeniable. Whether it come from the hand of an untaught monk or of a skillful

artist, the sculptor was possessed by the idea he has so perfectly embodied. The face is especially beautiful, and like every true work of art, has all the depth of the feeling from which it was created. It cannot be understood from a casual glance, but needs to be dwelt upon with something of the sentiment in which it originated. Thus seen it seems to us to be almost without a parallel. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Lester, whose property it is, for bringing it to America.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the Deutsche Schnellpost.

"What! How! Where?" is the title of a work on which Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn is now engaged.

It is said that Liszt is employed in composing an opera in five acts for the Imperial Italian Theatre at Vienna, the subject of which is an episode in the history of that city.

Ludwig Tieck was recently, for the second time, attacked by apoplexy, but fortunately by timely blood-letting, injurious consequences were prevented.

Among the thieves who are at present imprisoned in Berlin, is a workman, said to be a Polish nobleman by birth, who is now under arrest for the one hundred and fifteenth time. Another has been arrested eighty times.

Hoffman of Fallersleben, who was recently banished from Hanover, carries about with him a map of Germany, on which he has marked all those States and Cities which he cannot enter, with red. He does this, as he says, to avoid mistakes, as the number constantly increases.

Next to the mother of Napoleon, hardly any woman has been able to boast of as many famous sons as the aged Madame Arago, who died recently at the age of ninety-two, the mother of the great astronomer, of the traveller, who is now blind, of the author, of the engineer, and of General Arago.

In the Parisian "*Petites Affiches*," an advertising paper, is the following: A literary man, the author of several highly successful comedies, wishes for a young assistant of talent and taste. Lodging, board, and agreeable treatment, guaranteed.

In England, rail road engineers are so much sought for, that Sir John Rennie, for example, receives a thousand pounds sterling weekly for his services upon a

rail road in the north of England. So says the "Railway Magazine."

The Bavarian Government, by a rescript of the Minister of the Interior, has forbidden the use of steel pens in the public records.

A NEW IDEA.—HOW TO BECOME OWNER OF A HOUSE.—A Society has been incorporated in Montreal, called the Montreal Building Society, by becoming a member of which, a person is enabled to build a house by means of a loan granted him for that purpose, repayable by instalments for what the rent of such a house would cost him in ten years. The working of the plan is as follows:—"Having a piece of land, an individual becomes a subscriber to the Society for one or more shares at \$500 each, paying a monthly subscription of two dollars and a half for each share, for a period of nine or ten years, at the end of which time he finds himself the owner of his house, having paid off the principal." This sort of Savings Bank has, it is said, been found to work very well in England.

FAT SINECURES. The amount paid to the officers of the Navy, while "*waiting orders*," or "*absent on leave*," was \$350,000, in four years. Uncle Sam is a clever, thick-pated old gentleman, with no bottom to his purse.

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N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 18, 1845.

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VOLUME I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1845.

NUMBER 25.

MISCELLANY.

OF SYNTHESIS, OR THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES.

(Continued from the Harbinger of July 19.)

NUMBER IV.

It is without doubt useless to multiply examples, to call to our aid a greater number of sciences; those whose testimony we have invoked prove sufficiently that, as we have said in the beginning, each particular science, at first infinitely divided, has constantly tended to be summed up in a small number of facts, principles and laws.

But, if we were required to furnish a greater number of proofs, to what side could we turn our eyes, without finding a confirmation of our views? The very titles of the books, which are published at this moment are sufficiently eloquent proofs: *Chemical Philosophy, Zoological Philosophy, Anatomical Philosophy.*

See how the author of one of these books characterizes the aim of the science which owes so much of its progress to him: "Chemical philosophy," he says, "has for its object, to ascend to the great principles of science, to give the most general explanation of chemical phenomena, to establish the connection which exists between observed facts and the cause of those facts."^{*}

We might give moreover, a rapid sketch of the discoveries registered by some great scientific publication, by the *Reports of the Academy of Science*, for example; there is not a single number which does not present facts in the direction we refer to; the labors of Messrs. Payen, Bist, Melloni, among others, are all marked by this character of generality, derived from this tendency to analogy.

Almost nothing occurs, upon which we could not score as proof. How many facts, for example, could we not cite, of the want of permanency of those little absolute dis-

^{*} Dumas, *Lessons in Chemical Philosophy*. Paris: Bechat, Jr.

tinctions, which, at various epochs, have been thought to be established between certain facts! Where is now the limit between acids and bases? What has become of the exclusive part which was attributed to oxygen! Of what metals can it now be said that they are not magnetic! A very few years since; was not the presence of azote in animals considered as one of the characters which distinguished them from vegetables? Tiedmann dwells upon this character in his physiology, and yet it is now ascertained that the azotized principles of animals proceed from plants! What has become, in mineralogy, of the distinctions based on the forms of crystals since the discovery of polymorphism and isomorphism! In botany, how many families, considered as distinct, pass insensibly into each other! For example, the fundamental division, based upon the number of cotyledons, is it not overthrown by the sole fact of the existence of the coniferæ! In fine, what importance can be attached, in Zoology, to the so highly cherished divisions of the classifications, when the question of the variability of the species is still undecided!

SECT. 3.

Now we must establish the truth of our second assertion, which is, that the special sciences tend to unite, in the same manner as the different sections of each of them have united. A few words will be enough, this tendency being only a necessary consequence of that which we have exhibited in some detail.

The tendency to division, which prevailed among the first scientific labors, was so great that even sciences which referred to precisely the same objects, but treated them from different points of view, were considered as absolutely distinct, and without relation to each other. Even now, there are not wanting those who profess the same opinions. Are there not, for example, many classifying zoologists who consider anatomy as foreign to the subject of their labors? And since zoology has been mentioned,

let us take this science as an example of the tendency to which we refer.

By *Zoology*, I understand, in a general manner, all the sciences which relate to animals, from whatever point of view: classification, anatomy, physiology, embryogeny, teratology, paleontology, &c. Originally, each of these sciences was considered as distinct from the others, each was cultivated by special students, and advanced with a more or less rapid pace, without inquiring what became of its neighbors. For a long while, for example, the classifiers remained ignorant of the progress of anatomy; even until a few years, monsters were considered as forming an exception to the common laws of physiology, and the fossils as forming a distinct series from that of living animals; in fine, it is only yesterday, we may say, that we have come to understand the intimate solidarity of comparative anatomy and embryogeny.

But already, these views, though recent, though so far removed from the starting point of zoology, have received an immense development; it is now definitely established, that the same laws govern the anatomy of monsters and that of normal animals; embryogeny and comparative anatomy are subject to the same laws, and form two exactly parallel series; that paleontology and living zoology form only one series; in fine, classification tends more and more to become the exact expression of the degree of the organization of each being, and of the anatomical relations of all beings among themselves; at this day, in a word, comparative anatomy, embryogeny, teratology, paleontology, classification, sciences primitively distinct, form but one science, all the parts of which, indissolubly connected among themselves, could not be separated without each of them being completely paralyzed, without the progress of the whole being hindered.

However interesting this result may be, if the tendency to which we refer had produced nothing more, we could not avail ourselves of these facts; for, although the sciences of which we have

spoken were first studied separately, it is impossible that any person of good understanding can ever have been mistaken respecting their affinity. We must have more precise testimony, more evident proofs; we require the spectacle of sciences primitively separated, not only for the convenience of study, but because they related to phenomena considered as fundamentally distinct, and which nevertheless, as they advance, tend to a complete fusion. Examples of this nature are not wanting; but we could not cite any more brilliant instance than that which is presented by the two great branches of physiological science.

The distinction which has always been established between vegetable physiology and animal physiology was far from resting upon reasons of the same nature as those which, probably, in the minds of the most advanced, had occasioned the separation of the zoological sciences. In the belief of *savans*, it was founded upon the essence of things, upon anatomical, physiological, chemical characteristics, upon the absolutely different nature of the subjects to which they related. It is still but a very little while since these ideas prevailed, even now they are found in the elementary books, from which every recently discovered truth is excluded with excessive care. Nevertheless, at this day, not one of those distinctions subsists; new analogies between the two kingdoms are constantly proclaimed, there is no longer now a distinct animal kingdom, and a distinct vegetable kingdom, there is but one organic kingdom, but one physiology.*

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, to recall the mutual services rendered to each other by the physical and physiological sciences, between which it is now impossible to establish a decided limit; to show the intimate union of geology, embryogeny and comparative anatomy; to enumerate the aids given to each other by physics and chemistry,† those which these two sciences grant to mineralogy, geology, and so forth; but it seems sufficient to have drawn attention to facts easily observed. Who, in truth, would at this day dare to say, (excepting always the authors of books in which definitions are obligatory and therefore without importance:) These are the limits of such or

* This beautiful fact cannot be disputed since the publication of the great *Treatise on Physiology* of Burdach, in the compilation of which magnificent work the most distinguished *savans* of Germany have taken part.

† In his recent publication under the title of *Treatise on Physics, considered in its relation with Chemistry and the Natural Sciences*, M. Becquerel expresses himself thus: "Chemistry is now inseparable from general physics. If we wish to extend the domain of these two sciences, they must be studied together."

such a science? Who does not know that neither of them is sufficient for itself, that each advance increases their dependence, and that every moment the men of different specialties are obliged to associate their efforts in order to resolve in common, problems which do not belong exclusively to any specialty, but to several among them at the same time!

SECT. 4.

We have hitherto spoken only of the cosmological sciences; we have as yet said nothing of those which are called neurological, of that vast branch which includes psychology, history, theology and their numerous sub-divisions; it is to this that we must now attend.

The principles which we stated at the commencement are applicable to these sciences, as well as to those which have been given in support of the examples we have cited; they are so evidently applicable, that after the long details we have entered upon, we can leave to the mind of the reader the care of performing a part at least of a similar labor with regard to the neurological sciences; it will be enough for us to make choice of some great example.

That the sciences to which we now refer have a history similar to that of those of which we have before spoken, that they have had a like origin, passed through the same phases, employed the same processes, cannot be a matter of any doubt; but, even should they differ completely on all these points, if it is true that they arrive at analogous results, this will be sufficient for our thesis. In fact, whether they have employed such or such methods, followed such or such a path, are questions of only secondary interest from the moment when we know that both have attained a similar, an identical end, that they have become indispensable to each other; in a word, that they tend to associate and to constitute but one science. Now it is sufficient, to fix our ideas upon this point, that we examine the results already obtained.

The assistance which, now for three centuries, the cosmological and zoological sciences have constantly afforded to each other, is beyond dispute. During this lapse of time, a double fact has been produced: on one side, a great majority of minds have been turned towards the study of nature; on the other, and this fact is a corollary of the first, the physical and natural sciences have intervened in the solution of a multitude of questions upon which the reasoning powers alone had hitherto been employed. As we have said, the truly scientific study of nature is a recent fact, a fact which belongs to modern history. Until then, systems were imagined, because the mind of man will not be contented without explanations; but, allowing for exceptions, no

one observed, no one thought of building his ideas upon the solid basis of facts. Now at the commencement of the modern era, on the contrary, such a revolution took place in studies, (a revolution of which we shall hereafter seek the meaning) that there is perhaps not one of the questions of noology which has been treated profoundly without the help of the physical and natural sciences. For example, no man of good understanding will now deny geology to be the true introduction to human history; henceforth physiology is one of the elements of all good psychology; psychology ceases to relate exclusively to man, and so forth. Whether we refer to the terrestrial origin of man, to the rank which belongs to him, to the destiny reserved for him, cosmology intervenes; geology, zoology, astronomy, all have their say in turns. A calm, positive investigation is, for this reason alone, substituted for the vain and interminable disputes, of which a multitude of questions were formerly the object, as, for example, that of the deluge. Sometimes the sciences simply and purely confirm the old traditions; sometimes they winnow the true from the false; sometimes they make a clear sweep; but, however grave the questions may be, they belong to their domain. Those which were considered inaccessible are open to them. Mysteries themselves become a matter of science, as is seen with regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the value of which chemistry enables us to appreciate. In a word, there is no grave question of philosophy upon which cosmology has not something to say, and respecting which it is not necessary to consult it.

I very well know, that some look upon this tendency as injurious, and do not fail to raise the cry of materialism, as often as data gathered from the cosmological sciences are applied to questions, of which theologians have hitherto reserved to themselves the monopoly; but as the number of these false devotees constantly diminishes, while, on the contrary, the studies, of which we speak, assume a further development, there is no reason why we should lay stress upon their opposition; an opposition, moreover, which will not bear the test of examination. There is no intention, in fact, as some pretend to believe, and as others, for want of study, do believe, to re-establish that sensualism, the sentence of which has now been passed; there is no attempt to deny noble beliefs, to diminish the value of any thing which is great; nor to depreciate the mind, or to make of man a *tabularasa*. The object is, impartial, grave, deep study, which shall leave no opening for reaction. We observe, it is true, instead of imagining, but from the

facts observed, we deduce all legitimate consequences, and this is to give a full and entire acceptance to all the rights of the understanding; to place all things in their true relations; the subject which studies, and the object of study; human spontaneity, and the exterior world upon which it is exercised. The world is the work of God, and its history, or experimental theology, far from being in contradiction with any truth, can only bring new and precious confirmations, and force even the blindest to pay him homage.

Moreover, I repeat, whatever be the opposition which this manner of proceeding encounters, were the number of those who form this opposition a thousand times more considerable, and had their voice that authority which the public refuses to it, it would still prove nothing, and it would always be much better to continue the work they blame, than spend our time in answering them. We have no leisure now, in fact, to discuss for and against; the time of discussions has passed, that of action has come. When, each day, those sciences which are assumed to have no relation, yield to each other the most powerful assistance and irresistibly tend towards a union, when all discoveries show new bonds between them, exhibit profound and admirable analogies, it cannot be the part of enlightened, sincere men to discuss, if the way be legitimate, if it be fruitful, if the objects in question have points of contact, or can be compared. There is no room for discussing that of which there can be no question, and the solidarity of the sciences, of which we speak, is henceforth, not a question, but a fact. Men of learning, whose intentions are sincere, and who know the value of time, must therefore, henceforth, think only of the means of advancing the most profitably possible, in the way now open, the admirable fecundity of which is already attested by so many brilliant discoveries.

We wish to enumerate rapidly some of the discoveries, which, by demonstrating the analogy of the facts treated by the cosmological and noological sciences, will result in rallying them to one same principle, in constituting their unity.

It is important, indeed, to show in its true light, the value of the facts recently acquired by the cosmological and noological sciences; for it happens, and this is easily conceived, that the same thing takes place respecting these two great branches, which prevails in the different sciences of which each is composed; that is, their relations, their analogies, however evident they may be, are, for the most part, unrecognized by those very persons who discover them, and that the most advanced men are satisfied with a tacit avowal. Small is the number of those

who, in physics, for example, propose as the aim of their labors, the demonstration of existing analogies between different branches of science: how then can the number be great, of those, whose labors would have for an acknowledged result, the union of cosmological and noological sciences, much more distinct in appearance, and, as so many say, separated by abysses? As in physics, in which the discovery of analogies is much less the result of a premeditated plan, than the necessary consequence of facts sought for and discovered in the absence of any general idea, so the analogies between the cosmological and noological sciences are brought to light by men absolutely strangers to each other. Each labors in his specialty, without caring for the labors of which the neighboring specialties are the scene, each performs his work apart; when the work is done, it is perceived that each has arrived, on his side, without imagining it, at an analogous result; then they accept the analogy, which was not sought for, but which is in the nature of things. Doubtless this manner of proceeding furnishes a precious argument against those who deny the legitimacy of the work, since we have facts and not hypotheses. But, even while appreciating these advantages, we must recognize the fact that, from the moment when experimental researches have, without premeditation, without *a priori* views, led us to perceive a great end, we must thenceforth, rejecting all empirical researches, advance resolutely towards the accomplishment of that end.

Now, I repeat, the labors of physical inquirers and naturalists, on one side, of historians and philosophers, on the other, have led each by himself, to facts so analogous, that, from this day, both can perceive they are advancing towards one same end, and can come to an understanding respecting the most efficacious means of realizing it.

Let us look at some of these facts.

We have before seen, in the rapid statement of some of the advances of the cosmological sciences, we have seen in what relates to the zoological sciences, that these had succeeded in reducing to a small number of formulas almost all the facts of which they treat.

Thus, *the unity of the animal series* is a fact admitted by zoologists. Classifiers had divided the animal kingdoms into a certain number of groups, branches, classes, &c., and for a long time, these groups were considered as entirely distinct from each other; but the results of study have been, to demonstrate that these groups are solidary, whether with reference to the materials of which they are constituted, or to the idea which they represent.

The same materials constitute them; they represent the same idea; yet they are varied, they present themselves under different forms, different conditions, and the reason is, that they only manifest the idea which they represent in different degrees, and that the materials of which they are constituted are not equally developed in each of them. But between the least advanced in organization and the most developed, there are transitions; they form, in fine, a *progressive series*. Not only the aggregate of the kingdom is one, but the different groups of this series, groups which have appeared upon the earth, one after the other, are equally one, and each, governed by the same law as the aggregate, reproduces that aggregate in a more or less complete degree, according to its degree of development.

That which is the case with groups, is also the case with individuals: each individual reproduces, both the group to which it belongs and the very aggregate of the animal kingdom; each reproduces it, in a degree proportional to that of its own development.

Beings are one and varied: one because the same power animates them, because the same elements constitute them; varied, because that power, those elements, are found in each of them in a different degree of development. But, what determines the degree of development of those elements, the degree of manifestation of that power? The circumstances in which the being is found, its *circumambient medium*.

In the influence of the mediums is found the cause of the variety of beings; they are what they are made by the mediums in which they live, in the sense, that this medium may favor or hinder their development, or may, in fine, make them absolutely deviate from the forms and conditions belonging to their species, that is to say, produce *monsters*. The cause of physical monstrosity is not in the nature of beings, but in the influence of the mediums in which they live.

Let us stop here: the facts we have mentioned are sufficiently important, sufficiently numerous to ensure the success of our thesis.

PROFITABLE MEMBERS.

Many people seem not to have a clear idea of what constitutes a profitable member of an Association; and a few thoughts on this subject may perhaps be profitable both to those who have already become members of some Industrial Phalanx, and those who are watching anxiously their success, and are desirous of placing themselves in a better state of society. It is evident that in order to secure the prosperity and success of an Association, none should be received, who cannot make themselves profitable to the Association, as such; especially no others should be

received or retained in the early stages of the existence of an Association, or until the practicability of the plan is fully demonstrated. In civilized life the laborer is not paid *all* that he earns his employer, for every one who hires expects the laborer to produce more than the compensation he pays. But in Association every laborer receives just the value he produces. The speculations of the world are not permitted to enter in, and abstract any portion of this amount from his pocket. In civilized life if one person employs another to produce an article for sale, and pays him for its production *all* the amount for which it can be sold, it is evident that no profit is realized by the employer. In Association no one is profitable in this sense; our Constitution and the very object of our organization forbid it; but as capital is necessary in all the various branches of business, in order to prosecute them with advantage and profit, it is evident that a member may, and actually does become profitable to himself and to the Association, in proportion as he earns more than he consumes. He who earns only the value of his board, and the clothing which he receives from the Association—who calls out all his earnings, and permits no part to remain in the Association to continually increase its capital stock, is a worthless member; and the interest of the whole body requires that his place should be filled by some one, who will either earn more, or consume less.

Capital is the accumulated production of past labor, and with its use much more may be produced, than could be possibly without it, by the same amount of labor. For instance, capital will furnish us with machinery, which, with the aid of one or two individuals, will produce more than one or two score of individuals, could possibly, without it. And in no other situation can the advantages of capital be more fully realized than in Association. The more capital there is invested, the better it is for the laborer, and equally as well for the capitalist, till as much is invested as can be used to advantage.

Of the income of capital and labor combined, we give to capital one fourth, and to labor three fourths, and this three fourths, we suppose, will more than doubly pay the cost of his board and clothing, if he labors advantageously, and without loss of time. Hence does it follow that an individual without property, can earn in Association enough in a few years, if healthy, and temperate, to support him the rest of his days at ease? If a person can support himself by laboring half of the time, and still give to capital one fourth of the product of his labor with capital, then is it not evident that, if he owned the capital, three year's labor would support him eight? Then is it not clear that the dividend on the capital that a few years labor would produce, would be sufficient to support him. Or in other words, that his dividend would equal his support? This is on the supposition that labor and capital are proportioned to each other, in the proportion which we give to each.

We argue from this that while Association will afford to capitalists a most profitable investment, it will at the same time give to labor its fair equivalent.

Every one who labors in Association, labors directly for himself, and receives the whole income and advantage of it. This is no less true if the member be engaged in making a garment, or preparing

a meal of victuals for another, than if the same was done directly for himself; for while he is thus laboring, another is laboring equally as long some where else, or at some other branch, for his benefit. It is only a mutual exchange of labor, for the equal advantage of both.—*Tocsin.*

CONSUELO.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

Translated for the Harbinger.

XV.

The canoness, confounded, could not say a word. There was something so peremptory in Albert's air and manner, that the good aunt was afraid and instinctively obeyed him with unexampled earnestness and punctuality. The doctor, seeing his authority completely set aside and not caring, as he afterwards declared, to enter the lists with a madman, had the wisdom to retire. The chaplain betook himself to his prayers, and Albert, assisted by his aunt and the two servant women, passed the whole day by the side of his patient, without relaxing his cares a single instant. After some hours of calmness, the crisis of excitement returned almost as violently as the night before; but it was shorter in duration and as soon as it had yielded to the effect of powerful re-agents, Albert desired the canoness to go to bed and only to send him another woman to assist him while the two others went to take some rest.

"Will you not repose yourself, Albert?" asked Wenceslawa trembling.

"No, my dear aunt," replied he; "I do not require it."

"Alas!" returned she, "you will kill yourself, my child! This stranger costs us very dear!" added she as she departed, emboldened by the inattention of the young Count.

Still he consented to take some food, in order not to lose the strength of which he felt the need. He ate standing in the corridor, his eye fixed upon the door, and as soon as he had finished, he threw his plate on the floor and re-entered. He had immediately closed the communication between Consuelo's chamber and that of Amelia, and allowed the few persons whom he admitted to enter only by the gallery. Amelia wished to be admitted and pretended to bestow some care upon her companion; but she was so awkward, and at every feverish movement of Consuelo she testified so much fear of seeing her again fall into convulsions, that Albert, becoming impatient, requested her not to meddle in any thing, but to go to her own chamber and take care of herself. "To my own chamber!" replied Amelia; "and even if pro-

priety did not forbid my sleeping where you are separated from me only by a single door, almost in my very room, do you think I could enjoy a very peaceful repose with those horrible cries and that frightful agony sounding in my ears?"

Albert shrugged his shoulders and answered her that there were a great many other apartments in the chateau; that she might take the best, until the patient could be transported to a chamber in which her neighborhood would trouble no one.

Amelia, full of spite, followed this advice. The sight of the delicate attentions, which might almost be called maternal, that Albert bestowed upon her rival was more painful to her than all the rest. "O my aunt!" said she, throwing herself into the arms of the canoness, when the latter had installed her in her own sleeping room, where she had a bed placed beside her own, "we did not know Albert. Now he shows us that he knows how to love."

For many days, Consuelo lay between life and death; but Albert combated the disease with a perseverance and a skill which must needs triumph. At last he rescued her from her severe trial; and as soon as she was out of danger, he had her carried to a tower of the chateau, where the sun lay longer and whence the view was more beautiful and more extended than from all the other windows. This chamber, furnished in the antique style, was more in conformity with the serious taste of Consuelo, than that they had first appropriated to her: and she had long manifested a desire to inhabit it. There she was freed from the importunities of her companion, and notwithstanding the constant presence of a woman who was relieved every morning and every evening, she was enabled to pass the languishing and sweet days of her convalescence in a kind of *tete-a-tete* with him who had saved her. They always spoke Spanish together, and the delicate and tender expression of Albert's passion was more sweet to the ear of Consuelo in that language, which reminded her of her country, her childhood, and her mother. Penetrated by a vivid gratitude, weakened by sufferings which Albert alone had relieved and solaced, she gave herself up to that soft quietude which follows great crises. Her memory was awakened by degrees, but under a veil which was not every where equally light. For example, if she remembered with a pure and legitimate pleasure the support and devotedness of Albert in the principal events of their connection, she did not see the wanderings of his reason and the too serious depth of his passion for her, except through a thick cloud. There were even hours when, after the forget-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by FRANCIS G. SHAW, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

fulness of sleep, or under the effect of soporific potions, she still imagined herself to have dreamed all which could mingle distrust and fear with the image of her generous friend. She was so accustomed to his presence and his cares, that, whenever he absented himself at her request, to take his meals with the family, she felt ill and agitated until his return. She imagined that the sedatives he administered to her had a contrary effect, if he did not prepare and pour them out with his own hand; and when he presented them to her himself, she said to him with that slow and deep smile, so touching upon a beautiful face, still half covered with the shades of death: "I can very well believe now, Albert, that you have a knowledge of enchantments; for it is enough that you order a drop of water to be salutary for me, to cause it immediately to communicate to me the calmness and strength which are in yourself."

Albert was happy for the first time in his life; and as if his soul were powerful for joy, as it had been for sorrow, he was, at this period of enchantment and intoxication, the most fortunate man on earth. That chamber, in which he saw his well beloved at all hours and without unwelcome witnesses, had become for him a place of delights. At night as soon as he had pretended to retire, and every body had gone to bed in the house, he traversed it with stealthy steps; and while the nurse whose duty it was to watch, slept profoundly, he glided behind the bed of his dear Consuelo, and looked upon her, slumbering, pale, and bent down like a flower after the storm. He installed himself in a great arm-chair, which he was always careful to leave there when he went away; and he passed the whole night, sleeping so lightly that at the least movement of the patient, he was bent towards her to hear the feeble words she uttered; or his ready hand received that which sought for it, when Consuelo, agitated by some dream, testified a remnant of uneasiness. If the nurse awoke, Albert always said that he had just come in, and she persuaded herself that he made one or two visits every night to his patient, when in fact he did not pass half an hour in his own chamber. Consuelo shared this illusion. Although she perceived Albert's presence much more frequently than did her nurse, she was still so feeble that she allowed herself to be easily deceived by him as to the frequency and duration of those visits. Sometimes, in the middle of the night when she besought him to go to his bed, he would tell her that the day was about to appear and that he himself had just risen. Thanks to these delicate artifices, Consuelo never suffered from his absence,

and she was not anxious on account of the fatigue he must feel.

This fatigue was, however, so light that Albert did not perceive it. Love gives strength to the weakest; and besides Albert's being endowed with an organization of more than common strength, never did human breast contain a more vast and vivifying love than his. When at the first rays of the sun, Consuelo had slowly reached her sofa, near the window, Albert seated himself behind her, and in the course of the clouds or the purple of the rays endeavored to seize the thoughts with which the aspect of the sky inspired his silent friend. Sometimes he stealthily took a corner of the veil with which she enveloped her head and which a warm wind wafted over the back of the sofa. Albert bent his forehead as if to rest, and pressed his lips to the veil. One day, Consuelo drawing it from him to bring it over her chest, was astonished to find it warm and moist, and turning with more vivacity than usually accompanied her movements, since the prostration of her illness, surprized an extraordinary emotion on the countenance of her friend. His cheeks were animated, a consuming fire glowed in his eyes, his chest was raised by violent palpitations, — Albert rapidly mastered his excitement; but he had time to see fear depicted on the features of Consuelo. This observation deeply afflicted him. He would have liked rather to see her armed with disdain and severity, than with any remnant of fear and distrust. He resolved to watch over himself with sufficient care to prevent the remembrance of his insanity from alarming her who had saved him at the risk and almost at the price of her own reason and her own life.

He succeeded, thanks to a power which one in a calmer state of feeling would not have possessed. Accustomed for a long while to concentrate the impetuosity of his feelings and to make of his will, a usage the more energetic that it was constantly disputed by the mysterious attacks of his disease, he exercised upon himself a power for which he never received sufficient credit. His friends did not know the frequency and strength of the attacks which he conquered each day, until the moment when, subdued by the violence of despair and frenzy, he fled towards his unknown cavern, conqueror even in his defeat, since he reserved sufficient regard for himself to hide from all eyes the spectacle of his fall. Albert, a most unfortunate madman, still had a right to the respect of others. He was sensible of his insanity, and felt it coming until it had complete possession of him. Even in the midst of his fits, he retained a vague instinct and confused recollection of the real world, in which he did not

wish to appear, until he felt its relations with himself completely reëstablished.

We all have this remembrance of an actual and positive life, when the dreams of a painful sleep cast us into a life of fictions and delirium. Sometimes we fight against these chimeras and these terrors of the night, saying to ourselves that they are the effect of nightmare, and making efforts to awake; but an opposing power seems to seize us from time to time and to plunge us back into that horrible lethargy, in which visions more and more gloomy and sorrows more and more poignant besiege and torture us.

In an alternation analogous to this passed the powerful and miserable life of that misunderstood man, whom an active, delicate, and intelligent tenderness alone could save from his own distresses. This tenderness had at last been manifested in his existence. Consuelo was truly the transparent soul which seemed formed to find the difficult access to that sombre one, hitherto closed to all complete sympathy. There was in the solicitude which a romantic enthusiasm had first engendered in that young girl, and in the respectful friendship which gratitude inspired since her illness, something sweet and touching which God doubtless knew to be peculiarly fitted for Albert's restoration. It is highly probable, that if Consuelo, forgetful of the past, had shared the ardor of his passion, transports so new in his life, and so sudden a joy, would have excited him in a most fatal manner. The discreet and chaste friendship which she felt for him, must have a more slow but a more sure effect upon his health. It was a restraint as well as a benefit; and if there was a sort of intoxication in the renewed heart of the young Count, there was mingled with it an idea of duty and of sacrifice which gave to his thoughts other employment and to his will another object than those which had hitherto consumed him. He therefore experienced at the same time, the happiness of being loved as he had never before been, the sorrow of not being so with the ardor he himself felt, and the fear of losing his happiness if he did not appear contented with it. This triple effect of his love soon filled his soul so completely as to leave no room for the reveries towards which his inaction and isolation had so long compelled him to turn. He was delivered as by the power of enchantment; for he forgot them, and the image of her whom he loved kept his enemies at a distance, and seemed placed between them and him, like a celestial buckler.

That repose of spirit and calmness of feeling which were so necessary to the reëstablishment of the young patient were therefore hereafter no more than

very alightly and very rarely troubled by the secret agitations of her physician. Like the hero of the fable, Consuelo had descended into Tartarus to draw thence her friend, and she had brought out horror and frenzy. In his turn, he applied himself to deliver her from the inauspicious guests who had followed her, and he succeeded by means of delicate attentions and passionate respect. They began a new life together, resting on each other, not daring to look back, and not feeling courage to replunge in thought into the abyss they had passed through. The future was a new abyss, not less mysterious and terrible, which they dared no more to question. But they sweetly enjoyed the present, like a season of grace which was granted them by Heaven.

XVI.

The other inhabitants of the chateau were by no means so tranquil. Amelia was furious and no longer deigned even to visit the invalid. She affected not to speak to Albert, never to turn her eyes towards him, and never to answer his morning and evening salutation. And the most horrible of all was, that Albert did not seem to pay the least attention to her vexation.

The canoness, seeing the very evident, and, so to speak, declared passion of her nephew for the *adventuress*, had not a moment's peace. She racked her brains to find some means of putting a stop to the danger of the scandal; and for this purpose she had long conferences with the chaplain. But the latter did not very earnestly desire the termination of such a state of things. He had been for a long while useless and unnoticed amidst the cares of the family. His post recovered a kind of importance, since these new agitations, and he could at least enjoy the pleasure of spying, revealing, warning, predicting, consulting, in a word, of moving the domestic interests at his will, while he had the air of not interfering, and could hide himself from the indignation of the young Count behind the old aunt's petticoats. Between them both they found continually new subjects of alarm, new motives for precaution, but no means of safety. Every day the good Wenceslawa approached her nephew with a decisive explanation on the tip of her tongue, and every day, a mocking smile or a freezing look made the words miscarry. Every instant she watched the opportunity of slipping secretly into Consuelo's chamber, in order to address to her a skilful and firm reprimand; every instant Albert, as if warned by a familiar spirit, came to place himself upon the threshold of the chamber, and by a single frown of his brow, like the Olympian Jupiter, he disarmed the anger and froze

the courage of the divinities hostile to his dear Iliou. Still the canoness had several times engaged the invalid in conversation; and as the moments when she could see her tête-à-tête were very rare, she had profited by these occasions to address to her some quite absurd reflections, which she thought very significant. But Consuelo was so far removed from the ambition attributed to her, that she understood nothing of it. Her astonishment, her air of candor and of confidence, immediately disarmed the good canoness, who, in all her life, never could resist an accent of frankness or a cordial caress. She went, quite confused, to confess her defeat to the chaplain, and the rest of the day was passed in making arrangements for the morrow.

Still, Albert, divining this management very clearly, and seeing that Consuelo began to be astonished and uneasy, undertook to put a stop to it. One day he watched Wenceslawa as she passed; and while she thought to elude him by surprising Consuelo alone, very early in the morning, he suddenly showed himself at the moment when she was putting her hand to the key in order to enter the invalid's chamber.

"My good aunt," said he, seizing that hand and carrying it to his lips, "I must whisper to you something in which you are very much interested. It is that the life and health of the person who reposes within are more precious to me than my own life and my own happiness. I know very well that your confessor has made it a point of conscience with you to thwart my devotedness for her and to destroy the effect of my cares. Without that, your noble heart would never have conceived the idea of compromising by little words and unjust reproaches the re-establishment of an invalid hardly out of danger. But since the fanaticism or bitterness of a priest can perform such prodigies as to transform the most sincere piety and the purest charity into blind cruelty, I shall oppose with all my power the crime of which my poor aunt consents to be made the instrument. I shall watch over my patient night and day, and will no longer leave her for a moment; and if, notwithstanding my zeal, you succeed in carrying her away from me, I swear by all that is most fearful to human belief, that I will leave the house of my fathers, never to return. I think that when you have communicated my determination to the chaplain, he will cease tormenting you and combating the generous instincts of your maternal heart."

The astonished canoness could answer this discourse only by bursting into tears. Albert had drawn her to the extremity of the gallery, in order that this explanation might not be heard by Consuelo. She

complained bitterly of the tone of revolt and menace which her nephew assumed towards her, and wished to profit by the opportunity to demonstrate to him the madness of his attachment for a person of so low an extraction as Nina.

"My dear aunt," replied Albert, smiling, "you forget that if we are descended from the royal blood of the Podiebrads, our ancestors, the monarchs, were such only by the grace of revolted peasants and warlike adventurers. A Podiebrad therefore should never think of his glorious origin except as an additional motive to attach him to the weak and the poor, since it is there that his power and strength have planted their roots, so recently that he cannot have forgotten it."

When Wenceslawa informed the chaplain of this stormy conference, he was of opinion that it was best not to press the point with the young Count, and drive him to rebellion by tormenting his protégé. "It is to Count Christian himself that you must address your representations," said he. "Your excessive tenderness have too much emboldened the son; let the wisdom of your remonstrances at last awaken the anxieties of the father, in order that he may take decisive measures respecting *this dangerous person*."

"Do you believe," returned the canoness, "that I have not already bethought me of this means! But alas! my brother grew fifteen years older during the fifteen days of Albert's last disappearance. His mind has so decayed, that it is no longer possible to make him understand a hint. He seems to oppose a kind of blind and mute resistance to the idea of any new trouble; he is as pleased as a child at recovering his son, and at hearing him reason apparently like a sensible man. He thinks him radically cured and does not perceive that poor Albert is the victim of a new kind of madness more fatal than the other. My brother's security in this respect is so deep, and he enjoys it so sincerely, that I have not yet been able to find courage to destroy it, by completely opening his eyes to what is passing. It seems to me that this opening coming from you, would be listened to with more resignation, and if accompanied by your religious exhortations, would be more efficacious and less painful."

"Such an opening is too delicate," replied the chaplain, "to be undertaken by a poor priest like me. In the mouth of a sister it will be much better placed, and your ladyship will know how to soften its bitterness by expressions of tenderness which I could not permit myself to use familiarly to the august head of the family."

These two grave personages lost several days in shifting from one to the other the duty of belling the cat; and during

these irresolutions in which the slowness and apathy of their habits certainly played their part, love made rapid progress in Albert's heart. Consuelo's health was viably re-established, and nothing came to trouble the sweetness of an intimacy which the watchfulness of a most severe Argus could not have rendered more chaste and more reserved than it was from the sole fact of a true modesty and a profound love.

Still the baroness Amelia, no longer able to endure the humiliation of her position earnestly requested her father to carry her back to Prague. Baron Frederick, who much preferred life in the forest to that in a city, promised her all she wished, and put off from each day to the next the notification and preparations of departure. The young girl saw that it was necessary to hurry matters, and conceived an unexpected expedient. She arranged with her maid, an acute and decided young Frenchwoman, and one morning when her father was going to the hunt, she asked him to accompany her in the carriage to the chateau of a lady of their acquaintance, to whom she had for a long while owed a visit. The baron was rather disinclined to quit his gun and his game bag to change his dress and the employment of his day. But he flattered himself that this act of condescension would make Amelia less exacting; that the distraction of the jaunt would carry off her bad humor, and help her to pass some days more at Giants' castle without fretting. When the honest man had a week before him, he thought he had assumed the independence of his whole life; his foresight extended no further. He therefore resigned himself to send Saphyr and Panthere, back to the kennel; and Attila, the falcon, returned to his perch with a mutinous and dissatisfied air, which drew a heavy sigh from his master.

At last the baron entered the carriage with his daughter, and when the wheels had made three turns he was fast asleep, according to custom in such circumstances. Immediately the coachman received orders from Amelia to turn his horses' heads, and direct himself to the nearest post-station. They reached it after two hours of rapid travelling; and when the baron opened his eyes, he saw the post horses tackled to his carriage, all ready to convey him on the road to Prague.

"Why! what is this! where are we? where are we going! Amelia, my dear child, how heedless you are! what means this caprice or this plesantry!"

To all her father's questions the young baroness only answered by shouts of laughter and childish caresses. At last, when she saw the postillion on horse back,

and the wheels rolling slowly over the sand of the main road, she assumed a serious air, and in a very decided tone spoke thus: "Dear papa, do not be anxious about any thing. All our packages are very well made. The boxes of the carriage are filled with the articles necessary for our journey. Nothing has been left at Giants' castle except your arms, and your animals, for which you have no use at Prague, and which moreover will be sent to you as soon as you ask for them. A letter will be given to my uncle Christian, at breakfast time. It is so written as to make him understand the necessity of our departure, without affecting him too much, and without making him angry with you or with me. Now I humbly ask your pardon for having deceived you; but it is almost a month since you consented to what I execute at this instant. I therefore do not oppose your will in returning to Prague at a moment, when you did not precisely think of it, but when you are enchanted, I am sure, at being relieved from all the troubles which the resolution and preparations for a removal necessarily bring with them. My position became intolerable, and you did not perceive it. Please to kiss me and do not look at me with those angry eyes, which terrify me."

While thus speaking, Amelia, as well as her attendant, smothered a strong desire to laugh; for the baron had never had an angry look for any one, much less for his dear daughter. He was at the moment rolling his great eyes quite wildly, and they were, it must be confessed, somewhat stupefied with surprise. If he experienced any repugnance at being fooled in such a manner, and a real sorrow at quitting his brother and sister so abruptly, without bidding them farewell, he was so astonished by what had happened to him, that his dissatisfaction was changed into admiration and he could only say:

"But how did you manage to arrange every thing without my having the least suspicion? Pardieu! I was far from believing, when I took off my boots and sent my horse back to the stable, that I was going to Prague, and that I should not dine with my brother this evening! Certainly this is a singular adventure, and no body will believe me when I relate it. But where have you put my travelling cap, Amelia, and how do you expect me to sleep in the carriage with this laced hat on my head?"

"Your cap! here it is, dear father," said the young wag, handing him his furred cap, which he drew over his ears with childlike satisfaction.

"But my travelling bottle! you have certainly forgotten that, naughty little girl."

"Oh! certainly not," cried she, presenting to him a large flask of crystal, covered with Russian leather and ornamented with silver; "I filled it myself with the best Hungarian wine there is in aunt's cellar. Taste it, it is the kind you like best."

"And my pipe! and my bag of Turkish tobacco!"

"Nothing is wanting," said the maid, "my lord baron will find all in the pockets of the coach; we have forgotten nothing, neglected nothing to render the journey agreeable to him."

"Well and good!" said the baron, filling his pipe; "you have none the less committed a great wickedness, my dear Amelia. You make your father ridiculous, and give every body an opportunity to laugh at me."

"Dear papa," replied Amelia, "I was very ridiculous in the eyes of the world, when I appeared to persist in marrying an amiable cousin who did not deign to look at me, and who before my very eyes, paid assiduous court to my music mistress. I have endured this humiliation long enough, and I doubt if there are many girls of my rank, my appearance and my age, who would not have taken a more serious spite at it. What I know very well is, that there are some girls, who are less bored than I have been during the last eighteen months, and who to put an end to it, run away, or get themselves carried off. As for me, I am contented to run away with and carry off my father. That is more novel and more becoming; what does my dear papa think of it?"

"The devil's in you!" replied the baron, kissing his daughter; and he made the rest of the journey very gaily, drinking, smoking and sleeping by turns, without complaining or being astonished any more.

This occurrence did not produce so much effect on the family as Amelia had flattered herself it would. To begin with Count Albert, he might have passed a week without noticing it; and when the canoness announced it to him, he contented himself with saying:—"This is the only spirited thing which the spirited Amelia has done since she entered the chateau. As to my good uncle, I hope he will return to us before long."

"As for me, I regret my brother," said old Christian, "because at my age we count by weeks and by days. That which does not appear long to you, Albert, may be an eternity for me, and I am not so sure of again seeing my peaceful and easy Frederick. Well! Amelia would have it so," added he, folding and throwing aside with a smile, the singularly cajoling and malicious letter which the young baroness had left for him: "woman's spite never pardons. You were

not born for each other, my children, and my sweet dreams have flown!"

While speaking thus, the old Count looked at his son with a kind of melancholy cheerfulness, as if to discover some traces of regret in his eyes. But he found none in Albert, who, tenderly pressing his hand, gave him to understand that he thanked him for renouncing a project so contrary to his inclination.

"May God's will be done!" resumed the old man, "and may your heart be free, my son! You are well, you now appear calm and happy among us. I shall die consoled, and the remembrance of your father will be a source of happiness to you after our separation."

"Do not speak of separation, my dear father!" cried the young Count, whose eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I have not strength to support the idea."

The canoness, who began to be affected, was spurred on at this instant by a look from the chaplain, who rose and left the saloon with an affected discretion. This was giving her the order and the signal. She thought, not without sorrow and fear, that the moment had come to speak; and closing her eyes, like a person who throws himself from the window to escape a conflagration, she began, hesitating and more pale than usual:

"Certainly Albert tenderly loves his father and would not wish to cause him a mortal displeasure."

Albert raised his head and looked at his aunt with such clear penetrating eyes, that she was put out of countenance, and could say no more. The old Count appeared not to have heard this strange observation, and in the silence which succeeded, poor Wenceslawa remained trembling under the look of her nephew, like the partridge under the gaze of the dog, which fascinates and enchains her.

But Count Christian, awakening from his reverie after some seconds, replied to his sister as if she had continued to speak, and as if he could read in her mind the revelations she wished to make to him.

"Dear sister," said he, "if I have any advice to give you, it is not to torment yourself about things of which you can know nothing. You never knew in your life what an inclination of the heart was, and the austerity of a canoness is no rule to be applied to a young man."

"Living God!" murmured the confused canoness, "either my brother does not wish to understand me, or his reason and his piety have abandoned him. Is it possible that he can wish to encourage by his weakness, or to treat lightly—"

"What, my aunt!" asked Albert with a firm tone and a severe countenance. "Speak, since you are condemned to do so. Explain your thought clearly. It is time that this constraint should be brought to

an end, and that we should understand each other."

"No, my sister, do not speak," replied Count Christian; "you have nothing new to tell me. For a long while I have comprehended you perfectly, without appearing to do so. The moment has not come for an explanation upon this subject. When it is time, I shall know what to do." He immediately affected to speak of something else and left the canoness dismayed, and Albert uncertain and troubled.

When the chaplain knew in what manner the head of the family had received the indirect communication he had caused to be given him, he was seized with fear. Count Christian, under an air of indolence and irresolution had never been a weak man. Sometimes they had seen him awakened from a sort of slumber by acts of wisdom and energy. The priest feared lest he had gone too far and would be reprimanded. He accordingly applied himself to destroy his own work as soon as possible and to persuade the canoness no longer to interfere. A fortnight passed in the most peaceful manner, without any thing occurring to make Consuelo imagine she had been a source of trouble in the family. Albert continued his assiduous attentions towards her, and informed her of Amelia's departure as a temporary absence, the motive of which he did not allow her to suspect. She began to leave her chamber; and the first time that she walked in the garden, old Christian supported the tottering steps of the convalescent with his feeble and trembling arm.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

SHORT HOURS.

For some time past the subject of early shop shutting, and the general diminution of the hours of labor, has much engaged the attention of the well meaning and intelligent, and the arguments in favor of such a system are alike urgent and obvious. Without at all entering upon the general merits of the question, we think there is one argument which, if not overlooked, has at least not met with that consideration which its importance deserves. It is all very well to talk of humanity and leisure for moral and intellectual improvement to men prepared to feel the force of such positions; but we need scarcely remark that views of this kind are either simply unknown to many masters, or regarded by them, from whatever cause, as visionary and extravagant. It is for this reason that we now propose to argue for short hours upon a purely economical ground. We design to show that any extension of work beyond a man's ordinary physical powers is attended with loss to his employer, and that any reduction within proper limits is followed by a corresponding gain. We mean, in other words, to establish, from facts before us, that men worked considerably within the limits of their power perform a greater amount of labor, and execute it more

satisfactorily; that they are more intelligent, more apt to comprehend, more active, and more inclined to be obliging, than those who are worn-out and fagged by long and incessant toil.

It is evident, if a man be overworked to-day, that to-morrow he will be less able for his average labor; and that if a system of overworking be persisted in, the period will be hastened when he shall be totally unfitted for that species of labor, or be laid aside by disease. The same reasoning holds true in reference to time. If ten hours a day be the average at which a man can work cheerfully and well, then twelve hours will render him dull and fatigued; and though he may continue at the work, he will not do one whit more, or, if he should do so one day, it will be at the expense of the labor of the next. This is viewing man as a mere animated machine, whose thews and sinews are capable of exerting a limited amount of force, and to which we can apply the mechanical axiom, "that greater power cannot be gained but at the expense of time, and time cannot be saved but at the expense of power." But this reasoning will not altogether apply to an intelligent being; and, in estimating the amount and duration of human force, we must take into account the inseparable attribute of mind. There is scarcely any species of labor—certainly none of the mechanical or mercantile—but requires care, vigilance, ingenuity, reasoning; and these are qualities so intimately depending upon a sound and vigorous bodily system, that it were folly to look for them from an overtasked and worn-out man. Reasoning in the abstract, then, we think it very palpable that any master must be a gainer, both in the amount of labor and manner of execution, by exacting from the workmen he employs rather under than above the average time during which their attention and activity can be maintained. Among the many practical illustrations of this doctrine, few could be more directly applicable than the following, which recently came under our notice. In Fifeshire, where the hours of the plowmen are of average duration—namely, during daylight in winter, and from five to six, with a breakfast and mid-day interval, at other seasons—the men, as a class, are active, energetic, and well-skilled in their various duties. In activity we will back them against any similar class in the island, and the trial of skill which a few years ago came off between twenty of them and a like number from the Lothians (a pre-eminently agricultural district), places them foremost on the list, at least as plowmen. In Strathcarn and the Carse in Gowrie, on the other hand, where the hours of labor are notoriously long, the farm-laborer seems to be quite the antithesis of his brother in Fife. A farmer in the latter county, a few years ago, engaged two of the first-rate Carse hands at the highest wages, and placed them at the general labor of the farm along with seven native plowmen. In a few weeks the difference between the imports and the natives became painfully apparent; for with every disposition to oblige, they neither performed so much labor, nor executed it so well, nor with so much alacrity, as the latter. "I've had enough of your Carse men," said the farmer to us one day, and his reason was as nearly as possible in the following words:—

"They've got a wretched system of long hours in the north: they work the very spirit out of their men, and so it is that these have not half the smeddum (smartness) of our Fife lads. They've neither the same skill nor activity, and, when a push comes, I would make my foreman work round a couple of them." "But you'll find them very willing and obliging?" "O yes, they are patterns in that respect, and are certainly not so independent in their way as our own blades; but they want the energy and aptitude, and really don't give their work the same finish. For one order that I have to give to my own men, I have to give two to them. They'd hang as long as I like at the plow-tail, but I want *through-put*; and so commend me to my own men and reasonable hours." Now, these are not the preachings of any of your sentimentality men, but the plain words of a hard-driving, money-making, Scotch farmer, who saw from this comparison the obvious advantage to himself of keeping his men on short hours, and of never exacting from them more than they could do cheerfully and well.

The same argument applies to every species of labor, and with double force to those employments which require intelligence and care. As soon as the body begins to tire, the spirit droops, the attention flags, and if positive carelessness does not supervene, there follows at all events a dulness and lethargy which are any thing but favorable either to amount of work or to manner of execution. Nor can there be any remedy for this but rest and repose. It is true you may apply artificial stimulants; but these, too, will shortly fail; and their use only renders the bodily system of their victim the less capable of being re-invigorated. These remarks apply in a special manner to indoor labor, where the long-hours abuse is more frequently seen, notwithstanding that a restrained position of body, want of fresh air and ventilation, should be potent arguments for a course quite the reverse. Nor do we argue upon mere theory, for in this case, as in the other, we have fortunately a most convincing illustration at hand. It is that of a large spinning-mill, situated beside a country village for the sake of water-power, and in which the hours of labor are from six in the morning till seven at night, deducting an hour for breakfast and another for dinner, thus reducing the hours of actual work to eleven—a space still too long, but considerably shorter than that required in any other of the neighboring factories. In addition to this reduction, the wheel is stopped at five o'clock on Wednesdays and at three on the Saturdays; three half days a-year are allowed for fairs, two days for church fasts, two for New-Year's Day and Handseil Monday, and one for the anniversary of the mill's erection—an event seemingly of great local importance. Now, however small this may seem to some, it is in reality an amount of freedom and relaxation not enjoyed, so far as we are aware, in any similar establishment. And what, according to the owner, has been the result? *Not a single spindle of yarn less, a great reduction of disease, better executed work, fewer accidents of damage to the machinery, a more orderly and more obliging set of work-people, besides the satisfaction that he is contributing in some degree to the happiness of his fellow creatures. It*

may seem contradictory at first sight, that a reduction of hours in such an establishment should not be followed by a diminution of produce; a little reflection, however, will clear away the dubiety. The last two year's wage-book shows the merest trifle of absence from ill health: the lessening of damage has caused fewer stoppages, and even a greater degree of speed can be obtained, inasmuch as the attention of the workers is never relaxed by long and tedious confinement. The stoppage on Wednesdays permits the women to attend a little to their domestic concerns, while it allows the mill to be cleaned and the machinery to be overhauled: the advantages of the Saturday afternoons are too obvious to be adverted to. — *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

REVIEW.

The Complete Phonographic Class Book, containing a strictly Inductive Exposition of Pitman's Phonography, adapted as a System of Phonetic Short-hand, to the English Language; especially intended as a School book, and to afford the fullest instruction to those who have not the assistance of the living teacher. By S. P. ANDREWS and AUGUSTUS F. BOYLE. Boston: Phonographic Institution, 339 Washington Street. 1845. pp. 132.

The innumerable inquirers concerning Phonography will find their wants satisfied in this admirable little treatise which, in a size that under the new postage law can be sent by mail at small expense, contains all that is necessary to an understanding of the subject. It is a clear and concise manual, giving not only the elements of Phonography, but some glimpses of a profounder philosophy of language than is to be found in books of much greater pretensions. By its aid, with a tolerable degree of intelligence and perseverance, a complete knowledge of the system may be acquired without any other instructions. We recommend it most heartily to all persons who are curious as to what Phonography really is, or who are desirous of becoming Phonographers themselves, and we trust that its authors, whose energy in their vocation we greatly admire, will find not only the satisfaction of still greater success than they have hitherto met with, but, what is a thing unheard of with reformers, an adequate pecuniary return for their labors.

We confess our surprise at the rapidity with which the Phonographic reform has spread in America as well as in England. It is we believe not yet two years since Mr. Andrews first commenced its career in this country, and now our Phonographers are "a numerous and respectable body," as the newspapers have it. It is to be noticed also that nothing is farther removed from the ordinary objects of enthusiasm than an improvement in writing and spelling. It must go by cool reason

or it cannot go at all; the mistakes of popular feeling are not possible in the case. The presumption is plain then that Phonography is to some extent at least based on true principles.

Not the least striking part of the various books on Phonography which we have seen, is their criticism of our present arbitrary and absurd mode of writing. Writing is the representation of sounds by visible signs, and common sense demands that each sign should invariably stand for the same sound. What can be more ridiculous than the following peculiarities of what is called "heterography!"

"The vowel which is heard in *fate* has the *sound* of the word *aye*; the written *sign*, or *vowel-sign*, has the figure or shape *a*, and the *name* of the letter is the same as the *sound*. But in the word *far* we see the same *vowel-sign*, and we call it by the same *name* as before, but we now hear the *sound* of the word *ah*, which is entirely different from the *name*. In the word *many*, the same *sign* represents the abrupt *sound* of the interjection *eh!* and in *mortar* it represents a *sound* very similar to that of the word *err* when it is imperfectly pronounced. In *call*, the same *sign*, with the same *name*, gives to the ear the *sound* of the word *ave*. So, again, in this word *call*, we have the *consonant-sign*, having the form *c*, which we *name* like the word *see* or *sea*, but which *sounds* like *k* in *kill*; that is, it represents the short, hard, cracking sound which we make nearly back to the throat when we begin to say *kill*, and which may be heard by itself, if we stop suddenly before pronouncing the vowel. But this same *letter*, with the same *name*, is used in other words, as in *cellar*, where the *sound* which we hear is a simple *hiss* made between the tongue and the teeth, and very similar to that made by a serpent or a goose; and this *hissing* *sculpt* is again represented by another letter, as in the word *seal*, with the form *s*, and a *name* like the first syllable of the word *essence*. This terrible confusion runs through our whole language in the old orthography. It presents the most serious difficulties in acquiring the arts of reading and writing, wasting one entire third of the time devoted to education, unfits us for learning the pronunciation of foreign languages, and, in various ways, exerts the most deleterious influence upon our habits of thought through life."

Whether the system of Mr. Pitman is complete and contains the best possible application of the natural signs,—geometrical lines and curves,—our slight acquaintance with it does not enable us to form an opinion. This depends rather upon mechanical ingenuity which may or may not be connected with the genius which has the honor of opening the idea of Phonetic writing and printing to the world. Mr. Pitman is, however, entitled to the praise both of analytic and inventive genius and practical talent; Phonography may be capable of improvements, but the amount of careful and judicious

labor that has already been expended in perfecting it is absolutely frightful.

The most obstinate objection against writing words according to sound is, that we shall thereby lose all evidence of their etymology and bring language into confusion,—a superficial and ignorant argument. Since the time of Chaucer our spelling has undergone changes almost as great as those which Phonography proposes to introduce, but we have no difficulty in tracing the origin of words for that reason. The etymology of every word is to be sought in the *essential consonant sounds* that it contains; all else in it is accessory or accidental and may be neglected in the study of its history and meaning. These essential elements Phonography not only does not remove, but marks more distinctly, so that the Philologist must find great advantage from its orthography.

But to our minds Phonography has a much higher merit than simple convenience. Answering a wide-felt want as it evidently does by the general readiness with which it is welcomed, we regard it as one of the many channels now opened for the spread of universal principles. The most advanced nations seem to be assailed at all points, as it were, by the growing spirit of "Unity in Universality." No longer doubtfully though not always consciously, the instruments of this spirit perform their duty and prepare the crisis of the age. Phonography, whose ultimate aim be it known is nothing short of absolute unity of language, is one of these instruments, and thus has a value beyond the limits of merely literary criticism. It conducts its disciples to true Universality. No man who has really comprehended its scope and laid hold of its principles, can stop with language,—can stop any where short of that highest idea of art, of society, of philosophy, of religion, UNIVERSAL UNITY.

The American Electro Magnetic Telegraph: With the Reports of Congress, and a description of all Telegraphs known, employing Electricity or Galvanism. By ALFRED VAIL. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1845. pp. 208. Boston: Redding & Co.

Among the recent achievements of science and art, none more prominently command our admiration than the Electro Magnetic Telegraph. The results already obtained by the partial experiment between Washington and Baltimore, have demonstrated its wonderful capabilities, and awakened a strong interest in commercial circles, at least, in its favor, and stimulated a desire in the public mind to learn more of the history of the invention, of the scientific principles on which it is based, and of the mechanism, by which its almost magical effects are produced.

This book comes opportunely; it meets the call of the present moment by furnishing full information on the subject. It presents a fair and judicious account of the claims of the various parties of all countries to the honor of discoveries in Electricity or Galvanism, and of invention in applying the subtle fluid to the purpose of telegraphic communication, clearly establishing too, as we think, the rights of our countryman, Prof. Morse, to priority of successful invention. The slow progress of discovery since the feeble experiments of Dr. William Gilbert, of London, about the year 1600, which first made known the properties and uses of Electricity, is curious and instructive. With regard to its uses, Mr. Vail confines himself to a history of the attempts to apply it to the Telegraph. *The ripeness of the age for reception*, which seems to be a providential accompaniment to great discoveries, has been signalized as usual by simultaneous efforts in various places to work out the same thought, and numerous abortive attempts preceding the successful experiment. The savans of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia even, as well as America, have all in late years been assiduously engaged in developing the idea of an *instantaneous transmission of intelligence by means of Electricity*. Prof. Wheatstone, of London, appears to have been the only one beside Prof. Morse, who has succeeded in a practical plan. His invention differs materially in principle from that of Prof. Morse; but it appears to meet with approbation in England, and is about being put in operation on a line of two hundred miles, connecting Birmingham, Manchester, and other large manufacturing cities. In point of economy, simplicity and capacity for correspondence, however, the plan of Prof. Morse appears greatly superior to that of Prof. Wheatstone. Complaint is made, apparently with justice, that Prof. Morse received unfair treatment in not being granted a patent in England.

Step by step, at irregular and uncertain pace, a knowledge of the properties of Electricity has advanced. For a long time it afforded only a philosophical toy to the curious experimentalist. Until the time of Franklin it had no practical value. Now Electricity is the docile agent of man, healing disease and performing valuable uses in the arts. But not till this grand invention of the Electro Magnetic Telegraph, has its mysterious nature been made truly subservient to man, upon whom it bestows a superhuman attribute—that of *UBIQUITY!* Who shall limit the benefits thus conferred! As an instrumentality which shall bring into closer alliance and cement with stronger ties of interest and sympathy, all the members of the great

human family, we consider it as one of the boons with which Providence, with such marked design is favoring the present age.

The Author's Daughter; a Novel. By MARY HOWITT. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co., and Redding & Co., 8 State St. 1845.

This beautiful story has not lain upon our table so long without notice, because we did not highly appreciate it, or because we were willing that more ambitious hooks should jostle it aside, but from a desire, which must after all be disappointed, to do it better justice than the limits of a weekly reviewer often permit.

Much as we have been accustomed to admire Mary Howitt, we have never been more delighted with her than in the present instance. The "Author's Daughter," touches some of the deepest and tenderest sentiments of the heart, and that in a noble way without any trace of weakness. No one who is capable of feeling, can read it without being raised into a world of higher and purer emotions than belong to the poverty of ordinary life, or leave it without an involuntary sense of gratefulness to its author.

As a work of art it is quite faultless. Its central idea, if not the grandest, is most sweet and delicate and comes from the very fountain of life, and its execution is quite adequate. There runs through it, too, a feeling of the essential oneness of Humanity, which if it were developed from an instinct into a thought, would not lose any of its authority in the graceful and charming style of Mary Howitt. We long too, to see on the part of English popular writers and especially of those who seem to stand thus on the very verge of the truth, some indication that they have caught a glimpse of a true and far-reaching remedy for the social evils they acknowledge, but now only lament.

Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, Author of "A New Home," &c. No VII. of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. pp. 238.

There is a life and charm about Mary Clavers' writings which will induce those who have been acquainted with others of them to seize upon this book with pleasure. We can assure them they will not be disappointed in their anticipations of delight, and that they will find in the graphic sketches of individuals and incidents, with which it is filled, many sources of pleasure. Nor will other advantages be wanting if the reader know how to apply to his or her own special case the lessons which are taught by the experiences of others.

Mrs. Kirkland's own observations, while they show her powers of understanding and analyzing, serve to give us a

truer insight into the real character of western pioneers, than can be gathered from the recital, however correct, of scenes and changes in the lives of individuals. When the dense flow of population shall have swept such characters as are now found in the "Western Clearings" further and further from us and at length merged them among the things that were, this book will be read and re-ferred to with never failing delight and wonder.

It appears from the Preface to be a reprint of Tales which have before made their appearance in magazines and annuals, but we had never seen them until now; they are as good as new, and we have no doubt will keep.

The Historical Essays, published under the title of "Dix ans d'études Historiques," and Narratives of the Merovingian Era; with an Autobiographical Preface. By M. AUGUSTIN THIERRY. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1845. pp. 204. Boston: Redding and Co.

We are happy to meet again, although in an unwonted and not altogether worthy dress, one of the most charming works which this century has given to the world. The fascinating historian of the Norman Conquest here becomes the familiar friend, the fire-side, Walter Scott narrator of scenes so vividly described, that they seem to be the record of his own personal experience, rather than of events of more than a thousand years before. The erudition and exact knowledge of this gifted author are thrown into so picturesque and simple a form, that we seem to be listening to the ballad of a minstrel, rather than accompanying the *savant* through the deep researches of years of almost unparalleled persevering devotion to his favorite art, for with him history becomes a fine art, a true Homeric poem. We have seldom if ever met with so frank, truthful, and artless a piece of autobiography, so touching a narrative of personal history as is contained in his own Preface to the work before us, and yet we might have constructed it all from the writings themselves, for the man, though modestly retiring behind the veil of his narrative, is constantly betrayed to us by its very transparency, and is lighting up every page with his simple earnestness.

His enthusiasm is deep and humanitarian, not national and fantastic, rather showing itself in the impulse which led him to his work, his ardor in preparation and force in overcoming obstacles, than in the work itself, for his style is calm, equal, and singularly free from any thing like the bombast, into which French enthusiasm, even with the purest writers, almost invariably degenerates.

Without extravagance we may say that Thierry, by his erudition, has established

for himself the reputation of a true scholar; by his enthusiasm and power of picturesque description, that of a poet; in his individual life he has shown himself a hero; and so far as his determination to restore the masses to their important position in the history of humanity has been prompted by his deep sympathy with their wrongs, he has proved himself a man.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving an extract from the twenty-second Essay, addressed to the editor of the *Courier Français*, containing our author's most eloquent assertion of the position of the masses.

"No, it is not since yesterday that our France has seen men employing their courage, and all the faculties of their soul, to create for themselves and their children an existence at once free and inoffensive. Those serfs escaped from the soil, who raised up seven hundred years ago the walls and civilization of the ancient Gallic cities, have preceded us at a distance to open a wide path for us. We, who are their descendants, believe that they were worth something, and that the most numerous and most forgotten part of the nation deserves to live over again in history. If the nobility can claim high feats of arms, and military renown in the past, there is also a glory for the plebeians, that of industry and talent. Those were plebeians who reared the war horse of the noble, and joined the steel plates of his armor. Those who enlivened the festivities of the castles by poetry and music, were also plebeians; the very language we speak is that of the plebeians; they created it at a time when court and dungeons re-echoed with the harsh and guttural sounds of a Germanic dialect."

And again, we quote from his autobiography the touching and artless description of his loss of sight, and his consolation under this misfortune.

"My eyesight continued to diminish notwithstanding the use of the strongest remedies; and as a last medical prescription, I was ordered to travel. I went to Switzerland, and thence to Provence, where M. Fauriel soon came to join me. He had a scientific end in view in this journey; it was the last complement of long and patient researches on the political and literary history of Southern France, a work worthy, in my opinion, of the most flourishing time of historical erudition. Condemned to idleness, I followed from city to city my laborious travelling companion, and not without envy saw him scrutinize all the relics of the past, searching archives and libraries, to put the finishing stroke to the work which was to fill up an immense vacuum in our national history. Thus we travelled together for some months through Provence and Languedoc. Unable myself to read, not only manuscript, but the finest inscription engraved on stone, I endeavored to derive some benefit from my travels by studying in the monuments the history of the architecture in the middle ages. I had just enough sight to guide me, but when in the presence of edifices or ruins, of which it was necessary to find out the epoch, and determine

the style, I know not what inward sense came to the help of my eyes. Animated by what I would willingly call the historic passion, I saw farther and more clearly. None of the principal lines, no characteristic feature escaped me, and the promptness of my glance, so uncertain in ordinary circumstances, was a cause of surprise to the person who accompanied me. Such are the last ideas that the sense of sight procured me; a year afterwards this slight although to me keen enjoyment, was no longer permitted me; the remains of vision had disappeared."

"If, as I delight in thinking, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier, mutilated on the field of battle, gives her. Whatever may be the fate of my labors, this example I hope will not be lost. I would wish to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of our present generation; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated souls that complain of wanting faith, that know not what to do, and seek every where, without finding it, an object of worship and admiration. Why say, with so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs, no employment for all minds! Is not calm and serious study there? and is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us! With it, evil days are passed over without their weight being felt; every one can make his own destiny; every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recommence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind, and suffering without hope, and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious: there is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself; it is devotion to science."

Prairiedom, Rambles and Scrambles in Texas, or New Estromadura. By a SWEDON. With a Map. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1845. pp. 166.

If any one wishes to see how far praise of Texas can be carried, let him read "Prairiedom." He will there find that the re-annexed territory is something more than an El Dorado, it is decidedly Paradise, and is inhabited by angels of light. He will acquire some knowledge at variance with the prevailing belief, for he will be informed that "those who have already immigrated are not the idle, dissipated, and vicious; they are the active, sober, and honest;" that "the Government of Texas, for years past, has remained firm, independent and sure. Her rulers have not only been heroes, but statesmen, poets, and philosophers."

If the reader be an owner of "Old Crown Grants," of "Soldier's Rights" and "Settler's Rights, or Head Rights," he, with the Author (of "Rambles originally written for my own amusement, and now revised and published for the amusement of others,") may hope that the time will come when "The lordly Carolinian and

chivalrous Georgian, the independant Virginian, and the noble and free-hearted Kentuckian, and why may we not add the hardy and enterprising New Englander, will here make common cause together, rally round the Standard of one common country, guided by one star to a common destiny and a common glory."

The History of St. Giles and St. James.
By DOUGLAS JERROLD Esq., Author of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Part II. New York: Burgess, Stringer and Co. 222 Broadway. pp. 88.

We recommend all persons to read and ponder upon this story, not as the history of what is passing a thousand leagues off, but just around them, for so it is. Those who read for amusement may here find it, while those who read earnestly will gather a rich harvest for both thought and action.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

The wonderful pianist had no sooner established himself in commodious and elegant quarters in Boston, than the musical *conoscenti* were bidden to his rooms to have a preliminary taste of his quality. Some forty gentlemen were assembled, musical professors, critics, dilettanti, editors, in short the nucleus whose opinion is fame with our little musical world. With what feelings we went, may be judged from the views we have lately expressed respecting the whole modern tendency of music. The deepest in music we knew to be not of the order which makes triumphal processions through the world. Its true Holy Land lies quietly remote from these thronged public routes, its miracles are far less dazzling, its celebrities reserved by God. Bach and Beethoven never had the *success* of these cosmopolitans! they were too deeply engaged. We went prepared to be astonished and delighted, to hear something which might compare with Liszt and Thalberg in point of execution, though less perhaps in sentiment and in the deeper qualities of Art. We were not disappointed.

The genial, hearty manners of the man established at once a most free and familiar relation between him and his guests. Hospitality and comfort did away all stiffness, and created that happy harmony of circumstances in which every mind flings itself into its own easiest musical attitude, so that there is no *gene* and nothing lost; for every man must cease to be a critic, and forget that he has any character to stand upon, and listen like a careless, all-accepting child, or music will turn away her glowing face from

him. Thus sure of us, he seated himself at his grand Erard piano in the middle of his company. A picture of that group would form no unworthy addition to the engravings of similar scenes in the gilt-edged biography, with which his London admirers have furnished him as an introduction to our shores. To be sure, there were no crowned heads in the circle, except some for whom, we trust, there are crowns laid up in heaven; but there were many marked individualities, harmonized by the common sentiment of the occasion; there were experienced musicians, and younger aspirants for the honors of virtuosodom, trembling between hope of learning and fear of discouragement from what they were about to hear; there were retired, eccentric enthusiasts, and professional advertisers of prodigies; and there were older heads of small credulity about things loudly trumpeted, pledged like ourselves to the older faith in music, who seated themselves with as firm a determination of resistance as the softly cushioned sofas would allow; we could smile at them inwardly; for, in spite of our essays above alluded to, we had contrived, by a little reflection, as well as by a certain catholicity of nature, to rid ourselves of all that, and were in a mood to enjoy him and follow him as far as he would let us.

The honors of the house had been done by his companion, a most polite tall Austrian gentleman, whose politeness seemed to be the overflowing of his affection for his *Maestro* upon all his guests, (an exhibition of sentiment, by the way, which added much to the completeness of the occasion.) while De Meyer himself threw himself into the sociable current and made one of us. The pictures in the shop windows are unlike each other, and unlike him, with the exception of the French caricature, which has really hit certain characteristics of the look he wears when in the intensest climax of his performance. He is a short, stout, jovial, healthy looking man, of light, flying hair, and full, blue German eyes. He congratulates himself on his advantage in being the only one of the great pianists who is fat; this enables him to bear the immense amount of physical exertion and nervous excitement, which is the greatest wonder about his playing. Indeed his *physique* is extraordinary; he is himself a Grand Piano, and can stand any amount of violent vibration without any symptom of exhaustion. He has nerves equal to all the will and passion there are in him; he can safely *dare* to do all that he *can* do, the want of which condition seems to be all that prevents many from doing great things. What more would smothered genius ask for than to have his nerves? In fact he is

one of Fourier's *Harmoniens* in respect to the luxury of health.

He began. A soft trill in the highest octave, accompanied with the most delicate pianissimo runs, continuous, clear, cool, liquid, and distinct, as so many little mingled rills of water; nature herself could not satisfy the sense more perfectly; we were children with delight. By degrees he passed into some quaint lively Russian airs, one of which acquired a movement not unlike the *Galop Chromatique* of Liszt: wonderful variations succeeded, with a constant accession of new force, till he smote the keys with superhuman energy, bringing out such a breadth of harmony, that not inaply has it been said that he tears up great masses of chords by the roots and flings them about with a furious joy. The workings of his countenance grew most intense, every muscle seemed to protrude, and the brow almost to lift itself off the head, his whole body played, he would straighten back and look round in triumph upon his audience, he would rise from his seat as if upon a race-horse; and finally, with the whole instrument vibrating like twenty, he sprang up into the arms, as it were, of the audience, laughing and shouting, with as much delight as any of them, at the admirable thing which had been accomplished. Criticism was put to flight; the resisting gentlemen were taken off their feet, and there seemed a general impulse to fling their arms about each others' necks, as in Schiller's Hymn to Joy. Joy, indeed, was the sentiment of it; besides that, it had little other; it was the perfect gratification of the senses, and seemed to do one a physical good. No one stopped to consider that it was not the deepest sphere of musical expression; to regret any other sentiment would have been sheer pedantry. Enough that men, cold, stiff, conventional men, were surprized into joyous intimacy by the naturalness of the thing, into a perfect "*fougue aveugle*." He is the only musician who ever made us think of Handel, not for religious grandeur, of course, but for infallible health and power.

The next piece was a "*Fantasia* on the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*," in style his own as before, only with still greater contrasts, if possible, of passages of unimaginable delicacy with others of tremendous weight, and with yet more uncontainable raptures on the part of the hearers. His face after one of these exertions looks electric, as if you could not approach him without getting a shock. Then he sported with our Yankee "*National Airs*," which had the freshness of new musical curiosities to him, and furnished theme enough for some very magical *capriccii*. The Overture to *William*

Tell opened under his hands into a grand descriptive orchestral performance. Then came his famous "*Marche Marocaine*," one of his most original compositions, and a work, though simple and plain in its construction, yet of a breadth and fire entirely irresistible.

But the master piece of the evening was a Fugue, in which he twisted together a subject from Bach with one from Handel, and wrought the whole out in the extreme of the modern piano style; it was a perfectly successful marriage of opposite extremes; exceedingly complicated, yet every theme and every note admirably distinct and individual; and altogether a feat which we could scarce credit on the testimony of our eyes and ears. This was truly great music, and converted the most experienced and cautious judges.

We describe the experience of that evening simply as it was. We attempt no criticism; we venture no conjectures as to how De Meyer may compare with Liszt or Thalberg; we care not to settle his rank as a composer or performer. Whatever his sphere may be, he exerts the power of genius in that sphere, and therefore must be in harmony with true genius in all spheres. A certain air of vanity about him we can readily forgive; he accepts the fashions of the times, and frankly shows it. But that his music is a genuine thing, and that his skill quite distances all that we have heard, is true and undeniable. We heard him also at his first concert; still the spell succeeded. We are thankful for the prodigy, but faithful yet to our Beethoven, and content with the fixed stars.

But why all this talk? A writer in the New York Tribune has said in a few words precisely what we would have said, if we had had the power of saying just the thing we thought and felt; and we make no apology for laying it before our readers.

"We went to hear Leopold De Meyer, prepared for powers of execution entirely new to us, and our utmost expectations were realized. We have never taken much pleasure in hearing the piano. It ranks deservedly high among the instruments because it combines so much. It can give us the idea of any kind of music, but, in no kind, the full enjoyment. In rich and complicated music we want the orchestra to satisfy the sense as well as the mind; in simple, deep strains we feel its incompetency of tone to represent what is inmost. From its keys music may be studied and appreciated, but not really heard.

"But this poverty disappeared beneath the hands of De Meyer, who draws from the piano surges and torrents of sound, and, by his wonderful energy and fire, fills the ear as with twenty instruments.

"It was magical when the delicate passages came sparkling like rills and jets to swell the torrent of the main stream.

Each note fell like a spark, yet perfectly finished as a flower. The full passages were direct and strong as the storms of Nature herself; it seems as if human hands could hardly do more to subserve the will of a human mind.

"But it seems to us not just to speak of the execution of this artist by itself, as if it were a mere knack, or acquired skill, while it is the expression of a powerful individuality, or at least of powerful instincts. There is no spirituality, no deep intellectual expression; those who always seek in music the expression of the more refined and elevated part of our nature, must, of course, go away disappointed. But the range of music is as wide as the world, and those who take pleasure in the flood of vital energy, rising to a very high point—in the triumphs of the will—in sensations of extraordinary richness, fullness and boldness, rapidly accumulated and vigorously dissipated, would find an exhilaration in De Meyer, such as attends the ascent of mountains, the whirl of the dance, or swift career upon a noble steed. In this age of half feelings, and low, imperfect organizations, this impression of such fullness of vital energy is to us not oppressive, but refreshing. A whimsical introduction to such an entertainment was one of the most sentimental of Italian airs. It seemed when this great horse began to run, he would shake off regret and sadness in a moment, as the hawk might all memory of the song of the nightingale.

"We never heard any thing so sustained as the excitement of the *Danse du Serail*. That dance danced itself dead before the last light went out. The *Marche Marocaine* is very bold and imposing; it seems like a French conception of savage things, but large in its grasp and crashing in its tread. Thus does the tramp of cavalry break the silence of the wild caves and tombs of the desert, and cymbals clang wild barbaric mourning and the change of eras on the march.

"The air and gesture of the musician, as he plays, are, as good as the music. His smile is bluff, cordial, a little vain, but not, we should say, with petty vanity. His whole body plays, and his hair sticks out, full of electricity. It is just the right length now; though, indeed, we doubt whether it ever grows any longer; it sympathizes too much with his playing to have time to grow."

POETRY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Thy neighbor who? son of the wild?

"All who, with me, the desert roam;
The freeman sprung from Abram's child,
Whose sword's his life, a tent his home—
Whose steeds, with mine, have drank the well,
Of Hagar and of Ishmael."

Thy neighbor who? O tell me, thou,
With burning cheek, and eyes of flame!

"The iron breast—the dauntless brow—
The souls that Persia could not tame;
The free—the brave—by me led on—
The conquering bands of Marathon!"

Who were thy neighbors; name them, thou,
The sire of academic lore—
There's something on thy noble brow
Bespeaks a spirit that can soar;

The echoes tell—while Plato smiles,
"The free of Doric lands and isles."

Who is our neighbor? Ask at Rome
The marble bust—the mouldering heaps;
At Ctesiphon, the Parthian's home—
His bow's now broke, his charger sleeps—
At every mound that awes or shocks,
From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
A voice from many a palmy shore—
Our neighbor who? "The free—the brave—
Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
Who battled on our left and right,
With fierce goodwill and giant might."

Who, then, 's our neighbor? Son of God,
In meekness and in mildness come!—
O! shed the light of life abroad,
And burst the cerements of the tomb!
Then bid earth's rising myriads move
From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbor's home 's in every clime
Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
The home of man since ancient time,
The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbor, he who groans and toils,
The serf and slave, on hill and plain,
Of Europe, or of India's soils,—
On Asia, or on Africa's main,—
Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
Where Congo's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
Or mother sad, heart-broken, torn—
And will they quench a sacred fire?—
And shall that child from her be torn?
'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
Yet ye're my neighbors, each and all.

Who is my neighbor? Is it he
Who moves triumphant down the vale,
While shouting myriads bend the knee,
And poison all the passing gale
With adulation's rankest breath,
To one whose trade is that of death?—

Yes; he's my neighbor—he and they
Who press around yon gallant steed,
That, in the frenzy of the fray,
Has crowned his rider's ruthless deed—
Crushed out life's slowly ebbing flood,
And stained his iron hoofs in blood!

The gallant chief is passing by,
And crowds on crowds hang round his way,
And youth has lift the voice on high,
And age has bared his locks of gray;
And gentle forms, like birds on wing,
Are passing by and worshipping!

My neighbors all—each needs a sigh,
Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
"O! raise the low, bring down the high
To wisdom's point, and fix them there:
Where men are men, and pomp and pride
Are marked, and doomed, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbor, child of pain;
And thou, lone pilgrim, steeped in wo;
Our neighbor she, with frenzied brain,
Whose pangs we little reck or know;
Who loved while hope and reason shone,
Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

And if on this green earth there be
 One heart by baleful malice strung,
 A breast that harbors ill to me,
 A slanderous, false, reviling tongue,—
 My neighbor he — and I forgive ;
 O ! may he turn, repent, and live.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

[From 'Legends of the Isles and other Poems,' by Charles Mackay, author of 'The Salamandrine,' &c. Blackwood and Sons, 1746.]

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;
 If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
 And make the future bless thy name ;

Begin thy perilous career.
 Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear ;
 And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
 That ever whispers ' work and win,'
 And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin :

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
 And never flag till it succeed,
 Though in the strife thy heart should bleed

If thou canst struggle day and night,
 And, in the envious world's despite,
 Still keep thy cyanoüre in sight :

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn ;
 Nor curse the day that thou wert born
 To feed on husks and be on corn :

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
 And still hold on with patient trust,
 Nor pine that fortune is unjust :

If thou canst see with tranquil breast,
 The knave or fool in purple dressed,
 Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest :

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
 And toil and moil till evening gray,
 At thankless work for scanty pay :

If in thy progress to renown,
 Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
 Of those who strive to put thee down :

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
 The gibe or treacherous embrace,
 Of those who run the self-same race :

If thou in darkest days canst find
 An inner brightness in thy mind,
 To reconcile thee to thy kind —

Whatever obstacles control,
 Thine hour will come — go on — true soul !
 Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

If not — what matters ? tried by fire,
 And purified from low desire,
 Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
 And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
 Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
 That thou must gild thy living name,
 And snatch the honors of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
 To seize thy time, and force thy way,
 By some new combat every day :

If failure might thy soul oppress,
 And fill thy veins with heaviness,
 And make thee love thy kind the less ;

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
 And thou let tears or curses fall,
 Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall ; —

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career —
 Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
 And heart will break, and brain will sear.

Content thee with an humbler lot ;
 Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
 Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal Justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

POSTAGE ONCE MORE.—We sometimes receive remittances on which the postage is not paid ; often they are from a distance and the money uncurrent. The discount on such bank notes when not too severe, we are willing to lose, but the postage we shall hereafter, in all cases deduct from the credit in favor of the person who inflicts it upon us. Our friends will please not to forget this.

THEORY OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.

The Science of the Human Passions—those springs of action—those spiritual forces implanted in Man by the Creator,—is the most important of all the sciences, for it lies at the foundation of them all. Possessing a knowledge of this science, by a proper application of the powers of thought we can solve many intricate problems which now are veiled in darkness,—for the Passions are the generating causes of all facts and phenomena relating to the industrial, artistic, political, social, and religious spheres of human existence.

Being made also in the image of the Divine Mind, and each passion representing some attribute or quality of that Mind, they offer us a mirror of the universe, and reflect the laws of universal creation or movement ; and, as a consequence, the science which explains the Passions, is a key to unlock the higher mysteries which transcend this terrestrial world and its interests.

But it is particularly in the study of the great problems of the DESTINY OF MAN ON EARTH, the true Organization of Society, and the elevation of mankind from social discord and misery to social unity and happiness, that the theory of the human passions is precious and of a sa-

cred use. This theory will shed a flood of light upon the most important questions hitherto unsolved, and in relation to which such deplorable ignorance prevails.

In treating a subject of so much importance, the first thing to be done is, to define clearly the meaning of terms, so as to avoid the confusion which arises from using words to which a variety of significations are attached. So many views of human nature are taken, and such a diversity of terms exist to express those views, that if we are not careful to define the words which we employ, we may excite prejudice or be entirely misunderstood, by using expressions to which the reader attaches a different meaning from ourselves. The term *Passion*, for example, which we must adopt, as it is a common and popular one, may excite a sentiment of repulsion, or give rise to erroneous impressions in the minds of those who look particularly upon the false development of the human passions in our incoherent societies, and who, mistaking the *false developments* of the *Passions* for the *Passions themselves*—the effect for the cause—condemn the living sources of action in the human soul, instead of condemning a false Social Order, which perverts them and develops them wrongly.

By the *Passions*, we understand those springs of action, those motive powers, those spiritual forces in Man, which constitute the elements or component parts of a Unity or Whole, called the *Soul*, and which, in our moral theories, are variously termed,—*Affections*, *Loves*, *Feelings*, *Faculties*, *Instincts*, *Propensities*, and so forth. As we need one general name which will comprise all the faculties or elements of the soul, we have adopted the term *PASSION* ; but for convenience sake, we shall sometimes employ the terms *Affections*, *Attractions*, and *Loves* of the *Soul*, to express the *Passions*.

The *Passions* or *Affections* of the *Soul*, constitute the sentient and intelligent principle in Man ; they are the sources of all his acts and deeds, of all his perceptions and thoughts, from the least to the greatest : hence they form his very life and being. The body is merely the implement and mechanism of the soul and its affections, through and by which it communicates with and operates upon the material world or the world of nature, in which it dwells, and over which and its kingdoms it is designed to exercise the function of an intelligent Supervisor and Overseer.

The active and sentient, the willing, thinking, and conscious principle in Man, is *ONE* ; it is of *one* essence, and *one* nature, but to this principle, philosophers have given as a whole as many different

names as to the faculties composing it ; they have called it the Soul, the Mind, the Spirit, the Vital Principle, the Sentient and Conscious Principle, and so forth.

This living Essence, the powers and phenomena of which are constantly manifested to us, although its nature yet remains undiscovered by men of science, we will call the Soul. By it we designate that Unity in man which embraces all the attributes of Feeling and Intelligence, or of Love and Wisdom.

In German this Unity is called *Seele* ; in French, *Ame* ; in Italian, *Anima*, and in Latin, *Animus*. The terms in those languages, which correspond to the English word, Mind, are, in German, *Geist* ; in French, *Esprit* ; in Italian, *Spirito* ; and in Latin, *Mens*. In the choice of words by the native instinct of mankind to designate this spiritual unity, such were selected as expressed some quality or attribute that corresponded to the idea which they formed of the soul when they gave it a name. It is supposed that *Soul* and *Seele*, are derived from a word that signifies air, wind, breath ; but there is also good authority for believing that it signifies that which is separated or severed from. In one case, the primitive idea formed of the soul, would be that it was air or breath ; in the other, that it was that essence which could be separated from the body and was distinct from it. Both of these ideas of the spiritual principle in man are, as will be readily conceded, very unsatisfactory. We require a more complete knowledge of the nature and essence of the soul, than the mere supposition that it is air or wind, or that which is separated from the body and exists after death.

The terms *Ame*, *Anima*, *Animus*, are traced by some back to the Greek word *Anemos*, which also signifies wind ; others suppose they express the idea of animal life — the vital principle. The latter conception of the nature of the soul is as vague and unsatisfactory as the former, and yet the world has not gone beyond this in its knowledge of the real essence of the soul.

The terms, Mind, Mens, express, according to the opinion of a profound philologist, the idea of that which is *internal*, or is *within*. As a mere abstract conception of the nature of the soul, it is probably the most appropriate of those which we have noticed.

In the study of the original meaning of words, we find the primitive conceptions of different races as regards the nature of the spiritual principle in man, but they are indefinite and incomplete. We shall have no true and perfect definition of the Soul, until the most serious and profound studies of its nature and essence are en-

tered upon ; but the human mind does not appear yet to be advanced enough for this. For the present, let us content ourselves with the popular expression — SOUL.

By the Soul we shall understand, then, that living and feeling, that active and thinking principle, which constitutes our indivisible being and personality. Viewed in its totality, or Unity, it is one eternal and immortal Love or Passion, connected with God throughout eternity, and coöperating with and serving him wherever it may be placed, — whether on the surface of planets encased in bodies of flesh, or in higher spheres in a more sublimated form, — every where performing some useful function in the universe.

As regards the other constituent elements of that compound being, Man, — we say compound because he is composed of body and soul, — let us state very briefly the view which we take of the subject. We shall examine it more fully in its proper place.

We believe, and we base our opinion upon various high authorities — upon the discoveries in Galvanism, and Animal Magnetism, upon the physiological investigations of some of the profoundest minds, and upon the science of universal analogy — that the Soul is enveloped in a covering of imponderable fluid, or what we should call an *aromal* body. (By *Aroma*, we understand all known and unknown imponderable fluids, a few of which are known under the names of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, &c.) These aromas are the animating forces of material nature, and the agents of the Divinity in creation ; a knowledge of this kingdom, yet unexplored, will throw open to the human mind new and important sources of scientific truth. This *aromal* body forms the immediate covering, the receptacle, the vase, so to say, of the Soul, and obeys its will with perfect pliancy, which would only be done by a most subtle and powerful agent.

The *aromal* body is covered in turn, with a body of inferior substance of the same nature as the material world which it is designed to come in contact with. The Soul itself does not come in contact with crude matter, — with the external body of flesh and blood, — no more than does God, the soul of the universe, with the primal or ultimate matter of which the earth or planets are composed. The Soul acts upon its *aromal* body, which mediately governs the external material body, — communicating to it the desire of the soul, and controlling it according to its will, in a manner analogous to that in which the Creator, by means of the imponderable or *aromal* fluids, governs the operations of the material universe.

According to this view it will be seen that we consider Man as a being composed of three parts or principles ; first, the Soul, the passionate principle — Love and Intelligence ; second, the *aromal* body, which is the immediate envelope of the Soul ; and third, the external material body, which is the covering of the *aromal*, and enables the Soul to dwell in and act upon the terrestrial world, with which it is conjoined while inhabiting the surface of the planet.

The Soul, or spiritual Unity in Man, is divisible into twelve radical springs of action, which we shall call Passions, — the nature and functions of which, or the employments and destinies assigned to them by the Creator, it is our purpose to examine. These twelve radical Passions constitute the parts or elements of the Soul, just as the twelve notes of music constitute the parts or elements of sound, and the prismatic rays constitute the elements of color. The Passions are the variety or multiplicity in the Unity, called Soul, — the individualities of this collective Whole. The analysis of the Soul gives us the twelve radical Loves or Passions, as the synthesis of those Loves or Passions, gives us in turn the Soul.

The Soul is a Unity, *one and indivisible* in its nature and essence, but *two-fold* in its mode of operation and manifestation. We will touch briefly on this dual action, while engaged in these general reflections, and point out an error which has been committed in regard to it. It is supposed that the Soul is composed of two distinct natures, one of which is sentient or feeling, and constitutes the Will ; the other, intellectual or thinking, and constitutes the Reason. Hence the various terms which have been employed to denote this double nature of the Soul, among others the following :

Soul,	Mind,
Love,	Wisdom,
The Will,	Reason,
Feeling,	Understanding,
Passion,	Intelligence,
The Heart,	The Head.

The two principles expressed by these terms are but two modes of action or manifestation of the Soul, — engendering two great orders of phenomena, which have appeared like two distinct natures, and have led most observers to suppose that it was formed, as we said, of two distinct principles.

Of these two modes of manifestation with their phenomena, the first embraces what are called the feelings, sentiments, attractions, and impulses ; these constitute the active principle or aspect of the Soul : the second embraces the ideas, thoughts, and perceptions, which constitute its passive principle or aspect, and form what is called the Intelligence.

All thoughts and ideas are derived from the Passions or Affections; when the latter have acted and *felt*, then the perceptions and images which remain and become permanent after the passionate emotions have passed away, form ideas in the Intelligence. Ideas of equality and human rights are generated, for example, by the sentiments of friendship and philanthropy; ideas of justice, of honor, of hierarchal order and of dignity, are generated by ambition. Feeling precedes thought, passion intelligence, love wisdom, and the two constitute the double action of the Soul. They are states of this unitary spiritual principle; in one state the Soul is active, and is passion; in the other, it is passive, and is intelligence.

Among the radical passions, there are those which analyze, compare, and combine,—not only passions and shades of passions, but also thoughts and ideas, and from the latter draw conclusions, which constitute knowledge. These powers perform the functions which are attributed to Reason, which it is supposed is something apart from the Passions, and generates all our thoughts and ideas, drawing them from some high source far above the impulses of the Soul, and that hence it should control and govern them according to its own standard and its own dictates.

We shall see the error and incompleteness of all these views of Reason, of its functions, and its antagonism with the Passions: we shall see that there is unity between the two, and that all the thoughts and ideas of the understanding are derived from the Passions or Affections: those of a material order, from the five senses or material passions; those of a moral order, from the spiritual passions. They are combined and combined by their mental powers, which correspond to the popular idea of Reason.

The old war of Passion and Reason, of desire and duty, is to cease, and peace and concert of action to be established between them. One of the precious results of the theory of the Passions will be to show how this can be effected, and the conflict of man with himself, or of Passion with Reason, be ended.

Swedenborg has treated the relation of affection and thought, or of passion and intelligence, in a very beautiful manner. It is a most interesting question to many minds, and in future articles we trust we shall be enabled to explain it clearly.

THE TEACHERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We are happy to announce that PARKE GODWIN, Esq. has a work with this title now nearly ready for the press. Regarding the nineteenth century as the close of

the era of doubt and denial, and as the commencement of the affirmative and constructive period of human history, it is Mr. Godwin's idea that at so important a crisis, Providence cannot have left the race without leaders. These leaders are those in whom the time, as it were, most clearly comes to a consciousness of itself, in whom its highest impulse is best developed,—men who, thus standing at the head of the great procession of Humanity, seeing where we are and what lies before us, are charged with the office of communicating to us more or less distinctly our present duty and destiny. The chief characteristic of this epoch is its tendency, every where apparent, to Unity in Universality, and the men in whom this tendency is most fully expressed are SWEDENBORG, FOURIER, and GOETHE. In these three eminent persons is summed up the great movement towards Unity in Universality in Religion, Science, and Art, which comprise the whole domain of human activity.

In speaking of Swedenborg as the Teacher of this century in Religion, some of the most obvious considerations are his northern origin, his peculiar education, his inquiries in the physical sciences, and the progress of his mind from the natural as a basis through the imaginative metaphysical, up to the spiritual; the possibility of supernatural communications; the nature of Swedenborg's revelations; the reform of the Old Church, and the introduction of the New.

In Fourier are to be noticed his singular appearance in history, both as to time and manner; how he was led to speculate on false commerce, thence on agricultural reform and then on general social reform; the gradual evolution of the principles of Universal Unity, as the foundation and essence of all science, its ground, attraction, its method, the series; analogy,—the starting point of all modern progress; Fourier's relations to the future; the co-worker of Swedenborg in bringing in the new heaven and new earth.

Goethe is the representative of Art, of which poetry is the best exponent. He is also the patriarch and most illustrious creator of the literature of Germany, which is the richest modern literature. Among his peculiarities, are especially remarkable, his raising the Real every where into the Ideal; his clear, mirror-like reflection of all the forms of Beauty, and his universality of aim and cultivation, with the vague adumbration in all his books of the necessity of Association for the effective or integral development of Art.

Finally, Mr. Godwin will consider the function of these teachers in preparing the way for the kingdom of Heaven,—of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-

stone,—predicted by the prophets, foreshadowed in the highest instincts of mankind, and now, more than ever, felt to be a reality; the structure of that kingdom, founded on Unity in Universality, embracing all forms of faith and all varieties of character, reconciled in diversity by Universal Association.

Such is a meagre outline of the book, which we trust will soon be laid complete before the public. It will be welcomed by a large circle of readers.

NEVER DESPAIR. The true Reformer ought never to despair. Let him remember that error alone can fail, and that the truth he serves can only be obscured for a season. Does the world scorn him and mock at him as one by one his cherished hopes are frustrated, and the labor of years seems fruitless! Heed it not, noble heart! Thy exceeding love for them that thus despise thee is not wasted; not vain thy yearning to bless them that answer thee with sneers! It is not for the day thou workest, but for the ages; fear not that the ages shall lose the harvest of thy deeds. Commit thyself to the Providence that guides all things; faint not though thy bare and weary feet are torn with brambles; over the path that with thy life thou beatest out, Humanity shall come hereafter in triumph and in joy!

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N. R. GERRISH.

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MISCELLANY.

OF SYNTHESIS, OR THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES.

(Concluded.)

NUMBER V.

An illustrious man in an admirable book, M. Ampère, in his *Philosophy of the Sciences*, has given a synoptical table of the classification of human knowledge. In that table, the cosmological and zoological sciences are developed upon two parallel lines; upon each of these, the different sciences are, as it were, drawn up; on each side they are of the same number and correspond exactly, one by one. Now, in this table, history occupies the same place in the zoological series, that zoology does in the cosmological. An examination of some of the results, to which the historical sciences have now arrived, confirms this correspondence.

It confirms it in such a manner that it seems to us hardly credible that such an analogy should not have been remarked, that it should not already have become the common point of view of both naturalists and historians.

Christianity, in proclaiming human brotherhood and the unity of God, proclaimed thereby the unity of the human family; and those historians, who, in these latter years, have undertaken to demonstrate the solidarity of nations and the unity of history, draw their strongest arguments from Christianity on this point, as on all others, in which they have accomplished any thing great. Their work is certainly not less glorious from being produced under the influence of so high an inspiration. Moreover the Christian idea has had no less difficulty in penetrating into science than into practice; it is but a short time since our whole historical horizon was bounded by the Greeks and Romans, and we rejected all solidarity with what preceded them; but already such ideas are far from us: in matters of art and of religion, in all social re-

lations, laborious and enlightened writers have devoted themselves to establishing the solidarity of different nations, to proving their relationship. The result of these researches has been to demonstrate that Humanity is a collective being, which develops itself progressively; whose successive phases the various civilizations indicate, and all of whose parts are indissolubly connected in time and space.

Humanity is one, and yet it is varied. It is one, because the same elements are found in all its groups; it is varied, because these elements exhibit themselves in it differently developed, because the very idea of Humanity is in them manifested or incarnated in different degrees; but, from one extremity to the other of the historic series, these degrees succeed each other and melt together by insensible shades, because Humanity is progressive.

That which has been recognized as true respecting Humanity, has likewise been proved of the various groups, the nations, into which it is divided. We have seen in the different nations so many collective individuals analogous to Humanity, each of which has been developed in a similar manner, has passed through the same phases, and of which the parts are equally solidary.

The law which governs the development of the nations of Humanity is equally applicable to the individual man. Not only does the same law govern him, but the same materials constitute him, the same power animates him, his history is divisible into the same number of analogous phases. A man is similar to a nation, to Humanity.

In society, the beings are one and varied, one, by the nature of their constituent elements; varied, by the degree of development of these elements. Now, the development of those elements is determined by the circumstances in the midst of which the beings live. Those circumstances are favorable or unfavorable; they may stifle or bring out the native powers of the being; they may determine in him a development different

from that which his nature, the degree of civilization to which he belongs, and the moral law under which he lives, tended to produce. They may even determine a development contrary to that law, that is, produce a moral or intellectual monstrosity, error or crime. The cause of this is not in the nature of the being, but in his medium, which has caused him to depart from the conditions peculiar to the society in which he lives, and to return to the general conditions common to all men, to all times, to all places.

We will not carry this examination any further: these facts suffice; for our readers, doubtless, have already perceived that we are only repeating respecting history what we have said respecting zoology.

Whence it follows, that these two sciences have attained to analogous results.

Now, what is true for these two sciences in particular, is also true for the two great branches to which they belong; both the one and the other have reference to facts which are analogous, and we cannot doubt that they will, one day, form but a single science.

Time and space are both wanting to embrace this subject in its vast extent. While limiting ourselves to history and zoology, we recognize that there exists between them a connection similar to that which we have mentioned in physics, between electricity, heat and light, and that they are destined, some day, to find themselves in a relation like that in which the progress of physics will place those different branches of science.

Having reached this point, we think we have put it out of doubt, that the tendency to association which is shown to exist between the different cosmological sciences, also draws zoology and history towards each other, and that its ultimate result will be to constitute a single science, embracing both cosmology and zoology, as primary divisions.

SECT. 5.

This tendency is not limited even to the vast field over which we have passed, and we should voluntarily make it impossible

to arrive at the conclusion we aim at if we stopped at the results we have mentioned.

The movement we describe in science has its perfect analogy in that which manifests itself in social relations and in the moral ideas of individuals.

From the sixteenth century, man, who until then had studied science from books and masters, assumed the office of creating science for himself, of going beyond the old masters and books. After having walked under the direction of guides, the moment came for him to walk alone, to grow, at his own risk and peril. All of human life then became a great experiment, man proceeded without any other guide than the light which had been deposited within him. He did in scientific things, only what he was doing every where else, and thus the history of science is the very image of the history of human life. Experimental science is the intellectual work of man emancipated from guardianship, endeavoring to form himself by his own efforts. Thus, as the result of scientific experience is to demonstrate the solidarity of facts, and to lead to the formation of a science which contains them all, so the result of individual experience in practical life has been to demonstrate the solidarity of men and the necessity of their association. Scientific Synthesis and association in social life are therefore two cognate facts. Synthesis, that is, the constitution of the sciences in the state of unity, is the doctrine of the collective man developed and constituted in the state of unity.

The past history of science, its present condition, its future destiny, may thus be stated: the study of individual facts, the study of their relations, and then after a complete knowledge of those facts, their association, leading to the knowledge of a unitary principle which governs them.

Now, this history is exactly that of our moral doctrines and social relations. In the same manner as we have seen scientific men, neglecting the connections of facts, busied in stating them individually, so we have seen society dissolve itself into individuals, that is, into its constitutive facts. These individuals have advanced isolatedly, each in his own path. As the facts of science were distinct and without bonds of union, so men have been strangers towards each other, even enemies. Then, in proportion as they have been developed, they have come in contact; they have felt that there were relations between them, that they were kindred to each other, and at last, in our day, they end by demanding association. Now, the same utility which existed in the parcelled study of phenomena is to be found in the isolated development of individuals. That study has caused each

fact to be better known; that isolated existence has caused each individual to be better developed. While, formerly, badly understood and poorly confirmed facts were forced into the arbitrary outlines of systems *a priori*, future science will rest upon facts well studied; in the same manner, while the idea of government formerly altogether coercive, compelled men by force to enter into its system, at this day it tends to entire dependence upon the consent and association of men.

In a word, in social matters, individuals are facts; and as scientific unity will rest upon facts well observed, so future social unity will result from the association of individuals likewise developed; that is to say, conscious of themselves and of the collective work for which they are created.

SECT. 6.

We have followed through the different branches of human knowledge the tendency, the existence of which we proposed to establish; we can no longer retain any doubts of its reality.

The different sciences, originally separated and considered as foreign to each other, are only different branches of one and the same science.

That science is the SYNTHESIS of all the sciences; it will result from their association.

Some believe, some have even written, that to associate the Sciences is to confound them: this is a great error. Particular sciences do not lose their individuality, from the fact of being united in a single system; witness, for example, the fact respecting electricity and magnetism; these two sections of physics do not cease each to have its proper existence, although they are now reduced to the same principle; witness moreover, the conductivity and radiation of heat, orders of phenomena, each of which must be the object of a special study, although they are both but particular cases of the same fact.

Synthesis is the science of laws and first causes, so far as they result from the experimental study of facts governed by those laws and produced by those causes.

Synthesis is the sum of the general abstract laws, which govern particular sciences.

Synthesis is the reduction of the particular facts, laws and causes of each science, to one sole fact, one sole law, one sole cause.

The history of science is the perfect image of human life; the Synthesis of the sciences is the intellectual expression of the social Synthesis.

Synthesis is the creed of future society.

CHAPTER II.

Tendency to Application.

At the same time that the sciences became united among themselves, they con-

tracted an alliance not less unexpected and worthy of the greatest attention; they penetrated into the domain of industry. Thus, on the one hand, they tended to the highest speculations, on the other, they mingled in the most humble labors; now the alliance of the workshop and the academy can only be consolidated, nothing can break it.

It is still but a short time since industry was abandoned to a blind routine, each person continuing to employ the process he had found in use in the branch in which he was engaged; no one even thought of interrogating science, which, itself busied solely in searching for facts, and caring little for their application, would, in most cases, hardly have known what to answer. At this day, on the contrary, there exists, in some manner, an art of making industrial discoveries. In fact, some branches of industry are in a state of the most absolute dependence upon the sciences, and especially upon physics and chemistry. The one could not stop, without the other becoming stationary. Now, instead of seeking an improvement in industry at hazard, an audience is demanded of science, and the question is stated, after which science examines and ascertains what is to be done.

The most empirical arts, those most abandoned to routine, have shared in its benefits. Agriculture, for example, will soon be an entirely scientific art. Almost all its important discoveries, its ameliorations, its new processes, are due to science. Who calculated the losses occasioned by fallows, still in use over almost all France in 1783! Who has determined the best system of rotation! Who has explained and popularized its theory and extended its practice! They were men of science. To whom is due the introduction of wool-bearing animals of the Spanish breed! to Daubenton. The increase in the cultivation of downs! to Bremondier. Is it not to naturalists that we owe almost all the developments of horticulture during the past fifty years! Who has improved the art of grinding, so as to obtain more flour, from the same weight of wheat! Who has introduced into the food of man several plants which cannot be rendered sterile by the inclemency of the seasons! They have always been men of science. It is to the perseverance of Parmentier that the cultivation of the potatoe is due: it is Chaptal who has given the means of improving the quality of wines: it was a chemist who extracted sugar from the beet-root: those are scientific men who endeavor to extend the cultivation of Indian corn, and who, at this moment, are calculating the chances of the introduction of a new plant, the *madia sativa*. From every point of view, we see that agriculture is destined

to become a scientific art, to leave no room for empiricism, for routine. On every side, men of science are engaged, some in determining the value of manures, some that of rotation; these study the action of soils, analyze them, make experiments of all kinds; those give the theory of manures, of rotation. At this day, almost all agricultural operations can be performed by mechanism; there are machines for threshing, sowing, cropping, mowing and drawing roots.

What science has effected for agriculture, it has accomplished also for a multitude of other branches of industry; in all it has introduced some easy, economical processes, fruitful in results; every where it succeeds in diminishing the amount of manual labor.

It applies itself especially to the multiplication of motive powers; galvanism, that power which gilds a watch in movement, is employed in towing vessels; condensed air will soon rival steam upon the rail-ways. Distant places are brought near, instantaneous communications are possible at immense distances.

It gives to its machines a kind of intelligence; now there are floating whistles which at a certain point indicate the falling of the water level in the boilers; now siphons, which draw of themselves; wind mills which regulate themselves without the help of man; machines which compose in typography.

By its means, sure processes are substituted for routine: we know positively what is the value of this or that method of heating, what per cent. of caloric it gives: we know exactly the strength of a manure; we calculate the draught of vehicles upon the roads; the resistance of water in canals and rivers; that of the air against wagons; the curves to be given to iron rails: we measure the dynamic effects of machines in motion; we determine the acoustic arrangement of buildings.

It knows how to employ a multitude of substances for the same use; old cables as well as rags, serve henceforth for the manufacture of paper, paper is also made of hay, straw, thistles, nettles, rotten wood, saw-dust, peat, dung, sea-weed. Sugar is extracted from Indian corn, from the cactus, fecula, straw, rags; cloth is made from wool, stone, metal, glass, &c.

Often, in savage countries, a plant, an animal, thanks to a skillful use of all its parts, is nearly sufficient for all the wants of the natives: science, to increase the public riches, does what the savages do to escape destitution; thus, it transforms fecula, by turns, into gum, sugar, beer, alcohol, vinegar, oxalic acid: it extracts potash from molasses, and beer from potatoes.

It makes use of what was formerly lost or wasted. The gases collected from

furnaces serve to refine more castings than the furnaces themselves can produce; by means of mechanical processes, woolen rags are unravelled, twisted and spun, and with the addition of fresh wool are used to make a coarse cloth: the indigo is extracted from the same rags. An excellent combustible is made from coal dust and clay. The wash of starch factories is used in the manufacture of beer; the residuum from the manufacture of lighting gas serves to make varnish and impervious fabrics, the water of soap-houses to make gas; the black residuum of refineries becomes a powerful manure.

It substitutes simple processes, easily applied, for those which required a great material force; thus it accomplishes the piercing of rocks by chemical means; it employs the voltaic pile to extract minerals.

It renders unhealthy occupations salubrious. It has made healthy the factories of soda and white lead. Thanks to it, the gilders are snatched from a premature death.

It universalizes luxury and reduces the cost of all things; wool has already been brought down to the former price of cotton; the most common woods receive magnificent colors; silver plate may one day be found in the abode of the poorest peasant.

It diminishes the chances of accidents: wherever it employs iron in the building of houses or the manufacture of furniture, or uses prepared woods, conflagrations are no longer possible; it renders lace incombustible; constructs vehicles which cannot be overturned, and vessels which cannot be sunk.

It would be easy to increase these examples to a great number, but the above are doubtless sufficient to show that we did not deceive ourselves when we stated, as one of the characteristic facts of science at the present day, its tendency to application; they show that this tendency has, in truth, all the extent which we attribute to it, that science belongs, henceforth, to all professions, that it has sure and economical processes for all, that it never engages in any one of them without in the end, completely transforming it.

The facts which we have cited embrace a space sufficiently large to enable us to draw general conclusions. They indicate that the ultimate result of scientific application is, absolutely to banish empiricism from all the arts, to elevate practical industry to a scientific dignity; to reduce excessive labor to the least possible effort; to render the most repugnant pursuit attractive, the most unhealthy, salubrious; in fine, to substitute the labor of inanimate agents for that of man, and consequently, to put man in possession of the part which his intelligence assigns

him. It permits him to employ in the cultivation of his noble faculties the time which he subtracts from manual industry, and thus withdraws the laboring classes, reduced, hitherto, to the character of material agents, from the slavery which weighs them down. It abolishes the distances which separate men, and becomes the most powerful agent of human unity and fraternity. It universalizes the enjoyments of luxury, assures the material well-being of all, diminishes the amount of dangers, increases immensely that of riches. Thanks to science, nothing is useless, nothing is lost, every thing finds twenty different employments, and thus, consequently, twenty different agents, fitted to fulfil the same function, and preserve the well-being of man against opposing chances. Placed by science in possession of the laws and powers of the world, man has only by his intellect to combine conformably to those laws and powers, the agents which, submissive to his orders, will subject the world to him and govern it according to his desires and his needs. Many ancient traditions relate that man was created by God to be the sovereign of this globe, his minister upon the earth; what those traditions relate of the past, science promises to realize in the future.

Evidently, far from exaggerating, we are below the reality. But who, at this day, could have a complete idea of the splendors of the future?

Still its complete revelation is contained in this sole fact, to which we call the attention of the reader. Science has come to the study of the laws and forces which govern phenomena. The applications of science are only the use made by man of the forces of the world, according to the laws which govern them. Man takes matter, kneads it, gives it form, breathes into it the strength which is to animate it; and the being which he has created, submissive to his voice, fulfils the functions he imposes upon it. Machines are beings of the same order as natural beings; they are, like them, applications of the forces and laws of the world; only the latter emanate from God, the former from man. But such as they are, they are a true caste of slaves created by man, agents docile for the execution of his will, destined to subdue for him the world, over which his knowledge of the laws which govern it, removes all doubt of his right of sovereignty.

The truth of these views will appear more evident if we pay attention to the connection which exists between the history of scientific application and that of pure science. There is a perfect analogy between them; like science, industry began by isolated divisions, like science, it will end in unity. Scientific facts were

at first strangers to each other, just as special branches of industry were without connection; but we have seen that the present tendency of the sciences, considered in their application, is:

First, to multiply the functions of each agent;

Second, to multiply the number of agents capable of fulfilling the same function.

This double fact is analogous to what we have seen produced in the domain of pure science, in which each fact has come to have a connection with many orders of facts. Now, as in scientific matters, the result of this tendency has been to class together scientific facts and specialities, so the facts above cited show the intimate solidarity of the different branches of industry. So that, in order properly to conceive the future destiny of industry, we must imagine its different branches placed in their true relations, that is to say, in unity, or the formation of industrial synthesis. It is evident, in fact, since the progress of science shows the intimate solidarity of the different branches of industry, and the numerous advantages in respect to quantity, beauty of products, and economy, which result from their alliance, that there is no possibility of understanding the extent of those advantages, but on condition of supposing that alliance formed. We must therefore form to ourselves the idea of all branches of labor of the same nature, associated and coördinate, working together on the territory of one township. Here again we see that the scientific question becomes a social one.

Moreover, having reference only to what has been accomplished, we can appreciate the value of the application of science to industry, by showing what has been its result upon the social position of the mechanic.

According to Aristotle, "mechanical professions are ignoble and adverse to virtue."

"There is good reason," says Xenophon, "for excluding from public office all those who are engaged in industrial pursuits."

Plato agrees with this sentiment. "Nature," says he, "has not made us to be shoemakers; such occupations degrade those who exercise them."

"Nothing honorable," says Cicero, "can come out of a workshop."

Such was the feeling of the most illustrious men of antiquity, respecting the industrial professions.

Industry, elevated by the contact of science, is now as much honored, as it was formerly despised; it has a place in the Council of State, in the Institute; it has its professorships, its schools; it counts among its members some of the

most distinguished men of the social hierarchy; each day increases the number of its disciples, and it is evident that not a single one of its processes is to remain forever in the hands of empiricism.

The consequences of this fact are immense; its social range, its philosophic value, deserves attention. Science, that is, the highest social instrument descending to the lowest functions, and the latter, on their side, elevating themselves to the former, are, certainly, events capable of causing the blindest to reflect upon and comprehend the measure of progress which has been effected as well as that which is yet to take place.

CHAPTER III.

Tendency to Popularization.

All the Sciences, in becoming associated, tend to constitute one sole science, by applying themselves to the transformation of human industry. This science which holds the key of all the fountains whence the human understanding can be filled, which has the disposition of all material enjoyments, which tends to satisfy both body and mind at once, which embraces heaven and earth in its powerful arms, this Science finds all its glory in becoming popular, in bringing itself within reach of all intellects, in adopting a language simple and easy of comprehension. To the artisan, to the man of the world, to the student, to women, to children, to philosophers, it speaks their own language and places itself at that point of view which is useful to each. It diffuses itself in books, the daily diminishing price of which seems to have reached the last limits possible; in little pamphlets, of a convenient size and attractive appearance, which can be read in a few hours; in a multitude of cheap journals, in public and gratuitous lectures, whither all classes, all ages press to listen to teachings which are illustrated and supported by numerous and beautiful experiments; in free public museums in which immense riches gathered together during centuries, by money, and by labor, are united in a perfect order; in libraries equally public and free, where all persons are admitted to come and converse with the finest minds of all ages. In the academies, as in the universities, as in the primary schools, under all forms, science strives to penetrate and extend its roots into all minds, and at this day, this magnificent movement is far enough advanced for us to foresee that a day will come when the treasures which God has placed in the mind of each man will no longer remain barren for want of the vivifying contact of science, that spiritual light, in the absence of which every soul languishes, as do the beings of the material world in the absence of the light of the sun.

In order to appreciate the progress which has been made, it is desirable to compare some historical data with present facts.

In antiquity, science was considered as a privilege; it was a special gift of God, a means of government.

In all the East, the science of religion and of government was the exclusive privilege of the priests, the masses being kept in profound ignorance. In India, the Brahmins alone could teach the word of God, the Settrees could not teach it, but they had the right to read it in the Vedam; the class which came immediately after the warriors must not read it; finally, the lowest classes could not even speak of it, and it must not be spoken of in their presence.

The East is not a land of change. In the sixteenth century, Babour, the founder of the Mogul Empire, in India, after giving his son advice full of wise experience, when he came to speak of the people, said: "Each vulgar man is so at the bottom of his soul, and by no change can he become a man of the world—the tulip grows in the garden, the briar and the thistle in desert soil."

In Greece, whoever revealed the mysteries incurred the penalty of death.

In our day, thanks to Christianity there is no longer any doubt, that the right to science is equal in all men, and it can be affirmed that science will in fact become the inheritance of all. I add that this will take place whenever science is really constituted, whenever the Synthesis has been brought into form; then, and then only, all intellectual monopoly will be abolished, for science will have attained the highest degree of evidence and clearness.

Many will exclaim at such an assertion; the objections which we have so often heard against the various sciences, will doubtless not be wanting in the case of the Synthesis; it will be denied that it can be a popular doctrine, from the very fact that it will be an essentially scientific one. Science, it is said, is not suitable for the masses; it cannot act upon them, and is powerless to direct them; useful perhaps to a certain number of adepts, your Synthesis will necessarily remain without an echo among the people, unknown to them, or at least looked upon with that indifference with which they regard things having no connection with them; they have neither time nor disposition for scientific studies.

The chief defect in these objections is to be found in an error incessantly renewed by those who are opposed to every idea of social re-organization. When men, who have faith in the future, affirm any fact whatever respecting that future, their antagonists pretend to test its value

by determining what would happen if it existed in our present society; like those who, having asked a physician what regimen a certain invalid must follow, when he has recovered his health, pretend to judge of that regimen, by examining what would happen, if the invalid should attempt it, while still weak from fasting and suffering; like a schoolmaster also, who would not believe that the pursuits of riper years will ever be proper for his pupil, because the latter could not devote himself to any one of them at the first moment he is placed under their influence. In fact, society resembles that invalid and that child in more points of view than one, and it is not only with regard to the inconsistency in the first case or the indifference in the second, that our comparison is just.

We speak of the Synthesis of the Sciences, that is, of the Science which will result from the comparison and fusion of special sciences. Now, it is the constant character of the sciences, and one which can be observed at each page of their history, to become more and more simple in proportion as they are generalized, so that the highest degree of generalization will likewise be the highest degree of simplicity. Simplicity is the inseparable character of perfection. The sciences in proportion as they are perfected, are simplified. Obscurity and complexity are met with only at the commencement of the sciences, in the first phase of their history, that which is filled by the search after and the discussion of facts. Then there is nothing to be done but to collect the materials of the edifice we wish to construct. There exist as many particular data as there are facts, and as each of those facts has different faces. The work then is, to place facts in the mind, isolated facts, without union, without connection, and to learn the greatest number possible. The study of the sciences is then a profession; it requires a special capacity in those who embrace it, it exacts the sacrifice of all their time; each of the sciences demands special men to attend to it exclusively, to attend to each of its sections. During the whole of that period likewise, entirely unintelligible to the masses, and useless to them, it remains foreign to them. Confined to laboratories, its existence is seldom revealed beyond the circle of the learned who cultivate it, except by means of the splendor thrown around it by the discovery of some extraordinary fact; but when this splendor has passed away, the science falls, as before, into forgetfulness. This period, however protracted, has an end; as we have said, the moment comes when, from the search after particular facts, we pass to the search after their connections; then the study is much sim-

plified, since the result of this new task is, to unite many data, many facts in one. The new notions are complex, each of them by itself recalls a certain number of those which it was necessary to retain isolatedly in the preceding period; moreover the expression of that notion is habitually simple in its terms, and not less easy of comprehension. The study of connections is the transition between the search after facts, and that after the laws which govern them. Soon we arrive at the possession of the latter, and the question undergoes a new degree of simplification. An immense multitude of facts is often comprehended in the announcement of a law, and it is sufficient to have a clear and precise understanding of that law, in order to have the explanation of the facts which result from it. It serves not only to explain those facts, from the knowledge of which it was deduced, but also to interpret new facts. The notions which are now acquired, have a double advantage: on the one hand, they relieve the mind, while at the same time they enrich it with a greater number of facts; on the other, also, they enlarge it by making it look upon objects from a broader and more elevated point of view. During this period, in fact, the sciences attain the possession of a crowd of great and brilliant generalizations, which, far from interesting only special students, excite the attention of all classes, never more to allow them to become indifferent, because they already touch upon a multitude of social questions. During this period, scientific language is simplified; it makes use of fewer peculiar terms. Thenceforth science feels itself cramped in the retirement in which it has so long lived unknown; it requires, for its life, the free air, the light of day; it no longer fears examination, it reveals itself without hesitation to all; eminent men do not disdain to address the crowd; in fine the popularization of the sciences is loudly proclaimed as a necessity, a right, a duty. That epoch is our own.

We can cite thousands of facts in support of what we have just said; there is no science which will not serve us as an example, no facts, among those that have been sufficiently studied, which will not confirm our assertions. For one fact, let us take water: all the operations which must be gone through with to acquire an exact chemical knowledge of the substance are complicated and difficult, uninteresting to the mass of men and intelligible only to a few; so are the apparatus to be employed, the bodies to be acted upon, the processes of analysis, the comparative experiments, things done and done again, ten times, a hundred times, from a multitude of points of view, in very varied conditions. The study of

such a question requires men of science by profession, a special fitness for it, and the whole time of those who undertake it; but the result, the interesting result revealed by the analysis, and which the synthesis will confirm, to wit, that water is composed of two gasses united in simple proportions, this beautiful fact of chemistry, will be within reach of every one; nothing will be easier than to acquire an exact knowledge of it, and consequently, to have a precise idea of water.

We have cited a particular fact; let us now cite a science, anatomy for example. Is not anatomy still at work describing particular facts, amassing descriptions of parts, gathering, in a word, the materials for the future edifice? Scientific men, special men, consequently but a small number, can attend to it, can be in a state to comprehend it, to carry it forward. It will demand moreover all the time of those who are interested in it, for it will offer to their investigation a multitude of different facts; and as, for the moment, it must remain solely in the hands of scientific men, the public will remain absolutely strangers, indifferent to its progress. But it will be far otherwise, if, after this preliminary labor, anatomy rises to the search after connections and laws; if, for example, the organization of all the vertebrated animals, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fish, is reduced to a single formula; if the connections, if the differences of this so large number of diverse beings, can be expressed in a few words; if, in fine, it shall be acknowledged that these four great classes have been constructed on one and the same plan, with the same materials, and under the government of one sole idea; that the infinite variety of these beings consists, not in the existence in some, of things, of organs, absolutely foreign to the others, but in the varied employment of things common to all; so that these four classes can be represented by the same sum of materials, which according as they are disposed in such or such a manner, will produce either a quadruped, or a bird, a reptile or a fish; if, I say, anatomy arrives at such, at so brilliant a generalization, then it ceases to be the possession of a few, for, from that very moment, it becomes interesting and intelligible to a great number; from that moment, for example, it ceases to be foreign to philosophy. Nothing, thenceforth, will be more easy than an initiation into its mysteries, into its wonders; the whole of it will be reduced to a small number of data, simply expressed.

What is true of anatomy, is true also of astronomy, of chemistry, of all the sciences. What can be more complex than the labors which have served to fix the basis of the system of the world,

what can have more imperiously required the concurrence of special men? What, on the other hand, more simple, more susceptible of becoming popular, than the announcement of its laws? And as to chemistry, who besides a chemist could have undertaken the search after the numberless substances of organic chemistry? Who else could have been interested in them, have comprehended them? But when these researches have terminated in such simple formulas as we have before mentioned, who would not be in a state to appreciate them, who would not be interested in them?

Thus facts are complex, obscure, devoid of interest, only so long as they are badly known; they become simple, clear, interesting when they have been the object of profound study. It is the same with the sciences; there are none which cannot become accessible to all. Now, this labor of simplification which we perceive in the interior of each science, takes place outwardly also with these sciences, that is, the sciences, tending to association among themselves, do, from this very fact, tend to simplification.

Take, for example, botany and zoology; take, in the latter, descriptive zoology and anatomy, comparative anatomy, fossil anatomy, fetal anatomy or embryogeny, and teratology. Here are several sciences which we suppose in their infancy, each busied with the research after its particular facts, each studied by special men, accessible to them alone, indifferent to the public. These sciences advance, and as we have just said, each of them, in advancing, becomes simplified. This is not all; their aggregate also is simplified; for here is zoology, originally separated from anatomy, now making only one with it; here are descriptive anatomy and comparative anatomy connected together; here are the same facts recognized as applicable to both living and fossil anatomy; here fetal anatomy comes to unite itself to the league formed by the preceding sciences; and the same is true respecting monstrosity. Henceforth some simple formulas will replace an immensity of different data; they resume them, recall them, explain them; henceforth all these sciences will be reduced to this datum, at once so grand, and so simple that every one can understand it, before which no one can remain indifferent, which is, that all animals, living and fossil, belong to one sole and the same successive and progressive creation; that all the beings of this vast series are formed upon the same plan; that the aggregate of this series forms a complex individuality, analogous and parallel to a simple individual (a formula which is the key to the key of the whole of classification;) that each individual, in the course of its develop-

ment, passes successively through the conditions, in which the different groups placed below it live in a permanent manner; finally, that the same physiological laws govern normal and abnormal facts. Here then are the numerous sections of physiology united, reduced to a small number of data, rendered simple and intelligible to all. Then, at the same time that this work is going on, the lines of demarcation, placed between animals and vegetables, are effaced; the two kingdoms no longer make more than one, the same data become applicable to both. Thus a numberless multitude of facts are expressed in a few phrases of a perfect simplicity, of an irresistible attraction. Once in possession of these formulas, instead of marching at hazard, of losing ourselves in the labyrinth of numberless facts, we direct our course among them with a sure step, we comprehend, explain, and are interested in each of them.

We do not wish to carry this examination any further; what precedes sufficiently shows that simplification and development are two blended facts in the sciences, and we may thence conclude, as we affirmed at the beginning, that the highest degree of perfection in science, will also be the highest degree of simplicity.

There can be no doubt then, that science may become accessible to all.

Thus, as we have before said, synthesis is the science of the principles which rule and govern the particular sciences; the body of abstract, general laws, which, being particularized, become the special laws of each science. What precedes shows that this science, while it is the highest, is the most simple, the most intelligible of all. If an immense labor was required to build it up, a fitting disposition of mind is sufficient to understand it. It has all the simplicity of an elementary science; it knows how to take all forms, all languages, to address even children, and make itself understood by them.

We can understand, moreover, with what an admirable fruitfulness, such a science must endow the mind into which it descends. While it leaves nothing beyond it, it will speak to the masses, in a language of beautiful simplicity, with concise formulas, of man himself, of the world in which he lives, and of God, the Supreme Cause of man and of the world; of God whom it will have studied in his works; of the world, which it will have subdued; of man, whose own work it is. What can speak more worthily of God, of man and of the world?

☞ A Christian profession saves many a good name in this life, but never a soul in the next.

ASSOCIATION IN ILLINOIS.

HOME OF THE INTEGRAL PHALANX. }
Sangamon Co., Ill., Oct. 20th. }

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

We wish to apprise the friends of Association that the INTEGRAL PHALANX, having for the space of one year, wandered like Noah's dove, finding no resting place for the sole of its foot, has at length found a habitation. A Union was formed on the 16th October inst., between it and the Sangamon Association; or rather the Sangamon Association was merged into the Integral Phalanx; its members having abandoned its name and constitution and become members of the Integral Phalanx by placing their signatures to its pledges and rules; the Phalanx adopting their Domain as its Home. We were defeated, and we now believe very fortunately for us, in securing a location in Ohio. We have, during the time of our wanderings, gained some experience, which we could not otherwise have gained, and without which we were not prepared to settle down upon a location. Our members have been tried. We now know what kind of stuff they are made of. Those who have abandoned us in consequence of our difficulties, were "with us but not of us," and would have been a hindrance to our efforts. They, who are continually hankering after "the flesh-pots of Egypt," and are ready to abandon the cause upon the first appearance of difficulties, had better stay out of Association. If they will embark in the cause, every Association should pray for difficulties sufficient to drive them out. We need not only clear heads, but also true hearts. We are by no means sorry for the difficulties which we have encountered and all we fear is that we have not yet had sufficient difficulties to try our souls, and show the principles by which we are actuated.

We have now a home, embracing 508 acres of as good land as can be found within the limits of "Uncle Sam's" dominions, fourteen miles Southwest from Springfield, the Capital of the State, and in what is considered the best county and wealthiest portion of the State. Our Domain can be extended to any distance, embracing three miles square, at an average of from five to seven dollars per acre, as we wish to make additions. We have, however, at present, sufficient land for our purposes. It consists of high rolling prairie and woodlands adjoining, which cannot be excelled in the State for beauty of scenery and richness of soil, covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, of almost every description,—Oak, Hickory, Sugar-Maple, Walnut, &c. &c. The land is well watered, lying upon Lick Creek, with springs in abundance, and excellent well-water at the depth of twenty feet. The land under proper cultivation, will produce one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and every thing else in proportion. There are five or six comfortable buildings upon the property, and a temporary frame building, commenced by the Sangamon Association, intended, when finished, to be 360 feet by 24 feet, (124 feet of it to be two stories high) is now being erected for the accommodation of families.

The whole Domain is, in every particular, admirably adapted to the industrial development of a Phalanx. The railroad connecting Springfield with the Illinois river runs within two miles of the

Domain. There is a steam saw and flouring mill within a few yards of our present East boundary, which we can secure on fair terms and shall purchase, as we will need it immediately.

But we will not occupy more time with a description, as those who feel sufficiently interested, will visit us and examine for themselves. We "owe no man," and although we are called "Infidels" by those who know not what constitutes either Infidelity or Religion, we intend to obey at least this injunction of Holy WRIT. The Sangamon Association had been progressing slowly, prudently and cautiously, determined not to involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties, and this was one great inducement to our union with them. We want those whose "bump of caution" is fully developed. Our knowledge of the progressive movement of other Associations has taught us a lesson which we will try not to forget. We are convinced that we can never succeed with an onerous debt upon us. We trust those who attempt it may be more successful than we could hope to be.

We are also convinced that we cannot advance one step towards associative unity, whilst in a state of anarchy and confusion, and that such a state of things must be avoided. We will therefore not attempt even a unitary subsistence, until we have the number necessary to enable us to organize upon scientific principles, and in accordance with Fourier's admirable plan of industrial organization. The Phalanx will have a store-house, from which all the families can be supplied at the wholesale price, and have it charged to their account. It is better that the different families should remain separate for five years, than to bring them together under circumstances worse than Civilization. Such a course will unavoidably create confusion and dissatisfaction, and we venture the assertion that it has done so in every instance where it has been attempted. Under our Rules of Progress, it will be seen that until we are prepared to organize, we will go upon the system of Hired Labor, we pay to each individual a full compensation for all assistance rendered in labor or other services, and charge him a fair price for what he receives from the Phalanx, the balance of earnings, after deducting the amount of what he receives, to be credited to him as Stock, to draw interest as Capital. To Capital, whether it be money or property put in at a fair price, we allow ten per cent. compound interest. This plan will be pursued until our Edifice is finished and we have about 400 persons, ready to form a temporary organization.

Fourier teaches us that this number is necessary, and if he has taught the truth of the science, it is worse than folly to pursue a course contrary to his instructions. If there is any one who understands the science better than Fourier did himself, we hope he will make the necessary corrections and send us word. We intend to follow Fourier's instructions until we find they are wrong; then we will abandon them. As to an attempt to organize Groups and Series until we have the requisite number—have gone through a proper system of training and erected an edifice sufficient for the accommodation of about 400 persons, every feature of our Rules of Progress forbids it. We believe that the effort will place every Phalanx that attempts it in a situation worse than

Civilization itself. The distance between Civilization and Association cannot be passed at one leap. There must necessarily be a transition period and any set of "Rules," (or Constitution hampered up and destroyed by a set of By Laws;) intended for the government of a Phalanx, during the transition period, and which have no analogical reference to the Human form, will be worse than useless. They will be an impediment instead of an assistance to the progressive movement of a Phalanx. No Phalanx can ever be organized under them. The child cannot leap to manhood in a day, nor a month, and, unless there is a system of training suited to the different states through which he must pass in his progress to manhood, his energies can never be developed. If an Association will violate every scientific principle taught by Fourier, pay no regard to analogy, and attempt an organism of Groups and Series before any preparation is made for it, and then run into anarchy and confusion, and become disgusted with their efforts, we hope they will have the honesty to take the blame upon themselves and not charge it to the science of Association.

Convinced that the proper development of a Phalanx could never be effected under the government of a "Constitution and By Laws," which had no analogical reference to the human form, we have adopted Pledges and Rules of Progress, and in their formation aimed at an analogical arrangement. We believe we have succeeded. If we have not, we wish to correct them, and hope they will be examined, criticised and corrected by others. We have confidence that, under the government of our Rules of Progress, a successful development of a Phalanx may be effected. We will try it and profit by experience. We have confidence in the ability and integrity of our President to direct the operations of the Phalanx so long as we think proper to retain him in the station which he now fills.

We make it the duty of every member to study the Science of Association; believing that without a proper knowledge of the Science we can never be prepared to act well our part. A part of every evening, if convenient, will be devoted to instructions upon the Science of Association and to the examination of our Rules of Progress.

Objections have been made to "Pledge 2," in which the members pledge themselves to remain three and one half years in order to test the system. It was supposed that those who thus pledged themselves would remain until the system was fairly tested; but we attempt to hold no one who is disposed to violate his pledge; and every dissatisfied member has had and ever shall have the privilege of withdrawing from us, as by remaining he would only be a dead weight upon our efforts. Conscious that our position so far is safe, and that by using the necessary precaution and energy we will gradually move forward until we have realized all the blessings of health, individual liberty and permanent happiness, proceeding from combined action as their pivot; we persuade no one either to remain with us or join us, unless he can do so in perfect accordance with his own feelings and wishes: but we are at the same time ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to all those who by a union with us, can

think they are doing justice to themselves and advancing the great work of Man's Social Regeneration. We want those who have a clear perception of the dire curses of Civilization and who are animated by a true love for Associative principles. We do not believe that men associated together and actuated by no other motive than a love for money can ever carry out the principles or realize the blessings of Association.

With regard to religious sentiments our Rules guarantee perfect freedom in opinion and action. We want those who are willing to 'do unto others as they would have others do unto them' but we wish them at the same time to be free from partisan feeling and sectarian prejudice. If they are not, they had better remain in a state of society better suited and more congenial to their feelings and principles until they learn that 'sectarianism' is not religion.

We are ready at all times to give information of our situation and progress, and we pledge ourselves to give a true and correct statement of the actual situation of the Phalanx. We pledge ourselves that there shall not be found a variance between our written and published statements and the statements appearing upon our records. Those of our members now upon the ground are composed principally of the former members of the Sangamon Association. We expect a number of our members from Ohio this Fall, and many more of them in the Spring. We have applications for information and membership from different directions, and expect large accession in numbers and capital during the coming year. We can extend our domain to suit our own convenience, as, in this land of prairies and pure atmosphere, we are not hemmed in by Civilization to the same extent that exists in other States. We have elbow-room, and there is no danger of trampling upon each others' toes and then fighting about it.

The citizens of this State are well prepared for Association. They are, to a great extent, free from the prejudices and bigotry which pervade every nook and corner of the older States. There is here a feeling of liberality, a spirit of inquiry, before which spurious Civilization cannot long make headway. We say to all friends of Association, come West; to the laud of 'suckers' and liberal opinions. But we say, at the same time, don't come until you are convinced it is for your interest and the interest of the cause of Association that you should come. If you are not yet tired of paying onerous interests and rents and thus expending all your energies to afford food for the horse leech appetites of the land-sharks of Civilization; for the sake of your own satisfaction; remain and pay interest and rents until you are tired of it. Then come, and if we don't suit you, form Phalanxes under rules to suit yourselves. If you can go into an organism of Groups and Series in twenty-four hours, you can do so here as quick as any other place, and if you do progress thus rapidly and succeed, we will not only extend to you our best wishes, but will also acknowledge that you are not only ahead of us in a knowledge of the Science of Association, but that you are also ahead of Nature herself in her most minute and in her vastest operations. But seriously, if you have had difficulties which have operated

against you, we ask you, for the sake of the great cause in which we are all laboring, to search for the cause of these difficulties, and, if they are found to originate in an improper organization, or in attempting to organize too hastily, we ask you to examine, correct and extend the benefit of your experience to others. We have not yet made our experiment, and will at all times be thankful for the experience of others, and will try to profit by it. We do not claim that our Rules are perfect, but we wish to make them so; being firmly convinced that the Science taught by Fourier will ultimately lead us into true Association, if we follow it as a science, and that we must have some correct rules of progress to govern us during the transition period from Civilization to Association. We would urge all the friends of Association to exert themselves with unwearied and unwavering energy in the great cause. Whatever feeling of indifference may exist, whatever opposition they may meet with from ignorance, bigotry, and scoffs and sneers of the "would be witty," the great principles of Combined Action, Attractive Industry, the grand social law that governs universal movement, are silently and gradually gaining ground and sooner or later must and will be crowned with universal and triumphant success. The night is passed, and, although darkness still prevails, the dawn is breaking.

The Ploughshare and Pruninghook will be continued from its second number and published from the Home of the Integral Phalanx in a few weeks, as soon as a press can be procured.

The Secretary of the Integral Phalanx.

ASSOCIATION AT THE WEST.

To the Harbinger :

I have just made the tour of the Western States, passing up the Lakes to Chicago, through the state of Illinois by land to St. Louis, and back home by the Ohio River, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia. I write now for information. I want to know by what magic you of the Associative School, have contrived to scatter the seeds of your pestilent heresies throughout the whole breadth and length of the land, in so short a time, and with no apparent instrumentalities adequate to the effects which I have witnessed. If you will but communicate the *modus operandi*, I am not without hopes that it may yet be applied to the dissemination of doctrines which would less scandalize the Courier and Enquirer, the New York Express, the Herald, and other anxious guardians of the national morals. It is a fact and there is no use in trying to disguise it, that your new-light notions are extensively sapping old and time honored axioms of political science and of social organization; and what is most of all to be deplored, your influence for agitation is not confined to thinking and prudent men, who might sift the subject to the bottom and certify the world of the hair-brained and preposterous nature of every attempt ever made or thought of to im-

prove the existing order of things. With the most reprehensible indifference to the price of bank-stocks and cooking stoves, you have by some diligent and effective means agitated down to the very operatives, and put men and women who are mere producers, to thinking upon hours of labor, food, clothing, and other matters of the kind, with which they have no earthly concern and which can have no other effect than to make them discontented and unhappy. They are filled with talk about "coöperation" being better than "competition," and other nonsense which is no better. Now all this may be a very good joke for you, but you ought in all seriousness to reflect, that, even a mad-man can scatter fire-brands and death, and what I tell you is strictly true. I have not heard in my whole journey, so much talk upon any other subject, as I have upon this wild idea of Fourier or somebody else about Association, the organization of industry, and the like. In steamboat, stage-coach, and railroad car, at hotels and in private circles, it comes up in a thousand forms, and every body seems to know something about it, not by any means that the better part of the people are with you in your notions, but all seem to be talking of them, and what as I said before is most ominous, the laborers themselves are thinking about them, and running into the wildest fancies on the subject of their rights and their power to obtain them as they say, and to secure to industry its own profits. Some seem to think that a prairie might be better cultivated by a hundred and fifty families or more, who should all put their means together and aid each other to build one large and elegant house and fence the land in a farmer like manner, than by the same families scattering in one hundred and fifty log cabins, with three times as much fencing to do, and each laboring without assistance, and losing his crops while he encloses his farm.

At Pittsburg, the matter seemed to have come to a head. I found the factories closed and the girls assembling and contending that ten hours a day was as much as children, at any rate, under twelve years of age, ought to be required to work, that it was inhuman to keep them on their feet in a confined atmosphere twelve hours or more in a day, that it ruined their health, stultified their minds, &c. Now I do not charge this dreadful state of affairs directly on you and yours, because I have read your publications with a view to catch you advising some imprudent action, and as I pique myself on strict justice and fair dealing, I must confess that I have not yet detected you in such open and undisguised treachery to sound conservative principles,

but I think in turn you must admit that your doctrines have a direct tendency to make laboring people reflect on their condition, to *set them a thinking*, which is always unfortunate for them, and to insinuate the belief that it is possible by some means to improve their condition in life.

I put myself among them at Pittsburg, in order to satisfy myself how far the evil had progressed, and I confess that I was astonished to hear these poor people reasoning, employing arguments and stating facts, just for all the world as if they had been politicians and philosophers. They seemed profoundly interested in the subject of their own condition, and talked upon it with as much zeal as a South Carolina cotton planter does of the tariff. Here, again, they were looking to your notions as offering the great remedy, and I assure you unequivocally that they were talking openly of the necessity of Association and self-dependance as a defence against the inevitable tendencies of the factory system. They protested against any desire to injure their employers and only asked that justice should be done them so far as the actual state of affairs would admit, which they frankly granted was not all that they ultimately aimed at. I was satisfied that this was not an ordinary strike. I have seen strikes before, but I never heard the rights of man preached and the whole existing organization of society assailed by mere operatives. I am convinced that this part of the blame falls rightly on you and your school. In fact, I almost felt that some of the ragamuffin orators who espoused the cause of the factory girls, would have made an impression on my own mind if the force of their logic had not been completely nullified by their want of good grammar and a graceful delivery. They denied that the condition of the laborer was always the best when the manufacturing capitalist was making the most money. I recollected that something of the same kind had forced itself upon my observation on the southern plantation. It does seem to me that slaves belonging to large planters when cotton is eighteen cents a pound, are more pushed and flogged than the same slaves when cotton is at five and a half cents, and that they are always worse treated than the slaves of poor men in the pine woods and ridges where no cotton is raised. But I never reason upon these subjects, and I hold that the only safety of the community is, that every thing should be kept as it is. I deprecate agitation and venerate the wisdom of our ancestors. I have said a great deal in this letter that I had no intention of saying when I commenced, my only object being to learn of you, if you make

no secret of it, the means by which you give your form of doctrine to the most vulgar minds, as well as in some instances, as I must confess, to the most refined. You certainly have infected some of the profoundest intellects in the land.

To tell you a bit of a secret myself, I have some idea of turning editor; but I intend to treat you kindly, on account of personal friendship, and I only want to get at the means of convincing the people, and exciting their enthusiasm in favor of keeping every thing upon the good old basis of let well enough alone.

T. N.

EXECUTION OF A BOY.

WRITTEN BY AN ENGLISH HANGMAN.

A few years ago, I was called out of town to hang a little boy, who had been convicted of killing with *malice aforethought*. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. — Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of our business; and a beautiful child he was too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling! But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as we once had. *Have!* — no — had: for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant and master.

They saw that stripling lifted fainting, on to the gallows: his smooth cheek the color of wood ashes — his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh as if the body and soul were parting without my help.

This was downright murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his hands together, (his arms you know were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; this creature muttered 'Pray, sir, don't hurt me.' 'My dear, answered I, 'you should have spoken to my master: I'm only journeyman, and must do as I am bid.' This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd — 'poor lamb! — shame, murder!' 'Quick,' said the Sheriff. 'Ready,' said I. The Rev. gentleman gave me the wink — the drop fell — one kick — and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations, some cursing as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing, while they cracked jokes on you and me and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight. They would come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like me or

you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us — the judge and the hangman.

O, wise law makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people — to make them gentle and good — to them give a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this!

JUSTICE BETTER THAN CHARITY.

Twenty-five thousand persons recently petitioned the French Chamber of Deputies to inquire into the condition of the laboring classes. Perhaps some brilliant French "count" is at the head of it. If not, ten chances to one some French millionaire will become its guardian saint, as the inquiry goes on. And so the work is to be repeated in France that has been done over and over again in England. For half a century there have been in the latter country continued commissions to inquire into the condition of the laboring classes. The descriptions a half a century ago will apply, *verbatim et literatim*, to their condition now. The latter is misery increased only in degree, not in kind. The very last of the sort — that of Ireland — but tells what all knew before, of a frightful mass of pauperism, crime and wretchedness. The state of the laboring classes in France may, or may not, have been exhibited as often as that of the same classes of England. But the laborers there are in want of the same sort of food that they are in England, or elsewhere.

And what food do they want? It is sickening to read the prescriptions these lords and aristocrats are continually writing out for the laboring classes. The bath tube — the holiday sports — the church education societies — the thousand plans of charities with which the British press abounds, are so many mockeries of their situation — so many aggravations of their disease. They ask but justice. They ask that their labor shall not be taxed to support aristocratic pomp. They ask that their rights shall be restored to them. If these professed philanthropists would know what these laboring classes demand, let them recur to a petition worth presenting — the THREE MILLION CHARTIST petition. Here is stated clearly their wrongs, and here is asked manfully their rights. It may all be summed up in one word — JUSTICE. And where was the benevolence of my Lord Ashley, the democracy of Macauley, the patriotism of the promoters of soup societies, when this famed petition was presented? All arrayed against it! Universal suffrage: equal representation: annual parliaments — these are the main points of their demand. They knew that with these grand levers to work with, these laboring classes would, constitutionally, peaceably, vote hereditary legislators, with their enormous pensions and expensive church establishment, a useless body; and by so doing abolish that tremendous taxation that is as a leech upon their labor. Their demand is for *equality of rights*; it is a steady demand, and is steadily resisted.

This neglect of justice — this magnificent almsgiving, that is now the British hobby, is exceedingly well treated of in the following remarks from the Westminster Review. They will apply to other regions than Great Britain: —

"Combined with a prevalent and growing conviction that much amendment is called for in the condition of the masses, in the relation between rich and poor, between employers and employed — between capital and labor, in short, — is a lamentable want of diligent and sober thinking, as to the source of existing evils, and the direction in which the amendment should be sought. The benevolent have trusted to the guidance of their kindly impulses; and the public mind has followed the guidance of the benevolent, instead of taking counsel of the wise. Hence the one pervading blunder which has vitiated nearly all their schemes. *Charity* — in various forms, in one or other of its multiplied disguises — seems to be the only panacea which occurs to the great; especially the well-meaning great of our metropolis. One party advocates a more liberal poor law; another, shorter hours of labor, to be enforced by law; in the view of some, allotments are the one thing needful; while young England suggests almsgiving in the magnificent and haughty style of the feudal ages; and Lord Ashley commits his latest solecism, in getting up a society for the protection of distressed needlewomen. The same vulgar, shallow, aristocratic error runs through all. Every one thinks of relieving, no one of removing, the mischief. The prevailing idea evidently is (as, indeed, it naturally will be among men so unknowing and so lofty as our great philanthropists) to give benefits to an inferior, not to do justice to a fellow man. There is something essentially pauperising in all their conceptions. It pervades alike the factory and mining legislation of Lord Ashley, the "cricketing" condescension of Lord John Manners, and the insulting rewards and prizes offered by ostentatious landlords to the hampered farmers and the starving peasantry. We are weary of this cuckoo cry — always charity, never justice — always the open purse, never the equal measure." — *Boston Statesman*.

THE MUMMERY OF MEDICINE. — It is impossible to deny that there is some tough reading in the world. Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle most people — Etruscan inscriptions cannot be read by those who run — and — to ascend from antiquity upwards — even the contemporary pothooks and hangers wherewith John Chinaman labels his tea boxes — are by no means lucid in their signification. But neither sculptured stones from Egypt nor vases from Etruscan tombs — nor tea boxes ornamented with the most mystic devices of China ink — are more obscure in the tale they would tell than the little slips of paper which the doctor tells us to carry to the apothecary, and, on "the shut our eyes and open our mouth principle," swallow the mysterious substances, solid or fluid, represented by the equally mysterious writings in question.

But the medical profession is a learned profession, and its members use Latin because Latin is a learned language. We should like to hear a few "general practitioners" indulging in a quiet chat on Sir James Graham's new medical bill, or on mesmerism and homeopathy in the vernacular of the Cæsars. We should see how deep the learned profession was in the learned language. But who says that doctors write Latin? Their Latin is no more Latin than it is English; they

have only half translated the tongue they employ; they have taken it out of English without putting it into any other language in particular. Our Sangrados, too, add insult to injury — they make us swallow their nasty stuffs, and call them by barbarous names to boot. They insist upon their Latin being as horrid as their drugs; not only is the draught nauseous to one species of taste, but the formula under which it is administered must be revolting to another.

But bad Latin is not our principal objection to our friends of the college of surgeons and physicians. Even if they could write Ciceronian prescriptions, which they can't, or, at all events, won't, we ask, what would be the *cui bono* of doing so. We are not Romans but Englishmen. Write as you speak. You ask us to put out our tongues, and to let you feel our pulse, in plain English: you find the one too white, and the other too fast. Why don't you tell us the names of the drugs we must swallow, to restore the fine red of the one, and moderate the jigg-trot of the other, in plain English too?

Gentlemen, 'Medicine-men,' or 'Mystery-men,' as the Ojibbeways and their red brethren of the wilderness call you; there has been from time-immemorial a considerable quantity of humbug in your profession, the still existing remnants of which we would fain see purged off. In times of yore, when people called you leeches and chirurgeons, you added a good many of the tricks of the juggler to your legitimate craft. You were then the prime professors of Alchemy, of Astrology; the principal conjurors and magicians of the olden time, ere the advent of Herr Dobler and the Wizard of the North: you masqueraded in flowing robes and long beards, and carried white wands like the stewards at a charity dinner: you used a mysterious jargon, both in your medical and your magical practice: you applied one to aid you in carrying on the other: you had sympathetic powders, and charms and enchantment: you worked by spell and pill: *har, par, max*, was an old medical charm against the effect of a mad dog's bite: the not very dignified syllables of *och, och*, you held to be able to perform cures, to accomplish which sulphur ointment has obtained a more modern celebrity. Long ago, however, you gave up reading your patients' symptoms and chances, in the stars, and you now look for the legitimate reward of your learned labors, rather to guinea fees than to the mystic riches of the crucible. So far so good. You have in a measure kept pace with the world which is moving on around you; but still, in some respects, you are lagging; still you have a yearning longing for that veil of mystery, which once hung awe-inspiring around you: still in your prescriptions live the emblems of your former secret fires; still, in ordering a simple pill or a soothing draught, do you fondly hug the glory with which the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* invests you. Of the old mystic formulas you still have a fond recollection. Gentlemen your faith in spells is not yet quite at an end. In ordering a dose of salts, your *sulph. mag.* corresponds to the ancient *och, och*. We never see a prescription, setting forth the necessity of beginning next day with a dram of castor oil, the neat and appropriate sentiment couched under the dim phraseology of *ol. ric. cras mane*, without thinking with

great tolerance of the days when *har, par, max*, and similar luminous and useful sentences were in great vogue and vigor.

Drop, then, we beseech you, the last links which connect science with nonsense — the doctor with the Diddler family; rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin; senna is not a bit more agreeable as *Fol. sen.*; nor cream of tartar as *Bitar. Pot.* Apothecaries can understand "to be made into a draught," just as well as *Fiat Haustus*; and even the most ignorant will not require more spelling over "the mixture to be taken at bed-time," than they would to read and understand *Mist, h. s. sunda*. — *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

BRITISH PAUPERISM. According to a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, the number of paupers in Great Britain is 4,000,000, or one-seventh part of the entire population of the empire. The proportion is as follows: In England 1,500,000; in Ireland 2,300,000; in Scotland, 200,000. Since 1815, a period of only thirty years, there has been raised for the relief of the poor in England alone upwards of £200,000,000, or about one thousand million of dollars. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated, by the returns of the income tax, that there are seventy thousand persons in the empire whose annual revenue is \$200,000,000, or about £2,300 each. This monstrous inequality of human condition, remarks the Concord Freeman, in a country the richest and most industrious the world has ever seen, is alarming to the last degree, and almost shakes one's faith in divine justice; for its greatest effect is seen in the prodigious increase of immorality and crime. During the last forty years, crime has increased at a tenfold greater rate than population. It is obvious that a state of things so radically wrong cannot long continue. A general overturn must come, and the world will experience even a greater shock than was felt at the outbreak in France a little more than fifty years since. What is terrible in the picture, is the contrast which it presents to the contemplative spectator. The foreground is filled with all that can please the eye and captivate the mind: but behind that is a destiny of evil, an accumulation of hideous objects, which absolutely appals the stoutest hearts that beat in human breasts. The wealth of England is no dream, but a real, tangible matter; it is no exaggerated thing, like the accounts which we have in eastern story of accumulations of coin and precious stones in the treasury of this or that ruler — but it is solid, substantial, and an instrument of real power. On the other hand is the poverty of the masses, a poverty of so squalid a character, that even the mendicency of Southern Europe appears happiness by comparison with it. For, to appreciate the entire evils of the case, it must be remembered, that while the lazzaroni are practical philosophers, and almost literally produce nothing, the English poor are many of them the hardest workers on earth, and those who are idle would work, could they find employment. England owes her wealth to them. They have dug it from her mines, they have created it in her factories and workshops, they have drawn it from the waters of every ocean "from Zembia to the Line," and in its accumulation have perilled every thing

that is dear to life. Their reward for all this is starvation to themselves and their children, or the bitter bread of forced charity, grudgingly provided by hearts as cold as polar ice, and dealt out by hands that would fain strangle the recipients of the churlish morsel. What a commentary is this on the popular dogma, that honest industry ever meets with its fitting reward! Of old it was said that he who would not work, neither should he eat; now, he who works, or who is willing to work, cannot get food, except as a pauper.

It is sad to think upon. And it adds to the gloom which the contemplation of so black a picture excites, when we observe that we are treading in the same road which has led the people of England into a vast quagmire — that we are following the identical *ignes fatui* which have led that great race to the miry gulf, whose insatiable wants are stayed not by swallowing empires — the terrible Serbonian bog, in which it would seem are to be engulfed "the hopes of all men in every nation." — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

REVIEW.

The Raven and other Poems. By EDGAR A. POE. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway; 6 Waterloo Place. pp. 91.

Mr. Poe has earned some fame by various tales and poems, which of late has become notoriety through a certain black-guard warfare which he has been waging against the poets and newspaper critics of New England, and which it would be most charitable to impute to insanity. Judging from the tone of his late articles in the Broadway Journal, he seems to think that the whole literary South and West are doing anxious battle in his person against the old time-honored tyrant of the North. But what have North or South to do with affairs only apropos to Poe! He shows himself a poet in this, at least, in this magnifying mirror of his own importance. To him facts lose their barren literality; to him a primrose is more than a primrose; and Edgar Poe, acting the constabulary part of a spy in detecting plagiarisms in favorite authors, insulting a Boston audience, inditing coarse editorials against respectable editresses, and getting singed himself the meanwhile, is nothing less than the hero of a grand mystic conflict of the elements.

The present volume is not entirely pure of this controversy, else we should ignore the late scandalous courses of the man, and speak only of the "Poems." The motive of the publication is too apparent; it contains the famous Boston poem, together with other juvenilities, which, he says, "private reasons — some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems" — have induced him to republish. Does he mean to intimate that he

is suspected of copying Tennyson? In vain have we searched the poems for a shadow of resemblance. Does he think to convict Tennyson of copying him? Another of those self-exaggerations which prove, we suppose, his poetic imagination.

In a sober attempt to get at the meaning and worth of these poems as poetry, we have been not a little puzzled. We must confess they have a great deal of power, a great deal of beauty, (of thought frequently, and always of rhythm and diction,) originality, and dramatic effect. But they have more of *effect*, than of *expression*, to adopt a distinction from musical criticism; and if they attract you to a certain length, it is only to repulse you the more coldly at last. There is a wild unearthliness, and unheavenliness, in the tone of all his pictures, a strange unreality in all his thoughts; they seem to stand shivering, begging admission to our hearts in vain, because they look not as if they came from the heart. That ill-boding "Raven," which you meet at the threshold of his edifice, is a fit warning of the hospitality you will find inside. And yet the "Raven" has great beauty, and has won the author some renown; we were fascinated till we read it through; we hated to look at it, or think of it again: why was that? There is something in it of the true grief of a lover, an imagination of a broken-heartedness enough to prove a lover in earnest, a power of strange, sad melody, which there is no resisting. So there is in all his poems Mr. Poe has made a critical study of the matter of versification, and succeeded in the art rather at the expense of nature. Indeed the impression of a very studied effect is always uppermost after reading him. And you have to study him to understand him. This you would count no loss, if, when you had followed the man through his studies, you could find any thing in them beyond the man and his most motiveless moods, which lead you no where; if you could find any thing better at bottom than the pride of originality. What is the fancy which is merely fancy, the beauty which springs from no feeling, which neither illustrates nor promotes the great truths and purposes of life, which glimmers strangely only because it is aside from the path of human destiny? Edgar Poe does not write for Humanity; he has more of the art than the soul of poetry. He affects to despise the world while he writes for it. He certainly has struck out a remarkable course: the style and imagery of his earliest poems mark a very singular culture, a judgement most severe for a young writer, and a familiarity with the less hacknied portions of classic lore and nomenclature. He seems to have had an idea of working out his

forms from pure white marble. But the poet's humility is wanting; a morbid egotism repels you. He can affect you with wonder, but rarely with the thrill of any passion, except perhaps of pride, which might be dignity, and which therefore always is interesting. We fear this writer even courts the state described by Tennyson:

"A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love beauty only, (beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind,)
And knowledge for its beauty; or if good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three
sisters

That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears,
And be that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out by Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness."

The Chainbearer; or the Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER. Two Volumes. New York, Burgess, Stringer & Co. 222 Broadway. 1845. pp. 212 and 228. (Boston, for sale by Redding & Co.)

We have here the second of the novels in which Mr. Cooper undertakes to discuss the Anti-rent question, and to our thinking, though not destined to a very long immortality, it is much better than the first. Considered simply as a work of fiction, to be tried by the standards of art, it has no very substantial claim upon our admiration. The grouping of incidents is dexterous, the dramatic effects are tolerable, one or two scenes are even new, but the characters are the work of a journeyman and not of a master; if, to use Charles Lamb's phrase, they are "fetched" from Mr. Cooper's "own mind," we can only say they do no great credit to their source.

Still the book displays a degree of power, and to give it full praise, is beyond the average of Mr. Cooper's later performances; a friend assures us that he has read it with pleasure, and we even detected a degree of interest in ourselves as in the discharge of our office, we made our way through its pages.

But it has other, and in the opinion of its author at least, much higher claims upon our attention, than a mere romance. It is nothing less than an essay upon the rights of property, administered to the public in the vehicle of a love story, as medicine is disguised in molasses, a stratagem which is not always successful.

Besides the disquisitions upon the tenure of real estate which, like ledges in a rocky country, make at short intervals their dull appearance above the surface of the book, Mr. Cooper gives us his opinions upon various points in political philosophy, which are often not without

merit. The great misfortune under which they labor, and which indeed affects all the argumentative parts of the "Chainbearer," is that they are not wholly true. A single aspect of a principle, and that not seldom the least important one, is as much as Mr. Cooper's vision generally takes in. Still it must be said that the views he presents, imperfect as they are, might in many cases balance and correct our false popular tendencies, could they only be infused into the popular mind, a thing which the "Chainbearer" will hardly accomplish.

Upon the Anti-rent difficulties, Mr. Cooper writes in the spirit of a conservative, who has no doubt of his right to the highest rank among the "upper class," and whose sympathies do not extend much beyond that class, except in the way of patronage and condescension.

He defends the "rights of property" with so much ingenuity and good sense, that even his pompous manner cannot destroy the force of his reasoning. But if we look in his pages for any defence of the rights of man, we shall be disappointed. They do not lie in his province; as far as the rights of himself and his friends are concerned, they must be provided for. He sees great danger lest false notions with regard to property may lead to even worse events than the outbreaks which in the State of New York have just called forth the sternest interference of the law, but no danger lest rights even more sacred in their nature, shall be cruelly neglected by society. To our minds this is a defect which totally unfits Mr. Cooper to be a moral teacher, were his qualifications unexceptionable in other respects. A man who now-a-days undertakes to instruct the world, must enter upon the office with a heart and mind of more generous expansion than his. The day is past in which such strictly one-sided views of social duties could meet with any wide response. It will not answer for us to talk of protecting the past labor of the community, that is its property, while its present labor is left a victim to free competition, mercantile frauds and all the degradation and disgrace which ages of slavery have entailed upon it. Nay, if the rights of the latter were only recognized and established we should have no need of any protection for the former. But until that be done, property must remain in constant insecurity and alarm; let the monied and educated classes come to a clear understanding of this fact, and we shall have a speedy end put to all agrarianism and discontent on the part of the laboring population, and every man will be able to enjoy his own without fear or trouble.

Mr. Cooper informs us that a future novel will bring down the exposition of

his subject to the present time. When it appears, we shall endeavor to do it the necessary justice.

Trippings in Author-Land. By FANNY FORESTER. New York: Paine and Burgess, 62 John Street. 1845. pp. 281. Boston: Redding and Co.

Sweet Fanny Forester! Dear Fanny Forester! What voice less musical than thine own, less musical than the birds and brooks, shall answer thee? Glad child of Nature! Native of the sunshine and the fresh spring-woods, —

“all things about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.”

Not of the golden morning and the summer flowers only, are these spells woven; our enchantress has deeper secrets that win us but the more surely. She knows the magic of the heart; its impulses of love and joy and sadness follow and own her as do the forests and the meadows and the flowing winds. In a word she *lives*; how could her thoughts and the pictures that she draws with all a child's playfulness and all a woman's tenderness, not be living also! Joyous, gay, loving the world, and yet more, the human creatures in it, in the happiest spirit, and most laughing health, what gloom will not vanish at her presence, who will not smile an involuntary blessing at her approach?

Much there may be to criticise, many seeming affectations, much that is exuberant and unfinished, much that a better artist would have corrected. These faults, time and study of better models will remedy, but Heaven forbid that time or study or aught else should diminish the genial and sparkling freshness of Fanny Forester.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

The first Concert of the fourth season of the Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, the twenty second of November. The Orchestra of this Society is probably the finest in the United States, and it aims to play only the best music. It gives four Concerts in the course of the winter, to a select and fashionable audience, in a room which becomes insupportably close by the end of the first part, which is the only apparent good reason why the Symphony should be performed at the commencement of the Concert. On this evening, the bill comprised a Symphony of Mendelssohn's, an aria from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and an aria of Mercadante's, sung by Mrs. V. Mott, Jr.; the overtures by Anacreon by Cherubini, and "De la

Chasse du Jeune Henri," by Méhul; a sole upon the harp by Madame Jenny Lazare, and a Fantasia of Heller's for the piano, played by Mr. Hermann Wollenhaupt, his first appearance in America.

The latter part of the Concert, which was made up of the solos and overtures, was unworthy the first. Mrs. Mott has a voice of very limited compass, not at all rich, and, excepting a few full, sweet, central notes, very ordinary. She sings very tamely, and except for the prompt and magnificent orchestral accompaniment, would have retired without applause. Madame Lazare and Mr. Wollenhaupt played well, but the music had no character. The performance of the overtures was the best thing about them.

The Symphony was the grand feature of the evening. It is Symphony No. 3, op. 56, and is dedicated to Queen Victoria. It is divided into four parts, namely, Introduction and Allegro Agitato, Scherzo Assai Vivace, Adagio Cantabile, Allegro Guerriero and Finale Maestoso. The Symphony has the charm of the "Songs without Words;" the same dreamy delicacy and richness and chasteness. Like all of Mendelssohn's music, it reminds one of Keats' poetry, so full of variety and subtle melodious combination, and a Grecian grace which is not lost in the lavish profusion which surrounds it.

The sound of the oboe is conspicuous, and its reedy, pastoral, silvery glistening tone deepened the impression the whole was making of a summer dream. Like Keats again, it is sound that implies fragrance, a luxury and intricacy of tone, that is like a long interlaced bower of green leaves and flowers, opening at the end upon a soft deep blue sky, and in which beautiful shapes are moving. There is a simple, quiet self delight in the music, like a child singing songs to itself. It commences with an unobtrusive mingling of the instruments warbling in a subdued under tone, deepening and richening so that it is like rising slowly in the air and commanding constantly a wider and softer landscape. Presently the air begins to wind among the murmurous chords, like a thin gold thread worked upon delicate embroidery. The air appears and disappears like a bird losing itself in foliage and flowers. The whole movement is aerial and exquisite, and its spirit seemed fully to pervade the performers, for they never played so unitedly and well. The Scherzo is very brief — perfectly finished and effective. A Scottish measure runs through it and moves finely with the general measured hurrying of the time, like a swift dropping of water. The Adagio is like Mendelssohn's religious music. It might be a movement in an oratorio, — the song

of Jephtha's Daughter after she knew her doom, calm, trustful, regretful and resigned — the death song of a sunny faith, like a dirge of Handel's aerialised, where majestic solemn strength had become solemn grace. The last movement, *Allegro Guerriero and Finale Maestoso* is ringing and joyous, but retains still the same character of summer reverie and peaceful musing, — a child running home through the sunset, smiling not laughing, and still haunted by the dreams of noon.

The whole Symphony is very effective. It seems the work of a composer who thoroughly understands the orchestra, and of an artist who imparts his own tender and delicate grace to his work. Yet so entirely different is the impression of music upon various minds that to speak of it is to express something exclusively individual. We can understand the character of music which we have not heard, only from the images it suggests to a mind we know. There can be no copy, and as good acting must be seen, so good music must be heard.

The Symphony should have been followed by something equally, if differently, fine. It would not be too much for good performers and worthy listeners, to perform a Symphony of Haydn's, or Mozart's, or Mendelssohn's, or Spohr's, with one of Beethoven's on the same evening; at least there would be great satisfaction in the experiment once fairly tried by the Philharmonic.

There is to be a German Opera in the city during the winter. The company is composed of good, if not remarkable singers, Madame Otto being the Prima Donna; and the performance will be uniformly good, for Mozart's and Weber's music does not depend exclusively upon the power and cultivation of the voice for its effect, but has a character which will be satisfactory, even if apprehended through indifferent singing. Rapetti leads the orchestra, and the first performance of *Der Freischütz* takes place on the 1st of December.

Handel's "Sampson" was performed at the Tabernacle one evening in last week. Mr. Jones, Miss Stone, and Miss Garcia sang, who have had so long a practice in the oratorio in Boston. I did not hear them here and the notices are very few and slight. Miss Stone has not reverence and dignity enough to sing Handel's music, nor is she perfect in her part. Mr. Jones left his voice in the Park Theatre some years since, but Miss Garcia sings with simplicity and taste. It is majestic music, full of beauty and strength and mournful tenderness and passion, like a proud Autumn day. All the summer fame and glory of Sampson lost like his shining hair, and blindness and the sense of misfortune, a wo as great as his glory

had been, thrill through the music of that severe simplicity and fullness, which is the character of Handel's genius. It is more lyrical than the Messiah, for the same reason and in the same way that Milton's Samson is more lyrical than the Paradise Lost.

On the 26th, Ole Bull, at the request of many friends, took leave of the American public in a Concert at the Tabernacle, playing the Niagara and Washington's March. In the same week, M. Huber, a new violoncellist made his first appearance, and Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul was performed. c. w. c.

POETRY.

For the Harbinger.

MAGDALEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF IDA, COUNTESS OF HAHN-HAHN.

At thy feet, Lord, let me kneeling
Find the Magdalen's relief,
Pouring all my tears out, feeling
All my soul at one with grief.

Not with balsam, with the tender
Heart's hot springs, I come to thee;
Thee they can no honor render,
But, O Lord, they comfort me.

THE POET IN THE OLD AND THE NEW TIMES.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

In olden time the Poet sang,
The ancient hall with ballads rang,
Wandering he touched his golden lyre
By the soecstral castle's fire;
A sacred man the Poet then,
Beloved by gods, beloved by men.

Afar the shepherd on the hill
Saw from his hight this child of skill,
And straightway left his flock to go
And greet the bard who moved below;
The stern mechanic dropped his work,
The hammer fell not on the berk.

The gentle ladies sat and heard
The ditties of the tuneful bird;
With fine regard they greeted him,
He sang,— their soft eyes swam so dim
They often wept,— the Poet's song
To the heart's secret did belong.

The Poets recked not for their fare,
Their comfort was the Nation's care;
They sang,— the doors were open wide;
They loved, the Nation dowered the bride;
They saw the wealth around them flow
Of Princes,— 't is no longer so.

The wandering Bard no city claims,
The Nation loves not Poet's aims;
A lonely man, he bides afar,
His halls are fields, his lamp a star,
Nature's so regal, she does wait,
And minister his ancient state.

The brook must be his mirror now,
His organ in the dark pine-bough,
For ladies eyes the floweret's dyes,
The Southern rain his lady's sighs,

The grass the carpet of his hall,
The trees its pillars, smooth and tall.

Few doors are opened when he sings,
Faint welcome with his lyre he brings,
Cold eyes avert from him their gaze,
The world suspects his idle ways,
He sits not on the hearth so wide,
For Priest and Clerk thrust him aside.

Now none doth comprehend his way,
The haze has overspread his day,
Forgotten stands he quite apart,
The life-blood of the Nation's heart;
He stands alone, the crowds go by
And question him with curious eye.

O, World! thou knowest the Poet's art
Thyself,— he counterfeits thy part,
And of his age the Poet's lyre
Is instrument of pure desire;
Most joyful let the Poet be,
It is for him that all things see.

Not ever is the sunshine clear,
The heavy clouds obscure the mere,
Not ever is the fruit-tree proud,
For worms weave oft their little shroud;
Yet smiles the sky, the tree comes green,
The Poet shall be heard and seen.

My Country! in thy early hour
I feel the magic of thy power;
Thy thoughts are bold, thy hopes are strong,
To thee the Poets shall belong;
I mark thy love for them, and they
Shall sing thee in heroic lay!

For in thy stature there is strength,
And in thy aims an endless length;
And Bards shall praise thy features fair.
And poesy fill all thy air,
Clear as thy dazzling sunshines are,
Deep as thy forests waving far.

Tribune.

THE OLD EARTH.

"The earth gives signs of age, disease and fickleness. It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has ill turns, or paroxysms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the shore with the wrecks and carcases of men. It rocks a continent or sinks an island; shaking massive cities into countless fragments, and burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin; anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying cities and villages in burning graves. The earth is old and feeble, and must needs groan on, until it renews its prime." — *Miseries and Liabilities of the Present Life.*

OLD Mother EARTH is wan and pale,
Her face is wrinkled sore;
Her locks are blanched, her heart is cold,
Her garments stiff with gore;
With furrowed brow and dim sad eyes,
With trembling steps and slow,
She marks the course that first she trod,
Six thousand years ago!

The Earth is old, the earth is cold,
She shivers and complains;
How many Winters fierce and chill,
Have racked her limbs with pains!
Drear tempests, lightning, flood and flame
Have scarred her visage so,

That scarce we deem she shone so fair,
Six thousand years ago!

Yet comely was the youthful Earth,
And lightly tripped along
To music from a starry choir,
Whose sweet celestial song
Through Nature's temple echoed wild,
And soft as streamlet's flow,
While sister spheres rejoiced with her,
Six thousand years ago!

And many happy children there
Upon her breast reclined,
The young Earth smiled with aspect fair,
The heavens were bright and kind;
The azure cope above her head
In love seemed bending low;
O happy was the youthful Earth,
Six thousand years ago!

Alas! those children of the Earth
With hate began to burn,
And murder stained her beautiful robe,
And bade the young Earth moan.
And ages, heavy ages, still
Have bowed with gathering wo
The form of her whose life was joy,
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! drear Earth! thy tender heart
Bewails thy chosen ones;
Thou look'st upon the myriad graves
That hide their gathered bones;
For them, by day and night, thy tears
Unceasingly must flow;
Death chilled the fountain-head of life
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! old Earth! above thy head,
The heavens are dark and chill,
The sun looks coldly on thee now,
The stars shine pale and still;
No more the heavenly symphonies
Through listening ether flow,
Which swelled upon creation's ear,
Six thousand years ago!

Weep not in bitter grief, O Earth!
Weep not in hopelessness!
From out the heavens a 'still small voice'
Whispers returning peace.
Thy tears are precious in the sight
Of ONE who marks their flow,
Who purposes of mercy formed,
Six thousand years ago!

Thy days of grief are numbered all,
Their sum will soon be told;
The joy of youth, the smile of God,
Shall bless thee as of old;
Shall shed a purer, holier light
Upon thy peaceful brow,
Than beamed upon thy morning hour
Six thousand years ago!

Thy chosen ones shall live again,
A countless, tearless throng,
To wake creation's voice anew,
And swell the choral song.
Go, Earth! go wipe thy falling tears,
Forget thy heavy wo;
Hope died not with thy first-born sons,
Six thousand years ago!

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass.

Knickerbocker.

THE HARBINGER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1845.

Of modern civilization, the natural fruits are, contempt for others' rights, fraud, oppression, a gambling spirit in trade, reckless adventure, and commercial convulsions all tending to impoverish the laborer and to render every condition insecure. Relief is to come, and can only come from the new application of Christian principles, of Universal justice and Universal love, to social institutions, to commerce, to business, to active life.

DR. CHANNING.

CLOSE OF OUR FIRST VOLUME.

With the present number of the Harbinger, we complete the first six months since the commencement of our publication. The general favor with which our labors have been received, both by the friends of the Association movement, and by those who though not fully convinced of the truth of our principles, are ready to listen candidly to their exposition, is at once, a flattering reward for our past efforts, and a welcome encouragement in the endeavors which we may hereafter make in the same cause. We trust that the friendly relations which have subsisted between us and our readers may still be continued; that we may always find a genial circle of thinkers, on whose sympathy we may rely, as long as we give utterance to our ideas with the freshness and strength of earnest conviction; and that we may be able from time to time, to present such views as may kindle a new zeal for the progress of humanity, and inspire a brighter faith in the certain and speedy triumph of truth and good. The principles we advocate are founded on immutable justice; they aim at the establishment of sincere and equitable relations between man and man, at the removal of obstacles which now impede the advancement of our race to the highest happiness, at the introduction of the divine order into human arrangements, and thus at the formation of a state of society, which shall fulfil the destiny of man on earth, crown him with unwonted dignity and power, realize the visions of poetry and prophecy, and demonstrate that the hopes which have swelled the hearts of the wise and good in every age are no delusions of a heated fancy, but founded in the everlasting nature of things. We have attempted to set forth these principles, not in the spirit of antagonism, but with a conviction of their adaptation to every true and generous soul; we have discussed the institutions of society and the events of the day, in reference to their standard; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our labors have not been without effect in awakening inquiry, and in opening new spheres of thought to minds that were thirsting for truth. It has been our endeavor to preserve our pages free from local and narrow prejudices, to consider subjects from a universal point of view,

and to express, with simplicity and clearness, the convictions which were forced upon our minds, rather than to create a temporary interest by catering for the popular taste, or adding another echo to the din of prevailing opinions.

We would cordially thank our friends who have sustained us in this free and independent course; their expressions of approbation have cheered us in our labors; and their efforts in our behalf have enabled us to conquer many obstacles, which we could not have overcome without a severe struggle. Nor would we forget the courteous hospitality with which we have been received by our brethren of the press; we thank them for the good words they have spoken in regard to us, and the extended currency they have given to our articles; may we cross each others' path for the future, with no jostling, and with mutual good wishes for a pleasant day and prosperous journey.

We propose to give our next volume the same general character, which has been sustained by the present. Our leading purpose will be, as it has been, to advocate the cause of Associated industry, and the establishment of a social order on the principles of coöperation, rather than of competition. We would call the attention of the public, to the scientific discoveries, which enable us to institute social arrangements of a far higher, more economical, more productive, and in all respects, more beneficial character, than those which we have inherited from the dark ages. We shall watch, with the deepest interest, every public movement which bears upon the welfare of the laboring classes; we believe that a reform in industry is the essential condition of all other reforms; until this is accomplished, no permanent and valuable progress can be hoped for; and with an intense sympathy with the social wrongs of the masses, we shall labor for their emancipation, for their elevation to a true social position, with all the zeal and devotion of which we are capable.

As the current literature of the day, is one of the best exponents of an epoch, we shall continue to devote a large space to the criticism of new publications; and we flatter ourselves, that as we are not in the interests of any bookselling house, or coterie of scholars, our judgments will, at least, have the merit of impartiality. The favor which has been given to our Musical Review, no less than our own tastes and principles, will lead us, as heretofore, to make that a prominent department of our paper. The translation of Consuelo will be continued, and our readers will find that this admirable story loses none of its interest with its progress. We shall present occasional translations from Fourier, and other distinguished

writers of the Associative School in France, whose productions will afford a feast to those who wish for scientific instruction in regard to our doctrines.

We trust that the commencement of a new volume will be the occasion of a large increase of our subscription list. From the names of our writers which will be found at the head of the Index to this volume, the public may judge as to our resources for giving them a work which shall be of intrinsic and lasting value and worthy of a generous patronage.

Our Editors, who notice the commencement of the new volume of the Harbinger, on sending us a marked copy of their paper will be supplied with an exchange.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

We insert the following extracts from a private letter without comment. It is itself a commentary upon public executions, that relic of barbarous ages which still disgraces our country, and gives the lie to our professions as men and Christians.

"DOVER, N. H., NOV. 12.

"My dear S,—I cannot work or read this morning, so I will tell you what a strange sight I am looking at from our windows. The whole street, from top to bottom, is actually crowded with people like a funeral procession, (only walking at a cheerful brisk pace, and dressed in their best,) going to the jail to see poor Howard hung! Isn't it incredible! women and little children too! How little they think what a disappointment awaits them, for the Governor has just told J. that he has reprieved him. So I suppose I shall see the crowd come back again bye and bye quite creat-fallen.

"What a blood-thirsty set in a Christian country! All yesterday afternoon people were going up to see the gallows and the coffin under it. The governor seemed greatly shocked at seeing the gallows up so long before the time; he said it was a refinement of cruelty he did not expect. Think what a sight for the poor fellow, (only twenty-three,) the black gallows and coffin under his window, and the jail surrounded by a crowd anxious to see him hung. The painters were there yesterday, painting the gallows black, as they said 'the paint would preserve the wood, so that it would keep for another execution.'

"The crowd is still pouring in; wagons from the neighboring towns crowded; one went by with six in it, and chaises with three; every thing seems to have been put in requisition to bring people to see the show.

"This poor boy has been in jail more than two years, and has had two trials, the jury not agreeing the first time. He has had the bringing up of a heathen,

absolutely knows nothing; had a most vile mother, who used to drive him out when a child to steal for her, and punish him if he did not. He used to drink, and committed the murder when drunk. A day or two since J. told him that if he felt very weak and sinking, he should have a glass of wine, if he wanted it. He said he thought as he had not tasted any thing of the kind for two years, he had better not get the taste again, in case he should not be hung, for he had a sort of hope to the last.

"O! here they come pouring down the street again, so I suppose the reprieve is announced; they're coming back by hundreds—J. has just come in, and says there must have been six or seven thousand people on the ground. He told two or three oldish men who were hurrying up, that there was a reprieve; one of them swore a good deal, and J. asked him how he would feel about it if the man were his own son. Said he, 'damn you, just the same; come, I don't want any of that damned talk; I guess Steele won't be governor next year.'

"People have come thirty and forty miles to see the hanging.

"By the way, none of our Dover carpenters would make the gallows, and the sheriff had to get it made in Durham."

CASSIUS M. CLAY, HIS NOTIONS OF ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Clay has expressed such deep abhorrence of social injustice and oppression in the case of the slave, that we thought he cherished also a corresponding devotion to the cause of human rights and human progress generally. We gave him credit for a deeper insight into social guilt than the wrongs of slavery; we believed that his soul swelled with a more expansive benevolence than Kentucky Emancipation; we supposed too that he was a clear headed philosopher who, having perceived the evils of society comprehended somewhat of their causes and the means of effecting their final and complete extirpation; and not merely a partial, though a brave hearted reformer, fired with a single idea, beyond the compass of which his sympathies did not extend nor his understanding grasp. We confess our surprise and our regret, then, at an article in the True American of Nov. 18th, in which Mr. Clay displays a superficial view of the great question of social reform, and approaches with levity unbecoming the champion of Human Rights, whose brow should ever be clothed with serene and earnest dignity, that most momentous of social problems—the ELEVATION OF LABOR.

Mr. Clay sets out with the statement that he considers himself qualified to give "an impartial word upon several

projects of 'the Elevation of Labor,' among which he reckons "Fourierism," because he has "the same sympathy with laborers as with capitalists and no more." We admit the impartiality of his "word," but if he intends this word to pass for a judgment, we deny his qualification to utter it. Something more is necessary to come to a judgment upon a question which lies so deep in the heart of social philosophy, as that of labor and its elevation, than mere independence of position, and freedom from the bias of party;—and this Mr. Clay will probably discover before he is many years older. If he is a philosopher he will soon see that in warring with slavery he has but commenced the combat with one of the most hideous features which the question presents, and that when he has triumphed and blotted it out of existence, Proteus like, it will assume new shapes equally formidable; and if he is a philanthropist, which we trust he is, although he rather sneeringly repudiates the idea in another place, he will not cease his efforts for "the elevation of labor," with the bursting of the shackles of Kentucky slavery.

The True American bears as one of its mottoes, "The Elevation of Labor Morally and Politically." This motto shows us exactly how far Mr. Clay's views extend on this question, if he had never said another word on the subject:—it is not one step in advance of the political economy of Malthus, and the shallowest doctrines of the doctors of state who have flourished since his day, and derived their wisdom from his fount; and let us tell Mr. Clay, in our opinion, almost as heartless as any of the infamous maxims of that school of political economy. But we cannot discuss this matter now.

What shall we think of the social science of him who has "no faith in society's ever having a very decidedly different organization from what it now has, and which it has had (?) from the earliest historical times." Can it be very profound!

This confession of "No faith" is indeed quite sufficient to establish Mr. Clay's claims to social science. But it agrees perfectly with the doctrine of a "Moral and political elevation of labor!"—that elevation which it has in old England and New England! But hear his reasons for this creed.

"We believe that there are essential differences in the organization of men—in the senses and in the sensibilities. That God designs some for honorable places or the first places, descending down to positions of neutrality or public indifference—as in a single man, there is the head—the body—the legs—the feet—so in society there are men filling correspondent places."

It is curious to see how the mind

seizes self-evident truths and misapplies them to sustain preconceived and erroneous views. Mr. Clay would hardly believe, perhaps, that he had stated precisely the proposition on which our doctrine of Association rests, and which is alone sufficient to condemn the present order of society, because it is utterly at war with it. All the members of the social body, instead of being arranged upon that beautiful hierarchical system, of variety in Unity, which is the design of God in human societies, according to his law of order throughout the universe, are now *misplaced* and thrown into the most painful, as well as ludicrous juxtaposition. They are all at sixes and sevens; the head where the feet should be and the feet where should be the head; and a "*decidedly different organization*" is absolutely necessary to place these unruly members in due subordination, and to give to each its true function and destiny in the social body. This is just what Association proposes to do. And to follow the metaphors of Mr. Clay, we may "suppose society—its privileges—its possessions—its enjoyments—to be likened to the sea, men of different capabilities mental and physical, as bodies of different density or specific gravity, rise or fall to their proper sphere, *provided there be no obstructing force*," which in Association there will not be, by virtue of that very law of order on which it is based, that puts every human being into his true place in society. How shall the place of any being be known unless he be developed fully, mentally, morally and physically, according to Mr. Clay's definition of the conditions which should regulate his position in society.

This is the question he must consider, and he will soon perceive that this development is utterly incompatible with the present arrangements of society, and can be secured only in those of association, where *integral* education is guaranteed. Mr. Clay must not as an enlightened reformer, assume with the ignorant multitude that association means *equality of conditions*. No, this is the absurd doctrine of the one-sided devotees of democratic radicalism, which is at the antipodes of our doctrines. We provide for all the sentiments of the human heart: for Ambition, which loves honors and distinctions according to merit, as well as Friendship, which acknowledges equality wherever it meets with sympathies. Our doctrine is not equality of condition, but equality of social rights, that there may be "no obstructing force" to the graduation of every individual to his true sphere. Will not Mr. Clay's *Familism* shrink from this and make him deny his own doctrine, that his children may have a higher place than his neighbors! But

in association there is no high and low in the sense now understood—the head and the feet are alike honorable: “Ye are all members one of another.”

From these very imperfect hints at our doctrine, Mr Clay will see that it is an entire misunderstanding of “Fourierism” when he “regards it as opposing to some extent (these) natural laws.”

Again, he says, “you cannot make all labor agreeable—because some labor to persons of certain degrees of refinement is essentially disagreeable—which to others is neutral or indifferent, because of a coarser structure.” Here is another truism from which is deduced a wrong conclusion. The form of the proposition is not however exactly correct. Mr. Clay rather confounds the effect of art or ‘refinement’ with the quality bestowed by nature as terms in the proposition. It would be more logical to make the terms equal by going back to nature, and taking the “essential differences in the organization of men,” for the regulation of their tastes. We shall then see that with equal chances of refinement, all men will follow their natural instincts in the selection of functions, and that a labor may be attractive to one and disagreeable to another, without reference to the factitious distinctions which society now establishes. The “essential differences,” may be marshalled into such beautiful order that all instincts may be fully gratified, from the desire of filling the “honorable” place of Sovereign of the globe, “descending down to positions of neutrality or places of public indifference.”

Mr. Clay must remember that it is not only ‘refinement’ which directs the tastes of people in occupations. We have known some very refined people who have thought it a great honor to wear a badge of distinction as an eminent butcher of their fellow creatures; (military glory has not yet fled from the earth;) and still worse we have seen that ‘refinement’ which does not shrink at immolating human victims to minister to its delicate sensibilities and luxurious wants.

Does he need an example on the other side, showing that that labor is not always repulsive to the refined, which is deemed degrading and dishonorable? Your cook, your washer-woman, are they not menials? Yes, and a stigma rests upon their occupations. But ask the first lady, ever so refined and cultivated, who is still a woman, and will she not tell you that she likes to wash and cook sometimes. Perhaps not the first, but try another and you will find the taste independent of the refinement.

This, then, gives an idea of what we mean by making labor agreeable, or attractive. We satisfy the natural instincts

of every one by employing them in those functions to which they are drawn and are adapted; and do not by a presumptuous *ipse dixit* that all labor shall be agreeable to all men, force the “feet” to perform that to which the “head” is alone competent—as civilization does.

We have exceeded our limits and cannot notice other points in the article of the True American as we desired, but if we have said enough to show that we are not mistaken in our appreciation of Mr. Clay’s knowledge of social questions, and to lead him to their examination and to a proper understanding of the doctrines of Association, we shall be satisfied.

¶ We invite the attention not only of scientific men but of mechanics and farmers, as well as of all to whom profound thoughts clearly expressed are always welcome visitors, to the article in our paper of to-day, upon Synthesis. We trust its length and its apparently abstract character will not deter any one from giving it a careful reading. Its conclusions are of the highest importance both in a scientific and social point of view.

¶ The index and title page of the present volume will be forwarded with our next number

PULTNEY FARM, Nov. 15, 1845.

MR DEAR SIR:—Although absent from Pittsburg I have been a looker on upon the events transpiring there. That “strike” of the Factory girls, is a labor meter, showing the condition of labor in our country, as accurately as a thermometer measures heat and cold. How idle is it for persons in free America to say, that labor with us is not fast degenerating to the suffering and pauper condition of labor in Europe. The working people circulate as the atmosphere, either individually or personally, by change of place, or by trade and circulation of their productions, so that every where in competitive society, the tendency of existing institutions is to sink all classes of workers to an equilibrium. We can no more keep off the pauperism and corruption of English Factory labor from our land, than we can keep off the pestilence which travels in the air. Western Factory owners must run their machines for long hours at short wages, to compete with the east; and the east must do the same to compete with Europe. The fault is not in Factory owners, but in the institutions of society. And we see now but the beginning of the evils which will arise, if a preventive be not had. Men are very much mistaken about the apparent public calm. Principles are at work in society, and that right fast, which will make terrible convulsions before long.

In reference to this and like subjects, I have been writing a Book, now nearly completed, and to be ready for the press in about two weeks, called ASSOCIATION AND CHRISTIANITY. My object in the work is to exhibit the anti-moral and anti-Christian tendencies of the social institu-

tions in what is called Civilization, and to contrast them in a moral and religious point of view, with Industrial Association. For this purpose, I give a sketch of the different professions and occupations in life, and their influence upon the character and happiness of man. I pass not by the bar, the medical profession, near the pulpit. For why should I! But though I attack perverted institutions, I pull down by building up: for I am not a destructionist. I endeavor to exhibit the religion of Christ as it was preached by Him and his Apostles, and I rest wholly on that foundation. The pulpit itself is sacred; and justly so: but wolves have entered the sheepfold.

My work will be a small pamphlet, very nearly the size of Parke Godwin’s Popular View; but it will occupy new grounds, not before presented. I wish to have it published at Pittsburg—for Factory people there, I think, will see in it, the secret springs and concealed dependencies which operate to their present and increasing prostration; and not only so, but they will see a *sure relief*, if they choose to adopt it. So that, by Christmas or New Year, I hope to offer to the public, a work, which I am sure will do no harm, however much it may excite temporary ill-will against me, and ultimately, I am certain the principles contained in it, will prosper and become established.

Yours, H. H. VAN AMBINGER,
Pittsburg Journal.

Be not satisfied in wishing well to thy hungry and suffering brother, but do something for his welfare.

WEST ROXBURY OMNIBUS!

Leaves Brook Farm at 8 A. M., and 1-2 P. M., for Boston, via Spring Street, Jamaica Plains, and Roxbury. Returning, leaves Doolittle’s, City Tavern, Brattle Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 P. M. Sunday excepted.
N. R. GERRISH.

Oct. 16, 1845.

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