

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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Selected Poetry.

THE BATTLE OF CHANGE.

BY CHARLES MAORAY.

GREAT thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast;
 The time is laboring with a mighty birth;
 The old ideas fall.
 Men wander up and down in wild intent;
 A sense of change preparing for the Earth
 Broods over all.
 There lies a gloom on all things under heaven—
 A gloom portentous to the quiet men,
 Who see no joy in being driven
 Onward from change, ever to change again;
 Who never walk but on the beaten ways,
 And love the breath of yesterdays—
 Men who would rather sit and sleep
 Where sunbeams through the ivies creep,
 Each at his door-post all alone,
 Heedless of near or distant wars,
 Than wake and listen to the moan
 Of storm vexed forests, nodding to the stars—
 Or hear, far off, the melancholy roar
 Of billows, white with wrath, battling against the shore.
 Deep on their troubled souls the shadow lies;
 And in that shadow come and go,
 While fitful lightnings write upon the skies,
 And mystic voices chant the coming wo,
 Titanic phantoms swathed in mist and flame—
 The mighty shapes of things without a name,
 Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
 That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind;
 Then marshalling in long array their hosts,
 Rush forth to battle in a cloud-like land,
 Thick phalanx'd on those far aerial coasts,
 As swarm the locusts plaguing Samarcand.
 Oh! who would live, they cry, in time like this?
 A time of conflict fierce, and trouble strange;
 When old and new, over a dark abyss,
 Light the great battle of relentless change!
 And still before their eyes discrowned kings,
 Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,
 Flit by—confused—with all incongruous things,
 Swooping in rise and fall on ponderous wings—
 While here and there, amid a golden light,
 Angelic faces, sweet as Summer morn,
 Which gleam an instant ere extinguished quite,
 Or change to stony skulls, or spectres livid white.
 But not to me—Oh! not to me appears
 Eternal gloom. I see a brighter sky,

I feel the healthful motion of the spheres;
 And laying down upon the grass, I hear
 Far, far away, yet drawing near,
 A low, sweet sound of ringing melody;
 I see the swift-winged arrows fly;
 I see the battle and the combatants;
 I know the cause for which their weapons flash;
 I hear the martial music and the chants,
 The shock of hosts, the armor clash,
 As thought meets thought; but far beyond I see,
 Adown the abysses of the Time to be,
 The well-won victory of the Right;
 The laying down of useless swords and spears;
 The reconciliation ardently desired
 Of Universal TRUTH and MIGHT—
 Whose long estrangement, filling earth with tears,
 Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,
 A lingering love, a hope inspired,
 To reconcile them, never more to sunder.
 Far, far away, above the rumbling thunder,
 I see the splendor of another day.
 Ever since infant time began,
 There has been darkness over man;
 It rolls and shrivels up! It melts away!

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM.*
PROUDHON.

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

MR. PROUDHON has of late been one of the most prominent men in Europe—or, as some writers might say, the most notorious. He has enjoyed the distinguished honor of being talked about in the newspapers, and his name has figured in dispatches received by magnetic telegraph.

Since his imprisonment for libel on President Bonaparte, we have not indeed heard often of him in the active world, but his writings remain to instruct, alarm or amuse according to the nature of their readers. His system, if system it be, is still there, and is still a regular subject for discussion. Monthlies and Quarterlies devote long articles to discussions of his sayings and doings, trembling for the welfare of the Continent which contains such a destructive. Mr. Guizot in his late book on Democracy in France, confesses that he is the ablest of the Socialists as well as the most terrific, and then launches into a refutation of his doctrines, so weak and shallow as to provoke only a smile from those who happen to be too well informed to be imposed on by its gravity and the elegance of its style. The daily journals of Paris and London, with few exceptions, have

*The series of articles of which this is the first has already appeared in the *New York Tribune*, but judging them worthy of being preserved in a form convenient for binding, Mr. Dana has consented to revise them for our paper.—[Ed. Spirit of the Age.

learned to sing the same song. Any one of them stands ready to affirm that Proudhon is an Atheist and a madman—a Communist burning to plunder the wealthy—the living incarnation of immorality, disorder and folly. These things are of course repeated on this side of the water, and silly editors—who never read a book of Proudhon's and know no more of his character than they do of his ideas—take their cue from European brethren and make themselves ridiculous by talking at second or third hand, what was little else than a mixture of ignorance and spite at first. We humbly protest against such a mode of deciding upon the merits of a man who whatever be his faults as a thinker, must be admitted on a more careful observation to possess a remarkable degree of originality and vigor of mind as well as of honesty and moral courage. We propose as briefly as possible—more briefly indeed than is consistent with a just statement of Proudhon's doctrines—to explain the leading points of his philosophical and economical system. First however it is proper to notice the facts of his personal history.

P. J. PROUDHON was born at Besançon, in the Department of Doubs—a region noted for the energy and talent of its natives—in the year 1809, and is accordingly now 40 years old. His father was a cooper, and his childhood was passed among the people. The circumstances of his early life no doubt contributed something to form in him the unyielding hostility to everything that burdens and keeps down the masses which is one of his characteristics. As a boy, he was remarkable for talent, originality and obstinacy. He had an uncle who was Professor of Law at the Royal College of Dijon. Attracted by the brightness of his nephew, he procured for him a free scholarship in that College. As a student, he carried all before him, being as industrious as he was gifted. The most abstruse subject was clear to his penetration; he knew at once, lessons over which others long and wearily drudged; his memory lost nothing that it had ever seized; and a weariless activity made his studies as extensive as they were thorough. He graduated with a reputation as brilliant as it was well earned, and no one could have had reason to doubt that fame and fortune awaited him in whatever profession he might choose.

But the young student was not like his companions. The learned professions did not tempt him; he fancied that in none of them could be found that independence which he knew to be the first want of his nature. He must have for himself a position in which his daily bread would never have to be earned by refraining to express what was a conviction, or expressing what was not. Lying, in all shades, was to him the most distasteful of all things. In his love of freedom and hatred of hypocrisy, there was something almost savage. Less compact, intense and consistent in his character than that other distinguished native of Besançon—CHARLES FOURIER, he was equally resolute and more uncompromising. He determined to learn a mechanical trade, and his scholarly habits and tastes naturally led him to become a printer.

It was not long before the quickness of young PROUDHON had mastered all the mysteries of typography, and he became an excellent workman. He was soon noticed by the chiefs of the establishment and made a proof-reader. In this capacity his knowledge of Greek, Latin and Oriental languages was of great service; he was employed in correcting learned works at a higher salary than ordinary proof-readers. His labor gave him a living, and there was no reason why he should not follow his bent. His thinking was much directed to metaphysical subjects; political economy was, also, a favorite theme of his reflections; but on the whole, philosophy had the preference. He dug into the obscurities of the Germans, searched the pantheisms of India and China, and found satisfaction in the vigorous logic of Aristotle and the glorious eloquence and glowing transcendentalism of Plato. Of all these systems, that of Hegel has perhaps had the most influence upon his mind; this influence is especially manifested in his largest and ablest work,

"The contradictions of Political Economy," where he sets the doctrines of opposing Schools of Economists to destroying each other somewhat after the fashion of the Milkenny Cats. But however this may be, the learning of Mr. Proudhon in the systems of philosophical writers is immense. We know privately that Mr. Morrell of London, author of the recent history of Modern Philosophy, regards him as almost unequalled in this respect.

Of course his sayings and writings during this period were not calculated to insure for him the reputation of a sound and safe person. He was always noted for the boldness of his ideas and the fearlessness with which they were uttered. He cared less about having what he said to-day in perfect harmony with what he said yesterday, than that it should be the expression of his present thought. This sort of honesty he preserves still, and when he changes his mind or gets a new idea is never afraid to say so. Then, as now, he frightened many who came in contact with him, but always commanded the respect of all by the sturdy vigor and courage of his moral and mental constitution.

While toiling in this double capacity of proof-reader and student, the Academy of his native City proposed in its regular list of subjects for prizes, "The Observation of the Sabbath." Proudhon wrote upon it, and his book gained the prize. It has been widely circulated and everywhere praised, especially by the religious. It maintains with much power the divine wisdom of the Mosaic law in general and of that ordinance establishing the Sabbath in particular. Some people wonder how such a radical and destructive could have written such a book; they do not comprehend him, that is all.

The prize gained was 1,800 francs (\$360) a year, for three years, to be expended at Paris in completing his studies. He went there and wasted no time, laboring for the most part in the same directions as before, namely, Metaphysics and Political Economy. Afterward he went back to Besançon and set up a Printing establishment on his own account, in which he succeeded; other industrial enterprises in which he engaged also bore witness, by turning out well, to the fact, that all of his talent does not lie in the use of his pen. He has also been engaged in other enterprises but never got rich, having always been drawn off by the necessity of writing. When once he was offered a large sum to engage in a business in which there was a certainty of making a fortune, but would have acquired his undivided attention, he refused, saying that his force was in his poverty.

It is as a journalist and since the Revolution that he has taken the large place he now occupies before the public. He began on the 1st of April, 1848, the publication of a daily penny paper at Paris called the *Representant du Peuple*. Gen. Cavaignac suppressed it in June; it appeared again when the interdict was removed from the journals generally; it was suppressed again August 21, and re-appeared Oct. 31, under the title of *Le Peuple*. Its numbers were afterwards seized many times according to the arbitrary and foolish law of the country and its publisher and editor subjected to numerous prosecutions, the last of which resulted in the sentence of a heavy fine and imprisonment; the charge in this case, was a libel on President Bonaparte, and the sentence was unjustly severe even supposing the charge true. For a time Proudhon kept out of the way in order to avoid imprisonment but at last gave himself up, and was put in jail, where he now remains, and where we hear he is about to be married. His paper finally ceased to appear, together with the other democratic journals of Paris, after the affair of June 13th, and has not since been recommenced.

Proudhon was chosen from Paris to the National Assembly at the election held to fill vacancies, June 4, 1848; he had 77,094 votes; the highest number of votes given to any candidate was 126,889 for M. Moreau. In the Assembly his course has been in harmony with his previous history. Never for an instant has he wavered from the side of the people, and never flinched be-

fire-opposition however overpowering and angry. Next to his devotion to the cause of Liberty his chief merit is his perfect frankness. He has no concealments and no compromises, never attempts to pass for anything other than he is, has nothing to do with trick or management. Such as he sees the truth or the fact, so he proclaims it; there are no shades and ambiguities of meaning in his vocabulary, but what he has to say comes bluntly and roughly out. If you agree with it, well; if not, you will feel yourself outraged, perhaps by the sweeping nature of the statement; to the speaker, personally, it is a matter of little consequence which.

M. Proudhon is about five feet eight inches high, of rather clumsy person. His hair is light, his complexion fresh, his eyes blue and keen and his nose slightly *retroussée*. His face expresses quickness, intelligence and confidence. He is not an orator, though at some of the banquets he has been roused to real eloquence; he gesticulates considerably, and without anything like grace. His voice is harsh and unmusical, and his speech distinct and monotonous. He uses no metaphors, never attempts any flights, but goes at his subject in a business-like fashion. When he speaks in the Assembly he always commands attention and often raises a tempest. But the members never fail to cease their clamor in order that he may go on; they know that they must hear him, and, besides, they are not unwilling to do so, for he never talks at random, says what nobody else would think of, and when he is done stops. In the tribune, as well as in the press, he is a man of great originality, complete fearlessness, and of force ever new and active. The Conservatives hate him, and fear him more than they hate; they call him bad names, they seek to destroy him. The people love him, not because he is a demagogue, but because he is true. He never seeks their favor nor the favor of anybody, but says what he believes.

This remarkable man lacks however in the practical wisdom which steers through difficulties without running ashore. He is no politician and has not the politician's tact and prudence. He is deficient in the love of approbation, and cares too little for others. This was especially manifested in the closing up of the Bank of the People last Spring in Paris. The organization had been commenced by him in conjunction with Victor Chiprón, Jules Lechevalier, Raman de la Sagra and others, but when he came to be put in prison he thought it necessary to close it up. Accordingly he himself reimbursed all the subscribers, taking upon his own shoulders the whole expenses, and the loss of stopping. But at the same time he published a statement which was not only uncourteous but positively unkind towards his former associates whom he in fact charged with stupidity and unfairness. This act lost him many friends and exhibits the weak side of his character.

Great as is the influence Proudhon's books have exercised upon opinion in France, it is as a journalist that he has come most in contact with the people. His paper had a very large circulation; at one time its daily sale was 60,000. This was due to him alone for none of his associates had the talent to gain so wide a circle of readers. The style of his articles could not but arrest the attention of the most indifferent reader, while to the aroused minds of the masses they were like trumpet blasts in the great battle of the Rich and the Poor. We remember particularly one of his leaders under the title of "The Malthusians" which sold fifty thousand extra copies of the paper, it being reprinted the next day, to meet the demand. In it he showed how all society was based on the doctrine of the celebrated Englishman, and how statesmen, philosophers, priests, writers, all taught that there were too many human beings in the earth, that the great banquet of nature was not spread for all and she had no word for the surplus except the command to depart. He showed that there were in reality but two parties in the contest of opinion, the Malthusians and the Socialists. It was such an article as a strong man might write after having let

the world's spectacle of misery and wrong sink into his soul. Such indignation, such massive sarcasm, such a stern lighting up of all the deformities of that vast scheme of plundering the many by the few, we call society! That was a rare article even for Proudhon, but he always wrote with surpassing ability, though often with utter lack of judgment. His attack on Louis Napoleon which got him in prison was an instance of this. It did no adequate good, and deprived him of liberty. The thing might have been done less quixotically. There was no question of principle so involved in it as to leave no choice. Had there been we should call the affair anything but quixotic.

But after all Mr. Proudhon is one of the most noteworthy men of the present French nation, admitting that he has all the faults you please. He is, or is said to be, paradoxical, belligerent, destructive, eccentric, revolutionary, agrarian, infidel, and we know not what else. Such are the accusations leveled against him most zealously indeed, by the privileged classes whose privileges he never spares. We do not now inquire whether these charges are just or unjust. For the present, let us judge the man by his usefulness; and in this view it is not too much to say he is a man whom the age could not do without. No single man has done so much as he to prevent France from slipping into the stagnation of decay, and with France all Europe. Moreover, it is well to bear in mind two things, namely—that such a contest as is now up in the old world, cannot be settled by soft words, but by harsh words that cut through old things like the jagged lightning; and also that such a man as he does not receive justice from his own generation.

One thing must not be omitted before closing our article. The personal character of Proudhon is above reproach; his practical morals are a thousand times more worthy of commendation than those of many men whose praise is in the mouth of every "moderate and honest" conservative.

From The Bhagvat Gæta.

THE PIETY OF ALL AGES.

[CONTINUED.]

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, AND THE VITAL SPIRIT.

Kreeshna Speaks.

A few amongst ten thousand mortals strive for perfection; and but a few of those who strive and become perfect, know me according to my nature. My principle is divided into eight distinctions; earth, water, fire, air, and ether; together with mind, understanding, and self-consciousness: but besides this know that I have another principle distinct from this, and superior, which is of a vital nature, and by which this world is supported. Learn that these two are the womb of all nature. I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not anything greater than I; and all things hang on me, even as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the *vedas*, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet smelling savor in the earth, glory in the source of light; in all things I am life, and I am seal in the sealous; and know, O Argoon, that I am the eternal seed of all nature. I am the understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength of the strong free from least and anger; and in animals I am desire regulated by moral fitness. But know that I am not in those natures which are of the three qualities called Satwa, Raja, and Tama, (Truth, Passion, Darkness,) although they proceed from me; yet they are in me. The whole of this world being bewildered by the influence of these three-fold qualities, knoweth not that I am distinct from these and without decline. This my divine and supernatural power, endued with these principles and properties, is hard to be overcome. They who come unto me get the better of this supernatural influence. The wicked, the foolish, and the low

mind come not unto me, because their understandings, being bewildered by the supernatural power, they trust in the principles of evil spirits. * * * *

I am extremely dear to the wise man, and he is dear unto me. All these are exalted; but I esteem the wise man even as myself, because his devout spirit dependeth upon me alone as his ultimate resource. * * * *

* * The ignorant, being unacquainted with my supreme nature, which is superior to all things, and exempt from decay, believe me, who am invisible, to exist in the visible form under which they see me. I am not visible to all, because I am concealed by the supernatural power that is in me. The ignorant world do not discover this, that I am not subject to birth or decay.

OF POOROOSH.

Let thy mind and understanding be placed in me alone, and thou shalt, without doubt, go unto me. The man who longeth after the Divine and Supreme Being, with his mind intent upon the practice of devotion, goeth unto him. The man who shall in the last hour call up the ancient Prophet, the prime director, the most minute atom, the preserver of all things, whose countenance is like the sun, and who is distinct from darkness, with a steady mind attached to his service, with the force of devotion, and his whole soul fixed between his brows, goeth unto that divine Supreme Being, who is called Param-Pooroosh.

* * He who, having closed up all the doors of his faculties, locked up his mind in his own breast, and fixed his spirit in his head, standing firm in the exercise of devotion, repeating in silence Om! the mystic sign of Brahm, thence called Ekakshar, shall, on his quitting this mortal frame calling upon me, without doubt go the journey of supreme happiness. He who thinketh constantly of me, his mind undiverted by another object, I will at all times be easily found by that constant adherent to devotion; and those elevated souls, who have thus attained supreme perfection, come unto me, and are no more born in the finite mansion of pain and sorrow. Know, O Arjoon, that all the regions between this and the abode of Brahm afford but a transient residence; but he who findeth me returneth not again to mortal birth.

They who are acquainted with day and night, know that the day of Brahma is as a thousand revolutions of the lyoogs, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day, all things proceed from invisibility to visibility; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away in that which is called invisible. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved; and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed is superior and of another nature from that visibility; it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible, is even he who is called the Supreme abode; which men having once obtained, they never more return to earth: that is my mansion. That Supreme Being is to be obtained by him who worshippeth no other Gods. In him is included all nature; by him all things are spread abroad. * * * *

Those holy men who are acquainted with Brahm, departing this life in the fiery light of day, in the bright season of the moon, within the six month's of the sun's northern course, go unto him; but those who depart in the gloomy night of the moon's dark season, and whilst the sun is to get within the southern path of his journey, ascend for awhile unto the regions of the moon, and again return to mortal birth. These two, light and darkness, are esteemed the world's eternal ways: he who walketh in the former path, returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter cometh back again upon the earth. A lyoog who is acquainted with these two paths of action, will never be perplexed; wherefore, O Arjoon, be thou at all times employed in devotion. The fruit of this surpasseth all the re-

wards of virtue pointed out in the *veets*, in worshippings, in mortifications, and even in the gifts of charity. The devout lyoogee, who knoweth all this, shall obtain a supreme and pricy place.

OF THE CHIEF OF SECRETS AND PRINCE OF SCIENCES.

This whole world was spread abroad by me in my invisible form. All things are dependent on me, and I am not dependent on them; and all things are not dependent on me. Behold my divine connection! My creative spirit is the keeper of all things, not the dependent. Understand that all things rest in me, as the mighty air, which passeth everywhere, resteth for ever in the eternal space. At the end of the period *Kalp* all things, O son of Koontee, return into my primordial source, and at the beginning of another *Kalp* I create them all again. I plant myself on my own nature, and create, again and again, this assemblage of beings, the whole, from the power of nature, without power. * * * *

* * Men of rigid and laborious lives come before me humbly bowing down, for ever glorifying my name; and they are constantly employed in my service; but others serve me, worshipping me, whose face is turned on all sides, with the worship of wisdom, unitedly, separately, in various shapes. * *

* * I am the journey of the good; the comforter; the creator; the witness; the resting-place; the asylum, and the friend. I am generation and dissolution; the place where all things are repositied, and the inexhaustible seed of all nature. I am sunshine, and I am rain; I now draw in, and now let forth. I am death and immortality; I am entity and non-entity.

THE PRESENT AGE.

BY J. G. FICHTE.

We have already remarked that nature has not bestowed upon Man, as it has upon Animals, a peculiar instinct whereby he may be led to the means of his preservation and well-being. This being the case, and also because nothing can be learned upon this subject from a *priori* Ideas, which only relate to the One and Everlasting Life of the Race, it follows, that in this province nothing remains for man but to try, or let others try at their own proper cost, what is good for him and what evil, and to note the result for his guidance at some future time. Hence it is quite natural and necessary that an Age whose whole theory of the world is exhausted in the means, of personal existence, should value Experience as the only possible source of Knowledge since those very means, which are all that such an Age can or will recognise, are only to be recognised through Experience. In mere Experience—from which however we must carefully distinguish scientific *Observation* and *Experiment*, with which an *priori* Idea is always associated, that, namely, of the object of inquiry—in mere Experience there is contained nothing but the means of physical preservation, and on the other hand these means can only be recognised by Experience:—hence it is Experience alone from which this Age derives its views of the world; and the world again, as seen by it, points to Experience as its sole original;—and thus both react upon each other with the same result. Therefore such an Age is obliged to deny and deride all the knowledge which we possess *priori* and independent of Experience, and the assertion that from knowledge itself, without intermixture of any sensuous element, new knowledge may arise and burst forth. Did it possess Ideas of a higher world and its order, then it would easily understand that these are founded on no Experience whatever, since they transcend all Experience; or if, on the other hand, it had but the fortune to possess a nature wholly animal, it would then not be obliged laboriously to seek by means of Experience, its knowledge of the world—that is, the means of its physical preservation—but it would possess these *priori* in the animal instinct; since in fact the ox grazing on the meadows leaves untouched those

grasses which are hurtful to his nature, without ever having tasted them and discovered by experience their pernicious qualities; and in like manner partakes of those which are healthful to him without previous trial; and consequently, if we were to ascribe knowledge to him, possesses a knowledge absolutely *a priori* and independent of all Experience. Only in the middle state between Humanity and Animalism is Experience—that wherein our race ranks below the animals, and in its superiority to which the meanest insect, although destitute of our *a priori* convictions of an Eternal World, may be an object of envy to man—only in this middle state, I say, is Experience elevated to be the crown and standard of Humanity, and such an Age steps boldly forward and asks—“Might it but know then how any knowledge whatever is possible except by Experience?” as if by this question, indeed, every one would be frightened, retreat within himself, and give no other answer than the desired one.

In so far as this Age admits the possibility of some of the knowledge which lies beyond the confines of the mere science of the physical world, although it does so in a somewhat inconsequential manner, and only because such things are also present in Experience, and on account of such Experience are taught in the Schools, it becomes its highest wisdom to doubt of everything, and in no matter to take a part either on the one side or the other. In this neutrality, this immovable impartiality, this incorruptible indifference to all truth, it places its most excellent and perfect wisdom; and the charge of having a system appears to it as a disgrace by which the reputation of a man is irretrievably destroyed. Such scientific cobwebs are only devised in order that young people of the lower classes, who have no opportunity of seeing the great world, may, by amusing themselves with them, develop their capacities for active life. For this purpose every opinion and every proposition, affirmative as well as negative, are equally available; and it is a contemptible blunder to mistake jest for earnest, and to interest oneself for any side of such a controversy, as if it were something of importance.

With respect to the influence which it exerts upon Nature and its employment of her powers and products, such an Age looks everywhere only to the immediately and materially *useful*—to that, namely, which is serviceable for dwelling, clothing, and food—to cheapness, convenience, and, where it attains its highest point, to fashion; but that higher dominion over Nature whereby the majestic image of Man as a Race is stamped upon its opposing forces—I mean the dominion of Ideas, in which the essential nature of Fine Arts consist—this is wholly unknown to such an Age; and even when the occasional appearance of men of more spiritual nature may remind it of this higher sovereignty it only laughs at such aspirations as mere visionary extravagance; and thus Art itself, reduced to its most mechanical forms, is degraded into a new vehicle of fashion, the instrument of a capricious luxury, alien to the Eternities of the Ideal world. With respect to the legislative constitution of States and the government of Nations, such an Age either, impelled by its hatred to the old, constructs political fabrics upon the most airy and unsubstantial abstractions, and attempts to govern degenerate men by means of high-sounding phrases without the aid of firm and inflexible power; or, restrained by its idol Experience, it hastens, on every emergency whether of great or small importance—being convinced beforehand of its own utter inability to determine upon a course of action for itself—to consult the chronicles of the Past, to read there how others have formerly acted under similar circumstances, and takes from thence the law of its own conduct;—and in this way constructs its political existence out of a confused patchwork gathered from many different Ages long since dead, thereby openly displaying a clear consciousness of its own utter nothingness. With respect to Morality, it proclaims this as the only Virtue—that we should pursue our own individual interests, at farthest adding thereto those of others (either as bound in honor

so to do, or else from mere inconsequence) so far as they are not inconsistent with our own; and this as the only Vice—to fail in the pursuit of our own advantage. It maintains, and—since it can have no difficulty in discovering an ignoble motive for every action, inasmuch as it is quite unacquainted with aught that partakes of nobleness—it even pretends to prove, that all men who live or ever have lived, have actually thought and acted in this way, and that there is absolutely no other motive of action in man than Self-Interest;—compassionating those who assume the existence of any other, as silly fools who are as yet ignorant of the world and of men. Lastly, with respect to Religion, it also is changed into a mere Doctrine of Happiness, designed to remind us that man must be temperate in enjoyment, in order that his enjoyments may be lasting and varied; a God is deemed necessary only in order that he may care for our welfare, and it is our wants alone which have called him into existence, and determined him to be. Whatever it may chance to retain of the super-sensual elements of any already existing system of Religion, owes this forbearance only to the need there may be of a curb for the unbridled populace, which however the cultivated classes do not require; and to the want of a legitimate means of supplying the deficiencies of political Art, or of judicial Evidence. In short—and to express the matter in one word—such an Age has reached its highest point of development when it has attained a clear conviction that Reason, and with Reason all that lies beyond mere sensuous personal Existence, is only an invention of certain idle individuals called Philosophers.

So much for the general delineation of the Third Age, the individual features of which we shall bring forward and examine in detail in our future addresses. One only characteristic we shall notice at present, which inasmuch as it affects the form of the whole Epoch, cannot be passed over here;—this, namely,—that this Age, in its best representatives, is so confident, so firmly assured of the truth of its views, that in this respect it is not surpassed even by the certainty of scientific conviction. It looks down with unspeakable pity and compassion upon those earlier Ages in which men were still so weak-minded as to allow themselves to be seduced from pleasures which were offered to their immediate enjoyment by a spectre which they named Virtue, and by a dream of a super-sensual world;—upon those Ages of darkness and superstition, when they, the representatives of a new Age, had not yet appeared—had not yet fathomed and thoroughly laid open the depths of the human heart—had not yet made the great and astounding discovery, and loudly proclaimed and universally promulgated it—that this heart is at bottom nothing but a base puddle. It does not oppose, but only compassionates and good naturedly smiles at those who, living in it, yet reject its opinions; and calmly settles itself in the philanthropic hope that they too may one day raise themselves to the same point of view, when they have been matured by age and experience; or when they have studied, as thoroughly as its own representatives have done, that which it calls History. It is only here, although this is lost upon those representatives, that it is surpassed by Science itself, inasmuch as the latter perfectly comprehends its opponents' mode of thought, can reconstruct it from its separate parts, is able to restore it, should it unfortunately be lost to the world, and even finds it to be perfectly just when considered from its proper point of view. Thus, were we to speak in the name of Science, the supposed impregnability of the mode of thought which we have now described arises precisely in this way;—that, considered from the point of view where its advocates are placed, it is perfectly just; and however frequently they may re-examine the chain of their conclusions they will never discover any break in its sequence. If there be absolutely nothing but the sensuous existence of individuality, without any higher life of the Race; then there can be no other source of knowledge but Experience, for we are obviously informed concerning this sensuous existence only by Experience; and just on that account every other pretended source of knowledge, and whatever may flow therefrom, mu

of necessity be a mere dream and phantom of the brain;—whereby, indeed is left unexplained the actual possibility of such dreaming and so conjuring out of the brain what in reality the brain does not contain; from which explanation, however, our representatives wisely abstain, satisfied with the experience that such dreams are. And that there actually is nothing except this sensuous individual existence, they know very well from this;—that however often and deeply they have fathomed the abysses of their own being, they have never been able to discover therein aught but the feeling of their own personal sensuous existence.

And thus it follows from all that has been said, that this manner of thinking is by no means founded upon an error of reasoning or of judgment, which may be remedied by pointing out to the Age the mistake into which it has fallen, and reminding it of the rules of logic which it has transgressed; but it is founded upon the altogether defective character of the Age itself. While it and they are what they are, they must necessarily think as they now think; and if they think otherwise than they do think, they must first of all become something different from what they are.

To close our lecture with the only consoling view which the subject affords:—It is a happiness that even the most inveterate champions of this manner of thinking are always, against their own wish and will, something better than their speech proclaims them; and that the spark of a higher life in Man, however it may be concealed, is yet never extinguished, but gleams on with silent and secret power until material is presented to it at which it may kindle and burst forth into bright and steady flame. To fan this spark of a higher life, and as far as possible to furnish it with materials for its activity, is also one of the objects of these lectures.

ROLLIN, LAMARTINE, & C.

A Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican describes Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac, Lamartine, &c., as follows:

Sitting near each other were Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac and Felix Pyatt. The first is considered one of the handsomest men in Paris. He is large and portly, apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, with a round, fine, amiable face, dark eyes and hair, and the whitest imaginable teeth, which are displayed to great advantage by a very sweet smile. I could not but observe the deference with which he was treated by those around him: his associates all feel that his is a master-spirit, and that his destiny is to be a great one. Cavaignac is very different; tall, slender, past forty years of age, and a rather thin face, with a serious expression, he yet wins admiration by the manly dignity of his tone and manners, over which an additional charm is thrown by the graceful ease which characterizes all his movements. He and Ledru Rollin are decidedly the finest looking men in the Assembly. As to Felix Pyatt, he was made to be admired. Small and very slightly built, his hollow cheeks and wild, haggard looks bespeak a mind restless and ill at ease, and tell of the sleepless nights and anxious days passed in the labors of his political career; he looks young, but he is evidently weak in body. He dresses carelessly, wearing, as an emblem of his creed, a very red cravat, whose ends fall conspicuously over his breast. A more striking evidence, apparently, of the wearing effects of political struggling, I have never seen. He spoke once or twice, and with a fierce energy that was startling. In strong contrast to Pyatt, stood M. de Lamartine.

How many of your readers, I wonder, have formed a correct idea of this celebrated man? Those gentle beings who have wept over Raphael, and felt their little hearts swell with admiration when reading the songs of the most tender of the French poets, have doubtless imagined him young, tall, and slender, with a pale, melancholy countenance, eyes dark, soft, and lustrous, and hair waving in silken curls above a white and noble

forehead. The gentlemen, on the contrary, have, perhaps, pictured him a man of thirty or forty years of age, strong and energetic in his person, with all the fire of genius flashing from his eyes—in fact, a golden winged eagle, as he has been called. Ladies and gentlemen, your imaginations are too vivid. Lamartine is of a medium height, very thin, old, with short, straight grey hair, hollow cheeks, and a long nose, slightly red, no whiskers, no soft smile to redeem the size of his mouth or his thin, colorless lips, no tenderness, no fire in the hollow grey eyes, but simply a quiet, serious, rather stern looking old man. Whilst I was examining him, Napoleon Bonaparte (not the President), passed by, and I was startled almost off my seat by the wonderful resemblance he bears to the portraits of the Emperor. Had I time, I might give you a short description of Laroche Jaquelin, the fattest man in the Assembly, with a half bushel at least of curly hair standing out from each side of his round, good-humored face; and of Lucien Murat, another large, fat specimen, who sometimes appears in a costume as brilliant as that in which his splendid father astonished the Cossacks; and of Odillon Barrot, with his short, plump figure and round, florid, ludicrously savage little face.

But my letter is growing so long that I must reserve these gentlemen for another time. I will finish by giving you a little speech of Monsieur Lamartine, which was told me the other day. It seems he has been much annoyed by the pertinacity of some Americans, who have insisted upon seeing and being introduced to him, just as if he was some great curiosity to be seen for a fixed price. A short time since, becoming vexed with a certain member of the Assembly, he exclaimed,—“You are silly enough to be trans-Atlantic.” This little anecdote may serve as some warning to future travelers.

A MODEL TOWN.—The town of Ceresco, Fond Du Lac county, Wisconsin, has no pauper nor a drunkard and never had. It has been organized five years. There is not a place in town where ardent spirits are retailed, and there has not been a contested lawsuit between two of its inhabitants. All the inhabitants live by labor.

There are over 200 copies of about 70 different regular papers, mostly reform papers, taken by the inhabitants; and what is of more importance at this time, is that about 20 persons are now combined and building a large and commodious store for a Protective Union, through which about three hundred families will do their trading, both in marketing produce, mostly wheat and flour, and in purchasing goods.

The town or township Ceresco, if our memory is correct, is the site of the Wisconsin Phalanx. W. Chase, from whose published letter we gather the foregoing particulars, states that the Phalanx will be ready by next spring to sell building lots to such Reformers as wish to live in a community where they can be free from many of the prevailing vices and swindling operations of speculators, and in as beautiful and healthy a place as the west can afford.

TIME.—Every day is a year to a silkworm, and has in it the four seasons. The morning is the spring, the middle of the day summer, the evening autumn, and the night winter. To man life is a year, and a year is a day—past scenes are generally recollected with a solemn sadness, caused by the thought that the time is gone, which will never return. Our days must be well and profitably spent, if we would remember them with pleasure.

NEVER believe a report to the prejudice of others till you are forced to it. Never drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. Always moderate, as far as you can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. Always believe that, if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Translated for The Spirit of the Age,
MAN AND HIS MOTIVES.
 BY JULIEN LE ROUSSEAU.

I.
Form of the Series.

The series can be better comprehended by means of a table than by any amount of definitions. It is a succession of terms divided into three parts and forming a complex unity. The first division is called the *ascending wing* and balances the third, the *descending wing*; the second, which holds the middle place, is the center or apogee.



"The series appears to us," says the author of the "Defence of Fourierism," as the appointed method of general order from the molecule to the Deity; as the *moule unique* of the successive development of life, and at the same time as the *cadre* which reunites under one point of view its divers conditions. It is this which rules every individual manifestation, which by them touches simultaneously and in turn the instrument of space and time, as notes of the universal harmony. The laws of contrast, combination, and of hierarchy, mark out the place and the part of the most feeble being, and break up when their career has ended, the most immense individualities like atoms. The Series is the eternal rhythm of creation, which one cannot better sum up than in the words of the saviour who first has revealed to the world the magnificence of it. "Double vibration, ascending and descending from the infinitely little to the infinitely great, and from the infinitely great to the infinitely little."

II.
Universality of the Serial Law.

"Nature," says Fourier, "employs series of groups in all the distribution of the universe; the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral present everywhere series of groups. The planets are a series of more perfect order even than these kingdoms; these are distributed in a free or simple series (the

word *free* signifies that the number of their groups is undetermined); the planets are disposed in a compound or measured series; this order, more perfect than the simple is unknown to astronomers and geometricians; hence they cannot explain the causes of the distribution of the stars, nor say why God has given more or less satellites to particular planets, why a ring to one and not to another, &c.

Since this law is universal, and it would be impossible to conceive of unity and variety without admitting it; hence the conclusion is necessary that man is subject to it in all his organization, in the distribution of his faculties and also in his labors. Obligated to act everywhere on the objects of the external world for his own preservation, and development, could he pursue a course opposed to that generally adopted in creation? Would not his mission then be to derange, disorganize and cause confusion everywhere? Would not the exterior world then present to him at every step the most serious obstacles? The hypothesis of this constant opposition cannot be admitted for a single instant, since this would throw man out of the general unity, by supposing that things had been badly disposed around him or that he had not been created to act upon them, conformably to their natural order. Man then should not only obey this law, which differentiates and harmonizes the beings around him; but still more, he must himself be organized according to it. This proves in the most evident manner, that the passional analysis, which shows to us the spring of the human soul subjected to the same distribution as the other kingdoms of creation, is founded in fact.

We offer yet other proofs of the universality of the law of which we treat. We borrow them from a bibliographical work by M. A. Golin published by the Phalange.

"Before possessing exact knowledge of the serial law the human mind had an instinctive notion of it. In antiquity, artists guided by feeling, made frequent applications of this great law. Architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, orators followed unconsciously the inspirations of serial law. Architects gave to their constructions a center and wings; and in the distribution of the interior or exterior embellishments of their monuments the series was constantly their guide. The poet and musician, without knowing it, paid homage to the same law, by number, rhythm, the strophe and all the symmetric forms of poetry and music. The orator, and later, the rhetorician and grammarian, who have analysed and perfected the forms of language, conformed them to the same principle, by the construction of the period, and the connection of all parts of the discourse. Dialectics, that art which the ancients carried so far, the logic of Aristotle, so prized in the middle ages, is only a faithful expression of the Series, if not in the ideas themselves, at least in the plan, in the mechanism of the argument. And at last when the necessity of self-defence or of attack made an art of war, a combination, a science, having its rules and theory, it was the serial law which was instinctively applied to all its acquisitions, to all military operations.

"In fact, it is impossible to produce any creation whatsoever on which the serial law is not more or less imprinted. When man wishes to create, he cannot prevent himself from imitating the processes of nature; he feels that beauty, solidity, elegance, strength, perfection, in a word, result everywhere and always from the harmonic distribution of all the parts which compose the created object. This sentiment existed in a high degree amongst the Grecians, the most artistic people of the earth. The words *harmony* and *symmetry* which the French now employ to express this sentiment which has become, thanks to the doctrine of Fourier, a precise idea, existed in the Greek language twenty-five centuries ago."

The harmonic or measured distribution, the serial disposition, is a fact so general, that chemistry asserts by the lips of M. Laurent, that "number, form and arrangement are as important, if not more important than substance."

(To be Continued)

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

PEACE OR WAR, ONCE AGAIN.

A SHORT time since an honored friend addressed the editor in the following straight-forward style.

"The Gods love Integrity better than Charity," said Socrates; and they are false prophets who cry 'peace, peace, when there is no peace.' I can accept your statement, that there are persons existing whose office may not be war. All such I pity, even while honoring them; for the duty of those called to war is plainer, their virtue more clear and more effective. It is still *their* day; and their work must be done before another is begun. There seems to me more peace, peace of CONSCIENCE, LIVE peace, on the point of Bem's, Dembinski's, Gorgey's sword—than in all the peace societies on earth, where cowardice, want of principle and stupidity reign, and by whose nonsense the very hypocrisy and despotism are nurtured, which must forever and ever create war. I do not agree with you that the Revolution of 1848 was *too late* and *too early*. It was necessary. IT HAS BEEN. And if God overrules, there was more of His Will in it than of human wilfulness."

As these words of unfaltering assurance were read, there came to mind Napoleon's direction to his Secretary,—“Leave the letters for a week; by that time, more than half will have been answered by events.” How could one but follow the heroic campaign in Hungary with eye intent upon the map, and heart beating with a hope that reason sadly checked? Now justice, humanity, freedom lie prostrate. “It has been.” Was “God in it?” Never. Those Russians were the children of darkness, and their artillery was fire from hell. “Live Peace,” alas! became dead despair; and Liberty wails over her slaughtered children, un comforted. Meanwhile, spite of disastrous defeat, Right and Duty rise glorified and immortal. Gentle angels, they come to prisoners in the dungeon, yea, to even tyrants on the throne, saying, “Had ye but known,—*would ye but know*, in this your day, the things that belong to your *peace*.” When the veil of secrecy is rent away, will not the world probably see that the question, which divided Hungary, distracting her councils and armies, was the SOCIAL one,—intermingling inevitably with that of Constitutional Monarchy and Republicanism. Was not Kossuth, with the Liberal Party, too far in advance of the Magyars and the Slavons? Was not he “too early;” were not they “too late?” Shall we learn the lesson?

Last week we presented *Negative arguments against War*. To-day we pass to

II. POSITIVE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF PEACE.

1. What is the life of Liberalism?

Man's aspiration for *Freedom*, as the means of *Growth*.

If Absolutism, Political and Ecclesiastical,—as may well be feared, does deliberately employ emissaries in all Free States to undermine their institutions, to what point must their toils be directed? To the destruction of man's faith in man. “Sap this first of all; then will structures reared upon it crumble before the food and wind, and sink at the slightest shock.” Suppose a Jesuit, as conceived by the enemies of that ill starred order,—or a Russian spy, commissioned by superiors in Europe to prepare the way for a prostration of this Republic; what would be his policy? To imbrute and exasperate on the one hand the populace; to fill the minds of the privileged on the other with haughty distrust, and love of rule. He would fan the smouldering sparks of discontent into flame, and heap fuel on the fire of every mob; he would seek to promote a large police, and to corrupt the corps of municipal officials; he would stimulate the thirst for military glory, by subtle appeals to

popular passion; he would bribe or buy up the press to madden the lust for gambling gain; he would mold politicians to mercenary ambition; he would pour out from pulpits contempt for man. In brief, his aim would be, to infiltrate through every artery and vein of the nation the subtle poison of *Fear*, *Artifice*, and *Force*.

Now, from this inverse example we may learn by contrast the direct policy for all true friends of Freedom. It is summed up in three words,—*Trust*, *Truth*, *Concord*. Republics are strong in proportion to the confidence of every profession, trade, handicraft, in the protection and aid of every other,—to the frank, full interchange of thought from class to class, from government to people, from constituents to representatives—to cordial experience of mutual benefaction and reciprocated assurances of collective growth. Asylums for the suffering, public schools, lecture-rooms, houses for worship, are the impregnable fortresses of Free States; a high toned press, wise legislation, sound hearted eloquence in deliberative bodies, calm, comprehensive public documents, are their irresistible artillery; open and accessible markets, unrestricted inland and coast navigation, rivers stirring with steamboats and glistening with sails, rail-roads interlinking all cities and villages, telegraphs with their net-work of iron nerves, richly cultivated harvests, fields, orchards and vineyards, buzzing manufactories, sound and abundant currency, comfort, refinement, artistic beauty, are their camps, barracks, arsenals.

In one word Russia, Prussia, Austria, Rome, fear nothing on this earth so much as this Republic's Peaceful Progress.

2. How conquer Absolutism?

By exhibiting a higher form of *Conservative Order*.

There is no denying that Autocracy, Monarchy, Oligarchy, rest on the broad and deep foundation of past precedents. Their hold over men is the seeming necessity of curbing by military governments, the lawless lusts, brutal tendencies, blind caprices of multitudes; and of confining within fixed forms the rash vagaries and extravagant ambition of an aspiring few. Modern Liberalism springs from a faith in the Reason, Conscience and Rectitude of Man Universal, peculiar to Christendom. The United States is the only nation that has ever yet existed, wherein this Christian Liberalism has found even an imperfect manifestation. Now it will not unbar one dungeon door, nor file off one fetter of Absolutism to keep order in Liberal States, by the old machinery of spies, gend'armerie, prisons, and soldiers. The *test-question* is,—and all Europe! aye Nicholas, and every king and petty prince are looking with amazed awe for the answer,—“*can Law execute itself through the loyal co-operation of the Law-Makers?*” In other words is Moral Freedom really superior to Natural Force. Did we, as a People but feel, how mankind's best hope is entrusted to our keeping! Not by flags, munitions, resolves, bands of volunteers, money, can we most efficiently succor the struggling patriots of Europe, and bring home convictions of duty to self deceived oppressors. The only help, worth sending,—and that might be omnipotent—would be a stern condemnation of tyrants and an unreserved assertion of the rights of their victims, made quickening by our consistent example.

Alas! Why are we powerless in the great struggle now impending? The Nations in their agony cry “God bless us;” why does “Amen stick in our throat?” Heaven and Humanity know only too well. It is because we ourselves are Tyrants, Aristocrats, Oligarchists. Sad images of slave coffee, cotton fields, rice swamps, sugar mills, blunt the edge of the statesman's pen, quench the orator's fire, deaden the people's shout. Public meetings of sympathy! Addresses! what are they but lukewarm lies, which earnest Liberalism spues out of its mouth. Even Absolutism is held back by prudence only, from casting our braggadocioic nonsense in our face. Yes! and that is not all. Cities infested with paupers,—land and real estate overlaid with titles and mortgages,—courts thronged with clients and

lawyers,—prisons crowded with broken down wretches,—betray too loudly the secret that the Problem of a COMMONWEALTH is not yet practically solved by us.

Wait a while, say the tyrants, nodding to each other over their prey; the young braggart Republic takes after its ancestors, and learns our tricks very fast; slavery at the base, scramble and overreaching in every class, political corruption, foreign conquest, street fights, shooting of rioters, standing armies! All goes well! Flatter, coax, give full swing to the spendthrift. We will jew him out of his patrimony, before he comes of age. Lucifer, son of the morning, soon will thou be like one of us!

The only way to confound these ill-boding prophets, is to falsify their predictions by *Peaceful Justice*.

3. How end the strife between Liberalism and Absolutism?

By realizing the ideal of *Freedom and Order made ONE*, in harmonious communities.

It would be scarce worth the battle to prostrate Czar Nicholas, the Emperors of Prussia and Austria, Princes of Germany and the Pope, for the end of raising up a score of President Napoleons; to overturn the palace of Russian Legitimacy and rear on the ruins a kraal of rickety Republics. What the world really pines for is a reform so radical as to transmute Politics from a *brutal game* into a *HUMANE ART*. Man seems bedevilled now, in all nations, by some fatal Circean charm. How to get rid, root and branch, of this whole crop of pettifogging, superficial, vain, covetous "Loafers,"—who call themselves "Statesmen,"—and put Administration, through every ramification of legislative and executive duty, into the hands of cool headed, efficient, disinterested, provident Workers,—is the vital question. Absolute and Liberal Rulers alike, have as a last resort, to fall back upon the counsel and guidance of practically intelligent persons, who by thought and large experience have learned both *What* should be done, and *How* to do it, and the Laws of time and space in relation to *Principles*. Is there no feasible mode of setting Real Kings on the throne in place of Usurpers? We want Governments able to guide and not waiting to be pushed; diffusing information and not dunce-like needing to be drilled and crammed; attracting obedient concert of action by manifest power to bless, and not meanly wringing support from subjects who prefer even pigmy potentates to hell let loose. Absolutism *de facto* must prevail henceforth as in the past, however named or misnamed, until Liberalism learns the art of discovering *Leaders de jure*. Law and Liberty will become correlative and equivalent,—then and then only, when God-commissioned Chiefs are voluntarily crowned by Brethren as Sovereigns.

The problem of possible reconciliation between Absolutism and Liberalism, by change of terms, becomes then this: how secure *Equilibrium between the component forces* of communities by *practical recognition of their respective Rights*. Where mere cohesion of Constraint unites a society, though it be but a single household, there is Autocracy. Equally true is it, that where Independence arrays the few, or many, in competitive conflict, there is Mobocracy. Duty, on the large scale or the small, means the Balance of Mutual Use. And Governments are worthy of loyal love just in degree as they are animated by this Divine Principle, which alone makes the Rule of Infinite Goodness venerable. Republics are partial manifestations of a more central ideal than Aristocracies or Monarchies; they are blossoms on the Tree of Life of which earlier institutions were the leaves; but they are not yet the fruit. Within Humanity, within each man, works forward to consummate outgrowth the thought of Social Organizations,—which shall fulfil the benign maxim, of "Each for All and All for Each," by proving that Individual and Collective Good are mutual complements; that the life of Families, Communities and Nations, dwells in their several members, and the privatest life of every member in the relations, circle beyond circle, wherein they are embraced.

Can this sublime Hope become Reality? Why not? What hinders? Organize every industrial function into groups; select from such groups approved Chiefs and Representatives; unite them through working not talking Congresses by townships, states, nations, in a Serial Confederacy of Mankind; and the end is gained. Then ceases forever the war between the Few and the Many, the Privileged and the People, Absolutism and Liberalism, by *Peaceful Co-operation*.

III. CONCLUSION.

Negative and Positive arguments thus conspire to prove,—that War is a monstrous brutality, belonging to the Barbarian era,—that it has no appropriate place in Civilization,—and finally, that it should instantly and forever disappear before the SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

There remain three practical hints to be briefly suggested, ere closing.

1. Every consideration presented goes directly to show that "LIVE peace" is *positive* and *organic*. It is high-time that so called peace-men should thoroughly comprehend this plain yet slighted truth. Passive Non-Resistance must become active Reconciliation.

We have not yet the Address of the Paris Congress, and will not prematurely judge of its doings. It was not a good omen, that sitting at the center of Christendom in arms, the rule should have been "*Silence*"—in regard to actual outrages. One is reminded of "Hamlet, with the part of Prince of Denmark omitted by particular request." Was there none to say, "Better far to break up, and adjourn to Switzerland or England, than to enter upon deliberations meant for use with lips padlocked as to application of principles?" But springing germs send tender rootlets under ground, and opening blades are pliant. Let us hope that the seed thus sown in the tempest will grow to mature vigor beneath serene skies. The "Resolutions"—especially that condemning loans and taxes for war purposes,—are good so far as they go; they are strangely shy of committal, however, on THE ONE question, which Paris and Europe have most at heart to solve, and which every peace-man should be prepared to answer, viz: "*What means SOCIALISM?*"

It is all in vain, to try to dodge or postpone responsibilities. Providence has as little patience with tardiness as with haste. It is bad to be rash; it is worse to procrastinate. Now truth demands the uncompromising assertion;—(that it is a farce—to ask "Arbitration" without *Confederacy of Interests*; or general "Disarmament" without *Equitable Exchange*; or a "Congress of Nations and a Supreme Court" without *Unity of Industrial and Financial Policy*.)

The true work for a Peace Congress is to show how Christian Nations may be changed from Rivals into mutual Benefactors,—from conquering Destroyers into co-operative Redeemers of the multitudes of yet wild mankind—from greedy Spoilers into reverent Cultivators of the globe which God has given as a home for the Race.

2. They are doubtless right, who call upon the United States to head the party of Reform. But we shall much mistake our mission, if we are content with drawing contrasts between our prosperity and Europe's wants, our harmony and her struggles. And nothing can well be more superficial, than to say to the varied nations—"blot out your past, unlearn your history, burn your archives, raze your monuments, bury your institutions,—in a word be born anew, and *imitate us*." Yet this is what is practically done, when looking on Italy, Germany, France, England, Ireland, as they toas and rave in their feverish crisis, we taunt them with our boasted Constitution. In private life, is it thought mannerly and wise for the strong to shake the sick with a summons to get up and be hearty and well?

Nations are no more meant to be alike, than are single persons. Certain great political principles indeed may be universally applicable; and among such we may safely reckon Repre-

entation, Popular Responsibility, Election, and above all Serial Confederacy. But may it not well be supposed, that there are other modes of combining these principles besides that which our Republic illustrates? And on the other hand is it treachery to suggest, that we might borrow some useful hints from older nations?

Our work manifestly is to perfect our own institutions. Our urgent duty, in this generation, is to avail ourselves of a virgin soil, vigorous youth, unencumbered finances, exemption from foreign alliances, freedom from traditional customs—our elbow-room in a word, instantly and effectually to solve the **SOCIAL Problem**. If we can show Christendom, by swift and safe success,—how to elevate all men, in character, culture, condition, and to unify them by fraternal honor, we shall do a thousand fold more to advance the world than by whitening the Atlantic with our navies, and marching resistless legions from Paris to St. Petersburg. Believe it, oh! countrymen, the Dove shall yet conquer the Eagle.

3. But the Peace-Policy is so tame! Ay! There is the secret instigation to the system of wholesale butchery, called War. Our imaginations creep over the low plains of the past, and cannot scale the mountain barriers to catch bright visions of the future. Pirate-blood yet courses in our veins; romantic legends of our ancestors haunt us like giant shadows on the wall at twilight; old nursery ballads make the heart beat quick with hope of high adventure; because greatness has been matured amid wrong and hardship, we fear lest littleness will be the native growth of love and joy.

Let us do better justice to human nature. What is it that really thrills us when we read of heroism? Not mangled limbs and gaping wounds. Triumph of spirit over flesh is the charm of fortitude; forgetfulness of bodily peril in fidelity to ideas is the kingliness of courage. Chivalry is symmetric power, made wondrously up of passion and patience, promptitude and collected judgment, magnanimity and inflexible right, self-reliance and loyalty. Now it is poverty of thought alone, that habituates us to associate these virtues with pain, conflict, chaos. Man is most truly manly, not when he contends against but when he commands fate. In presence of the godlike, nature's abortions,—her savage brood of monsters—become docile and humanized. It is victorious good alone that is lovely, venerable, in the wars of the past. Pain yielded to need, debases spirits, and evil must be subdued or transformed. But struggle always leaves a scar; while transformation of demons into angels renovates the youth of the miracle-worker. The true artists have in all ages veiled strength under grace, in their loftiest ideals. What a clumsy brute is Hercules beside lithe Apollo; how powerless the club of force in contrast with truth's golden shaft and love's harmonious harp.

When we read history profoundly, and penetrate with prayerful truthfulness to the inner courts of Will in man,—we are flooded with a conviction that our RACE thus far has been but a brave, bold boy. Now has come the crisis of *puberty*, fuller and warmer in emotion, but cooler and larger in purpose. No mere sham-fights in play, when the real work of glorifying earth with lives of beauty welcomes us to wear the robes of manhood! We can read Homer and the Sagas and tales of Chivalry, with delight, in idle hours, as we gossip about the hunting adventures of childhood; but a droll sense of incongruity besets us, at the slightest thought of acting over again the antics of such restless, and stormful ages. A growing sentiment of personal dignity makes the headlong mischief and break-neck violence of these earlier years distasteful. And a consciousness that the eyes of elder brothers in the Spirit-World are on us, that the expectant hope of Our Heavenly Father attends our steps, gives calm loftiness to our bearing, and serene decision to our acts.

Brethren! Sisters! Do not your own hearts prefigure the **Heroism of BENEVOLENCE?**

w. h. c.

INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM.

It was our purpose to take up this subject in the present number, at the point where we left it in the last; but our readers will be better prepared for what we have to say if they will first read attentively the following most significant passages.

I.—HUGH DOHERTY ON THE PEACE CONGRESS.

The friends of Universal Peace have lately been espoused by the Political Economists of England and of France, in their permanent crusade against the doctrines and the policy of war. Cobden and his friends have joined the Quakers and your countryman, the learned blacksmith, Burritt. A Congress of Peace is now in session in Paris, of Americans and Englishmen in league with a few French Economists, to agitate the questions of Finance and War as dangerous to the welfare of all nations and the progress of Civilization. Cobden, I learn from one of the Committee, has proposed to treat the question of *National Loans* as a dangerous and ruinous system, which ought to be abandoned. He means to attack the root of war, in its resources. What will the bankers and jobbers say to that? Will they not pay their quill-men double wages to repeat in all the journals of the world that Cobden is a silly fool, who thinks he is a statesman because he had a hand in agitating Corn-Law Abolition? Will they not say that he is mad with vanity? That he has nothing of the talent or the knowledge of a statesman, and that a spouting Agitator is a dangerous maniac when he assumes the office of a leading Politician? This and more than this will be said of him and persevered in, if he carries out his notion of **ANTI-LOAN AGITATION**.

The Jews themselves will advocate the peace system, but not the anti-loan league. War is no longer necessary to increase the national debts of Europe; railway jobbing and police establishments, mining companies and all the mechanism of shares and public grants and stock-exchange maneuvering will satisfy the wants of money-mongers and contractors, if the arts of peace are *rightly* managed by the statesmen who are leagued in unity with money-feudalism and the Barons of financial strategy. It is a movement in the right direction, therefore, to abolish armies or an organized military-police establishment.

Cor. New-York Tribune.

II.—MR. COBDEN ON LOANS

The Congress strongly disapproves of all loans and taxes destined to promote wars of ambition or conquest.

MR. COBDEW, M. P. said:—"I have the honor to submit to your consideration a motion condemnatory of loans for warlike purposes. My object is to promote peace by withholding the sinews of war. I propose that this Congress shall make an appeal to the consciences of all those who have money to lend [hear, hear.] I do not allude to a few bankers who appear before the world as loan contractors. They are the agents only for collecting funds from smaller capitalists. It is from the savings and accumulations of the merchants, manufacturers, traders, agriculturalists, and annuitants of civilized Europe, that warlike governments can alone supply their necessities, and to them we will appeal by every motive of self interest and humanity not to lend their support to a barbarous system which obstructs commerce, uproots industry, annihilates capital and labor, and revels amidst the tears and blood of their fellow creatures. We will do more; we will in every possible way expose the character and objects and exhibit to the world the true state of the resources of every government which endeavors to contract a loan for warlike purposes. The time is gone by when barbarous nations devoted to war, could conquer civilized Europe, unless, indeed, the latter will be so complacent as to lend the money necessary for its own subjugation [hear, hear.] War has become an expensive luxury. It is no longer a question of bows and arrows, swords and shields. [cheers.] Battles are now decided by artillery, and every dis-

charge of a cannon costs from twelve to fifteen francs; I wish with all my heart it was ten times as much. [loud applause.] The consequence is, that when countries behind the rest of Europe in civilization enter upon hostilities, they are obliged immediately to draw upon the resources of more civilized states—in other words, to raise a loan; and how is the money thus borrowed from the savings of honest industry expended? But we address ourselves to those, who by their loans really hire and pay the men who commit these atrocities, and we say, 'It is you who give strength to the arm which murders innocent women and helpless old age; it is you who supply the torch which reduces to ashes peaceful inoffensive villages, and on your souls will rest the burden of these crimes against humanity.'

"I shall be told that it is useless to make an appeal to the sensibilities of men who, with money lying unproductive at the bottom of their pockets, are thinking of but five per cent. I will undertake to prove, though I shall not weary you with an opinion upon the subject, that peace will offer a far better field for the employment of the savings of agriculture than the field of battle, and that she will afford a much more profitable investment for the accumulations of industry than in partnership with Haynau & Co. This discussion will be raised again and again in various places. The Congress of Nations will make the tour of the civilized world."

III.—REACTION.

Mr. Doherty thus proves himself a very Daniel.

The great occult power of the present age is that of the loan-contractors, jobbers and bankers of Europe, leagued together in one system and by common interest. All other powers are subservient to this, for the time being, though each party seems to think itself all-powerful and independent. The Roman expedition of the French was mainly plotted and supported by the Bankers. That is my opinion. Their only object was to help the Austrians, and prevent the loss of Italy and its resources to the treasury of Vienna. The bankruptcy of Austria would be the ruin of the Jews who feed on its resources and the jobbing of its funds. The pope and his dominions are of secondary interest in themselves; but Rome set free, as an example to all Italy, would ruin Austrian ascendancy and Austrian funds. Lombardy and Venice are required to pay the dividends of Vienna, and the Jew must have his pound of flesh, Shylock must have his bond, whatever happens to the Christian. That is the secret of the Roman expedition, undertaken by the Ministry in opposition to the Chamber, in defiance of the leading sentiment of the whole Nation.

The Jews made use of the Jesuits in this instance to work upon the fanaticism of the people and the fears of the privileged classes of all parties. Now that the Republic has been crushed at Rome, the Pope may govern as he likes, and those who do not like his government may squabble about paltry questions of Reform. The Jew has saved his point. Lombardy and Venice will continue to supply the treasury of Austria; the dividends will still be paid, new loans contracted, and the Bankers will still suck the blood of Labor, through the mechanism of the Stock Exchange, all over Europe. As long as the credit of Austria was threatened by the example of Rome to the other States of Italy, the Jews supported Falloux and the Jesuits in the French Ministry. Now that question is settled, they have abandoned Falloux to himself, and side with the other party. The reason of this obvious. The Roman expedition and the policy of the Jesuits have spread a sort of consternation through France, which paralyzed all confidence and put a stop to industry. The Bankers now wish Commerce to revive in France, for they feed on Commerce as Commerce feeds on Manufacturing and Agricultural industry. Now the Austrian funds are saved, they wish to save the French resources. They like fat kine to prey upon—not lean; rich blood and plenty of it is their object; they do not like to see the cattle die of inanition.

The Bankers and the Jews have no prejudices. They serve alike the Skeptic and the Fanatic, the Despot and the Liberal, the Jesuit and the Philanthropist. Their God is money, and they know no other. Save the National credit and funds, and never mind what form of government prevails. That is the only policy of the loan-contractor.—[*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*]

IV.—THE GREAT BANKERS.

Finally, The Philadelphia Ledger gives us the truth in a nutshell.

The correspondents of newspapers, dating from Europe ascribe the failure of the late attempts to overthrow monarchies, to various and inconsistent causes. One ascribes the whole failure to the fundholders, or rather the "loan-jobbers," another to the priests, another to the socialists, another to the red republicans, a fifth to France, a sixth to England, a seventh to the United States. With the exception of the last, we believe that all had some share in the work, though probably the two first had the most. The "loan-jobbers" are an important class in Europe, and will continue to rule it so long as they maintain standing armies.

Every monarchy in Europe is in debt, far beyond its means of payment. Every one of them has repudiated in some mode, and not one of them has ever done what the United States have done—paid its debts. So long as these nations tolerate monarchies and aristocracies, they must maintain armies; these armies cannot be maintained without loans, and loan-jobbers will lend so long as interest can be paid. The loan-jobbers alone are few. A "house" in London, another in Paris, another in Vienna, another in Petersburg or Hamburg or Frankfort, constitute the majority of these *proprietors* to monarchies; and as lending to governments is the source of their immense wealth, they are directly interested in maintaining the *system*. But while the jobbers are few, the fundholders are numerous; for the great *houses* are merely the commissioners through whom thousands and tens of thousands lend to governments. The great banker negotiates the loan; the holder of small sums seeking investment, buys his hundreds or thousands at a *premium*, which is part of the banker's profit. Thus is almost every man or woman in Europe who has money at interest, directly interested in sustaining governments that daily eat out the substance of the toiling millions.

The instruments of these great loan-jobbers are national banks. They control these banks, and these banks control the governments. Thus the French government is at the mercy of the Bank of Paris; that of England at the mercy of the Bank of England, and so on.

NEW ENGLAND PROTECTIVE UNION.

For weeks past, we have been hoping to receive from the hand of one, who is more in the heart of this movement, and more conversant with its plans and prospects, a series of articles, historical and critical, upon it. But we should do injustice to wait longer, before earnestly calling the attention of our readers to one of the most promising signs of the times.

We cannot better introduce this movement, whose growth we purpose carefully to record, than by presenting the following report presented in July to the Central Division of the New England Protective Union, by H. P. Trask.

We copy from the *Chronotype*, heartily responding to the words of respectful sympathy by our friend Dwight, and offering our congratulations to the earnest and energetic men who so successfully are proving the practicability of Equitable Commerce.

"Combining, in the outset, for the benefit of cheap, wholesale purchases, they find their business so increasing as to necessitate a further step, namely, the necessity of a common *market* for the exchange sale of their own articles of produce or

of manufacture. The system is very simple, and very similar to that suggested by M. Coignet, a manufacturer in France, in the columns of the *Democratique Pacifique*. An individual sends his products to the entrepot, or common store, where they are properly appraised, and he receives the company's certificate of value to that amount, which in the dealings between member and member of a combination becoming every day more widely ramified, is as good as money or bank notes. Thus the unitary Credit, based on actual values, is enjoyed gratuitously by every individual.

The Central Division, in Boston, have already opened a small store in Water street, for the facilitation of these exchanges; and we are happy to learn, the business already calls for large room. How it originated will be seen by a Report which we copy below.

Mark the *spirit* that pervades this document: is it mere selfishness? Mark, too, the quiet but triumphant appeal to facts. "*Our trading amounts to upwards of \$200,000 a year.*" Looking over the quarterly reports of their Board of Trade, we find a steady increase. The amount of goods purchased by the Agent during the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1848, was \$40,910; for the quarter ending March 31, 1849, it was about \$50,000; and for the last quarter, \$60,439. J. S. D."

The Committee on the Organization of Industry, Bro. Trask, Chairman, presented the following Report and Resolutions, which were accepted and adopted.

REPORT.

At our last Quarterly Meeting a Committee was chosen to suggest in what way that part of our Constitution which relates to the Organization of Industry, can be so arranged, that the laborer can have justice meted out to him in social and industrial, as well as commercial life.

It is evident that to stop with simply succeeding in the trading department, we shall not have accomplished the one-half of the object of our association. Let us for a moment review the proceedings of our Society. We commenced with this one *grand idea*, the elevation of the laboring classes. The dollar was to us of minor importance—humanitary and not mercenary were our motives.

We saw a class of useless agents and money lords fattening upon the products of industry; we saw a system of competition which was beggaring the laboring classes, and operating to the injury of all classes.

From the want of means, we could not at first commence the organization of trade and industry at the same time.

We were poor; (a crime in civilized society;) we were ignorant to a *great extent* of the arts and intrigues of trade, but saw enough to induce the undertaking of an experiment; and with faith in God and the right, we commenced our work by the purchase of a box of soap and one half-box of tea.

Some dozen or more persons commenced in an upper chamber over the Boylston Market, (a modest place in these times of extravagance,) Oct. 6, 1845. From that time, we have never ceased to work, and the result has been success—success of the grandest import; it is no longer an idle dream, an experiment, but a common sense system of conducting trade.

Our trading amounts to upwards of \$200,000 a year. Already have we exerted a powerful influence in the market; already there exists a jealousy of our operations among the large traders, whose system of competition must effect their ruin, if we adhere to the central idea of our Union. Efforts have been and still are made, to divide us, and will no doubt be continued, by traders and capitalists.

What shall be done to strengthen ourselves and our cause? Shall we not still trust in our principles?—thus far they have proved themselves trustworthy. Let us not then be content with their present application, but extend them to other departments of labor. If joint stock stores can succeed, how much

more can industry, organized upon these principles, succeed? Solve, if you can, in any other way the poverty of the masses, other than through the system of competition, which exists in all departments of industrial life; show, if you can, a remedy for this evil, other than the co-operative organization of industry, thus to enrich, elevate, and bless our race.

How is labor-saving machinery to be made to elevate the millions, except by compelling it to labor for, instead of against their interest, as at present? Man's muscles and heart-strings are now made to compete with iron machines that need no rest, that have no affections, eat no bread—is it to be wondered at that man fails to keep pace therewith?

Why always working, and but a step in advance of starvation? Why is he who produces every thing, not only destitute of luxuries, but of the common comforts of life, to say nothing of a shelter which he can call his own? Beside the starving producer, stands the man who never works, but lives and riots in wealth wrung from his half-paid producers, and by this same means makes large donations to colleges, wrung from the thin, haggard forms in his factories, work-shops, or counting-houses.

It is the false relation which capital at present holds, that compels the poor seamstress to bend over the midnight lamp, and with each stitch inweave the thread of life.

So long as our capital remains in old channels, so long that iron heel will be upon our necks; therefore new channels must be sought, for it to flow through.

Old capitalists will soon see that we can live cheaper by our system of combined commerce, when they will resort to their old system of cutting down wages; to avert which evil, we must previously take the step marked out by our Constitution and organize industry.

We must commence the work—it will not be done for us. Ourselves must strike the blow that shall free us from this social hell. *Organize*, then, must be our motto, until town and country become one combined workshop; one in feeling, one in object; becoming joint partners, workers, and capitalists.

We shall then ask no man how many hours we shall labor, but each will share according to the amount of labor performed.

We would commend to your notice, as being the most needy, the *seamstresses*, with whom to commence the work of organization. Lamentable as is the condition of laboring men, that of the women is worse; and increasingly so, when the newly invented sewing machines shall accomplish all that now gives employment to thousands. Let us take this and kindred machines, and christen them for the good of the race, by shortening the hours of labor, while at the same time we increase the products of labor. Let us then assist in the formation of such an industrial union; that example set, others will follow. We have a large market already existing, and having the advantage of large purchases, it can but be successful. To doubt is failure, is rank treason. Give but the proper persons and the means, and the work commences forthwith.

Slow, indeed, will these persons be in returning to the old methods of civilized industry, having tested the superiority of the new.

We have a noble precedent in the organization of the various trades, in France, among the saddlers, tailors, carpenters, masons, &c. &c. Shall we say we have no need of these in our comparatively happy land? We point you to three million slaves, clanking their iron chains, sweating blood for poor miserable bread!—we point you to the thousands upon thousands that fill our almshouses; to the anguish and hideous mockery of a life of dependence that follows!—we point to the lone streets and garrets of all our large cities, filled with the anxious, care-worn, yet unsuccessful seekers of employment!

Give employment and the product—we ask no more.

We do not ask of you the loan of money in our official capacity to the proposed society; but let such aid be individually rendered, upon good security without interest. Such a union and

ing a market for their goods, for cash, would be enabled to do a large business with but a small capital; the principle being the same as in the trading unions. Thus can the laboring classes get rid of selling themselves to masters for the privilege of work when it is to be obtained.

Thus work is guaranteed without going to capitalists, hat in hand, for their favors. Such organizations will place men in independent positions, so that tyranny cannot say, "vote my ticket or leave my employ," which, with wife and starving little ones begging before him, obliges him to succumb.

It places woman in a position where she can more effectually repel the advances of vicious men; it prevents waste of time and means that now are inevitable, and presents a system of economy we little dream of in these times of "penny-wise and pound-foolish." Our wretched and miserable disease-breeding workshops will give place to grand palaces, devoted to labor and love.

In that time coming, there will be no anxious care of where tomorrow's bread is to be had; no poor-house in old age, with barred gates and grated windows, but plenty and beauty shall be poured into every lap.

Brothers, shall we content ourselves with the miserable idea of merely saving a few dollars, and say we have found enough. Future generations, aye, the uprising generation is looking to us for nobler deeds—shall we disappoint them? No!

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

TO THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 29,

Latest Date, Sept. 15.

THE important event in FRENCH politics is an extraordinary letter of Louis Napoleon to his aid-de-camp and personal friend Col. Ney, who is charged with a private mission to Rome. This letters disavows the pretensions of the Pope to unlimited temporal authority, and favors the establishment of free institutions. It took the public by surprise. It was unexpected on both sides. The Pope received it at Gaeta with speechless emotion, the Diplomatic Corps were confounded, and in order to avoid any direct action on its contents, they took refuge in its informal, unofficial character. The Jesuit minister de Falloux at once tendered his resignation. This was not accepted. A cabinet council was held, mutual explanations were made, the President consented to certain retractions, De Falloux carried his point, without leaving the ministry. The motives which prompted this letter still remain in obscurity. Nor are its probable consequences more obvious. If the President adheres to the policy therein suggested, it may change the face of European affairs. The following is a copy of the letter in question:

"ELYSEE NATIONAL, Aug. 18.

"MY DEAR NEY: The French Republic has not sent an army to Rome to put down Italian liberty, but, on the contrary, to regulate it by preserving it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis, by replacing on the Pontifical throne the prince who (the first) had boldly taken the lead in all useful reforms. I learn with pain that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, as well as our own action, remain sterile in presence of hostile passions and influences. The desire of certain persons appears to be to make proscription and tyranny the bases of the Pope's return. Say to General Rostolan from me, that he is not to permit that, under the shadow of the tri colored flag, any act be committed which can lower the character of our intervention.

"I thus sum up the restoration of the Pope's temporal power: A general amnesty; the secularization of the administration; the code Napoleon: and a liberal Government.

"I was personally hurt, in reading the proclamation of the three cardinals, to perceive that no mention whatever was made

in it of the name of France, or of the sufferings of our brave soldiers.

"Every insult offered to our flag, or our uniform, goes direct to my very heart; and I have to request you to make it well understood that, if France does not sell her services, she at least insists on due consideration being paid to her sacrifices and her abnegation.

"When our armies made the round of Europe, they left everywhere, as the mark of their passage, the destruction of the abuses of feudality, and the germs of liberty. It shall not be said that in 1849 a French army can have acted in a different sense, and brought about different results.

"Tell the General to thank, in my name, the army for its noble conduct. I have learned, with pain, that even physically it was not treated as it ought to have been. Nothing ought to be neglected to suitably provide accommodations for our troops.

"Receive, my dear Ney, the assurance of my sincere friendship.
"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

The condition of ITALY remains unchanged. The Pope, with his diplomatic conclave, is still at Gaeta. There is no prospect of his speedy return to Rome.

In HUNGARY, Comorn held out at the last advices. Klapka was inclined to surrender the fortress, but the Magyar council of war were unwilling to accept the Austrian conditions. The Hungarian force at that point is between 20,000 and 25,000 soldiers, and the Magyar leaders are bent on a strenuous defence. As fast as a portion of the troops are induced to lay down their arms, their place is supplied by fresh bands of Honveds, who flock to the rescue. Peterwardein has not yet surrendered. It will probably be soon given up by the officer in command, who is said to be a Dane. Gen. Haynau has arrived at Vienna. He was received with the highest military honors along the whole line of his progress. He issued the following proclamation at Pesth.

"The Hungarian revolution is over. I now call upon all imperial officers, military and civil functionaries, who left the Austrian service to embrace the cause of the insurgents, or were in any way concerned in the revolution; upon all members both of the Chamber of Deputies and of the board of magistrates, who, after the publication of the imperial manifesto of the 3d of October, 1848, whereby the Hungarian Diet was dissolved, took part in the deliberations and decrees of the same from the 8th of October; upon all members of the so-called National Defence Committee, in so far as they discharged functions after the 8th October, 1848, in that Assembly; upon all who served with the insurgents as Government commissioners, leaders of corps, or of an independent division of troops, or as president of any branch of military or civil administration; upon all, finally, who at the revolutionary tribunals co-operated as accuser or judge; I hereby call upon all such as fall under the preceding designations to present themselves within the three months reckoned from this day to answer for their acts before the chief imperial military authority, or before the imperial court-martial of the district in which they are or were domiciled, otherwise they will have to ascribe to themselves the consequences of the legal proceedings to be instituted against them.

It is said to be the intention of the Austrian Government to grant an amnesty to all the imperial officers of Magyar race, who joined the rebellion, and to proceed leniently with all the others. The full severity of the law will, on the contrary, be exercised against all the members of the "Committee for the Defence of Country."

Gorgey was, on the 1st at Kesohau; he was accompanied by his wife, his brother Herrman, and an Austrian major of the staff. On the same day he proceeded to Goerg, the paternal hereditary estate of the Gorgeys in the Zips, for regulating some family affairs. After that he will leave for Gratz, and there take up his permanent abode.

More than three hundred insurgent officers who formerly served in the imperial army are imprisoned in the casemates of the fortress of Temesvar, waiting for their sentence; the rest of the rebel officers will be partly dismissed and partly incorporated as simple soldiers in other regiments. With the exception of those put to death immediately after the taking of Arad and Temesvar, no exceptions have taken place, for the reason that the sentences of the military courts must be submitted to the sanction of the Emperor.

The coldness which prevails between the Austrians and Russians increases. At Pesth the Russian and Austrian officers do not dine together. A Russian staff officer having met a Honored walking with crutches, spoke to him in Magyar, and gave him three roubles, and then bade him adieu, kissing his forehead, after the Russian fashion.

The officers of Rudiger's corps are learning Magyar and give their instructions to the local authorities in that language, saying that they are destined to form the garrison, and that they accordingly wish to acclimate themselves in Hungary.

This conduct of the Russian officers has probably been commanded them; it is the dictate of a foreseeing policy. People are familiar with the idea of seeing the Russians prolong their stay, and we even hear many say that they would emigrate if the Russians were to leave.

The Czar has addressed the following order of the day to his army:

"Children, The Almighty has lent his blessing to your zeal, your courage, and your untiring perseverance in the days of hardships and difficulties. You have done your duty; the revolt is quelled. Wherever the foe dared to confront you, he was repulsed, and, in pursuing him step by step, you have been witnesses of a rare occurrence—that of an enemy in the whole pride of his strength laying down his arms at your feet, and surrendering at discretion. In the course of two months we conquered and received one hundred and fifty flags and standards, four hundred cannon, and above eighty thousand insurgents who deposited their arms. All honor and glory to you and your victorious chiefs! You have as ever shown yourselves worthy to belong to the armies of all the Russias. I thank you all, individually and collectively. I am content with you. I am proud of you.

NICHOLAS.

"Warsaw, Aug. 22."

The news from ENGLAND and IRELAND is without special interest. The cholera is raging in London with extreme severity. During the week ending April 8, there died in London of cholera, 1,826; of Diarrhoea, 235. For the next few days the figures were very serious; for Monday, 455; Tuesday, 314; Wednesday, 213. On some days, therefore, the mortality has risen to what would constitute an average of 3,000 a week. A good proportion of the sufferers belong to the middle classes.

The London Correspondent of The Tribune gives the following curious instance of the effects of Mesmerism:

"The Conservatism of England has been not a little outraged during the week by two cases of that provokingly immortal power, Mesmerism. The *Athenaeum* and the *Lancet*, and a dozen other orthodox prints, have killed Mesmerism a score of times; but it is alive again this week. A gentleman, Mr. Arrowsmith, in Lancashire, has undeniably (according to the *Times*) recovered lost Bank notes to the amount of between one and two thousand pounds, through a *Clairvoyante*; there is no mistake about the matter. The money would have been lost but for Mr. Haddock, Surgeon of Bolton, and a somnambulist, who is his servant. (This Mr. Haddock is the author of one of the most curious little works, *Somnambulism and Psychism*, that has lately appeared on Mesmerism.) As for the second case, it is yet *sub judice*; but so far as it has gone, the facts are as follows: The weapon with which the Mannings destroyed O'Connor has

not yet been found by the police, notwithstanding their most strenuous efforts to recover it. To day a note from the *Bolton Clairvoyant* in the *Times*, directs the police that there are three cellars under the house where the murder was committed, only two of which have been searched; and that the pistol is concealed in the third. What is strange is, that there are three cellars, though the fact has not appeared before in print; and this day measures are to be taken to make the required search in the third, which has never been explored. The *Clairvoyant* offers to give—"from things heard and seen," as our old friend Swedenborg would say—a description of the murder, with all its circumstances. We shall see what will come of it. I think I am justified in my strange Cholera vagary in a day when murderers are captured by electricity, especially if it should turn out that they are convicted by clairvoyance. To complete the cycle of heresies, it would only be necessary that they should be reformed by Socialism, cured of their bodily diseases by Homeopathy or Hydropathy, and believe in that oddest, oldest, newest and most commonplace word, the Kingdom of God upon Earth. Then there would be nothing strange, excepting Orthodoxy, which would be duly preserved, like the Dodo's head in a glass case."

The same writer has the following statement in regard to the rumor of a union between the French Socialists and the English Chartists.

"The journals are throwing out dark hints about a certain league between the French Socialists in London and the Chartists. I do not believe a word of it. That the exiles will find sympathy with the Chartists, more, perhaps, than with any other class of our people, it would be foolish to deny; but at present there is no feasibility in any league for active purposes. And moreover, I have good reason to believe that the Socialists here are for the nonce, at any rate, eminently pacific, and by no means inclined to shut against themselves the entry into this only European asylum for the distressed."

News of the Week.

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOTERS.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—Before Judge Daily, and Aldermen Wood and Kelly.—The defendants in this trial are E. Z. C. Judson, Thomas Bennett, James Matthews, Alexander Hosack, Daniel A. Adriance, George Douglass, John Norris, Hugh McLaughlin, Thomas Green, and James O'Neil, who are indicted for riot at the Astor Place Opera House, on the night of the 10th of May last.

On Monday part of the time of the Court was occupied in taking testimony in favor of George Douglass, going to prove that he did not participate in the riot, but was merely there as a spectator. One or two witnesses testified to having been with him on the night in question until within a very short time previous to his arrest, when they were separated. While they were with him he did not participate, in any way, in the riot. Testimony was taken to prove his exemplary character, by those who have known him for years—they all gave him a good character for mildness and kindness.

Testimony was then taken to prove the character of Daniel Adriance. Nine witnesses were called who all gave him a good character, two of those witnesses were with him at the Astor Place Opera House on the night in question, but did not see him guilty of any riotous conduct up to the time of leaving him, to go home.

Dr. Benjamin Ogden was placed upon the stand to testify to the character of Thomas Green. He had known him and employed him as hostler and servant; and that his character was good.

Three witnesses proved the good character of James O'Neil, and one of them went with him to the Opera House on the 10th of May last, and testifies that while he was with him he was guilty of no riotous conduct.

Alexander Hossack was also proved to have a good character, and the prosecution admitted that he had been paroled on his own recognizance. Thus the defence closed.

On Tuesday the counsel commenced summing up, and were engaged at it until Friday afternoon, when Judge Daly charged the jury in a learned and eloquent manner.

The counsel for Judson now made some exceptions to the charge, and the counsel for Hossack, Matthews and O'Neil asked some instructions to be given relative to their clients, which requests were complied with. The Jury retired in charge of four policemen, and after an absence of one hour and fifty five minutes, they came into court and rendered a verdict of guilty against all the Defendants.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday the defendants were called up for sentence. E. Z. C. Judson, *alias* Ned Buntline, was sentenced one year to the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$250; Thomas Green was sent to the penitentiary for one month, and each of the others to thirty days imprisonment in the city prison, except Daniel A. Adriance, who was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for three months.

THE CASE OF BISHOP ONDERDONK.—The Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, closed its annual session on the 28th ult. It adopted resolutions calling upon the House of Bishops to fix upon some time for the termination of the indefinite suspension inflicted by them upon Bishop ONDERDONK. The minority offered a protest against this action of the Convention, which, however, was not received. It was as follows:

We, the undersigned Members of the Convention of the Diocese of New-York, under a deep sense of our responsibility to the Great Head of the Church, do most solemnly PROTEST against the act of this Convention calling upon the House of Bishops for a termination of the sentence whereby the Right Rev. BENJAMIN T. ONDERDONK, D. D. was suspended from the Office of a Bishop in the Church of God.

The Convention has never ventured to complain that a judgment pronounced by the highest Judicial tribunal known to the Church was in any respect illegal;—it has not ventured to assert either the innocence of the suspended Bishop, or his subsequent penitence and reformation, and in resting the application to have the judgment set aside, only on the ground of the inconvenience to which it subjects the Diocese, the criminality of the Bishop under suspension is tacitly admitted.

If then the Rt. Rev. B. T. Onderdonk, D. D., was unworthy at the time of receiving his sentence to exercise the office of a Christian Bishop, that unworthiness has been highly aggravated not only by the absence of all indications of repentance, but also by his denial of facts abundantly proved, and by his accusations against the "Law, the Court and the Witnesses."

Under these circumstances it is our complete conviction that no temporary inconvenience experienced by the Diocese, is for one moment to be compared to the awful amount of injury which would result to the cause of Christianity and our Church, by the restoration to his high spiritual functions an impenitent Bishop convicted of gross immorality. We feel assured that it is as little worthy of this Convention as it is positively disrespectful to the House of Bishops, to suppose that such a body of Christian Prelates are to be induced to abandon their deliberately formed convictions of what they owe to the purity of the Church of God, merely by the insensibility this Convention may evince to the most serious moral delinquencies, in asking for the termination or modification of such a sentence.

Viewing, then, as we do, the restoration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Onderdonk to the exercise of his Episcopal functions, as being pregnant with the most wide-spread and withering evils to the

cause of religion, as inflicting an indelible disgrace upon the Christian ministry, as in our view in direct contravention of the rights secured to us by the Constitution and Canons, and as being fatal to the unity, harmony, and usefulness of our Church, we do most earnestly and solemnly Protest against it, and before God and man do we disclaim all responsibility for the flood of mischief which must flow, from such an outrage upon the religious sensibilities of our people, and so reckless a defiance of the just indignation of the whole Christian world.

This is signed by twenty-seven clergymen and forty-one laymen.

GREAT FIRE.—A fire occurred on Saturday evening, in Williamsburg, the 29th ult. It broke out about 8 1-2 o'clock, in some stables adjacent to Perine, Patterson & Stack's ship yard, and speedily, notwithstanding the efforts of the Williamsburg and many New York and Brooklyn firemen, communicated with Mr. Leake's houses, four in number, and to the extensive lumber yard of Messrs. Keith & Lockwood, burning with the greatest violence until three o'clock on Sunday morning. Not less than \$150,000 worth of property was destroyed. At one time it was feared that the flames would communicate to other large establishments in the vicinity. A number of poor families lost everything they possessed. The ship on the stocks was badly scorched, but was saved—and the one recently launched was towed out of danger. The total insurance will not amount to \$30,000.

ENCHANTED CANARY BIRDS.—We haven't heard a prettier piece of pathos in a long time than the burning of the great aviary at the fire in Williamsburg on Saturday evening. The aviary contained eight hundred Canary Birds, and as fast as they were set free they darted straight into the air, but, fascinated by the glare of the flames, hovered above them and one by one dropped into and were consumed by them. The appearance of these golden-winged creatures, their pale plumage lighted up by the intense glare of the red flames, poised motionless above the conflagration, or darting swiftly, like thought, in the vain endeavor to escape the spell that must destroy them, was full of poetic interest, as well as a thrilling sadness. In the divine language of Swedenborg, birds correspond to thoughts, and the general resemblances which suggest themselves immediately, give strong coloring of rationality to this beautiful analogy. As we saw these birds wheeling about the vast sea of burning air that lay beneath, or lying helpless and palpitating upon its surface, we thought of the myriads of bright human intellects which, caught in the suffocating atmosphere and dazzled by the burning flames of passion, gleam for an instant in the lurid light, and dart downward to quick destruction.—[Tribune.

AMERICAN ART-UNION.—It appears that since the issue of the last catalogue of the American Art-Union, the Committee have added one hundred and twenty-one pictures to the collection.—The income of the American Art-Union, from \$5,000, has reached \$80,000; the number of its members from 947 to 16,475; and the distribution of its works of art exhibit an advance from \$2,000 to more than 60,000 in value. The institution has distributed about 2,000 works of art, painted by two hundred and thirty one different artists residing in sixteen different States, and various parts of Europe. By the recent addition of the new room, the Gallery has become one of the most delightful resorts of persons of taste and refinement in the city. Already the patronage of the American Art-Union is numerically superior to that of the like institution in London.

Wm. H. Burleigh, Esq., has been engaged by the New York State Temperance Society to labor as their agent, for the promotion of the good cause. Mr. B. is an able advocate of temperance, and will do honor and efficient service to the cause.

Town and Country Items.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.—UNFOUNDED RUMOR.—The *Courier & Enquirer* of Thursday says: "It has been announced in several of the City papers within a few days past, that a warm correspondence has taken place between Mr. Clayton, our Secretary of State, and Mr. Crampton, the British *Charge des Affaires* at Washington, upon the pretensions of Great Britain to control the navigation of the San Juan river in the State of Nicaragua. The announcement, coming upon the heels of the Poussin difficulty, has made some stir and been considerably talked about. We have it in our power to state that the rumor is entirely unfounded. No correspondence whatever has been had upon the subject, nor will it, in all probability, be made matter of diplomatic discussion until the arrival of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the British Minister."

NEW YORK.—New York contains a population of more than two and a half millions, being greater than that of any other State in the Union. It has thirty-four Representatives in Congress. It has the longest canal, and the longest railroad. It has ten colleges. There are one hundred and fifty six academies that made reports the last year to the Regents of the New York City University. Besides these, there are fifty five Female Seminaries, and several unincorporated academies. There are four hundred and sixty three thousand pupils that attend the common schools. There are four thousand three hundred and ninety nine ministers of the Gospel. The average amount of their salaries is nearly three hundred and fifty dollars a year.

FIRST DEATH IN GIRARD COLLEGE.—The first death among the Girard College Orphans occurred on Sunday morning, 16th inst. The deceased was a boy named Charles Gottlieb Maeir, and one of the oldest pupils of the institution. This being the first death which has occurred, the occasion was one of much interest, according to the Philadelphia papers.

A VALUABLE BOOK.—Henry B. Stanton, widely known as an eloquent anti-slavery and "free-soil" orator, is about to publish his sketches of "Reformers of Great Britain," which have mainly been published piece-meal in the *National Era*. These papers have never received the attention they deserved. They embrace many personal sketches of great historical value, and deserve to be preserved.

GOOD POST OFFICE REGULATION.—By a recent regulation of the British Post Office Department, any letter having the writer's name and residence engraved on the seal or written on the outside, and not finding the party to whom the same is addressed, will be returned to the writer immediately through the Post Office, and not through the dead letter Office, by which regulation considerable anxiety and loss of time will be prevented.

STARTLING FACT.—Robert Rantoul, Jr. in a recent temperance address asserts that the single State of Massachusetts might save an amount of money, in the space of thirty years, of greater value than the whole wealth of England, by simply abstaining from the use of intoxicating liquors. That from the time of the revolutionary war, the money expended in this country, for alcoholic drinks, exceeded in value that of the whole present property of the nation, personal and real.

↳ Lola Montes reached London in time to attend to the criminal charge against her for bigamy, but did not think it best to appear. She paid £500 for a steamer to bring her on her way to England.

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