

THE

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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Selected Poetry.

From Milne's Poetry for the People.

ALMS-GIVING.

When Poverty with me in of shame
The sense of Pity seeks to touch—
Or, bolder, makes the simple claim
That I have nothing, you have much—
Believe not either man or book
That bids you close the opening hand,
And with reproving speech and look
Your first and free intent withstand.

It may be that the tale you hear
Of pressing wants and losses borne,
Is hept or colored for your ear,
And tatters for the purpose worn;
But surely Poverty has not
A sadder need than this, to wear
A mask still meaner than her lot,
Compassion's scanty food to share.

It may be that you err to give
What will but tempt to further spoil
Those who in low content would live
On theft of others' time and toil;
But sickness may have broke or bent
The active frame or vigorous will;
Or hard occasion may prevent
Their exercise of humble skill.

It may be that the suppliant's life
Has lain on many an evil way
Of foul delight and brutal strife,
And lawless deeds that ahun the day;
But how can any gauge of yours
The depth of that temptation try?
What man resists—what man endures—
Is open to one only eye.

Why not believe the homely letter,
That all you give, will God restore?
The poor man may deserve it better,
And surely, surely, wants it more;
Let but the rich man do his part,
And whatsoever the issue be
To those who ask, his answering heart
Will gain and grow in sympathy.

For The Spirit of the Age.

POPULAR MUSIC.

NUMBER TWO.

The fact that America has no national music is proof that she yet lacks the development of one great human faculty. But it is more than a faculty: music is a nature,—and a primal nature too. It is the quality in the human race, of which painting is the coloring and disposition of the parts, mathematics the form, and poetry but the rustling of the leaves. The odor of a portraiture of a rose is not the rose's odor, but that of oil and pigments. The moral odor from man without music, is as that of the oil and varnish in the representative rose. Where music exists not, the great cementing power is absent, which enters every crevice of the human fabric, binding the several stones into one connected whole, like an ancient Gothic cathedral. Such an individual, or such a nation, presents a disjointed and fractional existence, without that uniting, without that blending of faculty with faculty, of man with man, which is so essential to human happiness. It is of no use to nail a few green planks together to represent such a granite temple. Celestial tones are not heard where the clatter of commerce engages all ears; and the winds and waters are estimated only as mercantile facilities to keep wheels in motion, that may possibly increase our worldly goods. If the Romish choir has a tendency to impair the theological acumen, the mill-wheels are not altogether excusable in respect to man's present want of harmony. Now that the factory chimney overtops the church spire, and the operative hands are more numerous than the communicant hearts, man does not give evidence of being much nearer the goal—happiness.

To say one word on behalf of mere external music is not worthy the time occupied to utter it. But there can be no doubt there is a faithful correspondence between the outward expression and the inward life. Whether it be determined that nations are musically expressive on account of their musical nature, or that a musical nature is imparted to them because they are taught musical expression, seems not very important to be determined. If any Orpheus finds a nation void, or nearly so, of musical taste, and leaves it by his labors, full of the concord of sweet sounds, we salute him as a great benefactor, whichever theory may be true. For it is as certain there could be no outward expression of harmony, unless there were underlying it a substratum of harmonic life, as it is that there could be no outward mathematical forms, if there existed not previously in the mind a conception of the geometric law. No fact of human existence can be stronger than this of an inherent love for music. From the remotest antiquity, by records both sacred and profane, we have evidence in a stream, concurrent with the flood of humanity itself, that music pertains to man in his holiest and most sacred relationships. Defiled, degraded as it may be, there is yet this capability in it. And the finest field is now opened for the labors of such a husbandman

for the lyre of such an Orpheus, from the rocks of Massachusetts to the cotton groves of Alabama.

For nowhere are the true harmonic tones heard in the masses. The wail of unhappiness is uttered more or less acutely, from the theological shades of puritanic Boston, to the fever-heat licentiousness of New-Orleans. The mind needs quiet. The soul lacks quiet repose. Hurry and speculation may give way to serenity and genius. We are in such determined haste to secure present good, that in imitative talent, all our originative, generic powers are swallowed up. And thus, as the fabled dog snapt at the shadow, our comprehensive liberality being a narrow greediness, results in the loss of what is really valuable and honestly our own.

America cannot become a singing nation without making a considerable advance in personal improvement. The men whose vocal organs are yielded to so high and noble a law, could no longer indulge in the peculiar habits of those organs which now mark the people by no very enviable eminence. The two practices could not well exist together. And perhaps it was for want of the better that the worse use has grown into so inveterate a habit. Supposing, therefore, that no moral improvement were to be attained, the modal one is worthy our best attention.

For the American female, shall we place music for the moment on so low a ground as that of physical health? The natural inherent buoyancy of spirits, perfectly consistent with the highest moral sensibility, continually checked in its purest flow and its virtuous outlet, must, by reaction, produce the most seriously disastrous effects on both body and mind. Hence arises, in conjunction with a severe in-door life, and the unchecked use of injurious food, that formidable variety of pulmonary and nervous affections, which gather so large and so untimely a harvest to the garner of death. Of all the notions which yet remain in futurity, to be taken up by American enterprise, none certainly would be more salutary than that of class singing.

Class singing, however, to those who have never witnessed it, to those who have never participated in it, are two words, recalling in the mind the remembrance of a fact, very different from that of which we speak. Enlivening and agreeable as at all times even the humblest attempt at melody undoubtedly is, yet the juvenile school class, drawing forth sedately its accepted hymn, is but a faint and distant resemblance of the thrilling sensations experienced in a class of five hundred voluntary learners, led by an accomplished, an inspired teacher. Such a sight, such an *audition*, is a new and grand experience. The enthusiasm is too great to be withstood. The aged or the awkward, entering such an assembly with the notion that they are voiceless or cannot sing, are carried onward by the resistless stream of song, and both soul and body glow with new and delightful sensations of harmony. The whole being is interpenetrated with a new fluid. It is impossible for a rude or clumsy artisan to attend such an exercise without walking home the more orderly and serenely on account of it. A new world is entered. For the first time, he has felt the truth, the beauty, the religion in music. Ever afterwards will the order in time and tone have a larger rule in his being. It is not a mere acquisition which he has obtained, but the sources of life are opened to him from a new depth, never henceforward to be forgotten; for the incident is not one of memory alone, but of life.

As a mere objective fact, there are few incidents more deeply interesting to the observer, than that of the assemblage of five hundred human voices joined in one universal tide of song. Arranged in order, from the deepest basses of manhood on the one hand, to the highest pitch of childhood soprano on the other, the group presents the idea of a vast and living instrument, such as no mechanical construction could ever attain, no me-

chanical ingenuity ever imagine. In such a number some voices of unusual depth are sure to be found, and the entire compass is surpassingly grand, under the impulse which no hired exhibition can give, and which only the unbought effusions of the soul can impart. This is the religion in music, and this is a religious scene. The actors in it are all bettered by it. They are nearly related to the fountain of goodness, and therefore it is essentially a religious act, though in appearance it may be limited to the scientific development of innocuous amusement.

No art can be degraded below its legitimate position, without involving the artist in an equal depravity. The first artist who accepted hire for his work has much to answer for. His example has had a desecrating effect on the whole race, and it will be difficult to reinstate them in their original purity. For they have now to plead a vested right in wrong doing, which almost precludes the hope of restoration to unhired and unperverted purity. Above all, the music artist, in selling himself to the world, commits the greatest wrong. By so much that his art, when he is true to the giver of the generic power, is noble and exalted above all other modes of art, is his degradation base and direful when he is false. In the love of truth, which is superior to all personal or sentimental regard, the advocate for universal music development is constrained to admit, that the present order of teachers by no means stands in the moral position it should occupy. Perhaps it is uncertain whether, as individuals, the professors of this art are below other artists, but their talent being so much nearer the divine, their defection is so much the more obviously marked.

We require that the medium for such ennobling creations should himself be noble. The mind is pretty well satisfied if the poet can recite his verses with sweet eloquence, or the painter can exercise his art before the spectator; but, of the musician, the soul demands a higher life, and is seriously disappointed at his short-comings. Another explanation also may be adduced: Compared to the other arts, music is eminent as the exponent of the emotional, rather than of the intellectual principle in man. It demands more regard to the heart's expansion than the head's development. Music is more sentimental than calculative. The individuals born with a strong music nature may be said to enter the world with larger and more tender hearts than ordinary, and they now come into a world remarkable for its intellectual acumen and selfish cunning. The flood is too strong for them. They cannot "take arms against" such a "sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them." Neither have they yet the power to charm the monsters of the deep, the deep monsters of the market-house, from their slinky haunts. In some few spots, in distant isles, the attempt is not by all neglected, and according to report, not a trifling success attends the effort.

England, though not totally void of a characteristic song, cannot be said to boast a national music. All her talent, success, commerce, and wealth have been unable to buy her that. Vast sums expended in Italian, French, and German operas, have not succeeded in developing an original style, nor in incorporating one upon the public ear. The smaller, the poorer, the oppressed sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, have severally national airs, quite as distinguished as the languages, the costumes, and manners of the two countries. Perhaps even more so,—for the dullest ear could not fail to distinguish the airs of the two lands, though many might be doubtful of the language sounds. England, then, with all her boast of home feelings, of fire-side virtues, of green fields and poetic dales, has yet not had heart enough to burst out in a national strain. Casting the mind's eye over Europe, it would seem to be the fate of mighty nations to accept their music from the weak,—were we not able to rest upon the great Fatherland,

which, though locally modified, enjoys a truly heartfelt, soul-born, national song.

The just inference rather is, that every nation has within it the germ of the music art, as well as of originality in painting, architecture, and poetry. While the beautiful tendency of the arts is towards universality, and each true work proclaims the great and comprehensive brotherhood of man, there yet must be in human productions a continual modification, by climate, materials, and other outward circumstances. This is a rule which nature herself does not disdain to comply with. The tamarind, the orange, the pine-apple of the tropics, cannot be sustained in the colder parts of the temperate zones; and the northern oaks, and pines, and walnuts find little geniality in a vertical sun.

A just development of all man's nature would therefore result in a manifestation of the harmonic law, in some mode or other. According to his tropic, temperate, or frigid state, his utterance would be modified; but where there is not a pressure more fatal than any modal circumstance, music, in some tone or other, would inevitably issue. It is not from any organic defect, any universal inaptitude by nature, that a nation is void of harmony. Nature has issued no such decree, either against the soul within, or against the circumstances without. On the contrary, all nature is an invitation in harmony to harmony. Everywhere she beckons to love, by love. There must then be some refusal of this invitation, to account for the lack of enjoyment. We have no right to say that nothing is provided, if we do not go to the feast.

Commercial pursuits may not in themselves be subversive of the musical nature, but, as at present conducted, they are most potently obstructive of its outgrowth. National honor being now rather placed upon wealth than upon pugnacious valor, and individual renown, in like manner, being more dependent upon riches than upon taste, the arts are set aside, to be served after the acquisition of wealth is accomplished. But, as in the plenitude of selfishness, the competition for wealth is raised to such a height, that it necessarily absorbs the whole being and the whole period of existence, the time for attention to the arts never arrives. In the few instances that it may, it is found so much easier to adorn the walls with pictures, or the rooms with statuary, or to build, than to give up the soul to a new development, that music still remains a neglected grace.

For we must not confound the purchase of a costly piano forte for the daughters, with a devotion to music as a law in our own being. He who expends his money on rich musical instruments, is no more a musician, than one who purchases and admires pictures is a painter. It is sometimes difficult to say, whether the patron desires more to display his wealth or to foster art; but, by the general preference for high priced paintings over the cheapest of all arts, music, it might be concluded, that self-importance, rather than sincere affection, is the motive.

Of course, all minds are not bound to have a bearing towards the like objects, nor is one piece of human organization at liberty to dictate to another piece what it shall affect; yet, without appealing to oft-quoted sentences upon the unmusical soul, we hold to our previous position, that music is the needful, living, soul-stirring medium, in which all other artistic works can only be truly viewed. To neglect music as an actual study, in which both the soul and body participate, is to forego all real intuition of beauty and originality in architecture, painting, sculpture, and poetry. It is as a moral pursuit, that melody and harmony must be taken up. Only so far as we are harmonious are we moral. Only so far as the harmony of a building, a painting, or a poem is opened to us, as a whole, are we enabled to enter into its morality,—that is to say, into its truth and beauty. The fly upon the marble column, criticizing microscopically its polished surface; the reader, perusing the book in

search of ill-printed letters, are not further from the intuitive perception of architecture or poetry, than the unmusical being from a just appreciation of all nature and all art.

Hence may we account for the erection of so many ugly buildings, so many sorry books. The congregation determines the style of the church, and the architect dares not be an artist; the readers dictate the pattern of the book, and the author works to order, like a machine. Neither builder nor writer may any longer be inspired. Such a notion is alien and treasonable to the commercial spirit of the age, and the commercial spirit rules.

But perhaps it domineers not wholly. It may be the supreme governor, but, as in state affairs, some little liberty may be allowed to other potentates. Such must indeed be the fact, for some moral love of art still survives. A building here and there is visible, which proclaims genuine mind and original thought; a book is ever and anon thrown before us by the inspired teacher, who regards little our acceptance or rejection. This is the germ of human hope; these are the small streams from that fountain which shall hereafter fertilize all lands.

In furtherance of this hope, America can descend from theory to fact; from the general statement in prospect, to the case in hand. The Hutchinson family may vie with any similar musicians of the old world. Not Italy itself could boast a superior counterpoint, a building upon the original melody more in unison with the particular occasion which calls it forth. For it is to be noted, that the faculty of improvising is so ready with them, that at some of the public meetings they attended, poetic lines were spontaneously produced by them, corresponding to the sentiments of the speaker. And when his flow of eloquence ceased, they took up the theme, and in spirit-stirring cadences, carried the enthusiasm of the assembly to the highest pitch. Thus realizing the idea of the ancient Greek chorus, which was originally a body of persons placed between the actor and the audience, to catch his fervor, and arouse the spectators to a more vivid feeling. It was the true music which the instrumental orchestra in the modern theatre has usurped.

The reception which greeted these self-taught, that is to say God-taught, minstrels, is proof ample and grateful, that the love for music in the northern new world is not dead, nor so dull that it can only appreciate what may come by costly means, or through orthodox channels. These brothers attended charitable meetings, like other advocates, to promote the design, and such appeals as they have necessarily made to their fellow-citizens' pockets, have been of the simplest and most honorable kind. As nearly, therefore, as the extreme pressure of our commercial and political predicaments will permit, this seems to be a commencement from the real and right beginning.

From an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Providence.

THE INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE.

BY GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

The commerce of our own country is co-extensive with the Globe. We are thoroughly a mercantile people. We have vexed questions of tariff and free trade; but, whatever are our opinions on them, there can be no one opposed to the just maintenance and protection of what involves the interests of manufacturer and merchant, and gives the farmer an inducement to labor beyond necessity, by offering him means to dispose of his surplus.

All classes, with us, are connected with commerce, and are, in some way interested in its welfare. There is gloom over society when the ship stops too long at the wharf, and the prices current manifest depression. Anxiety is not confined to faces on "change." There are haggard looks among laboring men wanting work, and the stiness in the shop of the mechanic,

denotes the state of trade. The mill-wheel groans at half speed; the mule works lazily; the crowded warehouse will not admit another yard, and the stockholder consoles himself for no dividends, by abusing government. But the ship has hauled into the stream, and the sailor heaves cheerily at the anchor. The merchant moves briskly and looks as though chancery had always been a mythical conception. The hard featured bank smiles grimly as it loosens its stringent gripe, and the original phrase of "tightness in the money market" is dropped for a season. There is stir and bustle in the street; the sound of the saw and hammer is heard again; manufacturing stock looks up at the brokers' board, and the government is not so very bad after all.

The American merchant is a type of this restless, adventurous, onward going race and people. He sends his merchandise all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants that he may supply them; covers the New Zealander with Southern cotton woven in Northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Feejee cannibal; sends the whale ship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of a northern winter to the torrid zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy south, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle. The lakes of New England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East and the antipodes earth come in contact at this "meeting of the waters." The white canvass of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the terra incognita."

The American shipmaster is an able coadjutor of the merchant. He is as intelligent in trade as in navigation, and combines all the requisites of seaman and commercial agent. He serves his rough apprenticeship in the fore-castle, and enters the cabin door through many a hard gale, and weary night watch. His anxieties commence with his promotion. Responsibility is upon him. Life, and character, and fortune depend on his skill and vigilance. He mingles with men of all nations, gathers information in all climates, maintains the maritime reputation of his country, and shows his model of naval architecture wherever there is sunshine and salt sea. He has books, and he reads them. He hears strange languages, and he learns them. His hours of leisure are given to cultivation, and prepare him for well earned ease and respectability in those halcyon days to come, so earnestly looked for, when he shall hear the roaring wind and pelting rain about his rural home, and shall not feel called upon to watch the storm.

What has Commerce done for the world, that its history should be explored, its philosophy illustrated, its claim advanced among the influences which impel civilization?

It has enabled man to avail himself of the peculiarities of climate or position, to make that division of labor which tends to equalize society, to distribute the productions of earth, and to teach the benefit of kindly dependence. It unites distant branches of the human family, cultivates the relation between them, encourages an interest in each other, and promotes that brotherly feeling, which is the strongest guaranty of permanent friendship. People differing in creed, in language, in dress, in customs, are brought in contact, to find how much there is universal to them all, and to improve their condition, by supplying the wants of one from the abundance of the other. The friendly intercourse created by commerce, is slowly, but surely revolutionizing the earth. There was a time when men met only on the field of battle, and there was but one name for stranger and enemy. Now, wherever a ship can float the various emblems of sovereignty intermingle in harmony, and the sons of commerce, the wide world through, in consulting their own interests, advance the cause of Humanity and Peace.

In looking for the mighty influences that control the progress

of the human race, the vision of man ranges within the scope of his own ephemeral existence, and he censures the justice which is steadfastly pursuing its course through the countless ages. We turn away bewildered by the calamities, which extinguish nationality in blood, and give to the iron hand fetters forged for the patriot. Let him who desponds for humanity and mourns for faith misplaced, for hopes betrayed, for expectations unrealized, look back. Has revolution had change done nothing? Is there no advance from kingly prerogative, and priestly intolerance; no improvement on feudal tenure? The end is not yet. Let the downcast be cheered, for the Eternal Right watches over all, and it moves onward, to overcome in its good time.

Among the great agencies, by which the wisdom of God works out the problem of human destiny, the subject, on which I have addressed you, will be acknowledged, whenever its Philosophical History shall be written.

PROUDHON'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

WE resume our statement of the Economical Principles of the great French Radical, and in order to meet the curiosity of our readers abandon the logical order of their development, and commence with the last and most startling of all his propositions:

PROPERTY.

"Property, *de facto et de jure*, is contradictory in its nature, and this is the precise ground why it is an actual thing.

"In fact, Property is the right of possession; at the same time it is the right of exclusion.

"Property is the reward of labor; and at the same time the negation of labor.

"Property is the immediate product of society; and the dissolution of society.

"Property is an institution of justice; and PROPERTY IS ROBBERY.

"From all this it follows that property will yet be transformed according to a positive, complete, social and true idea; whereby, the old institution of property being abolished, it will become equally real and beneficent for all. And the proof of this is, once again, that Property is a Contradiction."

Here is the heresy in the very words of the author. It has produced an extensive commotion in the world, whether because it is an unpardonable outrage upon some truth, whereof the Conservatives are special guardians, or because it drags into the daylight and roughly handles some diseased spot in the social body which it is their care to hide, we do not pretend to judge; as to that matter, future generations will decide; our business is simply to tell what Proudhon really says and means.

None of the writers who have come up to the defense of Property as it is, have stated more ably or clearly than he the necessity for the institution as the basis and condition of society; none have more insisted on the service which it has rendered to the progress of the human race. Whatever good can be said of it he says again and again. His books are a storehouse of arguments on that side of the question.

But it is the characteristic of ideas and institutions to pass through a state of contradiction, of affirmation and negation, of positive and negative, so to say, and this law applies to the facts of political economy as well as to others. Proudhon was not the first to discover this; common sense has always known it; he is simply entitled to the credit of stating it with great force and distinctness, though had he made use of a less plain and rude style of speech, he might have said all he has done with comparatively little disturbance. He was, however, born a revolutionist, and things have nourished in him a revolutionary spirit, possibly because the world had need of such a man.

To illustrate this universal presence of the law of contra-

diction, or of opposites: The invention of machinery is an inestimable benefit to the community including the laboring classes; but on the other hand it throws workmen out of employment, renders their existence precarious, makes them wholly dependent upon the owners or the machines and necessarily results in pauperism. This is clear to the eyes of all who have eyes to open, and the perception of it is the cause of the attempts that laborers make to destroy machines which they think will deprive them of work. What does this indicate? That there should be no machinery, or that pauperism is a good of which we cannot have enough? By no means. It indicates that things are in a state of discord or transition; and—to borrow an illustration from metaphysics—just as the contradiction between Free-Will and Necessity shows that there is a higher philosophical truth and a more universal formula to be arrived at, which will absorb and reconcile the two; so in the contradiction between the increase of the aggregate well-being by means of machinery and the corresponding increase of misery by the same means, is there both the ground and the assurance of the establishment of some new and comprehensive social principle in which that antagonism will disappear. In other words, Society will yet be so arranged that machinery will work for the equal good of parties, and not bring slavery and want to any.

Now the same contradiction must attach to Property, and the adage of Proudhon merely states it in the strongest language. Yet those who speak of it omit half the proposition, and that the first half. "Property is an institution of justice," in order to dwell on the negative, "Property is Robbery." But taking both clauses together this is no more than to say: While the right of possession is founded in absolute justice and without it society could not exist, in the present state of unrelated and hostile individual interests, Property becomes an irresistible means, combining the elements of fraud and violence, of taking from the producers, or from those into whose hands the chances of the battle have flung them, the products of labor without giving a fair equivalent, and quite as often without giving any equivalent at all. Or, as Proudhon has it; Property is Robbery.

"But," exclaim in loud chorus the whole respectable world, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and gentlemen of fortune, "O, base and dangerous Proudhon! we are not robbers, our consciences are clean, we fulfill the law, gain legal gains, and plunder no man. Wherefore, then, stir up the ignorant and hungry masses, who, understanding not a jot of thy transcendental notions, thy laws of contradiction and what not, will apprehend only that our comfort and luxury are not fairly earned and their hunger and privation not fairly brought upon them, and will rush with blind and bloody fury to despoil us of what is ours, kill us, and turn our children destitute into the street? Be silent with thy cry of ill omen, or we will proclaim thee a lunatic and a criminal, and put thee in prison while we have the power!"

To such adjurations Proudhon has latterly replied with language of defiance and contempt, but in times past when more gently entreated with, he has answered thus: "Friends, I do not accuse you personally; it is only the social fact that I impeach. I doubt not that your consciences are clean, for you do no more than belongs to the institutions under which you were born and brought up. But that does not affect the fact. In Turkey, Carolina and Louisiana and some other equally benighted and unfortunate places, men think it no wrong to hold men as property; their consciences are perhaps, not hurt by it more than is a stone by the blow of a feather. But nevertheless the fact of property in men is robbery of a bad sort. So, too, that baron of the middle ages who descended from his castle to levy on the peasant of the plain, or to relieve the traveler of his surplus funds, suffered nothing in his tough and bold conscience though now-a-days, nobody hesitates to call his act by a hard name. And what shall we say of the acts done by the land speculator or the usurer who employs the power of capital to take advantage of others' necessities and get out of them the

last cent? Ah, gentlemen, it is not a good sign when you are disturbed by a word. Truth is truth, facts are facts, justice is justice; let us talk plainly. Besides, do you not see that you have had it your way for some centuries? It is high time for the other side of this great economical contradiction to be brought out, if the world is ever to arrive at a solution of it. Read my Political Economy with attention and learn the philosophy of the matter, and make fools of yourselves no longer."

The general idea of Proudhon in respect of property is nothing else than its regeneration, if we may venture to use that term. Until this is brought about there must be both justice and injustice in it; on the one side the necessary and perfectly true right of possession and enjoyment of the product of our own labor and the gifts of friends; and on the other side the plunder of producers and possessors by the rent of land—in which, as well as in other gifts of Nature, he holds no man can justly have absolute and exclusive property—by fraud, gaming, speculation, tricks of trade, usury, interest, &c. &c. We conclude this subject with a paragraph translated from the *Contradictions Economiques*.

"Thus property is formed as a matter of Convention, which differs as much from justice as electricism does from truth, or the real value of a thing does from its market price. In the series of variations which it undergoes between the two extremities of injustice, namely, rude violence and faithless cunning, the contending parties continually end by some Convention. But justice follows upon their agreement and compels the fulfilment of its conditions; the true law continually evolves itself from the sophistical and arbitrary law, and reform is accomplished through the conflict between intelligence and power. This immense movement, which has its starting point in the obscurity of savage life and its ending on the day when Society rises to the synthetic idea of Possession and of Value; and this mass of changes and of overturnings brought about by the social instinct, and perpetually seeking their scientific and definite solution, are what I name the religion of property."

Does this "synthetic idea" mean Communism? No, says our author; it means Reciprocity, Association.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Labor is productive; Capital is not.

Labor produces capital and consumes it; Capital produces nothing.

The laborer without capital would soon supply his wants by its production, for the earth and its energies are for his use, the sun shines to aid his toil, the air gives vitality to his corn and vines, the rain brings forward the harvest, and Nature, which has created the sheep, the cow and the horse for his service, has a thousand hidden forces to be employed by the inventions of his brain; but capital with no laborers to consume it can only lie useless and rot back into the first elements of matter.

But, you say, the laborer with capital produces more than one without. Therefore capital is productive as the tool and instrument of labor, and I, its owner, am in strict and absolute justice entitled to some share of this larger product which the laborer has realized by its aid.

Not so, Friend! Your capital has in itself still produced nothing; it has simply enabled the laborer to derive a greater aid from those powers of Nature which are free to all men and are ever ready to help industry; it is thus that the product has been increased, and not because your wheat, or wool, or iron, or steel or the labor heretofore incorporated with them have created anything. Nature and active labor produce; the remains of past labor, called capital, are only capable of being consumed. If the laborer has used anything of yours, let him give you an equivalent therefor; justice demands nothing more.

Perhaps you answer that if the laborer will not give you more than an equivalent he shall not have your capital to use, and may see how he will do without it.

That is another matter. We were not speaking of your wishes or of his necessities. It may be better for him to give you an enormous share of his product rather than be deprived of using your surplus; but that has nothing to do with strict justice, and by no means proves that your capital or anybody's else is productive, as we will show you when Labor and Credit and Exchanges—or, in other words, Production, Circulation, and Consumption—are once rightly organized.

Well, if this be so, what then?

Why, Interest and Rent are not founded in any permanent principle, but merely arise from temporary necessities. By and by men will pay and receive no more of them.

To be continued.

From the London Spectator.

ST. MARTIN'S BATHS AND LAUNDRIES.

Behind the National Gallery, in Orange-street, is a handsome building in the Tudor style, which belongs to an order of institutions wholly new to London; it is devoted to the public baths and laundries of St. Martin's-in-the-field; and the results which have accrued since the building was partially opened suggest some very important conclusions.

The edifice may be generally described as consisting of three stories—a sunken basement, a ground floor, and an upper floor. On the basement is the boiler house, with machinery which supplies cold water to the boilers, and distributes cold water, hot water and steam to the whole building. Hot air is supplied from a separate source. A tall tower-chimney at the top completes the arrangement to secure a manageable draught, available for purposes of ventilation and drying. At the top of the house is the residence of the manager. The water is the limpid element supplied by the Artesian well on the spot—a flood of brilliant crystal.

The baths are seventy in number; about eighteen are set apart for women; about one-third are parted from the rest, and used as "first class" baths; the second class baths have a separate entrance, and are in a separate portion of the building. In the first class, each bath-room contains a bath, looking-glass shelf, foot-trellis and carpet, and other conveniences; the bather is allowed two towels, hair-gloves, &c.; the charge is sixpence for a warm bath, threepence for a cold one. The arrangements for filling and emptying the baths are excellent; the hot or cold water bubbles up from one end, and the bath is filled in a few seconds; it is emptied rapidly. The water once admitted to the bath cannot be used again; but after one washing it runs into the main sewer, and contributes to a powerful "flushing" of that drain. In the second class the arrangements are almost the same, except that the bather has only one towel, and has no carpet or trellis; the charge is twopence for a warm bath, a penny for a cold one.

The number of boxes for washing clothes is fifty-six, each with its ironing-box beside it. The washing-box contains a boiler equivalent to the "copper," supplied with warm and cold water from a turncock; the boiler has a moveable wooden cover and the water is made to boil by the admission of steam. Next to the boiler is the washing-tub. Fitted to the wall, above the height of the washer, is a sort of broad shallow cupboard, of which the bottom opens downward, and from it is pulled down a clothes-horse; the clothes are hung upon this horse, it is raised again by balance-pulleys, and enclosed in the cupboard; hot air of regulated temperature is admitted, and let off loaded with moisture at intervals; and in a few minutes the clothes are effectually dried. The ironing boxes, are contiguous to its washing box, form a separate range shut off from the moist washing-place by doors. A stove heats the irons. The supply of water is unlimited. The charge for each washing-box with its accompanying conveniences, is one penny for the first hour, twopence for the second, three pence for the third and for each subsequent hour.

The laundry was only finished last week; and part of it has been opened gratuitously, to test the working which is excellent. The baths were opened in January last, and the demand has exceeded every estimate. Immense numbers are often waiting to take their turn. Persons of all conditions use the baths, from common laborers to men who must be called "gentlemen" in every respect of feeling, wealth, and social station. The total number admitted last week was 4,083; the total number from the 24th of January to Saturday last was 154,000.

The second class baths do not "pay"—that is, the cost of the bath exceeds the price charged; the first class baths return a compensating profit, with a surplus. It is calculated that the first hour, for which one penny is charged to the washer, will not "pay," and the threepence for the third hour will only compensate the loss on the first. The object of the scale, which may still be revised, is to check waste of time in dawdling, to admit as many as possible, and secure some use of the laundry for the very poorest. The servants of the establishment of course are paid; but the managers acting for the parish receive no emolument, enjoy no privilege—paying for their baths like the rest of the public. Any surplus revenue must, by the act of Parliament, go in diminution of the poor-rates.

Some interesting points are to be observed in this plain statement of facts. In the first place, there is a striking departure from pure commercial principles; the first class bathers are avowedly made to pay for the second class—flat "Communism." And what is more, they don't resent it. Quite the reverse; several first class habitués of the establishment manifest the most lively and steadfast interest in this enterprise. Something more than pure "self-interest" here! Then the opening of the baths at practicable prices at once creates a habit of bathing, inasmuch that there is every prospect of rendering the English as much a self-washing animal as a Mussulman. The habit is spreading among all classes. It is not only possible but most likely that the handsome and comely aspect of the building has largely contributed to that result; it has no pauper look about it, nothing repulsive or humbling. Physiological writings of a popular kind have helped, and the experience of the bathers will corroborate the counsel of such works.

The women as yet use the baths in a very small proportion; a fact to be imputed partly to the timidity and reserve of the sex, uncertain how far the arrangements may be perfectly pleasant—partly also to the greater ignorance in which women remain. But ladies do use the baths; and the practice will extend as experience attests the satisfactory arrangements, and still more as experience confutes the popular supposition that bathing is prejudicial to those who are delicate in health. To a mountaineer a bath is a luxury, to the sedentary townsman it is a necessity. Among the better informed classes, few are still to be told that the effect of ablution is not merely local; that the skin is a great auxiliary to the vital organs, and that the bath not only relieves but exercises the skin. Dr. Andrew Combe kept himself alive for twenty years after he was marked by consumption; and he imputed the prolongation of his life in a great part to daily ablutions. The rapidly extending use of the bath is powerfully illustrating these admonitions. But we should not have found that extension in our day through the mere operation of the commercial principle, if the benevolent and enlightened order of parish statesmen had not made a practical beginning as soon as the law permissively suggested it. St. Martin's was the first parish to take advantage of the statute; it has set the key to a very good pitch, and, as we have seen, with the happiest result.

SOMNAMBULIST STORY.

In the month of November last, a young girl named Eulalie M—, of the age of fifteen, was brought to one of the hospitals of Paris while laboring under a most alarming attack of catalepsy. The case was a most curious one, and the mother of the girl

declared that she was subject to this disease, but had never been afflicted for so long a period together, having been four days and nights without consciousness. The doctors of the establishment were, of course, enchanted with this *bonne aubaine*, and forthwith began to experimentalise, and to prove and test a hundred different methods of cure, which, nevertheless, had all been exhausted before the poor patient was restored to herself. Such however was the debilitated state in which the disease, or rather the "remedies," had left her, that she was compelled to remain for sometime longer in the hospital, to regain her strength.

It was during this convalescence that a phenomenon of the most extraordinary nature was witnessed in poor Eulalia, which caused the greatest perplexity and confusion among the nurses and doctors in attendance upon her. She was seized with an unceasing ungovernable flow of speech—words poured in a torrent from her lips; night and day, sleeping or waking, it was all the same. With persons of her age and sex nothing is more common; but, gentle reader, it was the *subject* of her discourse which was so extraordinary, and which caused even the oldest and most experienced of the medical advisers gathered around her bed to turn aside, some in wrath and others in confusion—it was the complete unveiling of every thought and desire which was passing through the mind of whoever approached within a certain distance of her bed.

The evil grew to such a height—so many secrets got afloat—so many suspicions had grown into certainty by this means, that it was deemed expedient to dismiss the patient before a complete schism was created among the authorities of the hospital. Every celebrity in the magnetic science had been summoned to visit the girl, and all had declared that never before had a subject possessing such extraordinary powers of clairvoyance, been met with. Every one of the professors, of course, contended for the honor of bringing her into public notice; but the young assistant of the hospital, who had attended her in the first instance, became the happy man, and bore off the treasure to an obscure lodging near the Rue St. Jacques, giving up, for her sake, and for the dream of fortune, promised by the wonderful faculty which she possessed, his present situation and the certainty of advancement he had acquired by many years study and steadfast attention to his arduous profession.

For awhile everything prospered with the young couple. All Paris flocked to hear the revelations of the sybil, and her house was thronged from morn till night with eager inquiries. About a year ago Madame de S—, well known by her eccentric researches in every kind of science, became so enthusiastic in her admiration of Eulalie, that she insisted upon her taking up her abode with her, in order to aid in certain occult works upon which she was engaged—the aim and end being directed to no less an object than the discovery of all the buried treasure which exists throughout France. It would appear that the revelations of the fair Eulalie were of such a nature as to satisfy the most golden anticipations of Madame de S—. Hundreds of visions more gorgeous than imagination could supply, burst one by one upon the sleeping sense of the somnambula; but of all those which were thus laid open to the greedy anticipations of the *consultante*, none seemed to offer such immense and certain chance of splendor as that which was beheld at the Chateau of Chalus.

These ruins so celebrated in English song, became forthwith the object of a pilgrimage, and the Marquise de S— repaired thither with the firm intention of purchasing the ruins, if they were to be had for love or money. But the owner cared not a whit for the first, as far as the Marquise was concerned at least, and a great deal too much for the second; so that the affair was rather more difficult to manage than Madame de S— had anticipated. Nothing, however, is impossible to those who are gifted with a will firm and resolute as that of the stout-hearted Marquise; and the bargain was struck at an enormous sacrifice on her part, the only condition being the removal of the rubbish which encumbered the entrance to the principal dungeon of the

castle, where, so the persuasion existed, the whole of the treasure was contained. The impatience of the fair purchaser was so great that, fearing the customary delay in all French proceedings she insisted upon the performance of this part of the bargain before she would consent to sign the contract. Accordingly workmen were sent to commence the task at once, when, lo! at the very stroke of the hammer which leveled to the ground the remnant of the old wall that barred all access to the dungeon a recess was discovered hollowed in the stone, and in the recess a casket of iron, curiously wrought in the fashion of the Greek empire, which casket being opened, was found to contain a diamond of wonderful magnitude, and of the first water. It is said to be six times larger than the Legent, and of luster unrivaled by any stone known as yet to the world. The value of the treasure is supposed to be at least 15,000,000 of francs.

ELEMENTS OF REVOLUTION IN CHRISTENDOM.

The following admirable statement of Mr. Doherty—which appears in one of his letters to the N. Y. Tribune—should bring home conviction to every mind that the only way of escaping the impending Social Revolution is by Social Reformation.

"Two powers are at work in Europe to demolish the Old World. Fear and ferocity impel the wealthy classes to acts of violence against the people and the common right of justice; indignation and contempt impel the people to throw off the yoke of privileged barbarity. Fear is thickening among the rich; contempt is deepening and widening among the poor. Ferocity, the fruit of fear, produces systematic violence on the part of the alarmed authorities; indignation, the accumulated wrath of contempt, produces in the mass the spirit of rebellion. The petty acts of violence are irritating the oppressed friends of Liberty in every part of Europe, and particularly in France, Italy, and Germany. The silly noodles in authority are not aware that every act of arbitrary barbarism is so much friction on the surface of society, which gathers and accumulates the moral electricity of revolution. They are ruining their brief authority as if intent upon committing suicide. Contempt is rising to a height in France which seems to me quite ominous. How long it may require to ignite, I know not, but the slightest shock will soon suffice, I fear, to bring out the terrific lightning.

I say I fear the shock, for nothing is prepared as yet to ward off the calamity of war and anarchy in case of revolution. The minds, however, of the laboring classes are progressing rapidly in knowledge on the questions of political and social equity. The middle classes are improving, also, in their views of civil polity and justice: The Paris journal *La Presse* which represents a very large portion of the most intelligent of the middle class in France, has just put forth a profession of Liberalism which meets the views of Socialism on many most important points of polity. The retrogrades are much alarmed at this desertion of what they deem true principles of order and compression; but the really productive and industrious part of the privileged community begin to see that honesty is the best policy, and that intrigue and mercantile monopoly impede the progress and prosperity of nations, by engendering contempt and revolutionary fever. Property is suffering almost as much as labor from the present state of things, and should the want of confidence continue long, the men of industry perceive that property would have to bear the burden of alternate popular and dictatorial exaction.

"There is great activity of means or matter in the military regions of authority. The masses are improving their stock of ideas, the Governments their stock of cannon-balls and powder. The latter are losing in numbers and gaining in concentration; the former are gaining in numbers without any evident advances toward unity. Preparation for battle is, however, the universal order of the day in Europe. Nothing tends to peace in fact,

though all are crying out for it in words. The privileged expect to crush the poor in bloody battle and oppression; the poor expect to crush their enemies in moral strife and intellectual superiority. Ideal power is the strength and weapon of the one; material force the only bulwark of the other. Matter against mind, traditional authority against imperishable liberty, violence against fraternity, brutal might against fair right, ferocity against humanity, sensualism against spiritualism, destructive discipline against productive industry, privileged depravity against true virtue, aristocracy against democracy, hypocrisy against simplicity, darkness against light, and fear against contempt—such are the elements of War in Europe. The elements of Peace, where are they? The troubled world re-echoes where? And Providence will answer, *In the principles of Truth and Justice.* 'Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

FREEDOM ON THE PACIFIC.

["NEITHER SLAVERY, NOR INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, UNLESS FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME, SHALL EVER BE TOLERATED IN THIS STATE." With what joy has the intelligence that this seventeenth section of the proposed Constitution for California was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Convention, been received throughout the nation. Thank God! one decisive step is now taken to insure the realization of our Political Ideal, the UNION OF FREEMEN.

Among the many thoughts awakened by this good news, one presents itself as pre-eminent in immediate interest. It is the reactive influence which Free California may exert upon Slavery at the South.

Several considerations at once occur to the mind: A limit is set to the extension of Slavery; the value of slave property then must decline in accelerated ratio henceforth. Facilities and motives are offered for the emigration of young, enterprising men, broken down planters, and indolent seekers of wealth by swiftest, easiest means; the balance of population between the white and colored races must thus be affected, and the census of 1860 will show a comparatively greater increase among slaves than masters. By the multiplication of Free States, their swelling vote in both houses of the National Legislature, and their influence in determining the character of the Executive and Judiciary, the Slave-Power will sink into a weaker and weaker minority, &c., &c.

But the vein of thought which we desire to open, lies in a different direction. Why should not this Gold-Treasury, so unexpectedly bestowed upon the Freemen of this Nation by the aggressive ambition of the Slave-Power, be used as a means of universal justice instead of private emolument; and thus a source of jealous conflict be turned into an instrument of reconciliation? The opportunity is supplied of ridding our land of Slavery, once and forever, by a co-operative movement, conferring benefit on all parties. Shall we use it?

Suppose, that this winter, Southern and Northern Statesmen meet at Washington, not to wrangle, debate, and maneuver over the New Mexico controversy, but deliberately resolved to remove, wisely, effectually, and with the utmost possible kindness, our only radical source of political dissension and injustice—the Slave-System. The South sees that it would be sound policy, industrially, financially, commercially, politically, socially, morally, to sweep away the *one institution*, which impoverishes its land, checks its population, burdens its attempts to

establish factories, internal improvements, towns, post-offices, schools, churches, &c., and that the common conscience of civilized Christendom demands the abolition of Slavery, as a debt of justice to common humanity. But how carry out this policy in peace, safety, and without pecuniary ruin? The North sees, that in every conceivable point of view, it is summoned by interest and duty, honor and patriotism, neighborly good feeling and high benevolence, to conspire with our Southern brethren in redeeming the Republic from the *one institution*, which distracts and weakens it internally, and degrades its position and influence among the nations. But how thus co-operate, without danger of increasing the perplexities and perils of the Slave-holding States, and widening the gulf that already yawns between the two great divisions of the Union. At heart the statesmen, who from all parts of the land will gather in Congress, in December, are unanimous in judgment, that Slavery is an all but fatal national sickness, and in the wish to find its speedy cure; but they are shy of remedies which may kill the patient. They have the will, if there is a way.

Now do not these Gold Placers present the way?

The problem is, how to convert Slaves into Freemen without impoverishing the Masters, and burdening certain portions of the South with a disproportioned colored population. Emancipation of our colored countrymen; pecuniary advances to planters, &c., who have been reared to dependence; attractions to voluntary emigration;—these are the three terms of the equation. Can the solution be found?

Might not a Bill be passed by Congress, allotting an ample portion of the Gold Lands to Associated Companies of whites and blacks, organized with the avowed end of substituting co-partnership for existing relations of Master and Slave, and pledging all needful assistance from Government?

Might not special arrangements be made with California to secure the just and safe fulfilment of this plan of National Redemption?

Might not Friends of Freedom at the North and South form organizations, by suitable agents and combined means, to expedite the practical execution of this scheme of progressive redemption?

Might not a large number of Slaves be thus each year freed, many Masters relieved from their present entanglements, and the black and white population of the South be brought into such equilibrium as to prepare the way, safely and swiftly, for Universal Emancipation?

W. H. C.

LETTERS TO ASSOCIATIONISTS.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE Associative movement, in the United States resulted normally, as we have seen, from the Religious, Social, Scientific and Political tendencies of the Nation: but it received impulse and special direction from the influence of the writings of Fourier. His system of Universal Unity—gratefully cherished and silently disseminated by a small band of earnest disciples, first among whom in an age and honor stood the talented and high-minded Manesca—was brought before the public by Albert Brisbane in a volume on "The Social Destiny of Man," in columns of "The Future," and a series of articles in the "N. Y. Tribune." The indefatigable perseverance of this zealous Social Reformer was in order of time, a chief instrumentality in giving its character of "Fourierism" to the principles and plans of the earliest Associationists.

Since that period, however, the entrance of many unbiassed minds into the Associative Movement,—thought, discussion and experience—acquaintance with the views of other Social Reformers, such as Leroux, Lamennais, Cabet, Buchez, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, &c.—the rise of various Guarantee Movements originated by Working-men in Europe and America—above all an

enlarged comprehension of the immensity, complexity, dangers and difficulties of the Social Problem and a reverent conviction that the world wide agitation of Socialism emanates from and is guided by Providential agency, have conspired to disparte sectarianism; while at the same time patient study of Fourier's works and manuscripts, with aid of the comments, restatements, modifications and illustrations of his most enlightened followers, has justified the enthusiastic admiration due to his majestic intellect, and the events of every year have confirmed the confidence felt in his prophetic sagacity. Fourier is not indeed our Pope, not our infallible Oracle; but it is difficult to find words sufficiently discriminating and unhackneyed to express just appreciation for this grand genius, born and bred so opportunely, amidst Christian Civilization, in its hour of sorest need. To-day then let us attempt briefly to set forth the claims to earnest regard of the *only man*, whom, the Associationists as at present instructed recognize as a *MASTER* in Social Science.

II.—POSITIVE CRITICISM.

By organization and training, Charles Fourier was most rarely fitted for the very work to which his life was consecrated. In him, exquisite sensibility to natural beauty, unerring accuracy of perception, a love of order almost morbidly intense, constructive faculty as various in reach as exact in working, and power of minutest discrimination in all spheres material or spiritual, were wonderfully combined with ideal imagination surpassingly poetic, and vividly comic in its conceptions as well as sublime, with broad, and profound humanity, justice even rigorous in strict exactions, boundless confidence in Divine benignity, self reliance that never faltered, all concentrated and kept consistently active by perseverance stern as fate. This description may seem, but it is not exaggerated. Many powerful tendencies were wonderfully harmonized in Fourier; and it is not surprising, that conscious of his grand energies he should quietly have alluded to himself, as the only illustration he happened to be acquainted with of an *all-endowed* man. By most felicitous fortune too, he was bred up from boyhood to the mercantile profession, had opportunities for travelling extensively as a commercial agent, was plunged into the horrors of pecuniary losses and financial perplexities, felt the hard gripe of poverty, was separated by humble position and privacy from ambitious excitements, and through his whole life was forced into painful contact with the tyrannous Oligarchy of Money. Above all, the hideous brutalities combined with the extravagant aspirations of the French Revolution, the political chaos of Europe during Napoleon's wars, the manifest breaking down of all civilized dynasties under accumulating debts, and the fast swelling power of the People, communicated just the needed stimulus to a mind and heart so constituted. Fourier does appear to have been one of the series of Providential Persons, raised up and destined to become centers of influence for their own and succeeding times.

But it is to the *SYSTEM*, rather than the *Man* that our attention is now to be directed; and into a few short paragraphs must suggestions be crowded, each of which would demand for elucidation as many chapters.

I. The INTEGRALITY of the system of "Combined Order,"—as the author of "Universal Unity" so finely called his scheme for social harmony, is in itself most instructive. At first sight the Phalanstery appears like a piece of wax-work, fashioned by cunning mechanism,—and one, whose spiritual affections have been trained to predominant exclusiveness, is tempted to dash Fourier's books to the ground, and trample them under foot, as debasingly materialistic. But presently the seeming automaton wakes into glowing action, and through the beautiful body shines forth a radiant life of purity, force, genial impulse, honor, benignity, chivalric devotedness, consummate manhood. It is wonderful to see, how, starting from the observance of natural laws in humblest spheres, Fourier was led upward to the most vast and profound views of social relations, and of uni-

versal destiny. And the question continually arises, as we study his massive sentences,—within whose cold, clear, statement lie volumes of passionate emotion, as in the fabled casket was prisoned the Genius,—“Did this man actually comprehend the rich significance of his own plans and principles?” Doubtless, he purposely mystified his fellows, and so concocted his compositions, as to cram his readers with as much solid food as they could well digest, under show of tickling their appetites with confectionary. Yet, after all such allowances, it still looks as if Fourier had lit upon veins of treasures, whose worth he never fully estimated,—and which only happier generations can work out, by a faithful application of his method of *Universal Analogy*.

Certainly, no one can enter into the conception of Phalanstorian Life, without gaining a wholly new impression of the reigning power of Art, and rising into wondering gratitude, at the infinitely benevolent designs of the Divine Artist. Fourier had attained to clear vision of what all poets gain glimpses of, that Nature—as a whole, and in its minutest combinations and movements—is an ever fresh Symbol of God. The universe was to him a temple, from corner to capstone, from pavement to dome, carved and stamped all over with hieroglyphics of supreme wisdom. The word *Art*, gives the clue to what otherwise seems a cheerless labyrinth of tedious detail. He did believe, with his whole soul, that fields, workshops, and all spheres of productive industry, might be converted into means of harmony, which would react upon human feeling and energy like an orchestra. And yet more, he believed, with an earnestness which subdued every doubt, and kept his inventive faculties forever on the stretch, that all the passions and faculties of man, individual and collective, were originally adapted exactly to each other, and designed to be perfectly in accord, as are the performers on wind and string instruments, in a well-arranged concert. Hence his insatiable longing to study out in minutest particulars, the *Conditions* fitted to attune all active tendencies in each person, and to allot appropriate functions to every temperament and character. He was assured, that Social Organization is the Art of Arts; and in his conception of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY, he laid the corner-stone and marked out the ground-plan of a temple of beauty, which admiring ages will co-work to rear, and wherein his statue will stand pre-eminent, as the great emancipator of Labor.

By this integrality of system, Fourier anticipated the result, to which Phrenology, Physiology, and the soundest practical Philosophy of our age are rapidly leading all thinkers. He showed how an end might be put to the everlasting war between *Spiritualism* and *Materialism*, and by merely exhibiting the true hierarchy in human tendencies and faculties, cleared the field of usurping sophisms and cant. In a word, he made honorable, what one-sided and simplistic observers had presumptuously considered common and unclean, while preserving the supremacy of the highest affections. It is not meant, that Fourier gave an exhaustive analysis of human nature in all its departments, or that he exhibited a complete practical synthesis, by enacting which, Society might insure the symmetric growth of all its members. But this was his high aim; and he did present, in glorious fullness, the *Ideal* of Society as a COLLECTIVE MAN, whose body, was consummate order in all material relations refined to the utmost, whose soul was the exquisite harmony of spiritual affections. Thus also, as will hereafter appear, he demonstrated how Public and Private Life may be made ONE.

[The remainder of this letter is postponed, to make way for the article which follows.]

W. H. C.

No duty requires thee to shut out beauty, or to neglect the influences that may unite thee with heaven.

THE PHALANSTERIAN MOVEMENT.

BY VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

VI.

At this moment there is no longer but a single question in Europe, that is, the Social question, with its twofold problem—exterior and interior—the independence and free association of individuals, and of groups of nations and of individuals.

There are no longer but two parties: The party of decay, the anti-social party, which opposes its last efforts against the organization of Order founded on Liberty and Justice, stupidly preferring disorder maintained by exploitation and compression:

And the Social party, that is to say, the European Democracy, which has in its behalf all serious interests, all powerful ideas, all the living forces of humanity and the future, as well as the furious and desperate blindness of its enemies who have covered themselves with shame and blood throughout Europe.

Let those who doubt the result of this great struggle stand aside; they doubt of God and of Humanity. They are not made for the severer labors of the advanced guard. When the road shall have been open, spacious and beautiful, through the thorns and rocks, they will come, and we will not reject them. For the present, I address myself to the courageous, to the intelligent, to the strong, to those who are cast down by a reverse, but whose hearts, on the contrary, are invigorated, whose energy is renewed by persecution.

To these, and thank God with us they are almost everybody, to these I consider it easy for us to know where we are, and to judge of the peculiar condition of our affairs?

The anti-social Reaction, infuriated and blind, thanks to the blue Republicans, to the statesmen who have joined with it and surrendered to it the Republic, is triumphant along the whole line. This cannot be denied.

Our ideas, dishonestly travestied into anarchical, subversive and savage doctrines by the anti-Socialists, have been desperately hunted down.

Our daily organ, prohibited by the champions of legality who decreed the state of siege, has been suspended.

The persons of our adherents have been maltreated. Bureau is in prison. Tandon is condemned to an imprisonment of a year. Cantagrel and myself are in exile; and a number of our friends have been persecuted and annoyed in various ways. Our dear and venerable Joenger of Colmar, has been accused as a conspirator. All this is true.

It is true, moreover, that our printing office has been searched by the preservers of Order and of Property; that the apostles of the Family have laid their hands on our workmen; that there will be no persecutions against these honorable individuals; and that we shall probably never be indemnified for the losses which their moderation has occasioned us.

It is true, moreover, that we have debts, and that our credit has sunk under these rude assaults.

Now, all this cannot prevent us from being a hundred fold stronger than we have ever been before, far stronger even than we were on the evening of June 13, 1849.

Why? Each of you comprehends it like ourselves, and finds the evidence of it in his own locality—for the good reason that at the present day the solid sympathy of every one in France or in Europe, who belongs to the party of the Future and of the People is henceforth ours.

VII.

The masses, you are aware, have long been kept away from us by various causes.

In the first place, because we have a cortege of ideas far too scientific for the masses to prefer them at once to their simple

sentiments, or such embryotic views as have the advantage over ours of not demanding much study;

Because, the men who had the ear of the people, and who themselves had only generous sentiments and confidence, the greater number in good faith, some from jealousy, have long held us up to suspicion before the Democratic masses.

Because, the elevated reason which has made us demand a political truce for the study of the Social question, to attempt the conversion of the bourgeoisie, to criticise the one-sided Revolutionary spirit, and formalistic Republicanism of the *Left*, as well as the false Radicalism of the party of the old *National*, and to combat the errors of a purely negative Socialism, have not been understood and have been badly appreciated.

Because, in fine, in spite of the testimonies of the practical solutions which we have furnished on all practical questions, our faith, our reasons and our ideas, superior to and far in advance of the general intelligence, have been long banished, in the public estimation, into a speculative sphere, and in some sort exterior to actual and practical life, where the *authorities*, on every side delight to leave us and even to have us consigned.

VIII.

Things are changed at the present day. The men of the *Left*, of the liberalism of words and of intrigue, are no longer spoken of; they are all jumbled together in the remains of other aristocracies by the waves of the European Reaction which now roll up only the ruins of the past.

The same justice is executed on that Party of Limited Republicans who have been seen at work, who have remained refractory to social ideas, who have shown themselves what, for eighteen years we predicted they would be, who have placed the Revolution of February in the paths opened by Louis Phillipe, and have made an abortion of Democracy by their cowardice and imbecility. This is all well got rid of.

There are now only Socialists and anti-Socialists;—I do not speak of the legion of *political and social indifference*. This has never been taken into account.

All that is democratic is Socialist.

All that is blind, selfish and ignorant is anti-Socialist.

On one side the Jesuits, the Cossacks, with the aristocrats and usurers.

On the other, Socialism and the People.

This is the present state of Europe.

Now, the Sphinx of Destiny, which proposed, sixty years ago, the question of the Modern Order to France now proposes it to the whole civilized world. A response may be made to it.

We have proved, moreover, during eighteen patient years of instruction and initiation, that we are men of peace, of reason, of concord, detesting war for its own sake, detesting Revolutions without aim and sterile agitations. Vain are all calumnies against us. Be assured, friends, that we have gained this testimony.

We have proved on the other hand, especially for the last eighteen months, that war once declared, we were in the front rank of the people, and of Democratic right, strong, courageous, devoted.

Without ambition for power—this, it is well known, is not what we pursue—we have given significant pledges of our personal devotion to the active cause of Liberty and of the Unity of Nations. The testimony also we have securely gained.

XI.

The Associative School at the Present day is at the head of the Democratic Movement, as it was, in fact, at the head of the Socialist ideas, which have completely changed the state of Europe in eighteen years. The time of trials is also one of tests. Revolutions at least show the value of persons and of theories.—That of '48 has left on the ground illusions, intrigues, forces destitute of ideas, from which the life has departed. Nothing can survive which is not organized to live, which is not deeply based

in truth, in reason, in justice; in spite of vain regrets, the people scarcely abandon those to whom it is good to adhere. So long as any one serves his cause with that which has a right to live, he goes on with increasing strength.

For us, the moment has come. To-day we have only to speak in order to be heard with sympathy, and hence to be comprehended and followed. Twenty years of labor and devotion have prepared this position; the wand of the reactionist, in a few months, has perfected us by its touch.

We must take advantage of this at once.

The *Democratic Pacifique*, our daily organ, having reappeared at last, in spite of difficulties, and must forthwith commence a political and organic campaign.

1. We must reproduce, in a concrete and synthetic form, the practical solutions of all the important questions which we have successively furnished, and which it now behoves us to set forth in battle array.

2. While we present, in a concrete form, the solutions demanded by the actual state of opinion, and the present wants of the suffering classes, we must impress the conviction on the Socialist party that it cannot be absolved and swallowed up by half-way reforms; that it is bound to be radical and integral; and that in respect to Social reform, these conditions cannot be truly radical, except by reforming the very base of Society, namely, the Township, and by establishing the model of the Township of the New Society; a field open, moreover, to all solutions, to all experiments.

And then, although Democracy at this moment, may be suppressed, you may be assured that the partisans of the reaction themselves, at the bottom of their hearts, cherish no serious illusion with regard to the certainty of its final advent. Only, according to the fundamental principle of egotism, "After me, ends the world," they think only of adjourning the inevitable hour, or throwing it forward into the future. Now, we know, that at this time, the living and the dead move quickly: and we have a great duty to fulfill. The influences which we are in a position to exert over the public mind, must be used by us, so as to impart a pure and lofty character to the victory which will not delay its approach. It is by surrounding ourselves with the radiant life of scientific, organic and religious truth, that we must henceforth combat, so that the grand victory, so far as it depends on us, shall be rather a fruitful creation, than a desolating explosion.

The intelligent and sound portion of the bourgeoisie—that, for example which rallies under the present management of the *Presse*,—is disposed of itself to hear us. This journal now sets forth our own formulas. There is no longer but one decidedly incurable party which remains firmly sealed to every access of the New Spirit.

In my opinion, then, we are ready to effect, in a few months, a wide spread conviction, or a least a powerful sympathy, in favor of our doctrines, and to have prepared a decisive appeal in behalf of Realization for the year 1850.

X.

While our friends, who remain in Paris, will vigorously pursue the work which they have just resumed, and endeavor, in concert with us, to present the present circle with its true character, I propose for myself, in addition to my contributions for the Journal, the following plan of action:

My discourse of April 14, of which I pronounced but a portion before the Constituent Assembly, was nearly printed, as a complete publication, when I left Paris. I have just corrected the proofs of it: it will soon appear, followed by the curious collection of judgments which it has called forth both from the organs of the Democracy and of the reaction. This will form the general synthesis of what we have officially proposed to society and of what this society would have replied to us at the com-

mencement of 1849. This will be a monument to the good faith, to the high intelligence, and to the glory of the anti-social reaction. I ask you to spread this far and wide, especially the synthesis of *The Ways and Means of Universal Credit* which it contains, which will be struck off separately, and which I believe is of a character to draw to us rapidly the interests which are suffering.

This work sums up our views on the question of home operations. I shall follow it up with the publication of a new edition of my *General Politics*, which with the additions I have made to it will set forth our views synthetically on the foreign question in the present condition of European affairs.

At the same time I shall reprint the first part of the third volume of *Social Destiny*, and will wind up with the development of our *Plan of Realization*.

This work, for the execution of which Cantagrel and myself will combine all our forces, will form the basis of the appeal we can make if vigorously seconded by you, in the Spring of 1850. We must hold to this date of 1850. The time is ripe.

It will soon be three years, since I told the President of the Council of State at Lausanne, that, taking into view the intelligence and the trickery of the Government of Louis Philippe, it was very possible that the first Phalanstery would rear its walls on the banks of the Leman, and not on those of the Seine.

Geneva, in fact, is a point that presents many advantages. The borders of the lake are annually visited by an immense number of travelers. Switzerland is a neutral and cosmopolitan country, and, like Belgium, one of the general centers of European life. There, at least, we can calculate on the sympathy of the people, and the good will of the Government as a foundation. The Chief of the Executive Power and his friends have often given me the most positive assurances on this point.

I cannot accurately predict what will occur in France between now and the Spring of 1850. But I well know that if, in the position or the means of realization, we were prevented from making a practical attempt in France, the banks of the Lake of Geneva would offer magnificent sites for the experiment. I have already, at the time alluded to, visited many with this view.

Here is my plan. The capital point is to place ourselves in a position in which we can rapidly gather the fruits of twenty years, devotion and toil, and present to the masses which are confusedly borne along by the rising wave of Socialism, the solutions of which they are anxious, and to strike somewhere the decisive blow.

One thing will effectually contribute in securing to us the general co-operation of the Democratic party; I mean the fact, that in spite of the position which we have gained, and the claims we might present, it is known beyond a doubt, that we are not ambitious of power—that after the victory, we should dispute it with no one, and that the loftier ambition of the men of the Associative School, however active and devoted their co-operation in the general movement of Democracy, is simply to solve the social problem by the establishment of a new model of the Township. This would appear but a small thing to others, and they will aid us in it with entire good will.

It is certain that the sympathies of the masses, which we assuredly desire, but which we did not possess two years since, are with us to-day.

We are an isolated school, and if our ideas passed into other minds it was by force and in spite of themselves. At the present day in France, and even in Europe, the Phalansterian School is a capital element in the movement for enfranchisement. It has gained moral authority and is popular with the Democracy. This could not have taken place if we remained in the position of savans, buried (and selfishly in the eye of the masses) in the abstraction of our special ideas—if we had not, in fine, within a few years especially, taken an active and devoted

part in the grand drama of contemporary, actual breathing life. This must now be evident to every eye.

Accordingly, instead of being limited in our demand of resources for Realization to the narrow sphere of the Phalansterian School, we shall claim them of the whole Socialist democracy. We shall organize a EUROPEAN APPEAL for the experiment of the Associative Township, as we understand it. And the universal Socialist democracy will respond to our appeal, and its chief men will contend for the honor of inscribing their names at the head of our lists, and of promoting them in every country whose efforts we have sustained, and whose liberty we have defended, because Phalansterian Socialism has so well deserved of universal democracy.

And this proves that in doing our duty as men, as citizens, as Democrats, we have also deserved well of the Phalanstery.

XI.

We have accordingly, to prepare and organize the Appeal, and that action of which we know the consequences. For this we must have a good and vigorous campaign.

Will you undertake it?

Yes, you will.

We must, then at once repair our damages, complete our equipment, and spread our sails to the wind.

We need a collective effort, and on the part of each a serious sacrifice. We have had our sacrifices, and if it were necessary to die to-morrow to secure the triumph of our cause we should do so at once, without ado, and without being asked.

In the Circular of June 21, our friends asked for an extraordinary subscription of 30,000 francs. Up to this time, they have not actually realized more than half of this sum.

I now ask for much more. In view of bringing into action all the elements of Realization, both in France and in foreign countries, of giving a new impulse to the teaching and propagation of our organizing doctrines, which at this day are the true and the only guaranties of Order, of Peace and of Liberty, the only anchor of safety for society, I demand, in the first place, a strong, earnest and regular organization of the Rent.

I then demand a NEW CAPITAL, a capital raised by extraordinary devotion; if not so large as that of the Society of 1843, at least to meet all the charges occasioned by the deficit of the Rent, and all the wants which will grow out of a decisive effort for propagation and realization.

We must have this preeminent resource, in order to repair the injuries which we have received, and to go forward and perform our campaign without dragging.

This sacrifice will be the last difficulty.

It has been proposed to Cantagrel and myself to receive a special rent during the continuance of our exile. We fully appreciate the sentiment which suggested this proposition to our friends, but we cannot accept it. The question is not one relating to two chiefs: it concerns the army, the flag, the organ, the cause. I should rather become a school-master, a clerk in a factory, or an oyster-man, to gain coarse bread for my family, than to receive a single cent from you, my friends, before you have unfurled our flag and set on foot the expedition. The service of the Cause, the Collective Interests, the School, this is what we must keep in view above everything else.

I demand this extraordinary effort not as revenue, but as the capital of the School, not as rent, but as shares in one of the two societies of 1840 and 1843. I ask, that each of you personally will make up his mind, generously decide, in his own conscience, what part he shall take in the enterprise, and form a binding engagement.

This engagement made with yourself, I ask you to communicate at once to our friends—there is not a day to be lost—and to arrange the payments in instalments of three, six, twelve and even eighteen months, if necessary, not forgetting that a certain proportion of ready money will be wanted by them at Paris.

I beseech you to act without loss of time, and to make known I repeat it, your decision, by an immediate response.

At a time like this, a prompt survey of our resources is necessary.

I conjure those who are wealthy not to leave too heavy a burden on the poor. Fifty Phalansterians, wealthy or in easy circumstances, bringing on an average 3,000 or 4,000 francs each, would create the new capital. I would not here use the language of interest, but I cannot avoid saying that the owners of property at the present day, both for their fortune, their children and themselves, are deeply interested that organic principles should speedily gain supremacy and conjure down the tempests. The Social Revolution has thus far only made its prologue, and if we do not hasten to resolve it in the proper manner, it is not we who can doubt that it will sweep everything before it. Let us think of that in time.

XII.

Friends! you will reply to this appeal, dated from exile, which is made to you for the cause, in the name of those who are at liberty, and of those who are in prison.

Devotion and sacrifices are still necessary, no doubt, but we have not fallen behind ourselves, and no great cause can advance unless it is sustained by all the soul of its adherents. Let us not complain. Others, in the past and even in the present, have paid and still pay more dear for interests far inferior to those which are entrusted to our charge. We are not yet the victims of the sword or the bullet. I hope that this fate is not reversed for us. But this will depend to a great degree, upon ourselves. If we do not secure the triumph of our idea in time, social anarchy will prevail in Europe—and then everything will be possible.

As is the case with all great renovating doctrines, persecution is necessary to graft the new idea, on the old spirit; persecution in the system of *inverse Providence* is the decisive succor afforded to militant truths. It increases the courage and the energy of their defenders to a tenfold degree; it disgraces, enervates and finishes off their adversaries. Where is the Phalansterian, the true Phalansterian, at this day, who does not feel ready for everything which can promote the triumph of his cause—who does not bravely and religiously press in the ranks to sustain his brothers and his faith against the fury of Jews and Pagans, of Pharisees and Proconsuls? Where is the man so basely selfish and cowardly as to refuse his share of devotion, and not to accord it in proportion to his ability and his circumstances.

That phase of persecution, that fruitful phase, which has always immediately preceded victory, we have naturally experienced, without seeking it. We have ever believed, thanks to our instructions, to our reason, and to the reason of the age, that it would not fail to our lot. But we had too good an opinion of those for whose conversion we have so long labored. The old Jews will die in final impenitence, and will be blind and violent to the end, like all selfishness in its last agonies. Thanks for their co-operation. Notice that it comes in time. Even two years since, the persecution which had been directed against Socialism and our doctrines in particular, would have done us nothing but mischief. The whole press would have almost entirely abandoned and sacrificed us, and the Democratic masses, under the influence of its chiefs at that time, would not have given us their adhesion. We should only have been scape-goats for those worthies. "Socialists! Phalansterians! We have nothing to do with such men." This would have been the talk of the chiefs two years ago. To-day, all who have not crossed the Rubicon of the old politics to come to us are merely shadows. *Requiescat in pace.* And for ourselves! Forward! for the deliverance of the people and the salvation of the world.

Friends! we know our own strength. We rely on you. Our hour is come. Let none of us be wanting to our holy mission.

VICTOR CONSIDERANT.

On the banks of the Rhine, Sept. 1849.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 17.

Latest Date, Nov. 3.

The Ministers of Louis Napoleon have resigned in a body. They had previously received hints that their participation in the Government was no longer desirable, of such a nature as might be deemed equivalent to a dismissal. This step has caused a general sensation. It may be taken as a proof of the decision and energy of the President, determined to take the helm of government in his own hand. The first impression on the working classes is stated to be of a favorable character. General Changarnier pledges himself to sustain the new administration to the extent of his power. Amongst the members of the cabinet, there is no one distinguished for past services. The change was announced on the 31st ult., by the following message from Louis Napoleon to the Legislative Assembly.

"Monsieur le President: In the grave circumstances in which we find ourselves, the accordance which ought to exist between the different powers of the State cannot be maintained unless, animated by mutual confidence, they explain their views openly to each other. To give an example of that sincerity, I now make known to the Assembly the reasons which have determined me to change the Ministry, and to separate myself from men whose eminent services I am gratified to proclaim, and to whom I have vowed friendship and gratitude.

"To consolidate the republic, menaced on so many sides by anarchy, to assure order more efficaciously than has hitherto been the case, to uphold abroad (*a l'exterieur*) the name of France at height of her fame—men are required who, animated by a patriotic devotion, understand the necessity of united and firm action, and a clearly defined line of policy, which will not compromise the government (*le pouvoir*) by any act of irresolution, who will have a care of my responsibility as well as of their own, and pay attention to acts as well as words.

"For more than a year I have given proofs enough of abnegation to remove all doubts as to my veritable intentions. Without a grudge towards any individuality, against any party, I gave access to power to men of the most opposite opinions, but without obtaining the happy results which I expected from that combination (*rapprochement*). Instead of an amalgamation of shades of opinion, I obtained only a neutralization of powers.

"Unity of action was barred: a spirit of conciliation was regarded as weakness. Scarcely were the dangers of the street over when parties raised their colors, and gave vent anew to their old rivalries, spreading alarm and disquietude through the country.

"In the midst of this confusion, France, uneasy, not seeing any guiding power, seeks the hand, the will, the flag of the elected of the 10th of December. That will cannot be manifested without a perfect community of action, of ideas, views, and convictions between the President and his ministers, and unless the Assembly associates itself to the national thought, of which the election of the Executive power was the expression.

"A whole system triumphed on the 10th of December, for the name of Napoleon is a programme in itself. It means—order, authority, religion, welfare of the people at home, the national dignity abroad. It is the triumph of that policy, inaugurated by my election, which I seek, with the support of the Assembly and of the people. I wish to be worthy of the confidence of the nation, by maintaining the constitution to which I have sworn. I wish to inspire in the country, by my loyalty, my perseverance, and my firmness, such confidence as to give new life to business, and hope in the future.

"The letter of the constitution has, doubtless, a great influence upon the destinies of a country; but the manner in which it is interpreted has, perhaps, a far greater one. The longer or

shorter duration of a government contributes, doubtless, greatly to the stability of public affairs; but it is also by ideas and by principles that the government knows how to reassure society.

"Let us, then, raise up again, authority, without causing alarm to real liberty. Let us calm anxiety, by boldly curbing bad passions, and by giving a useful direction to all noble instincts.

"Let us consolidate the principle of religion, without abandoning anything of the conquests of the revolution; and we will save the country, in despite of factions, ambitious men, and even of those imperfections which may exist in our institutions."

The following is the definitive list of the new French Ministry, as published in the *Moniteur* of Thursday morning: Gen. d'Hautpoul, Minister of War; M. Achille Fould, Finance; M. Rouher, Justice; M. Ferdinand Barrot, Home Department; M. A. de Raeneval, the Minister at Naples, Foreign Affairs; M. Dumas, Commerce and Agriculture; M. de Parieu, Public Instruction and Worship; Admiral Romain Desfosses, Marine and Colonies; M. Bineau, Public Works. General d'Hautpoul is charged, ad interim, in the absence of M. de Raeneval, with the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs. All the above belong to the majority of the Legislative Assembly.

At the time when M. Poussin was presented with his passports, the Hon. William C. Rives was on his way to Paris as the Representative of the United States, in room of Mr. Rush, recalled. Mr. Rives arrived in Paris early in September, with his credentials, but up to the present time he has not been received by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, nor officially presented to M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

This fact has engendered much surprise among the resident Americans in Paris. What effect the dismissal of the French Ministry will have upon this complication will probably be ascertained soon. The treatment which M. Poussin received in Washington has made a deep impression in Paris.

In Rome, the assassination of French soldiers continued daily. It was not expected the Pope would return soon, or that the French army would leave immediately. Great hostility was still manifested by the people toward the Pope.

The news from ENGLAND is unimportant.

The official despatch from the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, announcing the amicable settlement of the differences between Russia and the Porte on the extradition question, has now been published. The reason assigned for the sudden change of purpose on the part of the Emperor Nicholas, is his contentment with the letter he had received from the Sultan. If this be true, the Czar is more easily satisfied than has been hitherto imagined. The Sultan's letter was fully as laconic as the autograph to which it was a response, whilst it was incomparably more dignified.

The atrocious Haynau has been again confirmed in his despotic powers, and appointed civil and military Governor of Hungary. He has recommenced the sanguinary scenes which have covered his name with immortal infamy. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th ult., Giron (Lieut. Col. and Commandant of the German Legion), Prince Woronjecki, and Havancourt, (aide-camp of Dembinski,) were hanged at Pesth. The first was a Prussian, the two latter were Poles, and seized with arms in their hands. These three executions had caused great terror among the inhabitants of Pesth, who have now lost all hope of the Government adopting a milder course of policy. On the 22d ult., MM. Madarasz and Perini were also executed, the latter being upward of seventy years of age. It was much feared at Presburg that these murders would precipitate a rising of the people, who, in such case, would make fearful retaliation. Count Gefeon Raday has been condemned to two years imprisonment. Several arrests have taken place at Pesth: among these are Messrs. Barkossy, Naray, and Kersea, who were among the most distinguished functionaries of Kossuth's Government.

The victims hanged on the 24th ult., were Baron Perenyi, ex-President of the Hungarian Upper House, and a Judge of the High Court of Justice; M. Csernus and M. Szacsray, both delegates to the Hungarian Diet, and the latter of whom acted as Clerk to the Lower House, and drew up the declaration of the independence of Hungary.

An arbitrary step has been taken at Vienna, which has caused no little sensation. A circular has been officially addressed to all publishers, forbidding the publication of any book, the manuscript of which has not been previously submitted to the inspection of the present military government. This is a fact very significant of the paternal rule of Austria, and of the filial contentment of her subjects.

While Haynau thus lords it in Hungary, an Imperial decree has been published respecting the Lombardo-Venetian provinces held by Austria, conferring the entire political and civil administration upon Marshal Radetsky, with a view to such organizations as may pave the way for future constitutional arrangements, in conformity with those to be adopted in other portions of the Austrian Empire, throughout the whole of which one system is to prevail. What that will be may be anticipated by any one who understands the tendencies of the Viennese Cabinet.

No less than three hundred of the Hungarian refugees have become converts to Islamism, and many of their friends are about to follow the example. Among those who have seceded from Christianity are Count F. Bozwardowski and Lieut. Col. Flamme, formerly Imperial officers. Gen. Bem's name does not appear on the official list of renegades.

The following is the letter to the Sultan, in which Bem announces his determination to embrace Mahometanism:

"SIR: I have always fought against the Emperor of Russia, your enemy and ours. I latterly went into Hungary, still impelled by the same feeling. Your Majesty is aware of the obstacles which stopped the success of our arms. I now come to place my feeble means and my devotedness at the service of your Majesty, to combat the common enemy, the Emperor of Russia; and to offer you a guarantee of my zeal and of devotedness, I declare my wish to embrace Islamism."

News of the Week.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—The grand pageant is over. A brilliant day, a full military parade, a general observance of the solemnities by the citizens, contributed to render it the most imposing display of the kind since the funeral of General Jackson. The route of the procession was conspicuously marked with the sable apparel of mourning, the hotels and private establishments vying in the munificence of their decorations. The half-mast flag, the most striking of all emblems of mourning, was everywhere displayed, and festoons and drapery of crape shrouded a hundred lofty buildings in Broadway and the Bowery. The procession, for the component parts of which we refer to the Programme in yesterday's Tribune, started from the Park at about half past twelve o'clock, and was nearly an hour in passing the gate. The route was up Broadway to Astor place, through Astor place to Fourth avenue, thence to the Bowery, and down the Bowery and Chatham street to the east gate of the Park, where they arrived at about four o'clock. The coffins were placed on tressels on the platform before the City Hall steps, and as the procession passed by, and the great bell's voice was dumb, prayer was offered, the Sacred Music Society sang the Ode for the occasion, written by General George P. Morris, and John Van Buren, Esq., proceeded in the delivery of an elaborate and able eulogy upon the deceased, in which he traced the course of each from boyhood to the grave, and dwelt eloquently upon their many virtues, their brave deeds, their ar-

dent patriotism, and all the qualities that adorn the soldier. We have not room for this Eulogy, and will not mutilate it by a skeleton report, as we presume it will be published under the supervision of the author. In his peroration, Mr. Van Buren successively displayed the splendid gold sheathed swords which had been presented to General Worth—the first in 1835, by the State of New-York, for his gallant services at Chippewa—the second by residents of Columbia county, as a token of respect for one of their own citizens—the third by the State of Louisiana, in acknowledgment of General Worth's heroic conduct at the storming of Monterey—the fourth, a magnificent weapon, presented by Congress through the hands of the President of the United States, as a token of regard for services in the Mexican war. The firing of three volleys over the remains closed the ceremonies, and the bodies were placed in the Governor's Room—that of General Worth to be conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery to-day, and the others to be taken by their friends to their respective places of burial. The coffins were appropriately and massively trimmed with silver ornaments, the United States arms, heavy silver border and nails, and on that of Gen. Worth's a fringe of silver bullion. The inscriptions were as follows:

Colonel	General	Brev. Major
JAMES DUNCAN	WILLIAM J. WORTH	COLLINSON R. GATES
Died at	Died at	Died at
Mobile, Ala.	San Antonio, Tex.	Fredricksburg, Tex.
2d July, 1849,	7th May, 1849,	28th June, 1849,
Aged 38,	Aged 55,	Aged 31,
U. S. A.	U. S. A.	U. S. A.

The number of people who turned out to witness these ceremonies was immense—one continued crowd along the line of the procession, and in the Park perhaps twenty thousand. We do not learn that any accident or misfortune occurred to add to the public or private sorrow. [Tribune.]

Miss Fredrika Bremer is yet in our city, visiting or being visited by large numbers of admirers, who have been pleased with her literary productions. On Friday evening she is to be hospitably entertained in the mansion of an ex-Mayor of our city, and on Saturday, the Lady Hostess takes her to the High Bridge.

Miss B. was welcomed by a large party at Miss Anna C. Lynch's on Wednesday evening, which is her home for the present we believe. A brother countryman, Prof. S., from Stockholm, was also a guest, with a number of distinguished citizens, among the artists, literati, and others of the city and country. Miss Bremer will spend some time in the city and Brooklyn before leaving for Boston. She contemplates a tour over the country before returning home, and wishes especially to see the "Big West." [N. Y. Express.]

GOLD ROBBERIES.—Several robberies of gold dust have been detected among the lots received by the Empire City. When the robberies took place cannot be discovered, but they were very ingeniously effected. A hole was bored in the bottom of the boxes, the dust picked out, the hole plugged, and a seal placed over it. How much the aggregate robbery is has not been ascertained, but one lot is short ten thousand dollars. It is most likely that the thief took advantage of the transit of the Isthmus. The loss falls upon the Insurance companies.

At the St. Louis Convention an estimate was submitted, by Col. Curtis, a skillful engineer, of the cost of the Railroad to the Pacific, and the cost of a survey. It can be made, he thinks, for eighty-nine millions of dollars; and one thousand men, an engineer, with a party being assigned to each one hundred miles, can complete the survey in one year.

Town and Country Items.

FRANCE, WITH ROME ON HER HANDS.—Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was to humane too let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity, and an—elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wit's end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolute.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go back because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong because public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirligig species of political entomology.

Poor France! will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle-imp. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it "at any price."—Punch.

Another lord bishop has passed from the episcopal bench: Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Llandarff, has followed, at a short interval, the excellent bishop of Norwich. Dr. Coplestone was one of a small school of academics formed at Oxford, some forty years since, from which much was expected. These few men first stirred the stagnant life of Oxford, and gave it some slight movement. As in a later case, Oriel College was the center of a new action upon the university. From their temperate habits contrasting with the ordinary indulgences of the Common rooms, these men were called "Oriel Tea Drinkers;" and Dr. Coplestone subsequently became the Head of that college, and numbered among his Fellows—Whately, Hampden, Parry, Arnold and Dr. Hawkins, now the Head of that College. Mr. Newman was a fair representative of these men, and in the succession. But, alas, a great change passed upon him; and these really able men neither advanced upon themselves, nor have left any marked traces either upon the established church or the university. Liberal principles—advanced views—cannot be retained, and will not live or propagate themselves in the atmosphere of richly endowed and highly privileged academical or ecclesiastical corporations.

A JUDGE THREATENED WITH ASSASSINATION.—Judge Daly, whose firmness on the trial of the Astor Place rioters had made him "a terror to evil doers," as well as "a praise to them that do well," has received a letter informing him of a conspiracy to assassinate him, in which the writer had been invited to join. That such a threat should be made, now that the other trials are coming on, is very probable, though such threats are seldom carried into execution. If it is expected that any motive of fear will prevent Judge Daly from finishing the work he has thus far so ably performed, those who expect it will be disappointed. So far, justice has been meted out to the extent of the law; and we have no doubt the same firm and judicious course will be pursued in the coming trials.

THE RECIPROCITY ACT.—The Navigation Act of Great Britain which comes into operation on 1st January next, is much canvassed by the merchants of New-York. The general impression is, that so far as Great Britain is concerned, our trade and shipping will benefit, but with the small European States, Hamburg and Bremen for instance, the benefits will be all on their side. Their ships can come into American ports and take cotton, tobacco, or other freights directly to London or Liverpool producing an interference with our packet and freighting ships, which cannot fail to be injurious.

A DEFENCE OF WILLIAM PENN.—Mr. Gray Fairbairn, an English gentleman, resident in this city, has prepared in pamphlet form, an examination of the charges which Mr. Macaulay, in his recent "History of England," preferred against the founder of our now great Commonwealth—the illustrious William Penn. This examination, which Mr. F. calls a defence, exhibits a good deal of research, and will be welcome to all who desire to see the truth vindicated, and especially to the people of our own city and State. [Phil. North American.

How expressive are the following lines by Fox, of his own sad story:

"Alas, alas for me
Ambition—all is o'er!
No more, no more, no more,
(Such language hath the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore,)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree.
The stricken eagle soar!"

Mr. Greeley has given \$100 to the journeymen tailors now on a strike for higher wages at Boston, and \$50 for the relief of the destitute Hungarian exiles. Such benevolence would cover a multitude of sins—but Horace Greeley has as few to cover as most men. He preaches a good deal of doctrine that we do not like, but the man is an honor to the race. [Noah.

A reputed old witch died recently at Fifa, Scotland, after having enjoyed the perquisite of a fish from every fisherman who desired good fortune; and, on searching her dwelling, two thousand sixpences, one thousand twenty shillings, nine sovereigns, ten pounds in bank notes, and forty pounds in addition, were discovered concealed in bags.

LICENSED GROC-STORES.—The number of licenses to sell liquor, granted from May last to the 10th instant, was 2,779. The greatest number in any one ward is in the 3th, 345. In the 0th ward there are only 222, so that the presumption is, that there are about the same number who sell without license, and by the permission of the Alderman of the ward, who assumes this authority without the pretence of Right.

KALE LYMAN'S IRISH EVIDENCE.—Kale was brought up before the judge, and interrogated as follows :

"What passed between you and the prisoner?" said the judge to the witness.

"Oh! then, please your worship, I sees Mike a top of the garden wall. 'Pat,' says he. 'What,' says I. 'There,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whisht,' said he. 'Hush,' says I. And that's all I know about it, please your worship."

HARVARD COLLEGE.—It is said that there is difficulty in filling the Professorship of History, vacant by the resignation of President Sparks. Mr. Hildreth has been named as a candidate. Also, Mr. Eliot, author of Roman History. Prescott's health, and his and Brancroft's literary plans, preclude them from the list of candidates.

A singular affair occurred in the office of register of deeds in Boston on Wednesday last, namely the explosion of an ink stand. It made a noise like the report of a pistol, and on examining the stand a vertical fissure was found extending from top to bottom; some records were so damaged as to be necessary to be re-written.

A young man named Fisk, while sketching in the neighborhood of Balmoral, performed an act of gallantry to the Queen, somewhat in the Raleigh style. Passing from the church to her carriage, her majesty would have suffered from the extremely wet weather, had he not politely spread his cloak on the ground, over which the Queen walked to the royal coach.

Philadelphia has 350,000 inhabitants—of which only 2,000 families have a competency to live upon; 20,000 dependant upon mechanical and professional branches, and the rest are divided into laborers, beggars, and others following promiscuous employments for a living.

According to Mr. Brancroft's History, the first Puritan settlers of New England were the parents of over one-third of the present population of the United States. If they could rise from their graves and look at some of the b'hoys, their descendants, wouldn't they be astonished.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—Several clusters of spots are now visible on the sun, near his center.

We know of several sons on whom spots are visible near their scenters. They are rather red than otherwise.

According to a recent report, it appears that more than two hundred and forty thousand men are employed on the English railways, completed or in progress. Here is a large army employed to some purpose.

The people of Rome numbering 150,000, are in their dress and appearance, decidedly Parisian; and to see them in the streets or at church, you might think you were in Paris, London, New-York or Boston.

AN AGED BATTLE-AXE.—Frederick Axe, a soldier of the Revolution, died on Wednesday in Manayunk, aged ninety three.

There appears to be no doubt that the two Frenchmen who committed the murders in St. Louis are insana. They could have had no motive for an act so revolting.

Punch says there are three things in which the English are oceans behind the Continent: they cannot build a palace, erect a monument, or make coffee.

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