

ALBERT BRISBANE

A MENTAL BIOGRAPHY

WITH

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY HIS WIFE

REDELIA BRISBANE



BOSTON, MASS.

ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPLEY SQUARE

1893

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BY
BEDELIA BRISBANE.



Arena Press.



ALBERT BRISBANE.

At the age of thirty.



TO
ALICE, ARTHUR AND FOWELL,
WHOSE LOVE FOR THEIR FATHER WAS THE HOLIEST SENTIMENT OF
THEIR YOUTH—IN THE HOPE THAT IT MAY BE TO THEM:
A GUIDE AND INSPIRATION IN RIPER YEARS—
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.



English
Schuchman
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INTRODUCTION.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

"Perchance not he but nature alled,
The world, and not the infant, failed !
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own ;
And pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt."

PROBABLY few men, undistinguished in church or state, have been more widely known in their generation than Albert Brisbane ; and yet, in a comprehending sense, no man has been less known.

To be comprehended by the world, one must speak in language familiar to the world : new truths never receive prompt recognition, and seldom do they meet with impartial consideration.

When, at the age of twenty-four, after a six-years absence in Europe, Mr. Brisbane returned to his native land, he came freighted with new ideas—ideas that were then making the grandest epoch of the century in the Old World.

He was but a boy in experience, and by nature incapacitated to understand the prejudices, selfishness, and conventional policy, of what is called society. Little dreaming then of the difficulties which were to beset his path, he naïvely imagined that it needed but to speak—to present to others the grand conceptions which

had been presented to him, to enlist an enthusiastic coöperation in that propaganda which was to lead to a "new social era."

Such, however, was not the fact.

In speaking of the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, George Eliot remarks: "Autobiographies are only interesting during the youthful period. The charm departs as soon as one begins to tell of their triumphs."

The subject of this history had no triumphs to recount. His life, as far as worldly wisdom and social success were concerned, was one long "youthful period." Not even in the days of greatest public prominence, when vast and eager assemblies, swayed by his eloquence, swelled the ranks of the reformatory movement, did there come to him a sentiment of personal importance or superiority.

Impelled by a single absorbing passion, the social redemption of the *collective* man, individuals fell away; and first of all his own individuality. To so remarkable a degree was this the case that, although the leader of the Fourierist movement, in the sense of its initiator, never did he seek distinction or honor through it, or accept prominent positions therein which others could be found to fill.

From one standpoint Mr. Brisbane was peculiarly adapted to the *rôle* of pioneer in social reform which he was destined to play in this country. His rare simplicity of character—innocent alike of individual pretensions and personal ambition—made it comparatively easy for him to bear the ignominy inseparable from such a mission. To be ostracized by "good" society, to find closed upon him the doors of distinguished and intimate friends of his family, was certainly not exhilarating to youthful enthusiasm; still, what would have stung an ordinary

man to the deepest recesses of his being touched him but lightly.

It occasioned in him sad surprise, with regret for the ideas thus jeopardized, it is true; but, looking for nothing, wishing for nothing in an individual sense, he was spared much of the bitterness of individual disappointment.

From another standpoint, however,—the practical one,—no one could have been less adapted to the great work undertaken.

Mr. Brisbane was not a leader. His very mental constitution rendered it impossible for him ever to attain to a commonplace, common-sense appreciation of the matter-of-fact world; and he never dealt successfully with either men or matter. This was why he made so many mistakes in his practical efforts; why he overestimated the element with which he attempted to deal; why his imagination projected an ideal transcending all possible practical realization—at that time, or even at the present time, for that matter.

The perfected social organism conceived by prophetic minds at the beginning of this century is yet *afar off*. It might almost be said that the long years of agitation which have intervened have but furnished light enough on the Social Question to show us the depth of the gulf—material as well as moral—which still stretches between the real and the ideal.

Vernon Harcourt can afford to-day to say: "We are all socialists!" and Lord Salisbury may add that "to call a measure socialistic is no longer a valid argument against it." The meaning of all such liberal admissions from men in high place is simply that Socialism by the logic of events has come to the front. In the natural course of evolutionary progress it ~~has~~ forced its way to the top rung among the questions of the day.

Eye nor ear can any longer be closed against it, but the question itself is still in a distracting state of imperfection.

When Mr. Brisbane began to preach the doctrine of Association, "Socialism" was not yet born. He struck a new and unwelcome note in American society. For, to tell a world thoroughly satisfied with itself and proud of its institutions that it was all wrong—that not one of those institutions was true and adapted to the nature of man—was certainly to awaken antagonism at the start. There is no occasion, then, for surprise at the opposition encountered. Every orthodox prejudice had been assailed: what wonder that the orthodox world retorted in its endeavor to counteract the fatal influence of the socialistic movement.

Still, in their endeavors to save themselves, to fight off the enemy at the door of their cherished civilization, they not always scrupled to misconstrue facts: nothing seemed too severe for either press or pulpit to hurl at the dreaded "reformer." He was painted in the darkest colors; his immoral designs were held up as a warning to all who by any delusion might be tempted to embrace his doctrines; until finally, by dint of persistent and concerted action in this line, Mr. Brisbane's reputation was made. The world had analyzed him and catalogued him; by its measure and standard he was found wanting! and upon such authority, for more than half a century, the reputation has stood for the man.

My purpose is to show him for the first time as he really was; to lay bare, in a sense, the simple, guileless nature whose spirit dwelt with the universe, while every throb of his heart was in sympathy with the great heart-beat of humanity.

And in starting out with such a history I would wish as far as possible in the mind of the reader to be divested of personal motives.

True, it was my privilege for a brief period to stand nearer to Mr. Brisbane than any other; but the feeling of possession or ownership, so generally characteristic of the marital relation, never entered into my sentiment for him. He always seemed to belong to a greater than I. His very impersonality gave a certain abstraction to everything relating to him, and caused those nearest to him to view him in a distinct light—apart from the ordinary domestic or social sphere.

It is in this higher light that I now undertake to present him to the world.

Again, were it simply for the sake of righting a false reputation, of presenting the *individual* in his true character, the effort would scarcely seem worth while. That a man is more or less appreciated by his contemporaries for his own sake, is not important in a world where all is relative, and the opinions of men, like the colors of the chameleon, change with the changing light or the immediate conditions surrounding them. In a society where the Ormuzd of to-day may become the Ahriman of to-morrow, the only good opinion of positive value is that which the individual is able to inspire to an unperturbed conscience.

My object, then, reaches beyond a mere personality. It is the *mind* that lives after him—the intellectual results of Mr. Brisbane's career—that constitutes his real interest to the public now, and it is in their behalf that the present work has been written.

A lifetime of study on the part of a so highly endowed mental organization could scarcely fail to produce noteworthy results. There was not a realm of human thought that Mr. Brisbane did not enter. His mind seemed to roam the universe in search of new problems, and his intellectual curiosity to delight in subjects of the most varied character. Nothing that touched

humanity, however great or however small, failed to touch him; from conceptions in the sublimest realm of the abstract, down to considerations of the simplest concrete invention or discovery, —in all he appeared equally at home, and of all he had some thing original to say.

The voluminous manuscripts left by him cover almost the entire range of progressive thought, from "The Religion of the Future" to the Labor Question; one of the most important among them being an analysis of society, giving the evolutionary stages through which it has passed, where it now is, and whither it is tending.

My design is to give these manuscripts, together with certain unique letters and epigrammatic sayings, to the world. If they have any positive value, Humanity, the great brotherhood to which their author belonged, is entitled to them; or if, as in the case of myriads who have preceded him, his hypotheses are but vain guesses, doomed to disappear in the light of more advanced thought, they are at least interesting hypotheses, full of suggestion and clothed in all the beauty of a truly poetic mind.

It has seemed to me fitting, as a preliminary to the presentation of this many-sided intellect, to give a portrait of the man in his familiar every-day life. The many hints to ideas and half expositions of new thought, which appear in the biographical recital, are significant revelations of the intimate character of my subject, and happily prepare the way for their fuller treatment hereafter.

Why, it may very properly be asked, were not these thoughts given to the public by their author during his lifetime?

An answer to such a question can only be adequately given in an analysis of Mr. Brisbane's character.

It is indeed difficult to imagine that one possessing so much intellectual wealth—able to speak with authority on so many subjects—should have stood in the midst of his epoch almost an impassive observer. And reflections on this side of his character have often led me to feel the positive value of certain human qualities not generally considered among the best. Strong personality and towering ambition do not make a great man, but they lead a man to make the best of what he is. Under such impulses the "one talent" will be made to shine to its utmost, where the "ten talents" of another, lacking them, may forever remain obscure. It cannot be said that Mr. Brisbane's talents remained obscure: such a character had necessarily to make an impression wherever it manifested itself; but it must be admitted that he lacked, to a remarkable degree, those qualities which ensure success.

Motives which animate men and women ordinarily, and in our actual society turn smallest virtues to biggest account,—leading really to the great practical achievements of the world,—were to him unknown. In his own favorite metaphor—speaking of the psychical forces—the "complete key-board" in him was deficient in most of its lower notes. He stood apart through life because its ordinary every-day relations so rarely touched him: to considerations of individual achievement and glory he was as insensible as to those of social position, with its elegances, its ostentation and its small personal interests; while his power of total abstraction from physical surroundings was so great as to render him at times absolutely indifferent to comfort or even to well-being.

An incident which may seem incredible will illustrate his capacity for mental absorption. Getting into a street-car one day, he observed at its extreme end, sitting on the lap of her

nurse, what appeared to him a very pretty little girl. He was in a meditative mood, but every few moments his eye would vaguely and instinctively wander to the child. Finally he reached his destination and left the car, as did also the nurse, when suddenly he discovered that the mysteriously attractive child was his own.

To the same degree that Mr. Brisbane lacked the positive side of the lower psychical notes was he deficient on their negative side. In moral combativeness—that shade of antagonism which springs purely from violated sentiment—he was sorely deficient. He could not resent a personal injury, and an unfavorable criticism scarcely ever failed to suggest to his impartial mind a possibility of its truth.

In short, his patience and forbearance under the petty annoyances of commonplace contact and conditions surpassed everything I have ever witnessed of like nature. That spiritual serenity which gave to his fine face its distinctive stamp, and preserved to old age the sweet expression of a child, was—however great the provocation—rarely dethroned.

I remember on one occasion urging him to discontinue a certain correspondence which had become very painful to him. The letter just received was particularly wounding, and I endeavored to persuade him that he owed it to himself to remove the possibility of such wounds.

“*Mon amie*,” he replied in his quiet way, “I cannot forget that when we were boys we played horse together!”

Still, all this gentleness and kindness in the moral realm was not without its intellectual counterpoise. If in the sentiments he compromised rather than antagonize, if he suffered injury unresentingly, and allowed the weakness of friendship to condone many a wrong, in the intellectual sphere he *never compromised*.

Abstract truth was to him above all finite considerations. And although the natural impartiality already alluded to admitted all sides of the question at issue, when once the points had been duly weighed and found wanting, he did not hesitate to pass sentence in unequivocal terms. Therefore it was that our materialistic age found no mercy at his hands. He understood it, recognized its place in the successive phases of development which social evolution is destined to present; but that men of acknowledged authority, in the advance-guard of scientific progress, could content themselves with what he considered flimsy apologies for *positive* truth seemed to him unpardonable. He felt that there was often manifest too much of individual pride in these superficial explanations of profound problems.

Hence his own modesty, I was about to say, but it was not that. No matter what others might incline to, he could but be modest in a realm which inspired him with so much reverence. He never arrived at hasty conclusions upon any subject; and in the field of science his subject would be turned and re-turned a thousand times before he would venture upon an hypothesis, even then always insisting that it was an hypothesis. For him there was no certainty short of CERTAINTY!

And thus it was that after his enthusiastic effort to realize Fourier—to reach the world practically in a manner that would lead to immediate results—that after this effort had failed of success and he became convinced of the hopelessness of further labor in that direction—he left the public and the world, retired into his own mind, and set out really on his life's work.

For although Mr. Brisbane stands before the world chiefly as a disciple of Fourier, he was first of all an original thinker. This is strikingly apparent in the reflections of the boy of twenty. Fourierism, like Keplerism, Newtonism, and all other

isms which seemed to him to involve a truth, enlisted his adhesion: Fourierism primarily at an early age because, as will be seen further on, Fourier shed the first ray of positive light into his youthful mind; and because he felt that the *science of the human passions* was the supreme of sciences in a society so evidently out of joint for the want of it.

Yet he did not, even in the beginning, accept all of Fourier, and as he advanced in his own studies he was able to criticise and explain him as probably no other writer or speaker on the subject has been able to do.

But to return to the question why Mr. Brisbane's original thoughts were not presented during his lifetime.

It will be seen from the preceding, that personal motives could not actuate him. He had no individual pride or ambition to gratify; besides, his intellectual conscientiousness would not permit him to offer, as *conclusive*, evidence not fully established in his own mind. And finally, his ideality prevented him from ever attaining a point of satisfaction in his work. He was continually waiting to perfect both his theories and their mode of presentation. And this last was no small matter; for generally, the moment he took up a pen, synthesis would give place to an analysis so minutely dissecting as to involve the main subject in a labyrinth of secondary explanations. Every point had to be cut into and probed to its profoundest depths, leading inevitably to analyses that were exhausting and endless. Again and again would he start out on a subject with a firm determination to keep to the main idea to the end, only to find himself, in the course of a few days' writing, off on a side-track leagues away. He could not touch a question in cold blood except with analysis, and an analysis that led to infinitude. To my oft

remonstrance and pleadings, in the hope of modifying this extravagant tendency, he would answer regretfully: "*Mon amie*, I do the best I can! It seems impossible for me to touch a subject without cutting it to pieces."

Yet, while great in analysis, Mr. Brisbane was no less great in synthesis. When sentiment inspired his pen and it became the instrument of ideality, nothing could be more easy and harmonious than the spontaneous form given to his thought. Such writings needed no revision—a retouch would have spoiled them. I have read a great many letters of "great men," but never have I found any that could be compared to his for real beauty of thought and expression. And this without study or design. No striving for effect was possible in his nature; he simply wrote, and in every line of those letters elevation and sweetness of soul give to them a characteristic and distinctive charm.

As an illustration of the readiness and correctness with which he was able to speak at all times, I have a poem (probably the only poetic attempt he ever made) dictated to me on a railroad train between Washington and New York.

On the eve of leaving Washington, Walt Whitman had given us his poem "To India," and I had undertaken to while away the hours of the journey by reading it aloud. I had been reading twenty minutes, perhaps, when Mr. Brisbane remarked: "I could write as good poetry as that." "If you would like to dictate, I have paper and pencil with me," I rejoined, closing the book and looking up. Seeing that I took in earnest an only half-serious observation, he said: "Well! if you choose, we might try;" and beginning without the least hesitation, he spoke and I wrote continuously to the end. We then read it over together and he pronounced it not bad for a first attempt.

This poem I called "A Cosmic Aspiration" and laid away. He forgot it entirely.

During his last illness I said to him one day: "*Mon ami*, I would like to read you a poem, and have you express your opinion of it." In the beginning he exclaimed once or twice: "That is fine!" At last, looking at me with a puzzled expression, he exclaimed: "How much that sounds like me! Who could have written it?" And when I rehearsed the circumstances of its birth, he could not recall them.

This power of rapid synthetic vision, together with the ready and graceful expression of thought which distinguished him, constitutes the orator; and upon the platform Mr. Brisbane was at home. He always spoke extemporaneously and was always ready to speak—as will be seen on the occasion that provoked his first expulsion from France. Let the subject be ever so complex, he would take up its threads with their hundred intricate ramifications, and, holding each in its appropriate place, carry his argument harmoniously to the end.

My advent upon the scene was too late to see him at his best. Yet I never listened to a speaker more inspiring or more simply eloquent.

The most remarkable occasion in my experience was during a sojourn at Nice in the winter and spring of 1879. Mr. Brisbane had been invited to give a course of lectures at the Athénæum, a literary and art center on one of the fashionable boulevards, where the more or less serious afternoon promenaders were wont to drop in between four and five o'clock to pass a literary or musical hour with the entertainment provided for them.

The subject of that lecture-course—social science—would scarcely seem adapted to an audience of such a character; and

yet, from the beginning, each afternoon of the course witnessed a personal ovation. The familiar manner in which the speaker presented his subject, his synthetic sweep through history—particularly at the opening, when he undertook to show the cause and the meaning of the social movement agitating Europe—captivated everybody; and each lecture was publicly noticed by lengthy press reports.

The great charm of Mr. Brisbane's expositions, both on the platform and in private conversation, was their poetic simplicity. On the platform synthesis had free scope. There he always saw the poetic side of his subject, and there he soared into regions of the sublime.

When Robert Owen, returning from a visit to this country, was asked who was America's finest orator, he answered: "Albert Brisbane!"

The biographical recital in this volume will be found very wide in its range, although no attempt is there made to treat any subject exhaustively. Such, of course, would not be possible in a work of the kind, the object of which is rather to suggest to the reader a type of mental development, and by a varied presentation of the personality involved prepare the public to grasp more readily the larger expositions which may follow. Besides, the style in which it is written is off-hand; it was wholly unpremeditated, and the author is in no way responsible for its publication.

If I may be pardoned a digression, a rapid sketch of my association with Mr. Brisbane will render the form of the narrative more comprehensible.

I met Mr. Brisbane in the enthusiasm of youth and intellectual curiosity. Although born of a Puritan family and brought up

according to strict orthodox principles, I began in my early teens to read philosophy, Webster at my side. I had gone through Hobbes, Locke, Paley, Hamilton, and all the books of like nature that I could lay my indiscriminate hands on. Still without guide or compass in my intellectual gropings, I was now in the profundities of Darwin, Comte, and Spencer, each one of whom in turn was to me an authority.

Wandering one day through a library to which I had liberal access, reading in a half listless, half curious mood the titles ranged on the book-shelves, my attention was suddenly arrested by "*THE DESTINY OF MAN*."* Reaching up, I took down the book, glanced hurriedly over its pages, and carried it home.

Although really unacquainted with its contents, I felt instinctively that it would not please my family; so retiring to my room, with locked door I plunged alone into my treasure.

A few days later I chanced to meet a gentleman who had been kind enough to interest himself in my reading and to direct it in a measure.

"What have you on hand now?" he asked.

"The most fascinating book I ever read!" I replied, announcing the title.

"Ah!" he rejoined, "you find it interesting? I know the author."

Know the author! I had not even reflected that there should be an author of ordinary flesh and blood. The book read to me like an inspiration—a vision. True, I had seen the names of Fourier and Brisbane on the title-page, but neither had any meaning for me—I had never heard of them.

* This book, which appeared in 1857, was the second of Mr. Brisbane's publications on the doctrine of Fourier, half of it being a translation from the French and half a personal and familiar exposition of the "Theory."

Naturally I wanted to learn all that was possible regarding this "remarkable dreamer" as my friend called him; but the thought that it would ever be my privilege to meet him, to speak to him, was surely remote from my mind.

Some weeks after this conversation, I received an invitation from the same gentleman to attend a literary meeting at his house.

I being the last to arrive, and a stranger to every one, my friend undertook to present me to one after another of the assembled group. Finally, and as if by design, he led me to a corner where sat an elderly gentleman conversing with a lady, and without preliminary pronounced the name of Albert Brisbane. I could scarcely credit the sound that fell upon my ear; but as the gentleman named arose and took my hand, I forgot my confusion, forgot the place, and the company present, in the sense of joy that came over me.

It is needless to repeat my exclamations of pleasure and the enthusiasm with which I hastened to tell Mr. Brisbane that I had read his book. He listened to me patiently, with a certain expression of curious interest, but my words did not appear to make much impression. He told me afterwards that he had become quite unaccustomed to such stormy compliments.

My ripening acquaintance with Mr. Brisbane was a most novel and beautiful experience.

His gentle suavity of manner under all circumstances was phenomenal, while the resources of his brilliant mind seemed inexhaustible. I could not broach a subject on which he had not thought; I could not ask a question that he was not prepared to answer. And all this with a simple self-forgetfulness that put the merest tyro in his presence on a footing of apparent intellectual equality.

This my attraction to Mr. Brisbane was at first severely criticised. By some it was said that I jeopardized my reputation; others felt that a mind subject to his influence would be irretrievably sacrificed.

I listened to my old friends and I listened to my new friend.

Somewhat alarmed by so much adverse criticism, I anxiously sought its cause. But the more intimate I became with Mr. Brisbane's character, the more I learned of his spiritual life, the more puzzled I became over the world's opinion of him. As far as I was able to judge, other men measured by his standard fell lamentably short, while his conception of the *normal* moral life of humanity seemed to me never to have been dreamed of by his most ardent accusers.

Thus it was that in the simple logic of my young mind I was forced to question the judgment of my old friends.

A new horizon had opened before me. It was impossible to come in contact with so pure and elevated a soul without catching a reflection from it. Old ambitions and interests began to fade away. I was no longer attached to the small aims which had hitherto shaped my existence; and gradually I became ashamed to look upon life other than from his lofty standpoint. To him nothing of a purely personal character was "worth while." How often did he make such answer to my queries why he had not done so and so to vindicate himself and take a true position before the world? "It was not worth while, *mon amie!*"

I, however, could not be satisfied with such a dismissal of the subject. As little by little I learned the details of his remarkable life—discovered more and more the wealth of his inexhaustible mind, I became possessed with a desire to realize him. I begged him to write his life. But his answers were always the

same: "My life is of little consequence. The individual is nothing except so far as he has done something of universal value. If I can give to the world a METHOD OF STUDY—one of its greatest wants to-day—I shall live in that. Otherwise of what consequence can I be to posterity? No man has been a greater fool, and no one has been guilty of more unpardonable weaknesses!"

Nevertheless I wanted the life's history, and I set about getting it as best I could.

In order to reconcile the feelings of both, I proposed to take the facts he should give me and weave them into an impersonal story, giving the simple picture of a soul's aspirations and ultimate achievement. Thousands there were, I felt sure, just as hungry in the spiritual realm as I had been before meeting Mr. Brisbane, who would greet such a work with thanksgiving. Intellectual conviction, then, as well as sentiment, impelled me to the undertaking.

Dominated by this feeling, every incident in his life had a significance. I talked with those acquainted with his early public career; I visited the scenes of his childhood and youth; I went to the house and to the room in which he was born—the same in which Gen. Scott lay wounded in 1814; I looked into old Tonawanda Creek, where the boy had watched the widening ripples as he tossed pebbles in and mused over the meaning of his existence on the earth; I hunted through the town for relics of his past, and found there the portrait of which he speaks, painted by himself at the age of fifteen or sixteen. He had told me of the existence of a marble bust by Horatio Greenough, and in his Italian journal of 1830 I had seen an allusion to his having sent it home to his father, but my search for that was fruitless. In perfect consonance with his indif-

ference to all things finite, Mr. Brisbane had managed to pass through life as free from earthly treasures as was compatible with a tolerable existence. He attached importance to nothing, *absolutely*, that was purely material, and consequently took care of nothing.

I remember the singular impression his little Fanwood home made upon me when he first took me there. Conducting me to a small room piled pell-mell almost to the ceiling with books, manuscripts, old letters, journals, and what not, in the most chaotic confusion, he said pleasantly: "*Mon amie*, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'!"

By the carelessness of servants, who during his absence had overturned a lamp while playing cards, the residence proper had burned down, and all the household goods had been thrown out precipitately. This was the most precious part of the wreck.

Gradually I brought order out of disorder and made some valuable discoveries, among which was a journal of his first six years in Europe.

By frequent returns to the subject, and urgings on my part, presenting my plan to write an impersonal story, I got Mr. Brisbane to consent to dictate his life. But the first effort was not a success. The idea of talking to or for an invisible public embarrassed him. Lacking the living inspiration of an audience, he became analytic and stopped to reflect—to choose his words—a check on spontaneity and a defeat of the spirit of the work.

In the fall of 1877, shortly after our marriage, we went to Europe; chiefly, as then contemplated, to educate Mr. Brisbane's children, but, as it proved, to take up a permanent residence.

It was a very pleasant experience, this introduction to the scene of my husband's early associations. To meet his old friends, to frequent with him the haunts of old, and to observe him in the new light of, to me, unfamiliar surroundings.

My first glimpse into that world was at a *Palais Royal* banquet, where the remnant of the once flourishing Fourierist school was wont to assemble monthly. It had been rumored about that "Brisbane" had arrived and would be there that night. As we ascended the stairway leading to the banquet hall, I heard his name pronounced. Victor Considérant stood at the top and received him in his arms, kissing him on either cheek. The greeting was a truly French demonstration, and most charming to witness.

The child of the New World, with his ever fresh intuitions, seemed to come with revivifying presence into that circle of *vieillards*. Twenty-five years of absence had brought him back "still a youth." Not so they. Time had not passed unperceived by those early enthusiasts, for many of whom, the slowed step and dimmed eye told the long years that had elapsed since the heyday of the "school"; while not a few had dropped out of the ranks forever.

The contrast of which I speak came to me forcibly during the after-dinner speeches, when the brilliant eloquence of the natural orator became the feature of the evening. All around me were interesting mortals. He alone seemed inspired.

Imagine not, dear reader, that I have undertaken the portrayal of a model character. That perfected type of mankind exists yet only in the ideal world; and I have said sufficient to show that in the practical, every-day affairs of life Mr. Brisbane had a multitude of shortcomings. None realized more keenly this fact than those whom he loved best. But on those lofty

heights, to the attainment of which few mortals ever aspire, he stood upon familiar ground.

I cannot refrain at this point from speaking of my first acquaintance with artistic Europe.

It will be seen in the biography that Mr. Brisbane had a profound sentiment of art. The little there introduced on the subject, however (chiefly illustrative of a theory), offers but a glimpse of his exceptional talents in this realm. And when I say "realm" I employ the word in its largest sense.

It was from the broad standpoint of unity that he considered art in its many-sided, multiform expression. His view consequently was comprehensive.

The history of architecture he had at his tongue's end; while its philosophy in the light of his original interpretation was ever charming to listen to. In fact, his actual, practical knowledge in this field was a constant surprise to me during our early wanderings on the Continent. He seemed to know the date of every column; the birth of every style; the origin of every order, "pure" or "composite," however and wherever it presented itself. It was idle for me to amuse myself with trying to puzzle him in dates—he was equal to every test.

But it was among the creations of the brush and chisel that Mr. Brisbane appeared at his best. In the presence of the masterpieces of the art world he seemed verily to have "come unto his own." Each artist was familiar to him—each a sympathetic friend with whom he conversed. It was the artist among artists; one to whom their every mood and aspiration seemed transparent, and who could interpret them, analyze and classify their works as unerringly as might a Champollion dealing with an Egyptian hieroglyph.

Many there are who think they appreciate art, but rare indeed are they who attempt to penetrate its deepest meaning. Mr. Brisbane was not only the true lover but the real *connaisseur*. I look back on that first journey through Italy as unique in my life. It was a revelation!

Never had I seen in such a fascinating light the beauties of the great soul who was my guide. I have watched him again and again before some inspired canvas, standing as if spell-bound, his face illumined! One special occasion comes to my mind, when, in the *Pinacoteca* at Lucca, we came suddenly upon a lovely Fra Bartolomméo—the Madonna with the Magdalen. I did not know which most to admire—the beautiful face and glowing words of my husband, or the immortal genius embodied in the canvas.

But I must forbear to give perfect freedom to my pen in this field. To those who never heard Mr. Brisbane talk on art, what I have already said may easily appear extravagant. Some day I may be able to put into literary shape that theory of art on which I, and others as well, have heard him discourse so ably and so eloquently.

Mr. Brisbane's extreme sensitiveness in this realm is shown by his singular intolerance of the least approach to a violation of *good taste*. For commonplace human weaknesses he had unbounded charity: "Men are not yet normal!" he was wont to say, in extenuation of *moral* shortcomings. But for those whose æsthetic pretensions lifted them above the commonplace, he was correspondingly exacting. Often was I constrained to forego my own attractions (particularly musical), lest a failure to come up to his standard should render an evening's entertainment a bore to him.

I never hear the name of *Rigoletto* pronounced, but I am re-

mind of an experience in Italy, where Mr. Brisbane took me to that Opera, which he happened not to know. Almost from the beginning, my companion was restless and disposed to be critical. But when we reached the scene in which the sack containing the dead body is dragged upon the stage, he turned to me with a pained expression, saying: "I cannot stand this any longer! I will come back for you at the end."

I left the house with him, and when we had reached the street he exclaimed: "How could Verdi set such a brutal scene to music! What a civilized juggling of the profane and the divine! I thought better of Verdi."

Again, at Bayreuth in the summer of 1888, while walking in the gardens surrounding that unique Opera House during an *entr'acte* of *Parsifal*, he said:

"I am disappointed! Something is wanting here. The material appointments are certainly admirable; the building shows a worthy conception of its purpose, and the *mise en scène* is fine; and yet there is something wanting. The artists are not equal to the occasion; they fail to seize the spirit of the composer. Wagner was greater than all this." And then, as on many a previous occasion suggestive of the theme, he proceeded to discourse to me on the Opera and the Drama of the Future.

After about two years of travel we finally fixed our residence in Paris and began systematic work. Yet the word "systematic" scarcely applies to my subject in the strictest sense. Although an indefatigable worker—his whole life having been one continued intellectual effort—the practical results were seldom satisfactory; for the difficulties already alluded to in the way of achievement seemed insurmountable. A consciousness of the object in view—publication—was sufficient to allow the

sentiment of perfection to interfere with every effort disastrously.

Up to the time of my acquaintance with Mr. Brisbane, his original thought had not been communicated to the public other than in verbal and fragmentary expositions. All that he had ever attempted to publish in book-form were translations and expositions of the theory of Fourier.

His first two books have already been spoken of—the first one in the body of the work. In 1876 there appeared volumes I and II of *Sociological Series*; volume I being a reduced reprint of *The Destiny of Man*, and volume II a translation of *The Theory of Universal Unity*, which had been lying in stereotyped plates for twenty-five years.

This last contains Fourier's system of labor; his system of government, together with that admirable system of education which is to transform our too frequently purgatorial phase of existence, called childhood, into a period of natural development and veritable charm, one element of which is a distinguishing feature in the kindergarten. Here also appears Mr. Brisbane's theory of a True Currency, of which he speaks in the biography.

When I first learned of the existence of these stereotyped plates, and expressed my surprise at the length of time they had waited publication, their author informed me that his original purpose had been to write an Introduction presenting his own riper thought and applying it in a manner to elucidate Fourier; but that he had never yet done anything satisfactory. Hence the delay. In compliance with my request and urgings he set out anew upon this Introduction; wrote and rewrote it several times, throwing each aside, condemned as usual, until at last, seeing how much I took to heart his procrastination, he determined to

summarize his original idea and bring out the work without further delay.

The result of this prompt decision is a very rapid and condensed presentation of certain leading conceptions, joined to a brief biographical sketch of Fourier. Any one of the rejected manuscripts would have been preferable to this final epitomized outcome of repeated efforts. As I look at the work now, it seems very imperfect—Mr. Brisbane's part in particular; while the whole form of the publication is susceptible of much improvement. At that time, however, my desire for him to do something was so great, that I was disposed to hail with joy anything savoring of *achievement*.

The author never took any pains to put this work before the public.

I have spoken of the recommencing of literary work in Paris. Never, from the beginning, had I relinquished my idea of the biography: in fact we talked of it so often that during periods of separation my correspondent would refer to it in his letters; telling me how a biography should be written, what should be its object, its leading trains of thought, etc.,—always insisting that it should not deal with personality, but with principles.

Finally, in 1886, I persuaded him to try dictation once more. It was not that I lacked material—simple data I had long possessed in abundance. What I wanted was *his* form of expression, than which nothing could be happier or more to the point when given spontaneously. But how overcome the difficulties of dictation?—how make him forget the fact that each word was being photographed as it fell from his lips? The undertaking was not very promising, certainly, but my subject lent himself to the experiment with the best of grace.

We were then living opposite the Luxembourg Garden, and I

conceived the idea of doing our work there, amid the trees and flowers, and in the inspiring atmosphere of early summer.

It was June—that month so full of promise and beauty everywhere, particularly in Paris; and in that garden surrounding the old Medici Palace—one of the most charming spots in the French capital.

Thus it was that every morning, with table, chairs, and writing-material, we would install ourselves in some retired nook for our garden talk, the stenographer effacing himself as much as possible in the shade of a leafy bower, while our modern peripatetician paced to and fro—I questioning now and then to suggest, and draw him out.

Our work had been progressing in this manner with fair success scarcely a month, when it was interrupted by the arrival of American friends, followed by summer travel.

In the fall Mr. Brisbane was suddenly called home on business. In the mean time, I set about putting my manuscript into shape. Occasionally I would come across obscure or faulty passages, of which I would write to him and ask for corrections.

To show how little he approved of the summer dictation and his unwillingness to have me attempt to use it in my contemplated story, I will quote from two of his letters on the subject:

"*Mon amie*,—I got yesterday your letter with a page of the biography which you wish filled out. I send it so filled; but I think the dictation to ——— poor, commonplace, E. R. *; no inspiration in it. We can make a better one. Some few things may be taken, but as a whole it should be put aside and something worked out more concise and with leading ideas tersely ex-

* The capitals "E. R." and "I. I." frequently employed by Mr. Brisbane, refer to the two sides of man's nature: the "external rational," and the "internal intuitional," briefly explained in the biography.

pressed. The biography should not be a narrative, but a succession of ideas—each group representing a point. I hope to return soon, when we can fix all this. Do not lose your time with it."

Again he writes: "E—— gave me your letter with part of biography. I see that it ought to be written another way: first a principle should be laid down, and then the individual experience—the personal history—be made to illustrate it. For instance, I would lay down the principle that when the I. I. * in the young soul first looks out on the natural world, it finds mystery and beauty in everything it sees. Experience has not yet rendered external objects commonplace, and big things have not made little things dwindle into insignificance. I remember when the woodpecker holding its breast to the trunk of an old rotten tree to detect the grub was a source of keen pleasure to me and of admiration for the little bird. I did not then understand the grandeur of the starry heavens. My interest was in the thousand little ingenuities of nature, and the tiny crab that swam backward was the most ingenious of contrivances.

"I think the biography should be an exposition of principles and laws, and the experience of the individual objective life illustrative of them.

"I would advise you to begin a work in and through which you could express your own intuitions—in which you would put your soul. Such a work would be *The Religious Question*, or *The Destiny of Woman, her Function in a True Order of Society*. Here your I. I. would have free scope—full sway. In the biography your E. R. will be at work with a mass of commonplace events. Consider this matter well. What leads me to advise

* See Note on preceding page.

you to this course is that the biography can be made a great deal better if we plan it out philosophically and make it an illustration of great principles."

Again, in the same letter: "Yours of March 1st came this morning. It is on German philosophy, which you say you have been reading. How admirably your letter is written! Go at Religion. You will do it well. I can send you sketches, hints, details—you can do the Religion. You have the intuition. The biography is not worked out yet in my mind nor in yours. There is much preparatory work to be done. I see that clearly. The Religion, on the other hand, is already elaborated.* Then, the Religion will strike a deep chord. What a brilliant and original picture could be drawn of the *Compound Organic Order of Society* and the *Compound Organic Religion* in it! . . .

"I have seen the grand future lately in ideal vision. . . . I could sketch it out. . . . It is late in the afternoon, and I am tired. I will describe the compound organic social and religious states another time."

Thus it was that my subject strove to turn me from my purpose. But I knew him too well by this time to allow myself to be wholly influenced. Many a time had he prevented my doing what he called commonplace work by appeals to ideality. So now I said to myself: "If the better thing comes, well; but I shall not relinquish what I have in hand."

And yet, *deep down*, I felt—as I always did in like cases—that his criticism was just. And this secret conviction served to dampen that ardor so indispensable to good work. I dallied—I waited—I let the months go by—I saw him return with little

* Allusion is here made to Mr. Brisbane's theory of The Religion of the Future.

accomplished—and finally, upon his reiterated promise to try again, I suspended work altogether.

When an inexorable fate had dispelled forever the hope of *mon ami's* fulfilling his promise, I returned to my discarded manuscript; changed its plan, and with additions here and there (made up from other notes) to fill out the picture, I now give, not the impersonal, but the personal history to the world.

I am none the less conscious of its "commonplaceness," from his standpoint; and from my own, of its incompleteness and many imperfections. Not a few important subjects are but half touched upon, while others have been passed over altogether, as, for instance, the intended remarks on Emerson, which I particularly desired. Still I feel that, wherein consists their unique character, these pages cannot now be supplemented. Although thrown off in rapid impromptus, without a moment's preparation, the recital bears the unmistakable stamp of a master-mind. It is strewn with originality and beauty.

No serious consideration of the Social Problem would, I am sensible, be exactly in place here; and yet I feel impelled to say a word on this much-vexed question, if only to show Mr. Brisbane's real place in the movement—the great modern movement which a retrospective glance through the century presents to us in so many different phases. Born with the new cycle, on the very battle-ground of the old one's final and desperate class-struggle, nurtured in all the enthusiasm of an ardent youth, it has matured in various climes, under divers influences, taking upon itself every aspect which individual opinion and mental idiosyncrasy could give to it, till to-day it stands in an accumulated strength that is portentous to a world disposed to resist it.

It has had its poets, its prophets, its theorists, its martyrs, and its soldiers. These last are the stern and by far the largest element of the present, destined, perhaps, by the hard logic of necessity to transform the ideal dream of the century's beginning into a painful realism at its close.

The poets and prophets—to which category belongs Mr. Brisbane—inaugurated the movement subjectively. The ideal social organism which took possession of their minds (notably those of St. Simon and Fourier, with their disciples) by its dazzling brilliancy, blinded them to the crude realities with which they had to deal. 'They saw man, not as he is, but as he should be; as he will be when integrally developed. Ignoring the law of evolution and the necessity of progressive growth, they jumped centuries (generations at least) to paint a future in harmony with their own prescience, but all out of harmony with the possibilities of the prosaic age in which they sought to operate.'

Such a phase of the movement had necessarily to spend itself in enthusiastic projects. But therein was the fulfillment of its mission.

All great movements are born in enthusiasm. They are the divine, spontaneous impulses of the soul. It is that which gives them their *élan*, and throws about them the halo that fascinates and inspires the collective spirit.

Such movements are the beacon-lights set up along the intricate pathway of human progress. They arrest attention; they awaken spiritual ambition; they encourage man to those fresh steps which social evolution is continually calling for. At such times is it that men catch glimpses of higher truths or suggestion of truths which finally lead to the light, and become susceptible of rational demonstration. And herein consists the glory

of the early socialists. Theirs was the mighty spiritual force which called into being a new moral race.

Their influence, it is claimed, was oft-times lamentable, in that it encouraged hopes doomed to disappointment, or became a deluding "Will o' th' Wisp" to unbalanced minds. Yes! there are mistakes in all new efforts; there were many in this one. But it is the lasting results that are important, not the incidents of a generation.

The early socialists were the vital element in the nineteenth century social movement. Their grand and inspiring vision shot into futurity; and the practical efforts of succeeding years have but substantialized in homely form the poetic thoughts of the beginning.

They sowed the seed which a host of hard-working followers have cultivated more or less happily (too often blindly), each after his own fashion. And the spreading tree that has grown therefrom—although still far short of the early dreams in its promised fruits—is no less creditable to the century's achievements.

But why do we call this a "modern" movement? Is not all history but a varied drama of the efforts of the *genus homo* to better its condition? The simple difference between the past and the present is that, while the one has been interested solely in the welfare of individuals or classes, the other, with that wider scope that comes of higher development, seeks to embrace mankind.

The real meaning of "socialism" to-day, then, is a *struggle for the well-being of the COLLECTIVE MAN*. As such the question is new, but its fundamental principle is as old as humanity.

As, however, every turn in the wheel of progress brings to the surface a fresh social problem, each generation has its special

problem to solve. It is the special problem of this age that enables us to apply the term "modern" to a very ancient question.

And it is the persistent unwillingness of certain classes to admit the seriousness of the modern problem which constitutes its most unhappy, even dangerous feature to-day. They would fain regard it as an arbitrary social phenomenon, to be antagonized or palliated, and eventually disposed of by arbitrary means; whereas the "great question," swelling with importance as the seasons roll on, defies alike force and persuasion, and must continue to do so until its highest aim is attained.

Well were it for the conservative world could it rightly interpret the signs of the times, could it recognize therein the birth-throes of the new era with which society is agonizing, and lend itself wisely to a peaceful transformation.

But to hope for this were like asking a miracle. Society has not yet reached a point of *a priori* calculation on such vast subjects. Its progress thus far has been *forced*, not rationally approached and prepared for. Individuals there have been whose prophetic vision or heroic convictions have led to calculated, lofty action; but the Collective Man has scarcely yet risen above instinct. He has simply blundered into new conditions, driven thereto by the unbearableness of the old.

A new era is to come! How soon, it were vain to attempt to predict. The social weather-vane baffles us—there is not yet science enough to interpret it. But every close observer can feel its approach—this new era, which is to be one of enlightened collective action.

Then men will discover that the laws underlying psychical phenomena are as mathematical in their modes of action as are those of the planetary system. And instead of disputing over

individual schemes and opinions for the settlement of the social question, they will set to work to study the principles upon which a true social organism should be based, with as much ambition to conform to those principles as now distinguishes, in an analogous sense, scientific discoverers in the physical world.

This era may yet be comparatively remote. The blinding selfishness of the upper classes may still force progress through bloodshed; but sooner or later the peaceful and scientific phase of social evolution must come.

Mr. Brisbane saw this early in his career. Although his natural disposition led him to cherish his early hopes for rapid social transformation, he was not long in reaching the conviction that the experimental efforts of the reformatory world were ahead of time. His flexible mind was quick to perceive the want of science in all the practical essays of the "Associationists," and when he retired from that field it was to devote the remainder of his life to scientific research.

It is the result of those studies—which during my association with him he was always preparing for publication, and which never got beyond manuscript form—that constitutes his real intellectual personality.

He has been called a "dreamer"—and justly so. But no one was less a dreamer than he when confronting in cold analysis a purely intellectual problem, and it seems to me that his solutions of certain problems of the age are among the most valuable contributions to it.

But little more of public interest remains to be said of this eventful life.

Mr. Brisbane possessed a remarkable constitution. His father used often to say of him that he was "as withy as a rattle-



snake." Certainly, few modern organizations are so finely endowed nervously as his was. He never knew a headache, and of those small ills so many of us are heir to he seemed wholly ignorant. And yet from early youth he had constantly violated the laws of health. The dreadful cold of which he speaks, caught in the dissecting-room at Berlin, followed him through life. Had he been careful not to add to it, nature would probably have forgiven the early offense, but he was constantly transgressing in like manner. His first six years in Europe were stamped with every intellectual excess, for the overwhelming passion *to know* counted no cost; and he told me, in explanation of the attacks of epilepsy which closed that period, that on his return to America his blood was almost black.

Another fatal consequence of this thoughtless indifference to the laws of health was its reaction on the stomach. The absorbed student would work up to the last moment before going to the table, and resume his pen immediately on leaving it: inevitably the stomach was forced into rebellion, and at a comparatively early age dyspepsia had become chronic.

Notwithstanding, when I first met Mr. Brisbane, in the decline of life, with two vital infirmities, his capacity for endurance seemed immeasurable. I cannot say that I ever met his equal in nervous elasticity, or the power of long-sustained intellectual effort.

I cite these things to show that he was cut upon the pattern of longevity. He ought to have rounded out his century; and not infrequently would he meet my pleadings for more rapid achievement with a half-playful, half-apologetic assurance that he could not finish his work in less time.

I have not spoken of Mr. Brisbane's inventive character.

Nor could I attempt to do justice to the subject in these pages. A full description of his mechanical inventions would require a small volume.

Although eminently of an ideal mind, operating chiefly in abstract realms, he was far too universal in his scope not to appreciate the concrete. That side of nature had a positive fascination for him. He was perpetually studying mechanisms. What to the ordinary mind is simply a fact—a means to an end—was to him the embodiment of an idea—a suggestion, leading oft-times far away to new conceptions.

Among some dozen or more of these concrete creations may be mentioned his well-known system of transportation by means of hollow spheres in pneumatic tubes; a system of underground fertilization; a new form of steamship; a new propeller to be placed on the ship's bow; an original plan and material for trunks and valises; a compressed-wood pavement; a system of burial (the main idea of which is incorporated in the scheme of "The New Mausoleum Company of New York"); an oven designed to cook in a vacuum, thus dispensing with yeast and other artificial means of raising bread and pastry.

With this last device is associated the fatal illness of the inventor.

In the fall of 1889 we returned to America to spend the winter. Mr. Brisbane had been experimenting with his oven for some months, and had already made several incomplete attempts to arrive at practical results. He thought the occasion of this visit home a good one to make a model and a complete test of his idea. It was early winter—that winter of insidious cold and damp which first introduced *la grippe* to this country—when the inventor contracted for his model, and in spite of cold and rain daily watched its progress.

I, meanwhile, having gone west on a visit, was unaware of the actual state of things till a telegram suddenly called me home ; up to which time Mr. Brisbane had insisted that I should not be sent for, nor informed of his condition.

I found him very seriously ill. A heavy cold, which by prompt and proper remedies might have been cured, had been allowed to fix itself upon a system depleted by an ill-timed experiment in dieting. The result of such treatment was to reduce the strength and powers of resistance at the very moment they were most needed to overcome the fatal enemy. The chronically weak stomach had been brought so low by a severe regimen, that, under the circumstances, it was unable to rally. And the trouble, primarily, was really less in the lungs—the ultimate seat of the disease—than in the stomach, which gradually refused to retain anything solid.

In spite of this critical condition, our invalid's faith in his hitherto never-failing recuperative powers was but slightly shaken. His characteristic love of change suggested other climes, and our journeyings—destined to continue all winter—began. First to the pine forests of North Carolina, thence to Florida, then north again, and a second departure, to tarry for short periods at various places along the Atlantic coast. Finally, perceiving that nothing availed, and weary of life in hotels, he turned his thoughts once more towards home. But it was too early yet to venture in New York, and Richmond presented itself as a pleasant half-way station at which to await the spring's advance. We reached there the second week in March, and were fortunate enough to obtain home-like accommodations with one of the old families of the city.

All this time the disease was fixing itself deeper and deeper. Each day registered a step downward in the steady decline ; of

which, though conscious now, to an extent, my patient seldom spoke. Physicians, one after another, had been consulted, but to little purpose. They, in accordance with the policy of the profession, strove to conceal the truth; while he, feeling its gravity, was thus confirmed in a long-entertained conviction of their limited science.

A few weeks before the end he realized fully the hopelessness of his case, and spoke of it, though rarely, with the utmost calmness. "*Mon amie*," he said one day as I was occupied with his toilet, "if I cannot get well I must try and die. You are wasting your time taking care of me." A few days later, in a dictated letter to his son on the New York press—after expressing his conviction that there was no longer any hope of recovery—he said: "I want you to remember, when I am dead, to let nothing be said of me. Heed me in this, Arthur! Do not speak of me in your paper, nor let any other do so, if you can prevent it."

He had an instinctive shrinking from the conventional obituary notice.

He had been lying quietly for a long while one day, apparently asleep, when suddenly he spoke: "*Mon amie*," looking up into my face, "I have had a vision!" His eyes filled with tears as he continued: "I don't know that I can tell it to you."

Tears, in those eyes so unused to weeping, startled me. Bending over him and wiping them away, I besought him to tell me what he had seen; but speech seemed impossible for a moment or two. Then in broken sentences, the tears still welling up, he said: "I passed over to the other side—how beautiful! I saw my mother—she was so beautiful! everything there was so beautiful! If I could only pass away thus, death would be nothing."

The word "beautiful," repeated over and over and dwelt upon, seemed alone adequate to express the overwhelming sentiment that was sweeping through his soul. But the body had no longer the power to give it full utterance. His voice dropped, and, exhausted, he again lay silent.

That vision, I am convinced, was never fully described. A second attempt was made, to his son later, but with similar result. The emotional nature of that great soul, habitually under such perfect control, seemed to burst its flood-gates at the thought of the vision.

The physical prostration was now extreme. His emaciated form could be borne in my arms with the aid of the nurse; and it was thus, three times a day, that he left his bed every day to the last.

It was his custom, almost daily, whenever strength would permit, to dictate to me on abstract ideas or on current topics. On Bismarck, for instance, who had just retired from the Chancellorship, he gave me several pages. Then, too, the approaching May-day gave special interest to the working-men's movement and kept my invalid's mind continually occupied with the question. The arrival of the New York papers, particularly the *Herald* with its European news, became the leading event of each day, and helped him to forget himself in that universal sentiment which gave pre-eminence to the interests of humanity.

Never, I think, was an invalid more detached from purely personal interests. It was irresistibly pathetic at times to watch that sweet face—but a shadow of its former self—animated over a labor question, and to hear the working-man's friend prophesying of May-day as though he were sure of being one of its earthly witnesses.

It was but rarely, as I have said, that Mr. Brisbane alluded to his own condition. Patient and long-suffering, never complaining, his subjects of conversation were usually foreign to himself. Being very desirous of getting from him an expression of opinion regarding the existing modes of disposing of the dead which I might interpret as a personal preference, I endeavored one day to lead the conversation in that direction.

"Humanity has not yet learned to properly dispose of its dead," he remarked. "It is now made a gloomy and depressing rite. My system would change all that. It would surround the tomb with elegance and a durable architecture embellished with noble works of art, instead of the perishable monuments of our graveyards. Besides, it would divest death of all unwholesome, unsanitary associations, and link the memory of the dead with the poetic thoughts of the living. All this, however, is but a dream of the future, and out of the question for me. In thinking of death I have always felt that, personally, I would like to be placed on the top of a high mountain and left there with the elements alone. That is the nearest I can ever hope to approach to my Evaporating Tower."

These words were uttered with the calmness almost of a disinterested opinion, and the subject was not again referred to until three days before the last.

On Monday evening, April 28, my invalid manifested for the first time a disinclination to take nourishment. Turning from the little table spread at his side, he said wearily: "*Mon amie*, I think the crisis has come." Then, mentioning certain symptoms of the day which had escaped my notice, he continued: "Have you not remarked a great change?" In the same quiet tone he spoke of each member of the family, giving for each a special message.

His daughter and youngest son had been telegraphed for across the seas, and were expected to arrive the following week. Referring to their coming, he said: "Tell Alice I should have liked to have waited for her!"

Finally, reverting to the subject of death, he said: "Bury me in the corner of some Richmond graveyard, and let nothing be said of me."

After a few detached sentences he asked to lie down, and not again was the subject of death reverted to.

The significant symptoms of which he had spoken were accentuated the next day and the following one.

On Wednesday night he could no longer lie down, and positively refused nourishment, begging me not to insist and he would take more the next morning. His sole request now was for pillows and to be propped higher and higher in bed.

By midnight his voice had sunk to a scarcely audible whisper. His last words were: "*Mon amie*, turn me over!" "Which way?" "Towards you!"

In my bewilderment, and as it were to stay the flight of the departing spirit, which I now realized was imminent, I exclaimed, "Arthur will soon be here, *mon ami*! He is on his way!" But the face that had so often brightened at the sound of that name did not respond. Every earthly charm had vanished.

One long, profound look into my eyes, one desperate gasp to catch the parting breath, and "*Mon ami*" had passed into eternity—into that "great unknown" of which he had so often and so beautifully talked to me.

Just as the sun was ushering in May-day—the day of the working-man so earnestly and expectantly looked forward to—the working-man's friend departed from the scene.

Modest, almost austere as had been the life of this grand spirit, the circumstances of his death were not less so.

No badge of crape heralded our bereavement; no funeral service of any description accompanied the last sad office. Not even friends were bidden to look for a last time on the face of our sacred dead. In a chartered car, with the sole escort of his son, he left the Southern capital on his last journey home. Back to his native State—through its entire breadth—past the little village of childhood memories—on to Buffalo, the scene of so many practical exploits from youth to age.

There, in conformity with the desire of his son, the body was cremated. Mr. Brisbane's own sentiments and ideas on the subject were of course impossible to realize; his family shrank from the thought of the graveyard, and the crematory presented itself as our only alternative.

I feel that I cannot more appropriately close this recital than with the now significant sentiment expressed in that dictated poem of years ago :

A COSMIC ASPIRATION.

My spirit goes out unto the future
With a redeemed and regenerated race !
My joy and my ambition are with this humanity
To which I belong.

I love it as a brother, as a lover, as a leader
And a child—with whom I have worked my way up,
During an infinite past, from the lowest depths
Of spiritual being.

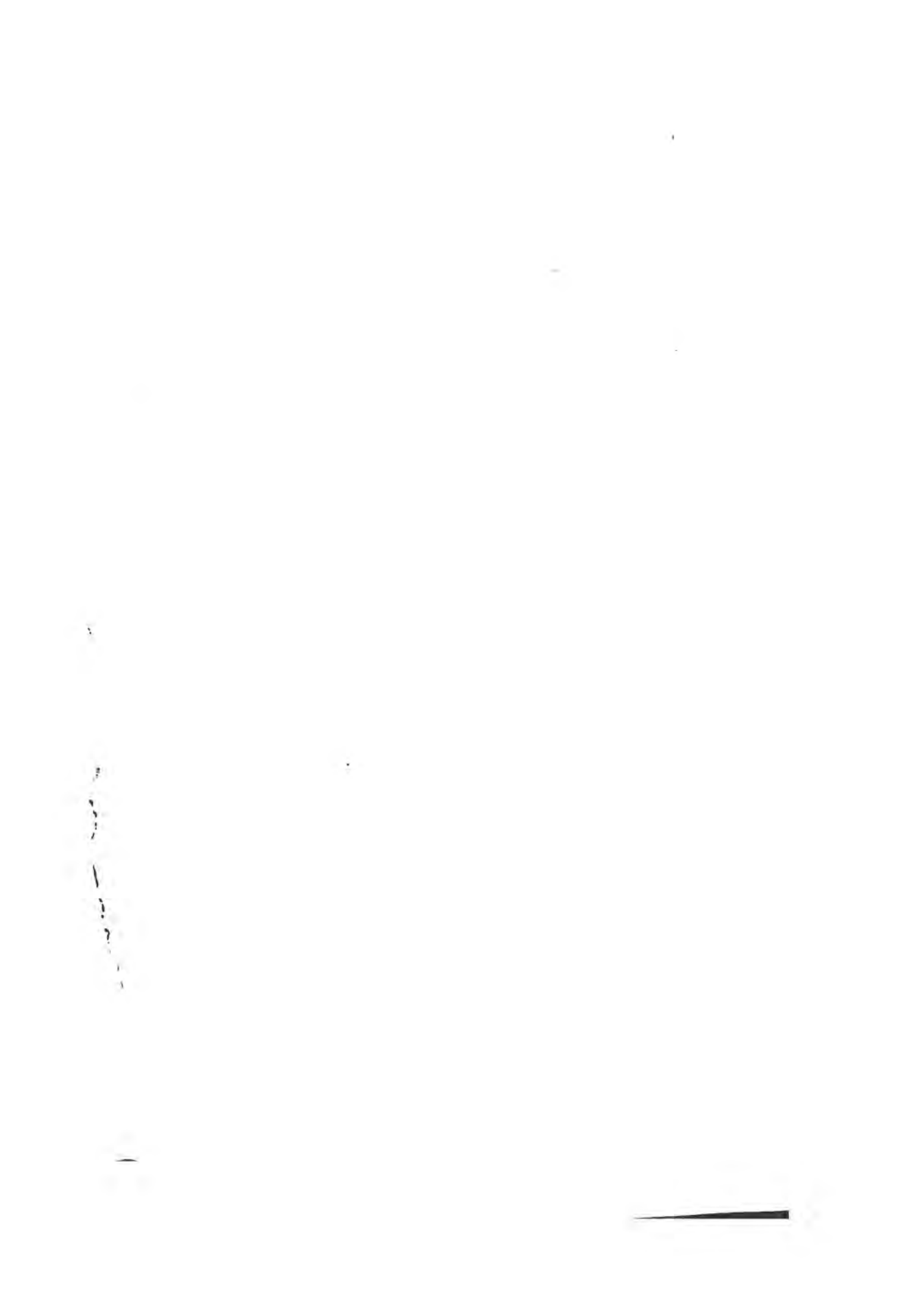
I feel with it a solidarity, a unity, where
Not only all hope of individual achievement,
But all hope of Cosmic and Divine unity
Are blended.

I love it as a part of the Universal Spirit,
Working and studying and loving with which
I hope finally to attain to the knowledge and love
And wisdom of that Infinite Spiritual perfection,
That center of all thought and love which
Men call God.

I have worked with my race on the wet soil
Of the Nile; I have worked with it in the
Dry basins of the Tigris and the Euphrates;
I have wandered with it thro' the Phrygian Mountains,
With it I have peopled the shores of beautiful Ionia;
With it I have built at Dodona, temples
To the Invisible Zeus.

I have sympathized with Socrates and Plato,
I was with Christ at Calvary and with St. Paul in his wanderings;
I was with the blue-eyed Aryans—the Teutonic race,
When they laid the foundation of the Civilization
Which is to redeem our humanity.

I have been with my race in its great struggles:
I was with it in its crude and miserable states
When, through the ages, it elaborated and prepared
The elements of social life in the present;
I shall be with it in its future Glories,
When it shall be one of the Counselors
Of the Spiritual Powers that distribute and arrange
The Harmonies of the Universe.







Albert Brisbane

*"Sweeter than any sung,
My songs that found no tongue ;
Nobler than any fact,
My wish that failed of act."*

ALBERT BRISBANE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are in man three orders of life.

There is the life of the senses, which place him in relation with the material world and constitute the basis of his real practical life; there is the life of the sentiments, which, incorporating themselves objectively, lead to all the social relations which human beings establish with one another; and there is the life of the intellect, which associates man with the plan and order of the Universe and all the subjects relating thereto. The first two orders are personal. They but indirectly, or as subjects of curiosity, interest the world at large; whereas the life of the intellect belongs to humanity.

This last is the only part of my life that seems to me worth reciting. I would write the story of a mind seeking to solve some of those great problems which have occupied the intuitions and the intellect of humanity ever since the beginning of stable history. In the course of my researches I have had occasion to study a multitude of theories; to come in contact with a multitude of minds; to mix with men in different nations; and it is possible that among the leaders of modern thought the experience through which I have passed, being in a certain sense exceptional, may have some small value.

My aim would be to put others on their guard against popular theories, which the want of scientific investigation renders acceptable for the time. I would inspire every earnest thinker with a distrust of current opinions—of what may be called the authority of popularity. Beginning with doubt about the whole science of our age which deals with the invisible and intangible—the unknown—I would endeavor to induce the individual mind to wipe out all preconceived ideas on subjects not demonstrable; on religion as well as philosophy, astronomy, geology, and the higher branches of all the sciences; to distrust, in fact, all the intellectual labors of a higher order thus far accomplished by humanity, except in the great domain of the physical sciences, where a certain amount of demonstration has been introduced and where we have knowledge based on careful calculation—to some extent law.

At the beginning of life the mind of the individual is more or less hampered by the prejudices of the circle into which he is born. He starts out with a mass of false ideas, foisted upon him like the Old Man on Sinbad the Sailor; which, unless he has a good deal of intellectual independence, cling to him like parasites, living on his intellectual nature and demoralizing it by their distorted forms. As he enters the educational world he is again a victim. Here the accepted errors of the schools add a new set of authorities to control and misdirect him. When, finally, he leaves the schools to enter into the larger world, to think and select for himself the subjects which shall interest him, he meets with a higher order of mind in the authorities who have written on those subjects from Plato down to modern times; and gradually he is led to accept the opinions of those men because they are upheld by the prestige of popular acceptance—a popularity based, generally, on the fact that, as

nobody knows anything about the questions treated, those who boldly undertake their discussion naturally obtain a certain credit.

My early life was in a measure affected by these misleading influences. But fortunately a skepticism without great antagonism—a skepticism which, while it led me to question the old order of things, did not lead me to affirm dogmatically contrary opinions—gave to my mind a fresh direction.

It is impossible, however, for the individual to escape external influences,—influences of the race to which he belongs, of the circle in which he is born, of the training he receives, and the opinions of parents and teachers. It may be well, therefore, as a key to subsequent development, to make a brief sketch of my early life.

In 1789 The Holland Land Company, owners of four millions of acres in the western part of New York State, sent from the East five gentlemen to survey this land and to lay it out in tracts for sale. Joseph Ellicott, whose brother laid out the city of Washington, was the leader of this band of pioneers, and my father was one of the number. A little village called Batavia, suggestive of its Dutch origin, was founded, and the preliminary requisites to a new settlement rapidly sprang up there. Mills were constructed for grinding the grain, roads were laid out, and those indispensable appendages of civilization, a courthouse and a jail, were duly provided. But strange to say, for the first seven years of the settlement, Batavia possessed no church. The founders of this little village were—what was then extremely rare—men of liberal views,—I might almost say freethinkers. Three of them had been Quakers, but their robust common sense felt ill at ease in the strait-laced, sober garb of the Quaker sect, and they had left it.

Here it was, almost within hearing of the roar of the cataract of Niagara, in what was then called the western wilds of the United States, that I was born in the year 1809.

My father was of Scotch descent: for generations his ancestors had fought the English; until at last, ruined in their struggles, they fled their native land. One of their number, my grandfather, sought a new career in the New World; where, continuing the traditions of the past, he took part in the war for American independence. The Scotch faith still clung to the family at the advent of my father, and he had been taught to observe the strictest church discipline. One day, however, having received a punishment for not attending divine service a third time, his sentiment of personality revolted. A mental revolution gradually took place, and, as soon as he dared to act independently, he walked out of the old Scotch Presbyterian church with a sentiment of profound repugnance to all its doctrines. His reflections on those vast problems which humanity has so long been trying to solve, bringing him no light, led him to the conviction that the human mind was incapable of solving them. He preserved this opinion all his life, and was what is called a skeptic. A story in point is related of him in connection with the great Millerite movement in 1843. On the eve of the day on which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, one of the Advent enthusiasts, accosting him on the street, said: "Mr. Brisbane, do you know that the world is coming to an end to-morrow?" My father replied: "Damned glad of it, sir! Damned glad of it. This experiment of the human race is a total failure!"

My mother was English. She had lived long enough in this highly oxygenized American atmosphere to purge out some of the exuberance of nervous force of her more solid ancestry,

and to obtain something of the flexibility of character which distinguishes the American race. It may be remarked here, that, owing probably to our vast forests, there is more oxygen in the air of America than in that of Europe—an important factor, no doubt, in determining the difference between the American people and their English ancestors. My mother was a woman of peculiar temperament; strong and intense in the sentiments, but impartial and general in her intellectual character. She was a student, interested in all the sciences within her reach, especially astronomy, to which the new discoveries of Herschel were then lending great interest. I remember often, as a child on my knees before her, questioning her upon these great subjects and embarrassing her with my persistence in obtaining satisfactory answers. The supreme difficulty with me was to arrive at a definition of the personality called God, "Who is God? mamma," I would ask over and over again, never satisfied with her replies.

It was in these hours that she explained to me the mysteries of astronomy. Before I could read, I knew how all the planets were revolving around the sun, their sizes, their names, and had a general idea of the theory of our solar system. I remember how with wonder and delight she expatiated on those great double stars which Herschel's new telescope had revealed, and how her spirit wandered in that vast cosmic realm which seemed to be the true field of her intellectual life. Then, taking up the thread of history, she would recount to me the wonderful labors of the Egyptians; the great achievements of the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, and the Babylonians, with their hanging gardens, their gigantic palaces and temples. Or, coming down to the Roman period, she would describe the salient points of the history of that race, showing their military power, their energy,

and their enterprise, until finally my infant mind was peopled with the heroes of antiquity. They stood apart from and above the little practical world in which I lived. I recollect well how I endeavored to explain those surpassing wonders—to discover some clew to, some reason for, their existence.

It was thus at my mother's knee that I began my synthetic education. I began with a general view of human history and of the planetary system to which we belong; subjects that, by this happy mode of presentation, became of absorbing interest to me even at so early an age. Later I was sent to school, but there I came in contact with dry, simple facts, set forth in books written by mature minds, in a manner adapted only to mature minds, and such books interested me but little. I remember pondering over the rules of Murray's immortal grammar, where I learned that a verb was a word which signified "to be, to do, or to suffer." In my young imagination I wondered what possible relation there could be between I eat, I sleep, and to be, to do, and to suffer; and my efforts to disentangle the meaning of Mr. Murray's complex metaphysical explanations were crowned with total nonsuccess. We were also required to read extracts from British authors; again the product of mature minds, of men who wrote at a ripe age on subjects they had thought over for years, giving expression to personal feelings—often disappointed ones; and here, too, I wandered in an intellectual labyrinth, striving to catch some glimpse of the meaning of what I was reading. Gradually I conceived an abhorrence of those dreary schools. Perched on a wooden bench, with a wooden bench before me containing the inevitable grammar and other school-books, I impatiently counted the hours of the long morning and afternoon, pondering over subjects in which I took no interest and which I but very poorly understood.

But this state of things could not last. By dint of ingenuity and persistence, aided by the fact that teachers could not always be found to keep school open, I managed to gain my liberty, and, once left to my own devices, I found no difficulty in employing my time in varied activity. First, in hunting and fishing: the country furnished abundant game, and the waters were full of fish. This free life brought me into intimate contact with nature, and made me a close observer of the habits of the game I pursued, both of the feathery and the finny tribe. With what pleasure I watched the red-headed woodpecker, his breast against the rotten trunk of a tree into which he would peck, putting his ear down to listen whether the sound of a grub could be heard. And the yellow-hammer settling on the thistle to pick out its seed, or the robin in cherry-time perched on the cherry-tree. I have watched the wild squirrel bounding from tree to tree in our garden, and the wild partridge tripping on the lawn surrounding our house. And, as I listened in the twilight to the strange mournful voice of the whip-poor-will, I wondered what spirit was there uttering its incomprehensible cry alone in the gloom of night. I would watch for hours the silvery fish as they glided through the village stream. The movements of the white-bellied sucker, making its way sluggishly along the bed of the river to find its food, were an absorbing study to me, as well as those of the little fresh-water crabs, crawling from their retreat and then darting deftly back again, when some passing object frightened them. Every fact in nature was full of charm to me. The black squirrel seated on the limb of a tree, eating a nut, displayed a cunningness and intelligence which seemed to me profound. In short, Nature and I were in unison. I never tired of studying her, and her great book of mysteries read to me like a fairy tale.

What is especially worthy of attention in my life at this time, as bearing on the events of after-life, was my great personal liberty and freedom of action. At the age of ten I possessed three guns—a rifle and two shot-guns. I would go to the neighboring forests and hunt the morning through, no questions being asked, and nothing unusual thought of it. In my father's stable were horses of which I had free use. One was a favorite with me, owing to his swiftness and fine mettle. I have thrown the bridle on him of an early morning, and, jumping on his bare back, have made twenty or thirty miles, returning in time for breakfast, the feat not exciting the least surprise or remark. This early familiarity with the horse and the gun saved my life twice at least, in after years, and it is worthy of mention as showing how the life of the American youth develops individuality; it explains also the immense restless enterprise characteristic of the American people. This spirit of ceaseless activity is destined at some future period, when the population shall have reached its two or three hundred millions, to render the North American continent the ruling portion of the globe.

Another branch of my education was pursued in the village workshops, where I acquired considerable mechanical skill. As the little Batavia settlement grew, mechanics came in, and at quite an early date we had a considerable number of workmen in the different trades established in their little individual shops—a class which the gigantic machinery of modern times has swept well-nigh out of existence. Having discovered that my inventive efforts often required mechanical aid, I managed by an occasional present to make my way into the good graces of these workmen, so that I had free entry to their shops. The carpenter, the saddler, and even the blacksmith, were important personages to me at that time; and the frequenting of their

shops gave me a practical insight into departments of labor, familiarity with which proved of real value later. Then, too, I was deeply interested in "thunder powder," and I wanted to learn chemistry, but there was only one man in the village who knew anything about it, and of him I was mortally afraid. So I got all the encyclopedias I could find, and studied and compounded alone. I also constructed a magic lantern and got up an exhibition for the boys at a cent a head.

Had I had the teachers necessary at that time, I should have studied everything.

At length came the dawn of the intellectual intuition which gave the key to my intellectual life. I was about fifteen years of age, and had run through the preliminary activities of childhood; I had exhausted the resources of hunting and fishing; even billiards losing their charm for me—a game in which my skill was renowned. Mature and experienced players from all parts of the country had measured their forces with mine. Among others was the memorable Tim Fitch, instrumental in the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Thirty-two points was the game: I would give them thirty and win after all.

But, as I have said, my youthful fever of small activities had spent itself. I was now about to enter upon the second stage of my mental development. I remember standing on the bridge that crossed the little creek at Batavia one day, and musing as I threw pebbles into the water and observed the widening, rippling circles as they started from the center. New problems were forming themselves in my mind, though not yet brought clearly and definitely to the touchstone of consciousness. This solitary musing took possession of me. The intuitions of the mind were gradually molding their external expression, and it

finally came in this shape: What is the work of man on this earth? What was he put here for, and what has he to do? I said to myself: If the individual man does not know what the work of the collective man is, he has no guide in his career. It seemed to me that I belonged to a vast army in which each individual had his place and function, and that those who left the ranks to attend to individual concerns could not advance in the great achievement to which they were destined. The army was Humanity. I was a soldier in its ranks.

This idea, born of spontaneous intuition, which had come unbidden and without calculation, impressed me deeply. I was continually saying to myself: What is the work of man on this earth? Whatever it is, that I should do. It is not right for the individual to work for himself; he must keep on the great track which humanity is following.

There comes to my mind in this connection certain advice of my father, who was urging me to serious study. "If you will be diligent," he said, "a field of distinction is open before you. You have all opportunities. You could easily become the governor of the State." I was struck by the remark, and a criticism at once arose in my mind. "Father," I replied, "it is of but little consequence whether a man is governor of a State. The great thing, it seems to me, is to know what the human race has to do, and then to coöperate with it in its work."

I have already spoken of my antipathy to the dry routine of the common school, which appeared to me to have but little meaning: my father, observing this, decided to take me to New York and put me into a higher school. He was displeased with my inattention to what he considered of paramount importance, and, being of a critical, somewhat satirical turn of mind, he said to me one day: "I will now give you every

chance to get an education, and if you do not study I will bind you out to a tailor."

I had long been importuning my father to take me to New York, and, with this prospect of the journey, my mind began to conjure up pictures of the great city. I was about to see something of that architectural splendor my mother had told me so much about. I imagined, too, that I should get a clearer idea of God when I had penetrated that forest-wall by which I had been so long hemmed in.

We started in one of the good old coaches of the day, struggling to make its four miles an hour over the rough roads not yet transformed into turnpikes, and went to Albany, the point at which we were to take the steamboat down the river. It was night when we embarked on the "Richmond," and I recall now the pleasant sensation that came over me as we moved off from the shore. In comparison with the jostling stage-coach I had just left, it seemed as if I was being wafted away on wings.

We arrived at New York early in the morning; and as the boat was nearing the dock, the last dashes of the paddle-wheel threw up the swollen, ghastly body of a negro woman. The sight produced upon me a sickening sensation. It made me feel that if a great city has its beauties and its wonders, it must also have its brutal and disgusting aspects. We went to the City Hotel on Broadway, near Vesey Street, the great hotel of the town, then, conducted by a man who had been a fixture there for twenty years, and whose bump of individuality was so remarkably developed that he remembered the name and appearance of every guest who had visited the house during that time.

Soon I prepared to explore my ideal city. Full of expectation I started forth into its streets. I threaded its labyrinths of excitement, bustle, misery, and degradation, seeking in vain for those

wonders I had come to see. Rows of little brick houses met my gaze on every side. I went into the shops ; I hunted for something of interest or instruction ; something that would satisfy my intellectual curiosity ; but the best I could find were some collections of crayons and a magic lantern. Everywhere there met me that dead level and commonplace which I had hitherto imagined peculiar to a small village like my own.

The effect of this first acquaintance with New York was very depressing. With a feeling of the greatest disappointment I soliloquized : Is it possible that this is New York ! Why this is only Batavia systematized and improved. There is nothing new here, and nothing to admire. How I longed for my native forests, and to roam again at large with my dogs and my gun !

My new educational experience began at Flushing, Long Island, where I was placed in a boarding-school kept by a Mr. Moore, a Quaker of stern religious character, combined with a wise self-interest, and that worldly caution which his school of philosophy has so sedulously taught and carried out. The school in reality was a den of rowdies. The boys all slept in one long hall, a kind of stall-partition between their beds, and at night the turbulent spirits, of which there were a decided majority, would roam around and play practical jokes on their sleeping companions. I soon tired of this institution, and begged my father to allow me to leave it. He next placed me in a French family in Garden Street, now Exchange Place, where he thought I would have an opportunity of learning the French language. The gentleman who undertook this branch of my education was evidently engaged in an uncongenial employment, trying desperately, by scolding and the liberal use of the cane, to make both ends meet. He put into my hands the French grammar and directed me to learn the conjugation of the verb

"To Have" in all its moods and tenses. I undertook this formidable task, and at the end of a week found that I was incapable of mastering such a jumble of methodical instruction. To commit to memory a lot of words without sense or relation to me, with all the singularity of the French conjugation, was impossible. I gave up the task, saying to myself: "The French language is beyond my capacity."

In the school to which I went there was a man of some original thought. Ingersoll was his name. He was a teacher of grammar, and I shall always think of him with gratitude. I had learned Lindley Murray by rote in my native village, but, as I have endeavored to show, without ever getting a very definite idea of what it all amounted to. Mr. Ingersoll took up the subject in a plain and practical manner, adapting his explanations to my requirements, and in a short time I had a clear comprehension of the mechanism of my own language. I communicated to him my difficulty regarding French. "If you have given up your present teacher," he said, "go and see John Manesca. He has invented a new method, one adapted to the new beginner." I lost no time in finding the address indicated, and, entering a small back room on Liberty Street, I was met by a man of mature age with a singularly expressive and penetrating eye, his careworn face aglow with a strange vivacity. I informed him of my errand, observing that I had already tried one teacher and had given up the task. He scanned me deliberately from head to foot, as if with his piercing eye he would take in my mental value. Instead of that obsequiousness so often met in his station of life, he seemed rather to contemplate whether it pleased him to accept me as a pupil. It was finally arranged that he should become my tutor, and that I should begin the next day. As, in his directions

regarding what to bring, he mentioned only copy-book and pencil, I asked if I should bring my grammar. "No!" said he, "you want no grammars. They are made by grown men who know nothing of the requirements of a child. Why, they are almost too complex for *me*," he added.

On commencing my studies with Mr. Manesca, I was at once impressed with the naturalness of his method; and I felt a thrill of pleasure at the idea of being able to comprehend what I had hitherto considered beyond my capacity. Seating me at a table with a blank sheet of paper before me: "Draw a line through the middle," he said. "On the left put the English and on the right the French. Now write, 'Have you?'" The French of that is, 'Avez vous?' Below it put, 'I have;' in French, 'J'ai.' Now pronounce, 'Avez vous?'" I repeated it after him. "J'ai," he continued; I followed him again. "Avez vous?" he asked; "J'ai," I answered. "Now," he said, "put down 'The bread'—'Le pain.'" He spelled it for me, and said: "The last consonant in French is not pronounced when not followed by a vowel." Then he asked: "Avez vous le pain?" I answered, "J'ai le pain." To this was added the salt, the wine, the butter, the sugar, and so forth, with the negative form of the verb and some adjectives, and we entered at once into quite a conversation of questions and answers on the common necessities of life. After an hour of such exercise I had fifteen or twenty words at my tongue's end. I remember that on returning to my boarding-house to dinner I rather astonished the persons present by asking in a very self-confident manner: "Avez vous le vin? Avez vous le bon vin?"

This first lesson was a revelation to me. I was overjoyed to find a method that I could understand, something at which I could work intelligently; and in my joyous energy I wrote

out four foolscap pages of composition. When I returned to Manesca the next day, he was astonished at my voluminous written exercises, for he rarely got over half a page from his pupils, he told me. The French lessons, thus fairly started, went on very rapidly. He explained to me afterwards that the secret was in the quantity of compositions I wrote. "Writing," he said, "is the most important part of the study. With me you have verbal instruction, with yourself you have sight and touch." I gave so much diligence to the subject, and mastered so perfectly all he gave me to do, that finally he said: "There is no use in my looking over your compositions; I find no faults." Set up by this flattering appreciation, and desirous of knowing many things at once, I suggested one day that such and such words should be given me, offering my advice with the characteristic freedom of an American boy accustomed to rely a good deal on his own judgment, and with a strong tendency to follow out his own will. Manesca looked at me with astonishment at first, then came an expression of indignation that a pupil should presume to dictate to him the course he should follow. "What! You wish to direct your own course? Then go and do it! I will not give you any more lessons, young man; you can find another teacher." With this he turned away from me. I sat a while confused, and considering what was to be done. Presently he turned around and said: "Why don't you go?" I replied, "Mr. Manesca, I am not going. I know your method is the only one by which I can learn French, and I am going to study with you." "I won't teach you! I would not be troubled with your suggestions and dictations for any consideration." He then resumed his position, waiting for me to leave. I, however, stuck to my seat, thinking and pondering how I could mend matters. Soon he turned again and repeated: "Why don't you go?" I

repeated in turn, "I am not going. I am going to stay here and study French with you." Another pause, when to my great relief he wheeled suddenly round, and, facing me, exclaimed: "Well! well! go on." That was the end of suggestions on the part of the pupil. In a hundred and twenty lessons I had acquired such a knowledge of French that I was able to carry on a free conversation on any ordinary subject, and to write a letter with ease and fluency.

After I had completed my French, I studied Spanish and Latin on the same system. At the schools at Batavia I had studied Latin some three or four years with very little result. By the new method I soon saw my way clear. As it was the difficulty of the verbs that bothered me, I traced out in big characters on a large sheet of paper the conjugations of the different classes of verbs, and pinned them up on my bedroom wall. They were thus constantly before my eyes, and when not engaged in other studies I would look at them. Usually in the morning, before getting up, I would run over my Latin verbs.

I may observe here that Manesca and I became great friends. I may also observe that he was one of the most remarkable men I have met in my life; a man of great intuition, of unbounded philanthropy and generosity, profoundly impressed by the miseries of humanity, and ever ready to aid the unfortunate who came under his observation, especially among his own countrymen. He was from St. Domingo, where his family had been ruined by the negro insurrections.

Manesca was a student. He had made a long and serious study of the philosophical ideas of his age, and was thoroughly conversant with all the literature of the French schools. It was from him that I first got my general idea of the intellectual

movement of the eighteenth century, and which awakened in me a fervent desire to know more of those men who had exercised such a wide influence on their age.

This first winter in New York was my initiation into a new world. The following summer I returned to my native village, and strangely enough it impressed me—this old scene of my childhood. The boy's interests were things of the past. I had grown beyond that old horizon; my imagination had discerned new fields of operation, and I felt vaguely that they would carry me far away.

On returning to New York at the end of the summer vacation, I resumed my studies with fresh energy; working assiduously at the languages and mathematics, and taking up drawing as a recreation. My father, seeing my interest awakened according to his desires, gave me entire liberty to follow my studies as I pleased; and this manner of life continued without any incident worthy of note until I had reached the age of eighteen. But the idea that had taken possession of me at fifteen, as I stood on the bridge throwing pebbles into Tonawanda Creek, grew constantly in my mind. I boarded in a French house in Park Place, where I was in continual contact with a variety of minds, among others Manesca. Abstract subjects were freely discussed, and I listened to opinions from many points of view. Manesca's inclinations led him toward psychological research. He based his views on the popular philosophy of the eighteenth century, and one of his favorite authorities was *Helvétius*. Through his influence I inclined to accept the same doctrine. This intellectual contact, together with my early intuition, inspired me with an irresistible desire to solve the mystery of man's destiny, to penetrate the why and the wherefore of his advent on this planet. I said to myself: "I shall find this

solution in Europe. The thinkers of the Old World, with their great heritage of the literature of antiquity, and their larger opportunities of philosophic discovery, must be able to throw some light on the subject. Under this mental obsession I began, finally, to persuade my father to let me go to Europe. Nothing short of that journey could satisfy the frenzy to KNOW which had now taken complete possession of me.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few months of consideration, my father consented to my departure ; and in the month of May, 1828, I sailed in an American packet for Havre. The long sea voyage was without event worthy of remark, unless it be the absence of sea-sickness—a sensation I have never known. At Havre a new world of manners and customs burst upon my gaze. The first thing that struck me was the position occupied by woman in the practical world. She seemed more active and independent than in the country of my birth. She was permitted to work and earn an honorable livelihood. At the Custom House a woman took the lead in all the operations necessary for the examination of my baggage, afterwards ordering a man to transport it to the hotel. On entering the Hôtel de l'Europe, I was met by a woman who assigned me to my room. No man appeared, until, happening to require some personal service, a man answered the call. Thus the functions seemed to me all inverted. The chambermaids were all chamber-garçons ; the cooks were men, and the director of the house was a woman. The whole social life in France seemed to me a strange spectacle. I felt that I had been suddenly transported into a world not my own, and was looking upon a play in which I bore no part.

The next day I took the diligence for Paris. The route lay through a beautiful country, well calculated to impress a green American, who had not yet dreamed of the diversified culture which often gives to the landscape of the Old World the aspect

of a work of art. In this case the picture, with its manifold tints and miniature contours, suggested to me a Scotch plaid.

The impression produced by my fellow-travelers was less favorable. I was struck with what appeared to me the limited scope of French intelligence; for not to have a definite idea of America was to me as inconceivable as it was unpardonable. When they learned that I was an American, a lady opposite me nudged the elbow of her husband and whispered: "I thought the Americans were all black." I was also conscious of a certain spiritual rigidity about these people. Their intellect seemed to be fixed in cast-iron molds. It was in singular contrast with the slap-dash, off-hand American spirit of which mine was a sample. On arriving in Paris I went to a hotel in La Rue Vivienne, near the Passage des Panoramas; I forget the name. There I met an American who was going to a reception given by La Fayette that evening, and invited me to accompany him. Thus was inaugurated my entry into French society. I well remember my presentation to the old General, and the kindly smile that lit up his face when informed that I was an American. I was somewhat disappointed, though, in this Revolutionary hero, whom I expected to find a man of great presence. His face had grown heavy, and, although evidently a man of broad humanitarian sentiments, he did not seem at all calculated for the important part he had played in the history of two nations.

I was now in a new and a great world—the metropolis of civilization. It would be hard to tell all I expected to find here; what I did find very rapidly was a great deal of artificiality. Nothing seemed to me spontaneous or natural. The architecture, with its cold, calculated uniformity, was artificial; even the trees in the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs

Elysées were so clipped and trained that they were not trees, but simple blocks of green. As to the people, they appeared to have been trained and disciplined much in the same way. Their sentiments and intellects were seemingly adapted to a certain social mold that had cut them every one after the same pattern. All this calculated conventionality was disagreeable to me. It tired me to death to be kept so constantly on the *qui vive* in the observance of little formalities which to my undisciplined nature were of very secondary importance. So much for the impressions of the boy not yet nineteen. I have since come to understand the meaning of this national characteristic, and to trace it to its source.

There were two features in French life which pleased me greatly. One was the *cuisine*, in which I found a superiority over everything I had known then, or have known since, in the realm of cooking. True, this is not really saying much; since gastronomy, as a science or art, has been slow of conception among all nations. The sauerkraut and the ubiquitous sausage of the Germans, with their substantial pastry, are as bad as the half-cooked macaroni, or quarter-cooked rice of the Italians, or the eternal potato of the English. It is needless to speak of the hot cakes and hot bread of the Americans; their endless frying in fat, washed down by debilitating hot tea and coffee. Future generations may be interested in showing how much of the moral turpitude of this enlightened age is traceable to the abuses of the stomach.

The French, in their efforts to refine life, have shown a remarkable precocity in the culinary art; and it was in this department that their generally little relished art-ificiality met my enthusiastic approval.

Another feature that interested me deeply was the independ-

ent dignity of the working-classes. As I circulated through the markets and the different centers of industry, I observed these people of the lower social strata. Everything about them interested me, even the modest blue blouse, so adapted to their various occupations. No shoddy genteel coats, no cast-off finery of the upper classes, appeared among them, to offend the eye and arouse the painful sentiment of unfitness. All was in keeping. They had a costume of their own, a kind of livery adapted to their lives and labors, and which was rendered comely by its appropriateness. I saw here the superiority of a class which in my own democratic country received but little recognition and was too often devoid of dignity. A strong sentiment of personality gave to these people a distinction wholly their own. They were polite and deferential to their superiors, but it was easy to see that they expected all the consideration due to their own personality in return. I found this side of the Parisian world an agreeable novelty, and, much as I might tire of the *beau monde*, "the people" were always a subject of fresh interest to me.

I may say here, in regard to the social culture so characteristic of the French, that it is due in part to the influence of the Roman life and habits, which lingered in France after the fall of the Roman Empire. Its chief source, however, was in the powerful organization of the feudal nobility. With generations of military life and discipline operating on the national character (the basis of which was ambition), this autocratic class became distinguished for its polished manners and chivalric bearing. A severe code of etiquette, inspired with the military spirit, governed all social intercourse and impressed itself on the lower classes—the vassals, who were trained in the performance of their subordinate *rôles* with inflexible

exactitude. This influence gradually spread, until the whole nation was imbued with what may be called the aristocratic school of politeness. No nation in the world has pushed this disciplining and polishing of external deportment to the extreme which the French have, and no people have exercised such a far-reaching influence in the refinements of civilization.

England in this respect offers a marked contrast. There, too, the aristocracy exercised an immense influence, but the influence was depressing. The chivalric Latin spirit did not cross the channel, and the substantial gravity of the Anglo-Saxon aristocracy left its corresponding stamp on the lower classes. The insular spirit of the English nobleman led him to emphasize the distance that separated him from his social inferior. Their intercourse was on a lower plane; one calculated to inspire awe and veneration, on the part of the latter. Hence, instead of the independent manhood of the lower classes in France, one finds in the same social rank of England that humble subserviency, the outgrowth of centuries of depression and repression.

Soon after my arrival in Paris I began my study of French literature. I read the poets, examined into the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and spent a good deal of time familiarizing myself with the latest works of the modern thinkers. I hoped somewhere to find solutions of the great questions which were occupying my mind, and looked forward with impatience to the opening of the lecture season at the Sorbonne.

Meanwhile I was invited into the country, a trip which lasted several weeks, and initiated me into the country life of the French people. I here came in contact with some interesting specimens of the old aristocracy. With what admiration I observed their politeness and refinement! As far as the winning art of manners was concerned, I was probably more like a red

Indian or an unbroken colt among them, than one of their own race. I recall their balls and parties, and the evident curiosity with which they regarded me when I joined in the dance. I had been taught by a French master in the style fashionable before the Revolution. The graceful and sedate manner in which this modern society moved through the cotillon contrasted strongly with the leaps and jumps in vogue prior to 1789; and those having a keen sense of the ridiculous must have been greatly amused at my terpsichorean efforts.

Later in the summer, foreseeing that I should probably wish to visit Germany, I began the study of German. My teacher was Mr. Ollendorff, since widely known as the author of a French grammar. I told this gentleman that I had a method for teaching languages which I wished to follow; that I would like him to make a trial of four lessons, after which he could consider whether or not it pleased him to continue according to my system. We began: I writing in French the words I wanted and he giving me the German. When this was done, I directed him how to ask me questions, which I replied to. Thus I began training Mr. Ollendorff in Manesca's method. It was of course very natural that he should want to offer suggestions of his own, but as I insisted on no deviation from the plan we had set out on, at the end of the fourth lesson he accepted my offer to suspend study for a few days to consider what he should do. At the expiration of the allotted time he came back decided to continue. I pursued German with Mr. Ollendorff until I had run through the hundred and twenty lessons written down under Manesca's dictation and had obtained a very fair knowledge of the language. As my teacher would often borrow my exercise-book to prepare his lessons in advance, it is perhaps but fair for me to mention here that it was those lessons which

were the origin of the work printed later called "Ollendorff's Method." It is a copy—almost verbatim—of my manuscript up to the twentieth or thirtieth lesson, when certain innovations are introduced. But Ollendorff's method as it was first known is an imperfect imitation of Manesca's. However, it is disappearing from the school in America, where it has been most extensively used, as it imposes too great a labor on the teacher. For the time it had an immense success, being simpler and more reduced than Manesca's method as published in his name later.

I have spoken of my boyhood's conception regarding man's real work on the earth, and its influence as giving direction to my earliest thoughts and studies.

About this time, while at the Opera one evening, I went out during an *entr'acte* to get an ice-cream; and as I sat eating it the question suddenly presented itself: "Who pays for this ice-cream?"

"Well! I do."

"But where do you get the money to pay for it?"

"My father sends it to me."

"And where does he get it?"

"From the farmers of Genesee county."

Then I reflected: "Does my father work to produce this?"

"No! he owns land and other property from which he receives an income. That income comes out of the labor of the farmers and the working-classes. It is they, then, who are in reality paying for this ice-cream."

"Do I give an equivalent? No! Then I get their labor without equivalent, *i. e.* for nothing."

The idea of this injustice struck me. I pondered over it. And although at the time it led to no very serious ulterior

reflections, it was deeply impressed on my mind that a certain class in society lived on the labor of the masses, and at a later date this idea led me into studies of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

When the Fall came and the lecture season at the Sorbonne and other *Ecoles Supérieures* opened, I began by following "*les cours*" of Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain, the popular lecturers on philosophy, history, and literature. So much was I interested in general and abstract questions, I paid but little attention to the physical sciences. Whatever related purely to material phenomena seemed to me at that time to have no universal significance, and in my absorbing desire to comprehend universal problems I left those that appeared concrete and practical aside. Even the great city of Paris itself seemed to me but a material phenomenon of small consequence, and about which I could say but little in my letters home. Nothing concrete met my burning desire to comprehend the reason of universal existence and the relation of man to the Great Whole. I followed Victor Cousin with great attention under the preconceived idea that I should get from him an explanation. He called his philosophy "the Eclecticism of the Nineteenth Century," his idea being to take up the various systems of the past, to select from them what might be considered truths, and putting these together form a new and perfect system. He endeavored to do for philosophy what Justinian and Napoleon had done for law.

Most men believe that the age in which they live has seen the end of discovery. Under the dominion of this popular delusion, it was natural for Cousin to suppose that if he possessed the philosophic accumulation of past ages he could with that elaborate a complete system of truths. I myself had then very imperfect ideas of the progress of the race, and did not

know at what point it had arrived ; so I readily fell in with his scheme, which upon its face appeared very plausible. Still, as I followed up Cousin, endeavoring to get at his final conclusions, I began gradually to feel that no great truths came out. His discourse was an easy, philosophic speculation, leading to but few substantial results. True, I had learned a great amount of philosophic history, but my pestering problem remained without solution. I recollect particularly his declaration, with all the emphasis and seriousness of a man enunciating a weighty fact, that the immortal glory of Kant would be that he had renewed and developed the categories of Aristotle. Now, having read over the categories of Aristotle without understanding them, and knowing something of the categories of Kant, I was astonished at such an appreciation ; for I felt that this tremendous achievement of Kant touched no great and fundamental question. This aroused in my mind a deep distrust, and at the end of the season I came out completely disappointed. I said to myself : Is this the wisdom of French philosophy,—this Joseph's coat of all philosophic colors and shapes ?

I will say now, that the fundamental error in Cousin's system was to suppose that the theory of the universe had been elaborated, and that all he had to do was to pick out the truths of existing philosophies, leaving aside the errors. Philosophy, in fact, is yet in its infancy, and its speculations thus far being mainly errors, such a selection must necessarily be worse than valueless.

During the winter I was introduced to Mr. Cousin, and had conversation with him at different times on general subjects. He remarked to me one day that he had had the pleasure of meeting Edward Everett, and that he was " a meteor on a level with the intellectual horizon of Europe." Cousin was a real French-

man, and possessed some of the finest traits in the French character. He had a fine face with a lustrous eye which betokened a lively imagination and a tendency to generalization. These qualities he carried into his philosophy. But he was a man made more for literature than for philosophy, who filled this place in his time because there was no one better qualified to fill it. He certainly was the greatest success in the stirring up and mixing of abstract theories that the nineteenth century has possessed, all of which is remembered to-day only as a proof of the gullibility of the public mind at that period.

In later years I met Mr. Cousin again,—the last time just after the *coup d'état*, in 1852. His long, abundant locks were gray, signs of age were stealing over him; and in answer to inquiries regarding his health, he said, passing his hand over his eyes: "I am growing old and my sight is going; but I do not regard it as a great calamity under existing circumstances; I don't want to see what is going on around me."

Guizot was as calm, collected, and frigid as Cousin was fiery and enthusiastic. His manner exhibited all the steady sternness of a strong, somewhat narrow mind,—a mind formed at Geneva under the dogmatic influences of the puritanical faith. Cousin is said to have referred to him once as "the Gascon brought up at Geneva." I met Guizot but once, and that was at a later period, at the bureau of foreign affairs, of which he was then minister. He had become celebrated as a politician, a dialectician, and an artful diplomatist. I appreciated Guizot's lectures and took great interest in them. I think he deserves to be classed among the best historians of modern times. He was a remarkable analyst of the leading events of history, and presented his subjects with great clearness.

During the lecture course, Cousin had spoken a great deal of

the Germans and of the philosophy of Hegel, he having visited Germany a few years previously to make a special study of the latest German philosophies. The idea struck me that possibly he had not properly interpreted these men, and that if I could study them personally I might arrive at some satisfactory result. Thus, with my mind still unsatisfied and restless, I turned my thoughts from Paris to Berlin, where dwelt the great Hegel; "the sphinx," it was said, who had unfolded the absolute logic of the universe. In imagination I saw these master-minds of Germany dealing with vast universal problems. Viewed from a distance, they affected my mind very much as the picture of the cities of Thebes, Babylon, and Rome had done in my infancy and in my early dreams of New York; and in a corresponding state of high expectation I set out for Berlin in the month of May, 1829.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS glad to leave Paris. Glad to mount to the highest seat of one of those fine old stage-coaches from which I could view the country we passed through. I seemed to be carried back for a brief period to life in my native land, and, as it were, to spiritual liberty. My first stopping-place on the route was Strasbourg. What struck me most in this journey was the same artificiality I had remarked in Paris; the same arbitrary character of agricultural scenery; trees clipped and rounded and squared to meet various fantastic ideals; while the houses of the inhabitants, where one might naturally look for some display of art, were absolutely devoid of beauty. Bald utility predominated over beauty and gracefulness everywhere. There was one feature, however, in this long ride, calculated to win my admiration; it was the size and substantiality of the great diligence, divided into its several classes as are the railway coaches to-day, drawn by four, sometimes five, powerful stallions, with postilions astride the horses, and the conductor, or general manager, perched up on the *impériale*, where I had taken my seat. When I contrasted this system of locomotion with the light stage-coaches of America, I saw the difference between old devices growing out of certain traditions, and the simple inventions of a people without a past. The entire road from Paris to Strasbourg was paved with cobble-stones, the work of Louis XIV. for the transport of his armies.

I found this last-named city partly French, but the German spirit predominated.

Here is one of the finest cathedrals in the world. I was particularly impressed with its appearance by moonlight, its great rose window illumined by the pale white light. I went up into its tower, reaching heavenward 520 feet. It appeared a mighty lace-work, so delicately were the stones cut and into such minute details were its little columns and stone-work wrought. It trembled in the air as the wind passed through it, and yet every stone was so firmly placed under its clasps of iron bands, that it had stood there for centuries, not a particle ever having been disturbed. This great creation was the first work of art that really impressed me. What I had seen in Paris, with some few exceptions, seemed but the prosy creations of the human intellect. Here appeared something of a grand, spontaneous character, above the ordinary works of man.

From Strasbourg, across the Rhine into Germany, I made my way toward Frankfort, the first large town I entered being Carlsruhe. Here I tarried for a short time, observing the German character. I delighted in these first impressions: in the goodness, the simplicity, the geniality of these people, so different from the disciplined, positive character of the French. Young myself, and modulating probably in like sentiments, I felt at once at home on Teutonic soil. There was also a refreshing honesty among these simple Germans, still innocent of the modern art of scheming and lying to impose upon strangers. I must say that the whole moral atmosphere of Germany pleased me. The people were kind and sympathetic, fond of music, fond of poetry, and cultured, even to the interiors of the humble. I remember stopping at a very small inn, where the two children of the inn-keeper, both under ten years of age, were playing a

duet on the piano. Goethe's ballads lay upon the table, and the atmosphere of the house seemed in unity both with music and poetry. All this showed great natural impulse in a people whose past history had been so rude; who had experienced so many wars, so much oppression. It shows what an immense power there must be in the human soul to resist depressing external influences. According to Darwin's theory, these kind Germans should have degenerated into implacable savages. An "advanced civilization," brought in by the railroads, has considerably changed all this. The modern German has caught the spirit of the age, and those good old days of honest simplicity have about disappeared.

From Carlsruhe I pushed on to Frankfort. This city may now be called modern; at that time it was a curious medley of new and old. While on the one hand there was evident the ambition of modern civilization to introduce elegance into the practical life of man, on the other hand there were the rude remnants of past ages.

The Jewish quarter closed in with its gates, shut and locked nightly by the municipal authorities, was peculiarly interesting from a mediæval point of view. The narrow streets, the many-storied, narrow houses packed in together as if both space and air had been wanting when they were built; the cautious, crafty appearance of the adult population; the small, dingy shops; everything, in fact, about that noted quarter, betokened the benumbing spirit that had reigned there for ages. I saw the house where the Rothschilds, the mighty millionaires who now sway the policies of kings, were born. It was hard to realize that in this dirty, ostracized quarter sprang up the family which controls the industry of nations, at least so far as to absorb all its surplus wealth; and I was struck with the haphazard incoher-

ence of a world in which a few individuals could thus control the course of events and the destinies of empires.

I put up at the "White Swan," then one of the first hotels of Frankfort. Sitting at table one day, waiting for my dinner to be served, I grew impatient at what seemed to me unreasonable delay. Turning to a gentleman seated at an adjacent table, I remarked: "The Germans are as slow in their hotel service as they are in their movements elsewhere." This led to a conversation, and was the beginning of a long and intimate acquaintance. My new friend was Jules Lechevalier, a young French student a little older than myself, bound for Berlin on the same philosophic errand. Owing to the prestige which Cousin had thrown around the German school, it was then considered the fountain-head. Lechevalier was already well versed in current thought, a man full of sparkling wit and real depth of character. I mention this incident because it led to many results of intellectual importance to me, and I shall have frequent occasion to speak of Lechevalier, with whom I was associated to the end of his life.

As he was going direct to Berlin, which he was in haste to reach, and I wished to visit the country on my route, we parted with the understanding that we should meet again in the city of "absolute logic."

I again took up my journey leisurely, lingering over all the objects of interest I could find on the way, and stopping at Weimar, the home of the great Goethe.

It was the afternoon of a beautiful June day that I called on Goethe in company with some English visitors desiring to present him a collection of etchings by one of their countrymen. We were received by the wife of Goethe's son, an unpretentious young woman, who conducted us to a kind of sitting-room, where

the poet soon made his appearance in a loose garment of a dark, rather coarse material, reaching nearly to the feet. He walked erect, his hands clasped behind him, a position which he retained during the whole time of our visit. His appearance was impressive. Though age had dimmed the eye and rendered the voice tremulous, the firm head was still well poised, and the finely cut features preserved traces of past beauty. Nevertheless, it was evident that the equilibrium of the intellect had to be maintained by great care. I could see that the spirit trembled in its cerebral home, ready at any moment to take its flight. He spoke slowly, following with difficulty his trains of thought; and the most that I retain of that interview was a remark he made on the tendency of the human mind to accept those theories which are most congenial to the individual character. This was but a short time before Goethe's death.

From Weimar I proceeded to Berlin, where I found my Frankfurt friend, Lechevalier, already installed and launched in his philosophic studies.

In speaking of Berlin it is not my purpose to dwell on its physical aspect; its palaces, its museums, its objects of curiosity. I will speak simply of its intellectual life as it existed in the university and among the professors, and of the social life I found there among the people whom I visited.

I was at that time, probably, the only American in Berlin as a student and traveler of leisure, and was consequently a subject of some social curiosity. A young man with all the off-hand spontaneity of the New World, dressed in the latest fashion of the French capital, was an unusual phenomenon in this Berlines world. I remember the claret-colored coat, made from a piece of cloth which my tailor assured me had been manufactured expressly for a member of the royal family, and the dainty cambric

shirt-bosom mysteriously held together by three or four jeweled studs, which, also, I had been informed, bore some distinguishing mark of aristocracy. Thus equipped, I was prepared for almost any emergency, and soon made my way into the best Berlin society.*

I found the Germans the most hospitable of people. They had nothing of the stiff reserve of the English or the calculated exclusiveness of the French. There was a kindness and trustfulness in their social relations—a spiritual expansion called by them "*gemüthlichkeit*," most charming to a stranger. Through my acquaintance with the wife of the Russian *chargé d'affaires* I entered the diplomatic circle and had occasion to observe and study the subjects of interest which absorbed attention there. Candor obliges me to confess, however, that those interests were of rather a frivolous and superficial character.

Another important circle into which I was introduced was that of the Jewish bankers. I met there the Mendelssohns, descendants of the celebrated philosopher of that name. They had preserved the intellectual traditions, and, I may add, the intellectual elevation of their great ancestor. There was among them a broad spirit of tolerance and of inquiry; I am not sure that they retained their Jewish faith.

Here I met Felix Mendelssohn, whose spiritual, sympathetic face often seemed luminous with the genius that was soon to

* This bit of egotism seems a little out of place in so simple a nature: certain it is that Mr. Brisbane never would have consented to its appearance in print. But I can see no impropriety in letting it stand just as it was uttered, in humorous caricature of his youthful participancy in social vanities.

There are one or two touches of similar character elsewhere in the volume (notably parts of the conversation with Calhoun).

I have preferred to leave each recital in its original shape. Many, like the last named, were given in the freedom and intimacy of the table-talk—Mr. Brisbane's favorite time for talking. [R. B.]

make his fame world-wide. He was a frail young man with a physique far too delicate to resist the great tax put upon it by his fiery, never-resting soul.

As is usual with musical prodigies, he had manifested his capacity at an early age. When scarcely eight years old he would gather about him his playmates and organize a miniature orchestra. When I met him he was just beginning to be known abroad; it was in that year that he first went to England, where he was received with such flattering enthusiasm. And yet, I remember, in conversations on the subject, that he would sometimes express to me doubts as to whether he would ever do anything great.

His sister Fanny, a charming girl, who married Wilhelm Hensel the artist, had also fine musical talent, and would have shone in the world with more brilliancy had not her brother been a star of greater magnitude.

The house of Joseph Mendelssohn, uncle of Felix, was a great literary center. I used to dine there every Friday.

Another family that I visited frequently was the Beers; especially Johann Beer, brother of the celebrated composer. Meyerbeer's name, originally, was written Meyer Beer. It was his artistic sentiment, no doubt, that led him to seek a more distinguished cognomen in the combination of the two.

I formed a strong friendship for the wife of Johann Beer—a woman of fine sentiment and broad aspiration. She had lost an only son some few years previous, and neither time nor friendship could console her spirit, shrouded in its perpetual sadness. Of this son she spoke to me frequently. I seemed to remind her of him, and her attachment finally became such that she insisted on seeing me every day. So, whatever my evening engagements might be, I scrupulously complied with her wish,

and began my usual round of visits with a quarter of an hour, at least, at the house of Frau Beer. I know not whether it was any real resemblance to the lost son, or the novelty of a character so free from Old-World conventionalities, as I then was, that attracted her; at any rate I could sometimes bring a smile to her face when all else failed. It was at her house, where he was a constant visitor, that I first met Hegel.

Johann Beer was a heavy man, claiming no resemblance to his brother on the artistic side, and but little given to speculations other than those of a tangible character at the Bourse. His principal pastime at night was whist; and, strange to say, Hegel, the most abstract, perhaps, of all the philosophers that humanity has produced, was in unity with this most positive and concrete of Jewish bankers. Their evenings were almost invariably spent together at the game of whist. I had thus a constant opportunity to observe Hegel, and sometimes to talk to him and listen to his opinions on various subjects.

At this time—1829—Hegel stood in Germany as the culmination of all philosophy, from Thales down through the Greek epoch, through the mysterious speculations of the Middle Ages to the final philosophical movement following the Reformation. Hegel represented the summing up of this whole course of human thought. His was the final word of human wisdom. And as I had come to Berlin to get the result of this great intellectual elaboration, I naturally studied its author with profound interest during these casual meetings. He was then about sixty years of age; a man of full habit, portly in figure, and nearly six feet in height. His face, though fairly rounded, wore a singular pallor; the flesh seemed bloodless and lifeless. There was no nervous vivacity in his expression, and the rim of red around the eyelids showed the chronic inflammation which comes of long

visual strain. The slightly retreating forehead was not large, the nose and chin were firmly outlined, and the expression of the face in profile was that of a man of strength, even rigidity, of character. It betokened that laborious and patient investigation for which the German genius is perhaps the most remarkable. During his game of whist Hegel seemed quite absorbed and spoke but little. The lecture season at the university was not then opened, consequently it was only later that I saw Hegel in the professor's chair.

Among the notabilities whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Berlin was Frau Varnhagen von Ense, subject of the "Memoirs of Rahel." This remarkable woman was celebrated throughout Germany for her brilliant mind and fine social qualities. She was of Jewish origin, though her face bore but few characteristics of her race. Its *ensemble* was not that of graceful beauty, but rather the clear-cut outlines of mental strength. The firmness of the mouth and chin formed a counterpoise to the genial flexibility of the eye and the serene intellectuality of the ample brow which crowned the whole. She seemed to unite the superior qualities of the two sexes: combined with a vivid fancy and sparkling wit was an emotional sensitiveness which invested her strong nature with a feminine charm of peculiar sweetness. I was greatly attracted to this woman by her intellectual superiority, and became a constant visitor at her house. Her independence, her scathing criticisms of the shams and pretensions of society, awakened in me a spontaneous approbation. They often called to mind similar expressions which had fallen from the lips of my mother. Madam Varnhagen was at war with the artificial life of our civilization; and had it not been for her superior personality, which gained recognition wherever she went, and captivated all who approached her, she might

have been a subject of social proscription. But her genius carried her through, and made her everywhere an acknowledged leader. By instinct she was a radical and an innovator. I would talk to her of our republic, free from expensive kings, costly armies, and complicated political agencies, but her penetrating visions extended beyond the republic. She saw, not political innovations alone, but changes in all the institutions of society. One of her favorite themes was the domestic condition of woman, its falseness, its absurdity, and its benumbing influence. Many a time I have seen her eye flash as she denounced the arbitrary and dependent mode of existence which conventionality imposed on woman.

Frau von Ense was married to a man of very different temperament. He was as cold and analytic as she was synthetic and warm-hearted. He had been in the army, and passed through a portion of the Napoleonic wars. He even had anecdotes to recount of this modern representative of the Alexanders and the Cæsars, whom he had met on several occasions, both in Paris and Berlin. At that time the great subversive genius of France was still an awe-inspiring hero.

Another woman who interested me very much was Frau von Arnim, a relative of the famous count of that name who, at a later date, had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of Bismarck. She was, in many respects, the very opposite of Madam Varnhagen, and yet a woman of remarkable endowments. She was all grace and delicacy. Not the grace of simple beauty, but the grace of a deep spirituality. It seemed at times as if some strange light illumined her brain occupied with visions of an unseen world. I would sit by the hour and listen to the conversation of this woman, in whom was the greatest simplicity of manner as well as of dress; all about her was

simple and purely intuitive. Goethe has immortalized her in his "Correspondence with a Child"; and, to show what real genius can do, I may state that when a premium was offered for the best model of a statue of Goethe, she, with very little preliminary exercise, worked out a model so expressive in its simple dignity that it was accepted as the finest reproduction of the great poet. At a later date she took an active part in the political and social movements of Germany, attacking certain policies of the Prussian government with so much energy and sarcasm that she became an object of attack in return. In writing on a certain occasion to one of the ministers with whom she was at war, she employed red ink, remarking: "I write in crimson that the ink may not blush when you read it."

The purpose of my visit to Berlin naturally brought me into contact with the university world. Society may be compared to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which are divided into class orders, genera, species, and varieties. The Berlin world in which I circulated was divided into parties, sects, cliques, and groups. I got in with a clique of professors belonging particularly to the school of Hegel, the leading spirit of which was Gans, a professor of law who had worked out a theory of the general development of law based to a certain extent on Hegel's theory of Universal Evolution. Gans had a rich social nature and natural genius; had he been under the influence of less benumbing doctrines, he would have been an original thinker. I used to meet him in many of the different circles of Berlin, and everywhere he appeared the master-mind. Unfortunately he died too young to give the world the result of his ripened thought.

Here, too, was Savigny, so widely quoted in standard works of the day as an authority on jurisprudence and the philosophy

of law. He was a professor at the university; a tall, bland, kindly looking man, brimful of law, and, in spite of his distinguished French ancestry, of all that German sentiment which gives a child-like suavity to the character.

Another of this university clique was Michelet, also a descendant of one of the French exiles of the time of Louis XIV. His temperament was a happy mixture of German phlegm and French vivacity—a man of complex thought and a metaphysician. He was a professor of philosophy in the strictest sense, and gave lectures on certain branches of Hegel's system.

Marheincke, if I remember rightly, professed theology in the same school. He sought to show that the evolution of theology was one side of the great mental evolution of humanity; the other side being the philosophical. Religion was the sentiment, philosophy the idea: through theology God revealed Himself in intuition; through philosophy He revealed Himself in the clear conceptions of the intellect. Then there was Hotho, professor of æsthetics, who gave his special note in the great Hegelian concert for the enlightenment of mankind.

Here was a small world of satellites revolving around an acknowledged intellectual sun, who was seeking to throw his illuminating rays out into every department of human knowledge. It was a curious spectacle, the efforts of these men to apply Hegel's abstract conceptions to every department of intellectual or practical interest. Those were the peaceful days of speculation, before the French Revolution of 1830 had given to Europe a new shock, wrenching it out of the great track in which it had been running since the downfall of Napoleon. Berlin was a gigantic country village, and the men living in it peaceful citizens, admiring with profound reverence their good king who had suffered so much under Napoleon, and pursuing with the calm-

ness of the Buddhist sage the placid sea of philosophic speculation.

Hegel started from conceptions so abstract, so universal,—I would even venture to add incomprehensible,—that his disciples could apply his theory to any form that suited their peculiar modes of thought. I remember one occasion, when in some discussion with Michelet, he went back to the very origin of things. "Hegel's logic," he said, "is the history of God before the creation of the universe." Another professor, Herr Göschel, remarked to me one day: "Schelling wrote on the last leaf of the mental evolution of mankind, but Hegel turned the leaf and on the last page completed the solution which Schelling attempted to give."

When the season opened I began to follow Hegel's lectures; but soon found that my still imperfect knowledge of the German, with his most obscure and wretched manner of delivery, defeated my purpose. So I engaged Professor Michelet to give me lessons, and began making notes at his dictation.

It may be interesting to those who like to dwell on the personal peculiarities of great men, to have a description, not only of the lecturer, but also of the room in which he dispensed his lore to the eager youths from all parts of Germany who thronged to hear him.

The lecture-room was a large hall in the university, at one end of which there was a plain wooden desk where sat the professor. The body of the hall was filled with wooden benches supplied with facilities for writing; each student retaining his own particular seat during the lecture season. At the sound of the gong, which brought to a close preceding lectures, the students rushed pell-mell into this hall and took their seats. Presently Hegel walked in, in a business-like manner, and without salutation or preliminary of any sort took his place at the desk, opened a roll

of manuscript, and began to read. His eyes were constantly fixed on the manuscript, while his head moved slowly from side to side of the page. His delivery was uniform and monotonous—his whole manner expressing a simple desire to present the subject matter without the slightest vanity of mannerism or any attempt at elocution. When the moment came to close the lecture, again indicated by the sound of the gong, it mattered not if it came in the midst of a phrase, all was stopped and snapped off with mechanical abruptness. The lecturer arose, and in the same unconcerned manner passed out of the hall.

Under the direction of Professor Michelet I followed Hegel during the fall and entire winter. I wrote out the theory of psychology, the philosophy of history, the philosophy of religion, and the theory of the course of philosophic development—making in all five small volumes of manuscript. I had also frequent occasions to discuss with the disciples of Hegel various points of his doctrine, so that altogether I succeeded in getting a tolerably fair idea of the fundamental principles of the school.

I cannot pass over this period in my educational career without referring to the profound impression made on my mind by the study of anatomy. Although I found in the human body nothing grand or bewildering, I found there a mechanical, a mathematical complexity which excited in me the highest degree of analytic wonder. The impression then made has lasted through life: the mechanism of the human body has always appeared to me as the highest revelation of that Supreme Genius which in order to have produced this wonderful creation must be inherent in the universe.

I employed a professor of anatomy, taking my place regularly among the medical students at the university, and thus gained

free admission to the large dissecting-room: an extensive hall, abundantly supplied with bodies, as all the deceased poor of the hospitals and charity institutions were sent there.

My first impression in cutting up these distressing specimens of humanity was strongly repulsive. It seemed, also, in the beginning, that I was dissecting the soul in applying the knife to its physical envelope. But experience soon overcame sentiment, and I went regularly to work studying the parts of the body that most interested me.

The head professor of anatomy was Herr Rudolphi, a man of remarkable presence and very superior ability. I became well acquainted with him and received from him many polite attentions, among which was a *carte-blanche* to use any part of the subject I chose, and as many as I chose. The brain was my chief interest, and with my professor I made sad havoc with a large number of German brains. Of the muscles, as well, I made a careful study, tracing out with great minuteness their connection with the skeleton—the system by which the human frame is moved, and its practical external operation carried on.

It must be admitted, however, that my anatomical investigations did not result in much *positive* knowledge. The further I went the more deeply I became convinced that the brain was a gigantic enigma. The material eye could observe its material aspect, could trace out its wonderful convolutions, its delicate conformation, and perceive in it a certain organization; but the meaning of it all the finite reason was powerless to penetrate. I left the dissecting-room with a sentiment which has never faded from my mind. There seemed to me incorporated in the physical organism of man a complexity of thought, a degree of self-conscious wisdom of which man himself had yet formed but a faint idea. We may discuss the question of the existence or

non-existence of God—a self-conscious or non-self-conscious Creator; but there remains none the less this fact: if there is mechanical wisdom in the construction of the human body, there must exist a corresponding principle in the universe, as well as the power of applying that principle.

Just here I will relate an incident, the painful effect of which has followed me through life, and which I hope may serve as a caution to others of like temerity.

One excessively cold day, with the temperature so severe that it drove all the students from the dissecting-room with the exception of a solitary young Jew whose perseverance and tenacity I had frequently observed, I continued my work there. I caught a most violent cold, was dangerously ill in consequence, and the effects of that cold have pursued me to the present day. Personal experience as well as observation leads me to the conclusion that colds are the basis of a great number of diseases. They congest the small capillaries in the lungs, and this congestion prevents the lungs from taking in the quantity of oxygen required by the system to maintain its normal state. My theory is that the oxygen of the air contains a certain amount of electricity. This electricity is taken up by the red corpuscles of the blood, which act as a magnet by virtue of the iron which they contain. Here is one great source of the vital force in man. Colds, then, derange the absorbing functions of blood-vessels by causing the relaxation of their muscular sheaths, and thus provoke a series of fatal consequences.

Another of my interesting studies at this time was architecture, which I followed in its various branches—through its successive stages from the Egyptian period down to the Gothic—under the direction of Professor Romberg, who afterwards attained some professional distinction at Munich, I believe.

Architecture is the first-born of the fine arts, as well as the simplest among them, in the sense of pure geometrical combination. It is the intuition of geometry carried to its noblest concrete expression, and each nation has embodied that intuition according to its own peculiar genius. Here and there have been produced really fine creations, immortal witnesses of the capacity of man in this direction; but architecture, to be sure of itself, must go hand in hand with science. The intuition can inspire, and, under a strong impulse, create, as is shown in the masterpieces of which I speak; but wherever artistic intuition or inspiration is wanting, as is the case in all departments of art to-day, great architectural creations are out of the question, for the reason that science is not yet far enough advanced in this sphere to control the incongruous fancies that take the place of that divine intuition which men call genius.

What with these supplementary studies and the university lecture course, my time was well employed from early morning till evening. Good resolutions on early rising, however, were hard to carry out. According to German custom, a cup of coffee was brought to my bedside every morning as a preliminary to getting up; but I found myself constantly liable to lapse off into an additional nap. So, finally, I said to the woman who served me, and of whom I rented my apartment, that when I had taken my coffee in the morning she should take up my bed-clothes and carry them off out of the room. She naturally demurred at first, even refusing to comply with such an extraordinary request; but I bade her take notice that I should leave if she did not comply: so the stern little woman, driven to the dire alternative, reluctantly acquiesced; and, scrupulously exact in the performance of her duty, off flew the bed-clothes

every morning with an alacrity oftentimes regrettable; but, having forced the contract, I had not the courage to back out, and regularity, in early rising at least, was thus secured.

When six o'clock came, the work of the day was over: everything in the shape of study was thrown aside, and I entered the world of social life and amusement. I would begin, as I have said, with a short call on Frau Beer; my next visit was usually upon Henrietta Solmar—a lady whose *salon* became an influential center in later years, and of whom George Eliot speaks in her letters from Berlin. Miss Solmar had a wide circle of acquaintances and was well posted on all that was going on in society. From her I would ascertain where the most agreeable parties were to be held and what personages of interest were to be present. The points of interest, generally, were where Frau Varnhagen and Gans, with a few other choice spirits, would meet. There subjects of all kinds would come up,—religion, art, contemporaneous scientific and political movements; and wherever Madam Varnhagen appeared there was usually an aggressive onslaught on the movements and opinions of the day. Being too young and inexperienced myself to be capable of exercising very profound judgment in all these fields, I was often struck with what appeared to me the exaggerated views of this lady; the bitterness with which she assailed opinions and customs which she deemed false. In music, for instance, she was a severe critic. The French opera the *Muette de Portici* had just come out; and its light, superficial music had suddenly acquired a wide popularity, which caused her to denounce in unmeasured terms the frivolous taste of the Berlin public. "What a disgrace to the age," she would say, "that such music is listened to with enthusiasm, when the great compositions of Beethoven are there to teach what good music is."

Thus passed away my first winter in Berlin, and by the first of May I had finished my studies with Hegel. When I had gone through the principal divisions of his system and had obtained a general idea of his philosophy, I began to consider what amount of knowledge I had derived from it, the character of his philosophy, and what it really taught. I will say here that at each stage of my investigation I had looked expectantly for some conclusion, some synthesis of a high and positive value. At each stage I was disappointed; still I worked on diligently, trusting that at the end, certainly, some solution would be arrived at. But when the end came I was obliged to confess myself as far off from the supreme question as ever.

Hegel's theory undertook to explain the evolution of the universe on the basis of a primitive Energy. In this energy is the primary and pure conception of God; it unfolds itself through the entire evolution of the cosmos, which evolution formulated by the human mind constitutes the logic of the cosmos. First it evolves nature; then, passing through the successive lower creations it culminates in man. When man comes, this energy has arrived at a consciousness of itself, and the conscious energy or reason then begins its evolution, manifesting itself in all human life,—in the sentiments, in the intellect; arriving finally at philosophy. In his Logic, Hegel calls this energy "*das Seyn*," an expressive word in German for which the English has no exact equivalent. The Pure Being comes nearest to it—an abstract something without predicates, attributes, or anything of a tangible concrete nature. To this Pure Being he opposes a negative, "*das Nichts*"—the Nothing. It is to human comprehension nothing, because the finite mind must have qualities and attributes in order to form a clear idea of things. Having thus raised the antithesis—a negative of the first proposition—he

passes to the third, a synthesis, and proclaims "*das Werden*"—the Becoming.

Thus we have three terms in a trinity of intellectual evolution: the thesis, the antithesis and the synthesis: the Pure Being, the negative of the Pure Being,—and the resolution of the two into *etwas*—a something. It was out of this primary foundation that Hegel evolved his whole system of Logic applied to all departments of human knowledge,—to religion, to philosophy, to history, to art, and to all the special sciences. In two ponderous volumes, if I remember rightly, he presented this great development from a single idea.


Men now smile at this strange though remarkable effort of an intellect evolving the universe from the recesses of its own brain. But have we not like examples through all history? It was the pure intuitions of Plato's soul which gave birth to his theory; and at the present day have we much better to boast of? Herbert Spencer declares that in the beginning there existed an Energy, the basis of all cosmic life; and that this Energy is what men call God. Darwin, going back to a primitive organic cell (concerning the origin of which he knows nothing, but the necessity of which he conceives to be imperative), evolves the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms, "the struggle for existence" being the means by which this primitive organic germ or cell converts itself into the vast series of vegetable and animal creations. So Hegel out of his primitive Energy evolved the entire history of humanity.

There would seem to be a unity in abstract conception among these men; the same idea having been presented by different thinkers and in different generations under a great variety of forms. It is an intuition of origins and of unity in the soul which impels the mind to seek for primary principles on which

to build a theory; and "the struggle for existence," "the survival of the fittest," or some other presumed inherent power in such primary principle, is introduced to explain all the manifold varieties of its external manifestation.

I now possessed a fair idea of the state of philosophy in France and had gone through the latest school in Germany. I had at least the synthesis of modern philosophy and could form some opinion of the amount of knowledge really gained in all this study. On summing it up I came to the conclusion that I was profoundly in the dark. I had learned nothing of the universe: for in stating that man was the final object of cosmic evolution the accomplishment of the Divine purpose seemed to me to announce a very small result thus far. The astonishing inference to be drawn from it all, was that the primitive Energy having produced man, and he having evolved a philosophy, that was enough. I found in Hegel and among his disciples no idea of a higher social order than the European civilization; whereas I, imbued with the democratic principles of my native land, saw some progress at least, in the transformation of these old despotisms, with their armies and their Middle-Age traditions, into the democratic institutions of a republic; and, naturally, I looked upon the political state of things in Europe as far from ideal.

Nothing in all this satisfied the yearning curiosity of a mind in its restless search for the destiny of humanity. I rejected it with disappointment and disdain. Before, I was in the darkness of hope; now, I was in the darkness of despair. I said to myself: "If this is the only answer that human reason has to offer to my problem at the present day, then human reason is in a state of complete ignorance; it has not the ability to penetrate the system of the universe." My distrust of man's mental



capacity began to work on me so strongly that I grew melancholy; I was seized with a sentiment of indignation at the Creator of this puny being—man. It seemed to me a derision to have made such an eternal contradiction as the limitless intuitions of a soul yearning to know, combined with the limited powers of a brain that could never know.

In the spring, consequently, I settled up my literary accounts in Berlin, putting down to the credit side a melancholy row of zeros. I then turned my thoughts to a new move, feeling that I had seen enough of Christian civilization for a while, and that it would be a relief to make an excursion east to Turkey, and look at barbaric civilization.

Thus, taking leave of all my good friends, I started for Vienna, carrying with me letters of introduction to parties of distinction in that city, among others to the Prince Dietrichstein. Through these letters I was introduced into an aristocratic circle, where—as a matter of curiosity—I may mention, none of the *bourgeois* or middle classes were ever admitted. A title was an indispensable condition of suffrage in that charmed circle; I came from a country where no titles existed; how meet the difficulty which presented itself? It was finally decided to give me a title for the time being, so I was made Count for the brief period of my stay in Vienna, and my ear became so accustomed to this title that it seemed finally to belong to me.

A young and very unimportant personage fresh from the New World, I had here a rare occasion to observe the spirit of caste, the exclusiveness which a social conventionality had developed in a certain class. Here was a fragment of the Middle Ages,—the dominion of a class which by the power of the sword had subdued all others, and with relentless ambition had kept them

in subjection,—fashionable, polished, with all the amenities of modern refinement, yet still maintaining this sentiment of dominion with all the traditions of mediæval despotism.

[As the recital on Vienna was abruptly broken off and never returned to, I will give here a page from Mr. Brisbane's journal of 1830:]

"TUESDAY, April 20.—Went to see Prince Dietrichstein at eleven. A very interesting man, sixty-three years old, he told me, but he bears his age remarkably well.

"He belongs to the high nobility here, and is, it appears, an exception to the spirit that guides that class. In the first place he is a Liberal—a rare thing among the nobility, who are against new ideas and given to catholicism, as the prince told me.

"I talked with him about an hour, during which he said that the society of the nobility was the most frivolous conceivable. He said he no longer went into society.

"The prince has a large library containing books in several languages, and he speaks English very well. I saw the *Journal des Débats* on his table. He said they were not pleased here with his being a Liberal, but as he had no office and took no part in public matters they let him quietly alone.

"His brother Maurice is governor of the young Napoleon—*le roi de Rome* or the *duc de Reichstadt*, whichever one may please to call this scion of an eclipsed house. The prince remarked that his brother's manner of thinking was very different from his own.

"I saw this morning the young Napoleon. He was just returning from the parade ground with the Kronprinz and other officers; and as his horse walked I had a good chance to observe him carefully.

"The Bourbons may rest in peace as far as he is concerned, if there is any truth in physiognomy.

"He has light hair and light blue eyes, overhung by heavy, uneven eyebrows. There is quite a deep line under the eyes, and the lids seem thick. The mouth appears bad, the large under-lip droops as he speaks. I could not see much of the forehead, but I should judge it to be his best feature. In short, I am greatly disappointed in this face! It does not indicate vigor of mind. The flesh looks coarse, without compactness or smoothness on this long, pale face with its restless eyes glancing slowly from side to side in vague expression.

"This is the son of Napoleon only in the flesh. The great military genius did not give him his mind—I even think he has but little mind.

"He has much more of the Austrian in him than the French."

After a few weeks' sojourn, I left Vienna and went to Trieste, where I engaged passage on a vessel which was about sailing for Constantinople. The weather on my journey from Berlin to Vienna had been very bad. The cold, damp atmosphere of the North followed me even to the Austrian capital; but on arriving at Trieste all was sunshine and perfume; remnants of my fatal Berlin cold, which had confined me to my room part of the time in Vienna, suddenly disappeared under the influence of this balmy atmosphere. My cough ceased as if by magic, and I imagined myself cured. This shows the effect of climate. The third day after my arrival I embarked, and we set sail down the Adriatic. At nightfall the religious services of the Catholic Church were held on board, all the sailors participating. Their prayers were offered to the saints and the Virgin for a prosperous voyage, and there was great apparent sincerity and devotion in this evening service. The captain was a tall man with a splendid physique, the envelope of a very kind, even feminine nature, and I was struck with the strange contrast between the physical and the spiritual man. He invited me very courteously to take part in the services going on at the bow of the ship while I was promenading at the stern; I replied that I paid due attention, but that I was born in a country of a different religion where they only prayed once a week. He seemed satisfied with this explanation and willing to concede me the exercise of my independence.

As we were making our way one day, a shoal of fish came in view around the bow of the vessel, and the mate, getting on the bowsprit threw a harpoon into one of the largest and drew him up to the top of the rail. There was great delight on board, for it was a splendid fish, and a couple of sailors were deputed to seize it and land it on deck. But by some mishap,

when everything seemed to presage a happy result, away slipped the fish, plunging out of sight. The captain, looking on, cried out in the most emphatic manner: "*Corpo della Sancta Madonna*,"—Body of the Most Holy Virgin—a familiar kind of oath in the Italian tongue. I noticed the captain's exclamation and wondered at it as a strange idiom of language, but thought nothing further of it at the time.

A few days afterwards the weather changed. Clouds arose, the wind blew, and at nightfall we were in the midst of quite a fierce storm. I had observed that during the fine weather the sailors had become rather slack in their devotions, but when the storm came on there was a hearty renewal of vespers; all united in a general supplication to the saints and the Virgin to shield them from disaster. The captain, watchful, evidently anxious, perceiving me pass back and forth on the rear deck with my cap on, came up to me with an air of authority and said: "Signor Alberto, take off your cap! Have you no respect for the Virgin?" "Captain," said I, "do you know the cause of this storm? Do you remember that fish, and what you said when it fell back into the sea? *You* did not respect the Virgin when you took her name in vain. Now that is your business; you have got to manage this storm in your own way. There's no use in taking my cap off; I can't help you. You have got to make your own peace with the Holy Virgin."

The captain was completely overcome: he turned and said nothing.

Prayers went on and the storm went on; we passed really a dangerous night, and the next morning the sea was covered with a dense fog. Drifting slowly onward with the least possible sail, the fog suddenly lifted to show us

that we were plunging headlong onto a rock not five hundred yards distant; we had just time to tack and escape the danger.

The weather soon cleared up, and we continued our voyage, which was pleasant to the end. On arriving at the mouth of the Bosphorus we met a north wind which, combined with the force of an opposing current, rendered it impossible to advance. We were obliged, therefore, to cast anchor and lay off the shore some four miles distant. Vessels here are frequently detained in this way by a north wind two or three weeks at a time in the warm season. After a couple of days at anchor I began to get restless and conceived the idea of getting ashore and going to Constantinople on horseback. Communicating my plan to the captain, I was met with strong objections. He held that he was responsible for me, and that if anything should happen to me he would be called to account. I then assembled the passengers and made a declaration before them that I went of my own free will and insisted on going. Under such conditions I was permitted to depart. The use of a boat was given me, and men detailed to row me ashore. Taking only a few articles of toilet, I left my baggage on board, and away I went to the coast of Asia Minor. Jumping ashore not far from the seat of ancient Troy, I made my way to a little village a short distance from the sea-coast, and was soon surrounded by the whole population, men, women, and children. I had studied the Turkish language somewhat during the voyage, with the aid of a fellow-passenger who spoke Italian, and I began now to put my new acquisition into practice by asking for two horses and a guide; to strengthen the force of which request, I held up a Spanish silver dollar. A young man in a group near me suddenly darted off, and after a while reappeared with two lean, lank ponies, of which I mounted

one, he the other. I told him to make his way to the Dardanelles.

Before leaving this little village I will say that it offered a forlorn spectacle of wretchedness. Everything appertaining to civilized life was stagnant, and among all its poverty-stricken inhabitants I did not observe one that was above the dead level. The country through which I passed was wholly uncultivated. Now and then a small, isolated cluster of huts would catch the eye, but desolation brooded over the land, while the stunted trees and scraggy under-brush sparsely scattered along my path bespoke an exhausted soil. I said to myself as I rode along: "This is the old age of Nature." We arrived toward evening at another village, where I arranged to pass the night at a *cafenet*, a Turkish coffee-house, where I got something to eat. The food here was in its way really good: my supper consisted of mutton cutlets roasted on a wooden skewer before the fire. The juices of these Turkish meats are excellent; mixed with farinaceous substances or vegetables they make a delicious dish. My coffee was pulverized in a mortar; a spoonful put in a little brass cup was covered with hot water and left to stew; then the cup, grounds and all, was presented. Milk and sugar were unknown to Turkish coffee-drinkers. My bed was one of the wooden benches which lined the walls of the room in which I had taken my supper, and I slept on the bare board with my saddle for a pillow. Getting into such a new region of life, with such unfamiliar surroundings, I had no very clear idea regarding the safety of my person. On leaving the little village I had taken the precaution to send my guide ahead and thrust my pistols into my belt; I imagined how easy it would be in that desolate region to rob a man and take his life. Certainly he never would be heard of again. On entering the

cafenet I was a prey to the same uneasy sentiment ; my pistols were cocked and laid beside me in case of an emergency. But I soon discovered that my precautions were unnecessary. I saw that life was respected in proportion to its defenselessness, and that while traveling in Turkey I had no need of firearms. In fact I put my pistols away, and during my sojourn in that lawless country never again thought of any need of defense. It is only wandering brigands—of the Albanian race particularly—who offer danger, and where they do not penetrate I would say that it is safer to travel in Turkey than it is to traverse one of our great civilized cities at night.

The next day I arrived at the Dardanelles. There was no American consul there, so I addressed myself to the English consul for information and advice in relation to getting to Constantinople. He gave me an interpreter, an Italian, instructing him to secure horses and make for me the necessary arrangement to continue my journey. In looking about, however, I concluded that this important point was worthy of a day's sojourn. Here are located the great batteries which protect Constantinople from the advance of foreign ships, and the interpreter proposed to me to visit the Pasha, the commander of the military post. To this I readily assented, and he left me to prepare the way by announcing to his Excellency that a stranger had arrived from a distant country and wished to pay his respects to him. When all was ready I started off with my guide to the residence of the Pasha, a large frame building painted a Spanish brown, in the panels of which was some little effort at ornamentation in white flowers. Through a large door swung open without attendant, we entered the ground floor, which was literally of mother earth. From here we ascended to the floor above by means of an incline not unlike what I had often seen

on the outside of carriage-makers' shops in my own country. We landed in a room which embraced the whole second floor—a vast naked hall lined with a row of wooden benches, serving the double function of seats and couches. These were variously covered with cushions and rugs. The few windows which lighted this hall were innocent of glass, and the swallows flitted in and out through them to their nests on the beams of the rafters. Here I found the Pasha seated cross-legged on his divan, his son by his side. They were taking their repast, composed of what seemed to me sponge-cake and what is called sherbet, an agreeable drink consisting of water, lemon juice, and spices. I was motioned to a seat at his side, the interpreter standing before us bowing almost to the floor and addressing himself to the Pasha in the most humble, earnest manner. As he spoke, I remarked on the Pasha's face a smile of politeness and condescension, for an explanation of which I looked inquiringly at the interpreter. "I have just told the Pasha," he said, "that you are the son of the American ambassador at Constantinople; that you are going there on a very important mission, and that without doubt you will be introduced to the Sultan, and will probably have occasion to accept his hospitality." "What did you tell such a lie for?" I exclaimed. "Oh!" he answered, "that is the only way to get on with the Turks. If I had not told him that you were some important personage he would have paid no attention to you."

During that remarkable interview the Pasha asked me many questions about the country I came from. He had not the faintest idea of the United States, and no definite idea of the measurement of distance. So, calculating the distance a horse would travel in a day, I told him that I had come from a country six months distant. My announcement produced the

greatest surprise. He looked at me with astonishment: "What!" he exclaimed, "so young! and so far away! How could your mother consent to your leaving her?"

This Pasha, who held a rank equal to our generals, was one of the most distinguished men in the Turkish army. He had been one of the chieftains in the conquest of Greece and had obtained celebrity. In the expression of his heavy, round face was a mixture of brutality and mental firmness, with a certain streak of *bonhomie*. As we sat talking, he took a piece of his cake and turning around handed it to me. I found it to be real *bona fide* sponge-cake, such as my mother made at home. It was called here "Spanish bread." Probably the origin of our sponge-cake was in some inventive corner of old Spain. The little swallows, too, flitting in and out of the building, were just like those at home. Barbarian contact seemed not at all to have influenced their habits, and they were to me the pleasantly familiar element in this singular surrounding.

I observed, during my conversation with the Pasha, that on every possible occasion the interpreter had a word to say on his own account. I remarked also the familiarity with which the Pasha treated him; all seemed on a footing of equality. Ignorance is a great factor in the annihilation of social distinctions, but it is the equality of non-development, like that of individual oysters in a great bed.

The following day, provided with fresh horses and a guide, I started for Constantinople. I traveled on the west bank of the Bosphorus and was three days in reaching the capital. This beautiful country, slightly undulating, resembles the American prairie. It was in early June, and the sun-dried grass added to this resemblance. Now and then I came upon a small patch of cultivated land, and wherever the plowshare had passed, a

black, fertile soil lay exposed : growth everywhere, especially in the fruit trees I saw, showed its richness. There were no roads, in the proper sense of the term, in all this journey ; simple footpaths skirted the vast expanse of prairie dotted with small forests and patches of cultivation. Once in a while we would pass the humble cottage of a Turkish farmer ; and I remarked that whenever we came suddenly upon these dwellings, the women thus taken unawares would flee precipitately indoors to peep out through the windows or the cracks of the doors. At long intervals of distance were stationed coffee-houses, such as I have described, for the accommodation of the traveler ; on the second day's journey however, we had met none by noontime, and the long morning's ride, begun at sunrise, had given me a keen appetite. Anxiously querying what I should do, as nothing in the shape of a coffee-house appeared on our track, I spied in the distance, at one side, a farmhouse of respectable size, and evidently of more importance than any that we had hitherto met. I directed the attention of my guide to it and motioned to him to go there. He led the way and I followed. On approaching the house no one was visible. It was enclosed, as was customary, with a kind of fence made of upright poles covered with branches of trees. We dismounted, and as still no one appeared, we ascended a flight of steps running on the outside of the house to the second story, and entering a large room, seated ourselves in undisputed possession. Presently a man robed in white entered. He had a kind, benevolent face, and saluted me with great politeness, upon a few words of explanation from my guide. Immediately he disappeared, and in a little while reappeared bearing a tray covered with the best viands in Turkey. There was clotted cream prepared in a way that rendered it delicious ; there was honey, dif-

ferent kinds of fruit, and, I think, rice. I made a most hearty breakfast, and was so impressed with this man's politeness and genial hospitality that I was aroused, on my part, to an act of equal generosity; so when about to take leave of this unexpected host, I offered him a Spanish dollar—a piece of money which in Turkey at that time was certainly equal to ten or fifteen dollars in the United States now, for the fifth of a cent there was an important item. With the same air of polite reserve he refused to accept it; and no gestures, or such vocal persuasion as I was able to offer, could induce him to change his attitude. I speak of this as a striking example of the spirit of hospitality which reigned among these simple, uncivilized people, unskilled in careful self-interest and the principle of rigid *quid pro quo* which distinguishes our western civilization.

I entered Constantinople from the south, threaded my way through its dirty, narrow streets to the Golden Horn, where I parted with my guide, and taking a boat crossed over to Pera, the European quarter, which is separated entirely from the native population. Like produces like effects. When the Greeks arrived on the coast of Asia Minor fifteen hundred years before Christ, they settled in the towns founded by the Phœnicians; but the Greek and the Phœnician, the Aryan and the Semite, could not dwell together; no more can the Turk and the Christian. Here were distinct races, eternally separated by habits, customs, and tastes. This region of Turkey, once put into the hands of a progressive people, would be one of the most beautiful countries in the world; and certainly it must ere long be opened to the enterprise of a new race. I prophesy the creation of a new empire on this great domain now held by the sluggish Turks—an empire that shall start with all the improvements and means of progress which modern industry and

science have elaborated. Russia must not monopolize this field; it is one in which all the nations of Europe should combine to make a free and open arena for the intelligence of mankind.

I took rooms in the house of an Italian dragoman, and presented my letters of introduction to the English and American circles.

The first impression made upon me here was the magnificence of the situation of Constantinople. I caught a glimpse of it when crossing the Golden Horn; the panorama grew and extended as I ascended the hillside of Pera. Standing on this height, facing the southeast, I had on my left the Bosphorus, that unique river of salt water, flowing southward in its broad course to the sea of Marmora. To the south lay Constantinople proper—ancient *Istamboul*, spread out over its seven classic hills; and still beyond, across the sparkling, sunlit river, Scutari, with its gay kiosks and its majestic background of giant mountains. At my feet was the Golden Horn, curling along in its northwesterly course of four miles to join the heights on either side which form that vast amphitheater that strikes the fresh beholder with such bewildering emotions.

A clear blue sky overhead and a pleasant north breeze, blowing almost constantly at that time of the year, completed this scene—probably the grandest piece of landscape beauty that exists upon this earth. If constructive organic principles underlie combination and arrangement in nature, here is a grand manifestation of organic art and wisdom somewhere.

Of all the scenes of interest that I have come across in my devious wanderings in the Old World, three stand out as exceptionally impressive. Two are natural; one is the creation of human art. The first is the scene just described; the second is Mount St. Gothard in a storm. It was on the 10th of April,

1831, that I crossed St. Gothard in company with two young men from Milan, obliged to leave their native city for political reasons. Our course lay along the road winding around the mountain, and we were about midway when the storm came on. While thousands of people saw the clouds and the lightning rushing and flashing amid the summits of the mountains, we were witnessing, at an equal distance below us, the storm's awful reverberation through the abysses. The scene was beyond my poor powers of description: the grand, the sublime, the appalling combined to seize the imagination in this aspect of Nature in all her physical frenzy. It was the one terribly vivid impression of my life.

The third of these remarkable scenes is in Venice,—the Place St. Mark with its palace and its basilica. This palace is the most original architectural creation yet evolved by the mind of man for richness and simplicity of combination—unity of mass and multiplicity of detail—those wonderful and striking contrasts. And the quaint old church itself, with its complex distribution and combination of arches and aisles, its mosaics and its primitive ornamentation. Those arches are unique in their way, and show the richest intuition of geometrical harmony. Men marvel at the strange effects of this wonderful architecture. Its secret lies in its extremes of unity and variety. The large masses of the Ducal Palace, which alone would be mere nakedness, combine with the infinite complexity of the Gothic arches and columns of the two first stories to make a whole of fascinating proportions. I should call it the music of architecture: presenting contrasts as rich and accords as harmonious as those of the grand symphonies of Beethoven. Here is a remarkable expression of that divine intuition in the soul which, feeling spontaneously the geometrical harmony of the universe, has

expressed itself through history in the great creations of art at those epochs when humanity was in a state of intuitional aspiration. And it is in this divine field of human creation (if I may so express it) that reflecting, conscious reason, working upon the mere data afforded by experience, is always tame.

Once fairly installed at Pera, I began my explorations in Constantinople; the main object being its people. I wished to see the Turks in all their phases of life, to observe their habits and manners, to comprehend as far as possible the character of this—to me—new race, and the influence of their social and political institutions upon them. I visited their bazars, their *cafenets*, such manufactories as they possessed; I made excursions up and down the Bosphorus, and saw the palaces built on its banks; I went to Scutari and other neighboring towns. All my movements and observation were with a view to form an idea of the material side of the Turkish capital in order to form a clear conception of the spirit animating it. It was not long before the women attracted my special attention. Meeting these animated bundles of white in the street, I watched them with pitying curiosity. It seemed to me that they must smother behind that enveloping veil which covered everything but the eyes. Their homes were little better than prisons, for in them they never appeared at receptions, parties, or social gatherings of any kind where they were likely to meet the other sex; even the most intimate friend of a man never saw his wives. Another interesting fact in Turkish etiquette is the total ignoring of the existence of a wife on the part of the husband's friends. You may ask a man after his horse, his dog, his most humble or his most important worldly possessions, but you must not presume to interest yourself in the welfare of his wife.

At length I began to form some idea of this new social world, and to realize the influence of its social institutions on man. First, I saw that political despotism had checked enterprise. As there was very little individual freedom, there was no industrial enterprise. There were some few branches of manufacturing carried on in miserably arranged workshops, but the spirit of competition was wanting among those engaged in them. In fact, the city seemed one of industrial stagnation and inertia. It was wretchedly built: vast masses of small frame houses, painted a Spanish brown, with here and there a pretentious mosque breaking the uniformity of roofs, or a long bazar with its one long street lined with small shops on either side, constituted its architecture. The neglected streets of the city swarmed with filthy, half-starved, diseased dogs which the Turkish religion forbade killing. On one occasion I stumbled over a body, and on looking back saw a man with his head cut off and lying between his legs. I found that executed criminals were often exposed in the street in this way, particularly if they were infidels.

I visited the great square where stood the column of the brazen serpents taken at the conquest of Delphi. The heads of these serpents, now gone, were supposed to have supported the golden tripod of the priestess of Apollo. Near by was the Seraglio of the Sultan, into the outer court of which I was permitted to enter. The same crude air of neglect existed here: groups of soldiers miserably dressed loitered about; and an immense negro with a weapon in his hand—as brutal a specimen of humanity as one would care to meet—was pointed out to me as the master of the Seraglio.

Such was the spectacle which Constantinople presented to me in 1830.

I had now seen four phases of human society.

Reared within a few miles of an Indian village, and in frequent contact with the Indians, I had had abundant opportunity to observe the influence of social life in a virgin forest. I had there a specimen of a people totally ignorant of all the arts and sciences; who before the advent of the whites knew not even the use of iron,—a people, I may say, in a most primitive state of development, and yet these Indians were naturally intelligent, moral, and kindly. There were five tribes living between Lake Erie and the Hudson River, all of which belonged to and formed one race. I remember as a boy watching the Indians in their dealings with the common whites in our village: they always seemed to me morally superior. Every one has heard of Red Jacket, whose real name was *Sa-go-ghe-wat-ha*.—"He keeps them awake." Here was a man considered by the whites as remarkable. Wherever he appeared his native superiority was felt, even in the refined circles of civilized society. He comprehended the true policy of the Indians in their relations with the United States, and prevented all those whom he controlled from enlisting, in any of our wars with the English, on the English side. He kept his tribe true to the policy of peace with the government. On one occasion Red Jacket made a speech to a large meeting of his tribe which lasted, with brief intervals, four days. My father, who regarded him as one of the few remarkable men he had ever met, told me that the eloquence and impressiveness of that occasion he had never seen excelled.

Many a story is told of Red Jacket and his ready wit, not infrequently turned against the white man. I can recall very vividly his visits to our little town, and his discussions in the midst of admiring groups, from whom he would call out peals of laughter.

I would call attention to these facts on the part of ethnologists. A great deal is said at the present day on the growth of civilization and the action of hereditary influences; here were children of the forest, without history, possessing the highest qualities of the civilized Aryan; and some of their offspring, educated in our schools, have shown aptitudes and capacities in all directions. In them we have specimens of the innate qualities of man without reference to the influence of external life.

I had left my own country imbued with a sentiment of democracy; republican institutions and political liberty were ideas which had grown with my growth and become a part of my being. Our last war with England had especially contributed to this great sentiment of patriotism among the people of the United States, and with it national pride and vanity. When I arrived in Europe I thought I saw another social state. I was struck with certain monarchical characteristics present everywhere; conventionality, discipline, the ubiquitous soldier, with his uniform more or less gaudy, the red ribbon in the buttonhole of the civilian,—all seemed to me calculated for display and repression. These outward signs impressed me as betokening a certain frivolity in the spirit of the people and led me to criticise their political and social institutions. I will admit, there was a great tendency on my part then to exaggerate the value of republican institutions. On observing the political condition of France, for instance, I imagined that the sole thing requisite to remedy all imperfection was the substitution of a republic for a monarchy; and this exalted idea of republican and democratic institutions continued during my sojourn in France and Germany. I had not yet analyzed deeply enough to discover the real unity underlying the civilizations of the New and the

Old World ; but when I came to see Turkey, fresh ideas began to dawn upon my mind. Here was an entirely new world, the most salient feature of which to me was the degradation of woman. I saw political lifelessness and industrial stagnation—a nation vegetating in ignorance and apathy. There was no independent action among these people, no concerted effort or association as in our Western civilization : here, in a word, was the effect of despotism in government ; slavery, and degradation in the relations of the sexes, and the fatalism of a blind religious faith ; as a natural result, no cultivation of the arts or of the sciences.

I had thus present before my mind three different states of society : the primitive Indian society, the civilized society of Europe and America, and the effete society of a barbaric race. I comprehended rapidly that the civilizations of Europe and America were identically the same. American democracy had stripped the old European monarchy of its crown and dressed it in the sober habiliments of the untitled masses ; but these were simply changes on the surface of a great unitary social body ; whereas the societies of the Turk and the Indian were something wholly distinct. This dispelled my illusion with regard to the superiority of political transformations which left the social body unchanged. I saw that whether the ruler be a king or a president mattered little in the system of labor entailed on the masses. It effected no change in the poverty of the laboring classes or in the morality of all classes. I saw that we had beggars and paupers like Europe, that we had thieves and prostitutes like Europe, that we had knavery and cheating in all departments of commerce and finance like Europe. I also considered the selfishness, coldness, and isolation existing in the social relations of men. I saw furthermore that with us

many of these social defects were intensified by the very liberty we enjoyed; for I was bound, in all honesty, to admit that I had witnessed more knavery, more subterfuge among the industrial and commercial classes of my own country than among the same class of men in Germany. When I reflected that if the prostitutes of New York were marshaled together they would make a column three abreast, three miles long, I was profoundly impressed with the vanity of our much-boasted democracy.

I said to myself: the civilizations of America and Europe are the same: they are both filled with misery, with social discord, vice, crime, and brutality; and I then came to the conclusion that the republic of the New World was not the last word of the race in social progress. Before me on the one hand stood the simple, passive, torpid Indian; on the other the slothful, worn-out, dead Turk; between the two this gigantic, restless, modern world: seething, striving, battling, incoherent: producing on the surface wealth and show and privileges, while at the bottom reigned poverty, drunkenness, degradation, vice, crime, prisons, alms-houses, work-houses, and all the complex antagonisms of cliques and parties and sects.

The frightful spectacle rose before me like a social hell. The one redeeming feature in this great world stripped of its illusions was the influence of woman. I saw that the elegantly furnished apartments of Europe and America; the carpets, the lace window-curtains, the thousand refinements of our interior domestic life, were due to the respect of man for woman; that the free intercourse of the sexes imposed on man courtesy and refinement of manners, cleanliness and elegance in dress; that the social equality of the sexes aroused the sentiment of gallantry, delicacy, and that whole system of etiquette which comes from

the influence of a grand sentiment in the soul. It is the love of woman which has embellished and refined our material life. Byron says :

“ Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.”

Boy that I was, I felt profoundly at that time the influence of woman as one of the great levers in lifting man out of pure materialism into the higher life of the spirit. I became so interested in her condition, and the absence of her influence in Turkey, that I went to studying the question of the liberty of woman, and analyzing the different phases of her social status. Among the savages of the forest I saw her a mere drudge, looked upon as a useful domestic animal ; in our civilized societies I saw her a part of man's ambition, an object of pride together with his elegant home and equipages, a being regarded with admiration, but none the less dependent, without real equality and liberty of action. I realized that under the best conditions she was only the elegant directress, the artistic manager of the home of the rich man. In Turkey I saw her a piece of property, a thing owned and held by man for purely sensual purposes ; passive, ignorant, stultified by the selfish policy of the male sex, debarring her of all liberty and all external life.

A faint vision of woman in the future flitted before my mind,—woman independent, active, following the untrammelled promptings of her own intuitions. And in this connection certain reflections of my mother came to my mind. She had felt the servitude of woman in the isolated household—the subordination imposed by the fact that man is the sole producer, the sole owner of wealth, and that it is to him she must look for the means

necessary to her physical existence ; and which, in spite of any goodness on the part of man, keeps her in subjection to him. I understood now the meaning of certain expressions from her lips which had fallen upon a heedless ear years before. Her words came back to me : " Had I followed a career of my own I should have made millions ; I should have realized my own desires and have seen the world. I have wasted my life in this little village, taking care of you and your brother."

From what I know of my mother's clear-sightedness and energy under difficult circumstances, I imagine that she would have accomplished all that she felt intuitively. In the war of 1812, for instance, the then little town of Buffalo was burned by the enemy, and it was reported that the British troops and the Indians were marching on to our place, thirty-five miles distant—the American soldiers having retreated from Buffalo to Batavia. My father, who was commissary at the time, was absent, and my mother took it upon herself to supply the troops. Taking " Old Chestnut," one of our best and fleetest horses, with the escort of a few soldiers she scoured the country, making raids generally where she suspected that supplies might be concealed. Whatever she found she took, giving the owners certificates in exchange, but forcing them to deliver. It was by these prompt measures that a body of troops were preserved at our place, and the advance of the enemy retarded until other forces came up and caused their retreat to the Canadian side. All that history seems a long way off now, but I readily go back to those days of infancy. I remember, a little fellow scarcely five years old, stealing up to the bedside of General Scott, when he lay wounded in our house, and his ordering me out of the room.

As the result of my study at Constantinople, two conceptions

took forcible possession of my mind. First, I conceived very clearly the liberty and independence of woman; I saw that her educational development and moral elevation were primary conditions of social progress in almost every direction; that the free association of men and women led to refinement, the desire to please, and also to an effort on the part of man to elevate himself intellectually and spiritually. I saw that personal cleanliness even, and good taste in dressing, depended on the influence of woman—as I observed the dirty, neglectful Turk sitting in his doorway until darkness came over him, and then crawling into his house to bed. I traced this absence of feminine influence into their industry, into all the departments of their life. In their miserably, scantily furnished houses were none of the luxuries of Christian dwellings; the thousand and one æsthetic wants of our Western civilization were conspicuous in Turkey by their absence; hence no call for the industries that supply them. In a word, the undeveloped, secluded, servile condition of woman produced a dead, stale blank in the whole life of the Turk.

There is no grandeur for man but in the elevation of woman. When he drags her down and crushes her, he crushes and brutalizes himself; for it seems an incontrovertible law that he who would become a tyrant becomes himself a slave.

The second important conception which came to me in Turkey was that a particular form or system of government did not affect the fundamental constitution of society. I discovered that the American Republic was simply a new dress on old institutions. It retained the same system of social relations, the same system of commerce, the same rights of property and capital; and I began to ponder on the problem of an entirely new order of society. Nothing clear presented itself; I could

not think out an original system, but I felt dimly that the principle existed. It seemed to me that I was standing on a sea-shore looking out upon a vast impenetrable expanse: back of me was the actual social landscape with all its incongruous forms and imperfections; before me was the limitless space of the unknown, in the midst of which my mind lost itself in conjecture. Here was an important point in my life, opening up new vistas of which I had never dreamed before.

After a few weeks' stay in Constantinople I embarked for Smyrna, where I hoped to find a vessel that would take me to Greece. I had in my service, while in Constantinople, a Roumanian, a kind, intelligent man who spoke nine languages; and on leaving there I proposed to take him with me. At first he thought he could not go, but at the last moment, just as the boat was pushing off, I saw David rushing down the hillside. He jumped on board exclaiming: "I'll go with you! I have just had a quarrel with my wife."

We set sail with a fair wind and a beautiful sky, descended the noble Bosphorus, and in due time arrived at Smyrna. Here I found a city more active, from a commercial point of view, although characterized by the same spiritual and social death that prevails at Constantinople. Here, also, I ate the celebrated Smyrna fig, in all its undried perfection, and marveled that American enterprise had not undertaken the culture of this fruit—the most luscious in the world, probably, after the peach.

While watching for an opportunity to embark for Greece, I learned that a Russian man-of-war, lying in port, was about to leave for that country. My informant was a teacher of Italian, giving lessons in that language to the captain of the vessel, and he expressed the opinion that the captain would be very glad to have me accompany him. Greatly pleased at such a

prospect, I rapidly availed myself of the little influence I possessed to that end, and soon received an invitation to visit the ship ; which I did with the most agreeable result. We set sail for Nauplia, the then principal seaport on the eastern coast of Greece. On arriving on board, the captain conducted me to his own cabin, giving me his berth, and replying to my earnest protestations that he preferred sleeping in the hammock which he had swung for the purpose. From the Italian master, however, I learned that a coldness existed between the captain and officers of the ship, and that he kept almost entirely aloof from them. The result was, I shared his cabin and his table, he being very glad to have a companion on the voyage. I found him a man of the greatest hospitality and kindness ; a simple, silent man, combining firmness of character with real goodness of heart.

The Russian sailor interested me peculiarly : drilled under the severest discipline, he was transformed almost into an automaton.

A journey across the placid sea with favoring winds soon brought us to Port Nauplia, when, taking friendly leave of my generous host, the captain, I set forth on my journey through the classic land of Greece. I hired two men and three horses ; one for my servant David, one for myself, and one for the baggage. The men were of a hardy, withy type, and could more than keep up with the horses. It was pitiful to see those men, with all their strength and capacity, working for comparatively a trifle a day, living on scanty food, and drinking the abominable wine of Greece, preserved in casks by the aid of rosin, which imparts to it a taste that prevented me from ever taking a mouthful. On my journey westward I visited the remains of Mycenæ, that world-renowned city. The desolation

which spread out before me as I traversed this scene of past glory was appalling,—a dried-up soil, a stunted vegetation, the ravages of war, the absence of all organized industry, death and stagnation everywhere. I spent my first night at a little village which appeared to have been hastily built upon the site of one formerly destroyed. It was built mainly of boards with the rudeness of our holiday booths. We went to one of the best-looking houses in the place and there obtained accommodations for the night. As I entered I observed a young man and his wife and three children; also an elderly woman, tall, thin, pale, yet of prepossessing appearance, with profound melancholy stamped upon her face. David explored to see what he could get for supper, with the result of a chicken freshly killed and broiled, coarse bread, and some cheese. The chicken is still fresh in my mind; for, after picking its bones and laying them aside, I observed that they were carefully collected and given to the children for what remained. While I sat eating, the elderly woman came and seated herself by my side, and looked at me with an expression of singular interest during the entire meal. She got so close to me, and her manner was so marked, that I called David's attention to it, and asked him to find out what it meant. Some indirect inquiries brought out the following story:

When the war broke out between the Greeks and Turks, this poor woman's entire family entered the army, and at the end of six weeks her husband and five sons were killed. All that remained to her was the only daughter with whom she was now living. I, it seemed, resembled strongly her youngest son, and this accounted for the yearning interest which I had awakened in that sorrowing, wan face.

I caught here a glimpse of the devastation of war. One must

needs see such sights to fully appreciate the horrors of the battle-field.

Moving still westward through Peloponnesus, I made my first stopping-place for a few days at ancient Sparta. A large mound was all that remained of that once famous city, and marked its place. A lively stream, thirty or forty feet wide, flowed through the valley, and on its eastern bank stood a little village. This stream was the only one I had met, so far, in Greece, for the destruction of the forests and trees of the mountain-ranges had completely dried up the sources of moisture. Generation after generation, man in his selfish ignorance had been cutting the little timber that originally existed, until nothing was left of nature's clothing. I saw the agricultural laborers going three and four miles for water for themselves and their cattle, and during the entire time I was traveling through Greece not a cloud crossed its perpetually blue sky.

On leaving Sparta I visited the scene of the battle of Navarino. To convey some idea of the poverty of the people and the condition of life in this forlorn, ruined country, I will speak of my experience at a small place on the way where I stayed over night. On arriving there, David conducted me to the house of the village priest, as the one which would probably afford the most comfortable lodging. We entered at dusk, this house consisting of a single story covering a space of some thirty by forty feet, the size of its one solitary room. One half of its floor was boarded over, the other half was of the native soil. The lower end of the room was occupied by the hogs, driven in at night to prevent their being stolen; over their heads perched the chickens; and fleas abounded everywhere. Mats were thrown down in one corner as beds for David and myself, our saddles serving as

pillows. The priest and his wife, his wife's sister and two children, slept on mats in another corner. Finding sleep difficult in the midst of so many fleas, I tried to pass the time writing by the flicker of a humble lamp; and finally, when I did try to sleep, the roosters began to crow with such energy that David, awakened in desperation, threw something aloft which set the whole feathered family in an uproar and put an end to that novel chapter. I may add that this little household began the day with religious services, the principal feature of which was standing before an image with crossings and genuflections. If poverty reigned there, ignorance and superstition certainly accompanied it, forming a trio that sunk the poor human soul into abject degradation.

At Navarino substantial buildings had been put up, and an air of life had been given to the town by the presence of the French garrison established there. Apartments, however, were scarce; it was with great difficulty that I found rooms, and what I did find belonged to an absent French officer who was to return in four days. As I ascended the stairway to my apartment, I observed sitting on a door-sill by which I passed, a young, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of perhaps eighteen years. Her delicate face showed me that she was an Italian, and I saluted her in that language. Later I observed in the same place a woman of mature age and sad countenance. I comprehended that she was there with her child to earn a living in this busy town, transformed practically into a French camp.

That night I felt indisposed, and the next morning I found myself ill with a high fever which came on with great rapidity. My servant called a French physician, but by afternoon I was so ill that they thought me at one time dead. While lying in this helpless, motionless state, I was conscious every now and then

of the presence of the young girl, who would steal to the door when it was left open and look in.

For two days I lay there under the influence of a raging fever, and on the afternoon of the third it was announced that the officer would return the next evening, and that I would be required to vacate his room by one o'clock. David had made careful search through the town without success; no other room could be found. Four miles distant was the nearest place where quarters could be obtained, and with this journey in prospect I began to improve. The last night I seemed to gain as rapidly as I had been rapidly taken ill, and when morning came I felt able to stir. As noon approached, David got me up and dressed me; the horses were brought, and I prepared for my journey. Nothing but the strength and withness of youth, with the immense exercise to which I had been accustomed, enabled me to perform this feat. When I was all ready to leave I said to David: "Go and call the young girl, I want to bid her good-bye." As I gave her my hand and said good-bye, expressing my best wishes for her welfare, she looked at me with a supplicating, penetrating expression, and exclaimed in a tone I have never forgotten:

"*Ah! voi non avete compassione!*" (—Ah! you have no compassion!)

Those words followed me; they rung in my ears for months. They were the supplication of a poor sacrificed child, appealing to one young like herself, and whose whole appearance contrasted with the stern beings around her. I have always regretted that I did not do something to rescue this young girl from her horrible situation.

Well! I mounted my horse and made the trip of four miles, at each step of which it seemed as if my head would burst open; but in due time I reached the end, and, to my great astonishment,

the next day I was well. Probably this ordeal was one of those proverbial cases which "either kill or cure."

From Navarino I recrossed the Peloponnesus and made my way to Athens. The late war had left its mark everywhere on my route; little villages in ruins, population decimated, poverty widespread. It was really difficult to get anything to eat. I remember one occasion when we had nothing but dry crusts of bread and a little cheese in a state of alarming activity. Sitting down to breakfast this particular morning, with the crusts and cheese between us, after a stretch of several hours on horseback, I noticed that David, in spite of his hunger, was rather repelled by the aspect of the repast. I tried to console him with the philosophic reflection that all in the world is Substance, and that the cheese was but a part of the Great Whole, adding the sanitary precaution: "Chew them well before they go down." But the food was not the worst part of my experience. The miserable habitations at which we put up at night were so infested with vermin that I could not sleep in them. On one occasion I went out and spent the night in a thin linen dress, on a pile of stones. On waking in the morning I was so stiff I could hardly move—one more unwisdom of youth. Another time, equally desperate, I slept on a pile of cornstalks, which I found a colder bed than the stones; for the latter accumulated some heat during the day which they generously gave out at night.

Athens had been so completely destroyed by the Turks, that I found there but three or four houses standing. I made my way through the city over heaps of rubbish, stones, mortar, and scattered timber, arriving finally at a large building in which the only European in the city resided. He was the Austrian Consul. The Greek population had entirely disappeared, with

the exception of a baker and one or two other tradespeople. The very fleas had abandoned the place in disgust, finding no longer either nourishment or warmth. The Austrian Consul, a man of peculiar temperament, bewitched by the natural beauties of the locality, was the only Aryan who had returned to live in the midst of these ruins. He was content to live in a house almost bare of comforts, the floors of which were half torn up, rather than lose the magnificent view of the *Ægean* sea and the Athenian plain. This gentleman permitted me to occupy a room in his house, where I established myself—a mat and my saddle for a bed, as usual. David and I organized our living arrangements here in a manner that was princely luxury compared with what we had become accustomed to. We had good bread, roast kid was our meat, and the honey of Mount Hymettus, which David brought me, surpassed everything I had ever tasted in the way of honey. It well deserved its antique reputation. The little bee had outlived its great contemporaries, the philosophers with all their achievements, and here it still continued its labors, making its busy round through the same variety of flowers, producing honey with the same degree of excellence, while the labors of the most gifted of races—their monuments, their government, their institutions—had all passed away.

What an abyss between Athens as it was in the age of Pericles and Athens as I saw it! Once it was the intellectual center of the world; there were congregated the great minds of the Aryan race; there was the highest art which the Aryan sentiment had conceived; within its limits were the Temples of Jupiter and Theseus; there were performed the plays of *Æschylus*, in the open air, in the light of its clear blue sky with the distant *Ægina* in view. It was no narrow scene, where the simple personalities of men were portrayed, but a broad scene on which the

soul stood face to face with the Eternal Gods ; for the characters of the great dramatist were created under the inspiration of the Gods in whom he believed, and in the endeavor to show the relation of man to the Infinite. Such conceptions were far above the petty calculations of our modern commonplaces ; they were like the great temples themselves, rising in the midst of the lowly dwellings of the citizens and towering in majestic spiritual unity above the material preoccupations of a practical life. There moved the renowned philosophers, absorbed in their deep contemplations of the moral order of the universe, striving in their grand intuitions to penetrate the mighty secret of Divine and human destiny ; there sprang up a race of geniuses—the first outburst of a noble intellectual infancy ; and there were the academies where such wisdom as this race of geniuses could evolve was taught. The streets of the city thronged with a young and energetic people ; a people which sought to establish political justice among men, giving vent, meanwhile, to the exaltation of a fresh imagination, embodied in those works of art which have remained masterpieces for all time.

On the Acropolis I saw that symmetrical and perfectly planned temple to their supreme God—the habitation of their titular Deity, Minerva, the perfectly supreme woman. Once a year her statue was brought out and exhibited to her citizens, that they might be inspired by this Goddess of Wisdom, who combined all the attributes of the human soul and represented the ideal female humanity. Here, in this city, congregated also the most gifted women of Greece ; and in that age, before the cautious calculations of men had adapted the sentiments to the necessities of our civilized order, women shared the advantages of liberty. Here it was that Pericles met Aspasia, that soul of fire, whom he took to his home, and with whom he spent the remainder of

his life devoted to an ideal passion. Everywhere were there manifestations of superior sentiments, everywhere was there elegance, everywhere the taste and beauty of the Hellenic race. It afforded a scene that has been witnessed but once on our earth. Our modern cities are more extensive, our edifices more complex, our domestic arrangements in many respects more perfect; but our modern cities are the product of the long, multiform calculations of human reason on human wants and necessities, too often bearing the impress of the narrowing influences which material conditions impose. Life in ancient Athens was the spontaneous expression of the deeper aspirations of the soul. It was the creation of a superior brain-organization, feeling instinctively the order and harmony of the universe. Its edifices, its drama, its social life, its chaste, beautiful works of art—all combined in Athens to express an originality and power of poetic, and artistic, and abstract conceptions never before—and never since—equaled.

This ancient city, the scene of so much glory and beauty, was now before me in the spectacle I describe: still and dead, the direction of the streets lost. I stumbled over heaps of rubbish and found my way to a solitary building, half-wrecked, and found in it a room where I could throw down a mat. There were no temples in whose worship I could see presented the idea of the invisible Gods of the old Greeks; no theaters to which I could go to witness dramas in which the Divine designs were unfolded; no academies in which to listen to the brilliant intuitions of a Plato or an Aristotle:—all these were obliterated. The Temple of Theseus, the best preserved of these ruins, served as a stable for the Turks; its interior floors were covered with straw, and doors were made in the side-walls. The great Temple of Jupiter on the Acropolis, from which Minerva had long since departed, was a ruin, and around its base a Turkish military

garrison had set up its huts. I visited the plains described by Aristotle as so fertile, now a waste of pebbles and sand; I climbed Mount Hymettus, whence came many of the beautiful monuments of Athens; there I saw the same flowers that grew in the time of Pericles, there the descendants of the same busy bee; I visited Port Piræus, once the center of Athenian commerce, now a deserted pond of water, without a vestige of a building or the least sign of life on its shores. Silence, loneliness, aridity reigned everywhere.

I paid frequent visits to the Temple of Jupiter on the top of the Acropolis, and on my way up there one day I chanced to meet a Turk who, as he approached, without uttering a word, leveled a pistol at my breast. Taken thus unawares I felt that I was at his mercy. I could not tell what brutal impulse might lead him to fire before I could put myself on the defensive. Instinctively, however, I faced him with absolute calmness of manner, looking him directly and intently in the eye. After a moment's exchange of look his pistol fell, and in his harsh guttural tongue he exclaimed:—"Heide keopak giaour!" (Begone, you infidel dog!) whereupon he turned and ascended the hill. But I remained fixed to the spot where he left me, watching him, lest a retreat on my part should incite him to fire. When some thirty paces off he turned again and leveled his pistol; this time I thought distance would certainly lend him the resolution necessary. Meanwhile I had got my pistols into my girdle, and the sole idea that possessed my mind was, that should he fire I would fall on my knee in such a position as to return the shot; and, knowing how well I could handle my pistol, I felt sure of my mark. After another interval of suspense he turned a second time, and soon left me beyond the reach of his arm.

On reaching home I sent David to the commander of the

post, with the firman I had received at Constantinople, and made my complaint; after which I was not molested in my explorations at the Acropolis. The Turks, who had been stationed there in garrison, were forced by their treaty with the European powers to submit to certain conditions which excited their hatred of what they called the "*Frangees*"; so that whenever they could molest the "*Frangees*" they did so.

Another incident during my sojourn in Athens came very near costing me my life. I had been warned against excursions in the surrounding country, as there were known to be roving bands of Albanians in the neighborhood; in other words, the robbing desperadoes of Greece and the regions around. Wishing, nevertheless, to go to Port Piræus, and to go by the shortest route, I was rather heedless of what had been said to me regarding the Albanians. Mounted on a young and spirited horse, I started off on my trip one day just at noon. Fortunate hour! for at a few miles from Athens I came upon an Albanian camp, through which lay my route. It was their hour of repose, and the men were asleep under the shade of some trees. The sound of my horse awakened them, and springing to their feet they saw me pass rapidly by. In an instant their large shaggy greyhounds were speeding after me, and my horse, sniffing the danger, rushed on with frantic fleetness. We had with them a terrible race. Giving my horse the bridle, I fixed myself firmly in the saddle and let him take his course. The race was desperate for about two miles; when, coming to one of those gullies on the plains of Athens formed by a small stream that had cut its way through the soil, my horse made a tremendous leap and cleared the gully, while the dogs rushed on, fell into it, and I distanced them. My horse did not stop until he reached the Port, and when I dismounted every muscle in his body was quivering

with fear. After giving the poor animal a respite, I cautiously returned to Athens by a circuitous route, far from the marauding reach of those brigands.

Their incursions in Greece still continue: not many years ago some members of the English embassy were captured by them, and one or two were murdered because their ransom did not arrive in time. Had they caught me, I should unquestionably have been sacrificed. Faithful David was horrified at my recital, and thereafter watched my movements with jealous care. Whenever I attempted any exploit that he considered dangerous he interposed resolutely: "You may discharge me if you choose," he would say, "but I shall not leave you; I shall watch your every movement while you are here." And this he did scrupulously.

From Athens I returned to Nauplia for the purpose of finding a vessel going to Italy. I had intended to go to Egypt, but, finding no means of embarking for that country from Greece, I resolved to turn my steps westward.

Let me now sum up the result of my observations and reflections in Greece. Of the denuded, desolate state of that country I have already spoken. It is true that it had been lately ravaged by the savage war with the Turks, but that had nothing to do with the absence of roads, the arid wastes, and the climate of the country, where, during four months' sojourn, I never saw rain, not even a shower. On contemplating this dreary scene it dawned upon me that the representative capital of a country was entirely *secondary*, and no sign of its real wealth. Reflecting on the subject I said:

"It is not the moneyed capital of a nation that constitutes its wealth; it is the roads, the bridges, the wagons and plows,

the herds and flocks and working animals. It is all the means of human labor, all the facilities for rendering the industrial activity of man fruitful. There is more wealth in the single county of Genesee in my native State than in all Greece, and that many times over."

In the history of individuals, as well as in that of nations, there are, at certain times certain events, certain conceptions, which act as stimulating agents in directing destiny. Newton, speculating on the fall of bodies to the earth, reflected that a stone carried to the top of the highest tower would fall; and that, according to the same law, the moon revolving round the earth must be constantly falling to it, prevented only by a counter-acting projectile force. It was the simple conception of the fall of bodies to the surface of the earth that led him to the discovery of the great law of gravitation.

In the history of nations, two events took place in 1830 which determined nearly the whole course of European development that followed—both industrial and intellectual. The first railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened that year, when English genius gave the world an entirely new system of travel and transport. If we calculate the influence of the great chain of railways now extending over the civilized world and into parts of Asia, we can appreciate something of the immense changes which that system has brought about.

In July of that same year took place the French Revolution which dethroned the elder branch of the Bourbons, and destroyed the influences clustered round the throne,—influences of the church, influences of the old aristocracy, influences of the old traditions renewed with the Restoration. Louis Philippe, a member of the younger branch of the family, succeeded. He was the king of the *bourgeoisie*,—they called him the "Citizen

King," and with his advent the influence of the Church and of the old aristocracy was weakened—to a certain extent destroyed. This Revolution produced an immense effect, intellectually, on all Europe. The Reform movement in England, which followed, was one result, though not extremely important, for the basis of the social fabric in England is not easily affected by secondary reforms. It was in Germany that the French movement had its profoundest echo, and awakened the deepest interest in political and social questions. Old trains of thought and habits dissolved away, the halo which had so long enveloped the monarchy began also to fade, and the people seemed aroused to a new life. The study of the natural sciences received a fresh impulse, and industrial energy sprang up.

After the July Revolution, a body of young and energetic men in France began the open and zealous propagation of the St. Simonian doctrines: a daily paper called "*Le Globe*" was bought, and a vigorous propaganda set on foot. To this energetic propagation of the St. Simonian doctrine is due the gigantic social movement that is now going on all over the world.

Thus we see how in individual and national affairs an idea or an event may decide destinies. Returning to myself, I may say that it was six leading ideas, impressed upon me before the age of twenty-one, which really determined the course of my intellectual life.

The first of these ideas or conceptions, which entered my mind at the age of fifteen, was that man had a work to perform on this earth—a collective work—the function of the race. The second came to me while I ate the ice-cream in Paris and speculated on the source of wealth. The third came the following spring in Berlin, when, after having gone through the philosophy of Hegel, I discovered that I had learned absolutely nothing.

The fourth was the deep impression which the condition of woman made upon me at Constantinople, and the conception that on her elevation depends the elevation of the race. The fifth was a clear perception that *political* reforms are of secondary importance,—that the reality is in the social organization and in the institutions of society. The sixth was the idea derived from my view of Greece, that the source of wealth—the prosperity—of a nation is in its industrial organization,—what may be called the equipment of productive labor, the means of rendering it fruitful.

I waited some time at Nauplia for a vessel going to Sicily, Malta, or any part of Italy. The fact that if I sailed in a merchantman I would be subject to twenty days' quarantine caused me to wish to obtain passage on a man-of-war, which would reduce the quarantine some five days. I had letters to Capo d'Istria, the President of the Greek Republic, and consulted with him as to the means of getting passage on a Russian man-of-war, there being several then congregated in the harbor. Capo d'Istria was on good terms with Admiral Ricord, the Russian admiral there, and undertook, through his influence, to get me a passage on the "Rifleman," a British man-of-war, soon to leave for Malta. Had this been a Russian man-of-war, the obtaining of a passage would have been an easy matter, but on an English man-of-war it was entirely different. In order to secure this end, the President requested the Russian admiral to give a dinner on board his vessel, to which I should be invited with some of the British officers. An introduction took place, and in the course of the dinner a suggestion was made that I should go to Malta on the "Rifleman." The next day Admiral Ricord gave me a letter of introduction to Admiral Malcolm, the British admiral, who was on board of one of the largest of the

English men-of-war. I accordingly proceeded to the monster, a three-decker with 120 guns, climbed its side, which seemed as high as a church steeple, and got on deck. On my way to the admiral's cabin I passed by a British emblem which arrested my attention; it was a grand disk composed of one hundred swords, in the center of which, on a bronze plate, were engraved Nelson's memorable words at Trafalgar: "England expects every man to do his duty!" I was struck with this stern, spiritual demand on England's sons, combined with the instruments of death surrounding it. I felt England's power—a mighty, industrial creation on the one hand, and the sternest ambition and dominion on the other. Ushered into the presence of the admiral, I found a man of mature age, squarely built, the strong outlines of whose head showed intelligence and great practical firmness. No useless words were spoken. After a brief conversation, he gave me a letter to Captain Friescott of the "Rifleman," remarking that that would procure me the desired passage. I took my leave; was rowed to the other vessel, was received by the captain, and arrangements were soon made for the voyage. The trip was short and pleasant, but for a single incident which made my soul sick.

One of the sailors, it seems, had given offense. The most that I could learn was that he had threatened to knock somebody's head off. He did not do it, however. Nevertheless, he was brought up to the captain and condemned to receive twenty lashes of the "cat-o-nine-tails." The other sailors then on duty were assembled to witness the scene and learn a lesson. And I witnessed it. The man who inflicted the punishment laid it on with all the energy that an imperious order inspired, and each stroke of the lash on that naked back cut the flesh through and through. Streaming with blood when released,

the poor creature crawled away, it seemed to me, more dead than alive. The scene was horrible! I said to myself: "The nation that has no other means of training and teaching its children should be sunk to the bottom of the ocean, and there washed of its crimes for a thousand years!" Nothing ever produced upon me more profound disgust.

On arriving at Malta I was assigned very pleasant rooms in the quarantine, where I passed my fifteen days. I then spent a few days on the island, visiting scenes of interest: the four principal ones being the palace, St. John's church, the Opera-house, and the monastery; each of which, of course, in common with the public thoroughfares, was besieged with crowds of beggars. The church was gorgeous, the Opera-house capacious, and would have done honor to any town in England. Down in the monastery crypt, the skeletons of the departed monks, stuck up upon their feet in prayerful attitude, were about as fascinating as they could reasonably be expected to be under the trying circumstances of the case. The oldest, I was told, favored us with his presence *in propria persona* about one hundred years ago. But as history is not always truthful, and as I did not glean it from his own lips, I do not pledge myself to absolute accuracy on this point. I visited, also, the landing-place of St. Paul, where the fire was kindled to receive him "because of the rain and the cold," and where the snake put in an appearance at the critical moment, rendering him such auspicious service.

Poverty characterized this land. As I rode through it, the men working in the fields would drop their implements and run to me to beg alms.

Begging is a feature of society inseparable from its actual

state. "The poor ye have always with you!" is often advanced in palliation of the evil, but it is becoming more and more difficult to dispose of the question in that way. So far from being normal, begging is an indication of disease in the body politic, and where the disease is greatest in the shape of superstition and tyranny, the begging throng is most numerous. This island was a melancholy instance of an extreme case.

Yet even in Berlin, my first winter was rendered uncomfortable by beggars. They would waylay me in the street; they found out where I lived, and would come to my rooms or watch for me at the house-entrance. It reached such a pass at last, that I had my regular daily visitors, arriving in procession and filing in, each in turn, to get the pittance he had come to think himself entitled to, until, finally, the tax became so great I was compelled to give notice to the initiated that if they spoke of me to any others I would cut them off entirely.

From Malta I went to Syracuse, Sicily, in a small vessel, essentially the same model that was used there twenty-five centuries ago.

The ancient Syracusans must have been a people of great mechanical skill to have enabled the engineers of those days to have handled such gigantic blocks of stone as appear in the remains of their old fortifications. I measured some that were twenty feet wide, eight feet high, and three feet deep in the wall. Such a race was well worthy to produce an Archimedes, and its memory makes the present condition of that country all the more pitiable. Poverty, misery, everywhere; which, with the despotism of the priests and the political system, combined to maintain the people in abject servitude.

From Syracuse I continued my way north to Catania, at the foot of Mt. Etna, and thence on to Messina, the most commercial city on the eastern coast, where I remained a few days. But I was glad to escape from this people, steeped in ignorance, superstition, and tyranny.

The next point on my programme was Naples. I had planned to go there by the mainland, starting from Reggio, a little village on the toe of the Italian boot. So I took a boat at Messina and hired three Italian sailors to row me across the famous passage of antiquity between Scylla and Charybdis. A brisk wind was blowing when we started, and I had some trouble in inducing the sailors to leave with me. I, myself, soon discovered that we were in a perilous position, for the wind was blowing one way and the tide was setting the other. The sailors became very much alarmed; the sail was hauled down, and they began mingling their curses and prayers in an alarming manner. It was hard to tell which got the most of their attention,—I, or the Virgin,—and I saw the danger. Having had experience in boating when a boy, I immediately jumped to the helm and put the boat to the wind, ordering the sailors to keep her steady while we drifted. I had already taken the precaution to tie my trunk to the seat, so that, in case of any upsetting, it would not go to the bottom. There were muttered threats of throwing me overboard in the midst of the cursing that went on, alternating with fervent prayers to the Virgin. Thus, at the mercy of the wind and waves, we drifted some eight miles out of our course and finally drifted ashore.

The most remarkable thing in that experience was its singular effect on my nervous system: I jumped ashore, and as soon fell limp to the ground. I got up and fell again. Finding it impossible to keep my feet, I resigned myself to lying quietly until

I could regain my nervous equilibrium. The prodigious effort of the brain had left the body destitute of nervous force.

I ultimately made my way to Reggio, and put up for the night at a little hotel where the communication between the ground and the upper floor was by means of a ladder. When everybody was in at night, the ladder was drawn up and in also, as a precaution against the depredations of the brigands of that lawless country. The following day I engaged a muleteer and three mules to take me to a point two days' journey. On one mule was placed my trunk ; and I observed that the muleteer covered it over carefully with hay, giving it the appearance of a load of hay rather than baggage. When we started he enveloped me in a rough coat, and put a white cotton cap—a sort of nightcap—on my head, remarking that it was necessary for me to be disguised in this fashion, that I might pass for his son in case we should meet brigands on the way, which was altogether likely. “ They once robbed me of some *colonnate*,” he said, “ and they know very well that since then I never carry money. They will take you for my son, who often accompanies me, so there will be no danger.”

Sure enough, the afternoon of the same day I observed some men loitering about on the opposite side of the little stream running parallel with the road. They appeared to scrutinize us for an instant and then to turn their attention elsewhere. As soon as we were out of their hearing my companion said : “ Did you see those fellows ? Well ! they are brigands. Had they not thought you were my son, you would have been a fine prize for them.”

The southern part of Italy is one of the most beautiful countries on the face of the earth ! At times I skirted the Mediterranean a thousand feet above its level ; on the one hand a resplendent land-

scape, on the other the deep blue sea far below, washing against its yellow banks. Here was the scene of ancient *Magna Græcia* the scene of Pythagoras' endeavor to found a model society; here flourished Sybaris, that city of wealth and effeminate luxury, whose very excesses rendered it immortal as a synonym of voluptuousness and pleasure; I passed a night at Mileto, from the hill-top of which could be seen three hundred villages with a vast panorama of fertile nature; thence on to Cosenza, an Egyptian town some three hundred miles south of Naples. Although fine roads existed through this entire country, such a thing as a public conveyance was unknown: all travel was on horseback. Here was a land of inexhaustible resources, capable of being transformed into a veritable garden of Eden, lying idle and neglected, void of industry, almost in a patriarchal state. Its population, a torpid remnant of past glory, was forever basking in a material sunlight, while spiritually in the night of political and religious despotism.

Near Mileto, however, I found a noble exception to this spectacle of race degeneracy. It was an ancient settlement of some fragment of the Greek race, which had refrained from intermingling with surrounding races; had preserved its habits and customs, and its splendid physique. The men were all over six feet high, the women were also tall and gracefully proportioned. They carried no loads on their heads, as did the other people. I was filled with admiration on observing these people, who, with a few simple rules of life, had preserved their antique beauty. In them I seemed to behold a fraction of old Athens handed down intact through the centuries, and I comprehended at a glance what could be done for a race by careful physical training.

The city of Naples produced on me a very different senti-

ment. I found it squalid and miserable ; as repulsive spiritually as were the habits of the people socially. The elegant quarter along the bay, where an extensive, fine garden had been laid out, relieved slightly the impression made by the inner city, but the state of my feelings while there was one of almost perpetual disgust. I saw the influence of false institutions on a people naturally smart and scheming ; all the best powers of the mind having been misdirected, they seemed to be sharpened up in every imaginable perversion.

My visit to Naples happened just after an eruption of Vesuvius. The crater was filled with lava sufficiently cooled to permit it to be walked over, and as a matter of course I made the descent. The crater was about half a mile in diameter ; in its center stood a great cone of dust and gravel accumulated to the height of some two hundred feet, looking like an immense sugar-loaf. I crawled along the gaping fissures which revealed the red-hot lava seething below, the bellowing of which equaled a thousand Niagaras. Now and then gusts of sand, mingled with fumes of sulphur, also an occasional stone, would come roaring upward. I remember watching one of these stones fall at a short distance from the place I occupied. Listening for awhile to this grand internal battle of the forces of nature, I beat a retreat and descended the hot, loamy side of the mountain. I had witnessed an impressive scene !

From Naples I proceeded to Rome, where I spent a couple of months. Rome offers the double interest of combining two worlds. The antique world still lives in its Coliseum ; its triumphal arches ; its Forum with its half-ruined temples ; its palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine hills ; its fragments of ancient wall, whose blocks of stone have stood over two thou-

sand years ; its great sewer, which has stood about the same length of time ; and its baths, the marvel of a more advanced civilization. In the Coliseum, with its capacity for 80,000 people, is offered the gigantic spectacle of the habits of the Romans ; the triumphal arches give another picture of their public life ; and the monumental tombs on the south side of the city show the manner in which they honored their distinguished dead.

To the north of the Tiber is the city of the Popes and the modern city. Here stand St. Peter's and the Vatican, monuments of the Christian era. The exterior of St. Peter's has but little architectural merit, but its interior, for immensity, for grandeur, for magnificence of proportions and artistic display, excels everything yet produced by the hand of man.

Thus, side by side, stand the monuments of two of the most powerful civilizations in history. There, the metropolis of the most powerful ancient civilization—a dominion based on the power of the sword ; and there the metropolis of the greatest religious organization that has ever existed, based on the power of faith. What strange contrasts, one would say, between these antagonist worlds ! Yet they were not without their similitudes. If the Romans threw the victims of their religious persecution into the arena of the great Coliseum to be devoured by lions, the Christian rulers threw their victims into the halls of the Inquisition to be tortured by devices more ingenious and even more cruel. Rome was ruled sternly by a Cæsar with a senate ; the Catholic church was ruled sternly by a Pope and a conclave of cardinals. The despotic hand but changed its form, alternating from the power of the sword to the power of faith. The conquest of the Romans established a political unity in the ancient world which prepared the way for Christianity to establish a spiritual unity. By these combined influences the whole

of our modern civilization has been shaped ; and on our modern civilization will depend the realization by humanity of its destinies on the earth.

One of the most singular things about Rome is that immense Campagna forming a vast circle of mephitic nature about the city, and defying the reclaiming efforts of man. Once this poisonous waste was dotted with the sumptuous villas of the rich and powerful Romans. It was the scene of a flourishing agriculture, of wealth and elegance. Now, to pass a night there is to risk a deadly fever, and one may travel for miles in any direction across that desolate land without discovering a sign of life, save here and there a flock of sheep gathered about a cavern where the shepherd hides himself at night to escape the malarious influences. And no one has yet been able to discover the cause of this mysterious curse.

Here, in Rome, one of the great centers of Italian art, I began for the first time to make it a real study. I had early manifested a taste for painting, inherited from my mother, who herself handled the pencil with considerable ability. A portrait-painter who came to Batavia and made the portraits of many of its citizens inspired my first efforts in that direction, and I became in a short time an enthusiastic artist, though reduced to the necessity of preparing my own materials, as the commercial development of my native village had not yet reached the refinement of "artist's materials." I ground my own paints, caught the pigs and pulled out their bristles to make brushes, and got my carpenter friends to plane me the requisite boards. Thus equipped I set to work, painting the village church, my own portrait, and that of any one else who would do me the honor to pose for me.

My mother took alarm at this artistic *furor*. She did not

wish me to make a career of art. "The artist has no great mission to-day," she would say to me, "for art is not a thing of our age. You cannot distinguish yourself in that field, therefore do not waste time in it." Her words of discouragement had their effect, and I comprehended their meaning later.

When I arrived in Paris my taste was for strong effects and contrasts: I admired the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, the powerful compositions of Rubens, the coloring of Van Dyke, the chaste and delicate productions of Raphael. The old masters seemed to me pale, without force or energy; I could not understand the real character of the sentiment underlying them. While studying architecture in Berlin I had developed a strong love of sculpture; and in the art galleries of that city, Dresden, and Vienna, I had become wholly absorbed in my admiration of this branch of art. Those superb specimens of Greek statuary which I then met for the first time appeared to me the superlative in artistic creation. This sentiment continued until I reached Rome and had occasion to take up the study of Italian art from its earliest beginnings, when, singularly enough, a new taste began to unfold itself. It was for the pre-Raphaelite masters. The most primitive, in their extreme simplicity, awakened in me the deepest sympathy; I seemed to live with these simple children of a primitive art, whose productions were the expression of their highest, purest sentiment—the creations of that truly religious epoch when the real believer inspired his canvas with the fervor of his soul. I remember following this school with the profoundest interest throughout the galleries of Rome. It possessed for me a veritable fascination. I could at the same time appreciate the grace of a Raphael or the harmony and sweetness of a Correggio; but the

luxurious energy of the Venetian school, as well as the majesty and grandeur of Michael Angelo, were not comprehended by me, hence not appreciated. This was my first serious lesson in art.

It so happened that Gregory XVI, was elected Pope while I was in Rome, and I witnessed his coronation. In this event, announced by the firing of cannon, was displayed all the pageantry of the Middle Ages. The costumes, the details of the ceremony, every feature connected with it, were associated with a remote past. The costumes of the occasion had been designed by Michael Angelo, and bore in their quaintness the impress of an original mind. The Pope was brought into St. Peter's in a richly ornamented palanquin borne on the shoulders of four stalwart men; and as he passed up the great aisle he was preceded by an individual carrying a large wisp of burning straw, exclaiming as he advanced: *Sic transit gloria mundi!* But the old Pope, with his burly, ruddy face, the picture of good living, manifested very little emotion at this announcement of the vanity of life.

I was strangely impressed by the gorgeousness of this Middle Age pageantry and the excitement of the populace taking part in it. The women, especially, seemed beside themselves,—on their knees praying, crying, crossing themselves in a kind of delirium of ecstasy. And it was indeed a great event, this advent of a new spiritual and temporal ruler.

Standing, a curious spectator, in the midst of the kneeling multitude as the Pope passed on his triumphal way, I never for a moment supposed that I would be expected to follow the example of the faithful, until a sudden blow from a "Swiss" brought me to the ground. "*A basso!*" he muttered, and judiciously I complied.

Felix Mendelssohn was my companion part of the time in Rome. In one of his published letters from there, I believe, he speaks of our running out into the street together on hearing the report of the cannon which announced the election of the Pope at the conclave of cardinals. We joined the excited crowd and ran as far as the Vatican.

Mendelssohn had come to the Eternal City to study its art, familiarize himself with its classic spirit, and prepare for what proved to be his great musical creations. He, himself, in his high-strung,—I might say overstrung—nervous irritability, was a most interesting study to me, who, but a few months his junior, had no consciousness of nerves. His sensitive organization, alive to every discordant note in the physical world (and they are legion), made him a martyr, often, where the ordinary mortal would remain insensible. I recall a vehement and characteristically German expression of his on one occasion as we passed the Lepri—a restaurant much frequented by his compatriots in Rome. I had proposed that we should take our dinner there. Glancing in with evident disgust, he turned away, exclaiming: "*Nein! Ich will nicht in den lausigen Platz gehen.*"

Poor Mendelssohn! his delicately strung body foreshadowed but too well his short career.

Here, also, I met for the first time Greenough, our American sculptor, and Morse, whose name was destined to encircle the globe on the electric telegraph. Morse was at that time studying to be a painter, a career which he later abandoned for his great invention. Greenough, Morse, and I formed a party to travel together, and, as was the custom then, we hired a *vettura*,—a two-horse carriage,—traveling by day and putting up

at night. Our first trip was to Florence, at the rate of about thirty miles a day.

The first thing that struck me on entering Florence was the great variety and beauty of its architecture. There were the creations of the Middle Ages: the grand *Duomo* or cathedral, with its beautiful *Campanila* by Giotto; the *Palazzo Vecchio* on the great square, and close by the *Loggia di Lanzi*, which used to be the scene of popular harangue in times of public commotion, and to which the name of Benvenuto Cellini has since drawn the footsteps of many a pilgrim. There, also, the two famous palaces, the *Pitti* and the *Uffizi*, now turned into museums of art. Then come the palaces of the nobles of a later date, when the artistic effort represented by Raphael and Michael Angelo was at its height. On every side, Italian genius seemed to appeal to the art-lover in those graceful creations which constitute the wealth of this unique city. On the public square, in front of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, or town hall, stood that wonderful David of Michael Angelo, hewn out of a piece of marble which another artist had spoiled and abandoned. When, years afterwards, it was carried to its present home, away from the deleterious influence of the elements, the streets through which it passed were hushed as with religious reverence. No public traffic or vehicle of any kind passed that way meanwhile. This statue impressed me very much, I felt that I could comprehend it. It was one of his earlier efforts, when his artistic intuition was simpler, less developed in the peculiar direction which it took later.

Here again I found the old masters, the pre-Raphaelites for whom I had taken such an affection at Rome. I was captivated, as I have said, with their simple, spontaneous sentiment. They

lack that grace which results from great exercise of the artistic faculties, also that finished *technique* which comes from a careful study of the human body, and all the mechanism of the art; but they appealed to me in a peculiar manner. I could understand them, and I became absolutely devoted to their school. It was not until later, and as the habit of examining and studying works of art grew upon me, that I was conducted further and carried to a higher degree of artistic appreciation.

It was the Opera season at Florence; they were playing the *Romeo and Juliet* of Bellini. I went every night, and heard this opera till I got it by heart, and it was in studying carefully over and over this suave, graceful music that there was first aroused in me a love for the Italian Opera. I had frequented the Opera at Paris and Berlin, but in both those cities their music had left me indifferent. Spontini was the rage in Berlin at that time, where his compositions were considered grand; but to me they were noisy and stilted and wholly unsympathetic. It was reserved for Bellini to awaken my ear to musical harmony, and to excite in me a real enthusiasm for an art which has since afforded me so much pleasure.

I may mention, for the edification of the modern traveler, also to show the simplicity of the manners of the aristocracy of that time, that the admission fee to the parquet of the Opera was one *lire* (20 cents). The Prime Minister of Tuscany frequently appeared in the parquet, his fine head and his quiet manner causing me often to observe him with interest. There was no ostentation there; a rich merchant of New York would have been more pretentious than was this man who controlled the whole politics of Tuscany.

At a *soirée* given by the Prussian ambassador in Florence, I met Mrs. Patterson, the unhappy wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

In conversation with her she remarked that she did not like America and hoped never again to return there. She thought social life in that country, especially for woman, very commonplace and uninteresting.

After a month's sojourn in Florence I went to Pisa, thence to Milan, and from Milan through Switzerland, over Mount St. Gothard, on my way to Paris; which I was in haste to reach on account of the great political drama that had been going on there during my two years' absence.

CHAPTER IV.

ON arriving in Paris I hunted up my old Frankfort acquaintance, Jules Lechevalier, with whom I had studied in Berlin. I found that he had joined the St. Simonians, and that the St. Simonian movement was in the full tide of success.

I consider that movement as one of the most important that has taken place in history. Although it did not itself produce any practical result, it gave an impetus to the thought which, as I have said, resulted in the entire socialist movement of modern times. It was a new idea thrown into the world—the idea that a new order of society, changing fundamentally all its institutions, would create for humanity a new social life. It was not a political reform, it was not a special reform in the economic system, nor was it a so-called moral reform. It was a fundamental, radical reform of the whole social organization.

Surveying the history of the world we may safely affirm that, although there have been numerous ideas on political and religious reforms—reforms in this and that detail of society—never before was there announced a clear conception of a fundamental and integral reform. True, the idea had previously existed in the minds of individuals; it was in the mind of St. Simon many years prior to 1831; it existed in Fourier's mind as early as 1798; but the conception had remained an individual one up to the epoch of which I speak. Here it was proclaimed to a whole nation, and thus to all Europe. For this reason I

will dwell for a moment on the organization of the St. Simonians.

It was composed of some 200 members, mostly young and highly educated; the intellectual flower of French society—many of them wealthy. They had united to form what they called the "Family of the St. Simonians." Those who were rich contributed of their wealth, and a large capital was at the disposal of the society. They bought a daily paper, "*Le Globe*," and through this organ conducted an energetic propaganda; it was scattered everywhere throughout Paris, in the *cafés*, in the hotels, and was read with avidity. In the Passage Choiseul they had an immense establishment for general reunion, a kind of club, with a great dining-room where, whenever they wished, they took their meals *en famille*: some even had their lodgings in this place. The members of the society were thus constantly in contact, stimulating each other by discussions and plans for the promotion of the ideas. Beside this, they had a large lecture-room in the Rue Taitbout, called *La Salle Taitbout*, where Sunday meetings were held morning and afternoon, and where the most eloquent members made public expositions of the doctrines. This room, which held an audience of some 1,500, I think, was always crowded.

St. Simon's first conception, I may say here, was that of a politic and economic reform. Governments were to become industrial, and the whole economic system of society was to be organized under the direction of the industrial government. It was not till later in life that he conceived the idea of a new religion; which idea, developed by his earliest disciples, gave to the St. Simonian doctrines the name of "The St. Simonian Religion." It was, in fact, a new religion which they preached; declaring that society must be molded in conformity with

certain great religious principles applied to the industrial and political interests of mankind, as well as to the spiritual. Among other of their important tenets was the equality of woman.

The enthusiasm of the exponents of this new doctrine was commensurate with its gigantic claims and with the interest which it inspired. There were truly devoted men in this movement, and the character of their propaganda impressed deeply a great number of minds. Missionaries were sent out into all France. Jules Lechevalier was one of these apostles: his strong common sense, together with a power of keen analysis, led him to address his audiences from a scientific standpoint. His endeavor was to impress them with the necessity of a scientifically planned and ordered system of society.

Another avowed and fundamental object of the St. Simonians was the elevation of the laboring classes. This struck a chord which vibrated through the souls of all generous men.

The elevation of the laboring classes to industrial equality; the elevation of woman; and the introduction of a new religion, claiming to be based on scientific principles and in unity with the material world in which humanity lived,—such were the leading ideas promulgated by the St. Simonians.

But the government and the aristocracy looked with distrust on such a movement. They saw in it only a menace offered to their privileges, and the government took advantage of every plausible means to attack the St. Simonians.

Jules Lechevalier introduced me into this circle of brilliant and energetic young men, of which he wished me to become a member. I dined with them frequently at their large table, attended their meetings, discussed their doctrines, and at length went into a careful examination of the whole St. Simonian system. Aided by frequent discussions with Lechevalier and

other members, I gradually formed a personal conviction in regard to the society.

At its head were two leaders or chiefs,—Enfantin and Bazard. Invested with almost absolute authority in matters of doctrine and in general direction, they controlled the entire movement. Enfantin was the man of intuition, imagination, large views, and, I would add, of erratic measures. Bazard was the practical and careful leader, of firm, clear judgment, measured and cautious in policy. It was this difference of character which at a later period produced a separation between the leaders: Enfantin, by his greater personal influence, remaining at the head, but wrecking finally the whole movement.

After carefully studying the doctrines and contemplating this absolute control exercised by the two leaders, I became antagonistic to the system as a whole. I said to Lechevalier: "Your object is noble, your principles are fundamentally true. A great social revolution must take place; political and other fragmentary reform cannot alleviate the miseries of humanity. I agree with you that a new social order must be established. I caught a glimpse of this great idea in Turkey and Greece, and I return to Paris to witness an effort towards its realization: but this religion you preach seems to me artificial, developed by the calculations of the human mind. Then, your principles of authority are repugnant to me; it does not seem natural to subordinate one's self to the judgment and will of individuals."

The more I discussed the subject, the more intellectual opposition I felt to the doctrines of the society. Finally, I got into the most violent controversy with Lechevalier and others; so much so that I became depressed; and the repugnance I felt at thus disputing with my friends determined me to leave Paris to escape its atmosphere of controversy and quarrel. The truth

was, I felt a deep sorrow at the antagonistic state of mind into which I had got with men whom I socially liked and admired so much. I could not stand it, so I went off to England.

At these St. Simonian gatherings I met the celebrated Heine. We soon became good friends and attended the meetings together. Heine was a man of small stature, thin and wiry, but compactly built; a swarthy face, the blackest of black hair, and small black eyes which seemed animated with one penetrating glow of sarcasm. There was an intensity in his regard which impressed one peculiarly, as if the eye alone, in which beamed a soul on fire, constituted the man. He possessed great powers of analysis and impassioned sarcasm. Although by descent a Jew, the race did not manifest itself in his general characteristics; the well-formed nose was rather small, and there was an absence of that emotional expression belonging to the Jewish people. He stooped slightly and stood with his feet close together, giving to his whole appearance a certain air of awkwardness. Heine's manner was silent and reserved; I never witnessed in him a spontaneous outburst of any kind; and in conversation he often gave evidence of repressed thought. It would seem as if he was internally at work tearing to pieces every subject presented to him, and dissecting every idea that crossed his mind.

All this was before he had become celebrated and had attained the great influence which he exercised later in Germany. I consequently judged him not from his works, but from his inherent character as then manifested. I liked Heine very much. He seemed an earnest seeker at the bottom, beneath all his sarcasm, and one occupied in endeavoring to arrive at the truth. I know that our views harmonized on many points. As to the St. Simonian movement, we both agreed that it was a grand and a

generous one; we both accepted its principles; but neither of us accepted its fundamental theory.

Liszt was also here. I do not know how long he was associated with the organization, but I recollect his telling me years afterwards that he agreed with the St. Simonians in their general principles.

The Pereire brothers belonged to the St. Simonians: men who have since become so distinguished as leaders in the early construction of the railways in France and in founding important institutions of credit. They imbibed their liberal views while members of the noble fraternity which inspired so many youths at that period. Their minds were opened and enlightened by grand conceptions which went back to St. Simon himself. He, having witnessed and taken part in the great French Revolution, had had his mind opened to wide and vast fields of action.

The influence of St. Simonian doctrines on the Pereires is still dimly perceptible in the distinguished French paper called *La Liberté*. Whenever occasion offers, the views of the St. Simonians are directly or indirectly alluded to in this paper. Although conservative in politics, it still preserves a tinge of the innovating spirit of 1830-31.

Well! I left Paris, as I have said, to get out of a circle of dissensions, and went to England. I crossed from Calais to Dover, and took my place on top of one of those fleet, perfectly organized stage-coaches of the English. This was my first experience in England; and my first impression on arriving in London was something as if I had fallen upon a spiritual iceberg. Every man seemed drawn into his own individual shell, striving and struggling for a living or for wealth: burly in ap-

pearance, strong physically, and with a coldness and self-absorption quite beyond anything I had yet seen. My life in France and in Germany had accustomed me to a totally different social atmosphere. I was unprepared for the sturdy, cold, commercial life which confronted me here on every side—everywhere material calculation and practical preoccupation. I did not then see the other side of this gigantic industrial activity; I did not see that it had created a maritime commerce and the manufactures of the world; that the very forces which caused this external selfishness and individualism had been the impelling power that had given the world all its machinery, and was then realizing the railway and preparing for the steamship. I did not then see that England was the industrial giant of the globe, whose mission it had been to develop industry on a large scale and give to man the mastery of the oceans.

My social advent in London was in a boarding-house—good enough in its way, but I had not been there three days before I took such an abhorrence to eating at a common table, with all the diversity of feelings and opinions inevitable in such a grouping of strangers, that I left it and took private rooms, living at the restaurants. These were not at all the elegant establishments of the present day; still they were preferable to the incongruous herding of the common table which forces upon one the most uncongenial associations that it is possible to be thrown into. The meal is a sacred rite, or will be when man is fully developed; it never should be taken in common except where there is a sentiment of fellowship, either temporary, on special occasions, or in the intimacy of a profound sentiment.

From London I went to Liverpool, visiting the intermediate places of interest, and from Liverpool crossed over to Dublin. I went through Ireland to its northern extremity—the Giant's

Causeway. I visited quite a number of inland towns on my way, and became deeply interested in examining the condition of that unhappy country. I went among the peasantry, examined their modes of life and listened to the stories they told me. I found there a degree of misery surpassing all I could have conceived. In many cases they said to me: "We eat meat but once a year," some even told me that they ate their potatoes without salt, as it was beyond their means. I found also a great deal of disease among them, and was frequently mistaken for a doctor and applied to for remedies. I told them I knew nothing about medicine, but they insisted upon my giving advice, which I accordingly did to the best of my humble ability. While visiting in one house, messengers from others in the neighborhood would be sent to ask me if I would go and prescribe for invalids elsewhere. I thus became, involuntarily, an oculist and an aurist, and an adviser in cases of fever, as well.

The miseries of Greece could be traced to the ravages of the wars which had ruined that country; the poverty of Italy was at least mitigated by an abundance of fruit and vegetables; but the misery of Ireland seemed to me without excuse or mitigating feature. It was incomprehensible that so beautiful, so fertile a country, by the side of another so rich and so full of resources, should be in this destitute, dilapidated condition. In examining into the cause of all this suffering and stagnation I saw, first, the immense revenue of the nobility living out of the country and spending their money among strangers. It was these aristocratic absentees who drained Ireland of her surplus capital. I saw, secondly, that the industrial power of England paralyzed that of Ireland; the Irish could make no headway in establishing manufactories of their own by the side of the Eng-

lish. Then, again, must be taken into account the Irish character itself: that vehement, intuitional spontaneity, characteristic of a poetic temperament, has had much to do with their want of practical ability and consecutiveness. It has also led them to the intoxicating cup—humanity's artificial source of exaltation and enthusiasm in the absence of external influences adapted to the wants of the higher nature. I observed that it was with the Irish much the same as with our Indians: they resorted to whiskey not so much for the love of it as for a means of forgetfulness. The natural drunkard and the natural poet meet by the law of contact of extremes. Finally, I saw that the almost unquestioned sway of the Catholic Church, in its jealousy of modern thought and innovation, had stunted the spiritual development of the people. By dictating all the conditions of education it had kept the nation in a state of primitive ignorance.

Here was a combination of depressing circumstances: entailed estates, the rents of which were spent abroad; the benighting influence of the Church, and the wasteful, demoralizing stimulant of whiskey; not to speak of the irresistible competitor in all departments of organized industry across the channel. All this was too overwhelming for the resistance of poor Ireland. And it is but fair to suppose that generations of such an existence would suffice to stultify any people.

I found in the Irish great intellectual quickness and flexibility. They belong to a race naturally endowed with a superior mental capacity; and I would venture to say that had Ireland become Protestant at the same time the English did, Irish talent and genius would have dominated the more phlegmatic England. She would have been the leader instead of the oppressed. This lies in the race. The English at bottom are Germanic,

and have the power of the Germanic race; but it has been dulled by long absorption in matters of practical material interest—a transformation more strikingly illustrated in Holland, where the same influences have brought about an even greater divergence in the Dutch character. (I will return to this point in speaking of my trip to Holland.) Not so with the Irish. That race of Celtic origin has preserved under all circumstances its flexible, vivacious spirit; the external material interests of life have seemed powerless to disturb its mental constitution and character.

From Belfast I crossed over to Glasgow and went to Edinburgh; I also visited the Lake regions, led on by the descriptions of Sir Walter Scott, whom I delighted in as a boy. But it was Edinburgh that pleased me particularly. That city struck me as one of the most quaint and beautiful in the world. The Scotch people seemed a kind of cross between the English and the Irish; they were Irishmen sobered down into Englishmen and Englishmen stimulated up into Irishmen. There was, however, a certain rigidity about them, that was all their own: the Scotch head did not impress me as one into which a new idea could be easily beaten.

I must admit that I did not find the Scottish scenery all that a poetic fancy had painted, but the scenery of England did impress me deeply. Not for any grandeur that I discovered in it, but that for the first time I saw a whole country blessed by the diligent, artistic hand of man. I looked with delight on that vast landscape-garden; its beautiful hedges, its embowered cottages, its green fields with the flocks and herds roving over them, and the rooks building their nests in its trim forests. And, although a very limited admirer of churches, I looked

with pleasure on the little steeples emerging out of this green foliage: they were a kind of attestation that men recognized the great cosmic sentiment and intellect which ruled the universe, and sought thus to make it manifest in their practical life on earth. Everywhere it seemed to me as if the thought and the blessing of man rested on the scene. In looking at England, we get a faint idea of the work of art which humanity is destined some day to make of its globe.

From England I went to Holland, that northern Venice!—a similitude which exists not alone in its material aspect. There is much in Holland to fix the curious attention of the traveler: its uniform plains broken only by the canals cutting through them at all angles; the peculiar breed of cattle—an unvarying black and white—grazing over the rich green meadows; the quaint windmills in their airy nakedness; the cities with their watery streets and their gabled houses,—some of which appear to have lost their equilibrium and to be on the verge of toppling over; the boats on the canals drawn often by women. Then the cleanliness of the people and their excessive minuteness in the ordaining of their practical life. The dampness of the climate renders this necessary, but one cannot help feeling that it is at the expense of the female population. The Dutch servant is, one might almost say, born with scrubbing-brush in hand: you find her wielding it at all times of day, inside and outside, notwithstanding the universal habit of cleaning one's feet at the doorstep, and the double precaution of removing one's shoes on entering the house. The highways were magnificent roads paved with hard-burned brick, apparently very durable, introduced, I believe, by Napoleon, and they too were kept scrupulously clean. I met boys everywhere busy in collecting

particles of refuse dirt. To pursue the mania to its extreme, as far as I am able to testify, the cows in the stable had their tails tied up by a string to the rafters, that even they might participate in this universal spirit of cleanliness. So much for concrete Holland.

When I considered its more abstract side, I was impressed by the want of enterprise and innovation in the spirit of the people. They seemed to me to have become inured to a torpifying routine, and the more I studied them the more I felt that a great social petrification had settled down on the country. Here was afforded a remarkable example of the influence of soil and climate and pursuits on the social development of a people. In our modern civilization it is the middle classes who exercise the real influence on nations and are the real instruments of progress. In the middle classes I include the various professions, the merchants, the bankers, and the directors of industrial enterprises. "The people" are too much absorbed in material labor, too uneducated, too harassed by their physical wants, to exercise any mental power; while the aristocracy, living in idleness and the pursuit of pleasure, are equally without influence of an intellectual character. All depends, then, on the middle classes—the *bourgeoisie*. I was impressed with the spectacle which this great, influential middle class offered in Holland. With generation after generation of commercial pursuits, the cunning calculations of finance and stock-jobbing gamblers in capital,—not to reinvest in productive industry, but for the money interest derived therefrom,—there had been developed the faculties of caution, distrust, timidity, until these people, once the soul of enterprise and progress, had been toned down into human fossils.

Let me explain my meaning by a comparison: take, for

instance, the military spirit. War is an enterprise where life is at stake. It is brutal, it is cruel, it is anything you like in a subversive sense; but the daring, the bravery of the battlefield calls out the energy of the soul. It appeals to the sentiment of honor; it lifts man above the small horizon of self into a world of collective interest, collective action. A great impulse is thus given to the passions of men; whereas those commercial, stock-jobbing pursuits I have described belittle the soul and make men narrow and timid. Add to this the excessive beer-drinking practiced in Holland because of its universally bad water, with a widespread habit of smoking, and it is easy to understand why the Dutch of to-day are a petrified people, without enterprise, energy, or a high order of intellectual activity.

Holland actually owns, I believe, more than half the national debts of Europe. The care of this capital, the caution requisite for its investing and reinvesting, has entailed on the nation the same curse that rested on Venice in the days of her commercial venality, and which is settling on England, and will settle on the United States if it continues its career of exclusive money-grabbing.

I remember expressing these views to the American *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague, with whom I talked on the subject. He told me that the Minister of Commerce, but a few days previous, had expressed the same opinion. Said he: "Holland, one of the most powerful and enterprising of nations three hundred years ago, has sunk to-day into the weakest. Her exclusively commercial spirit, tobacco, and prostitution have reduced the people to a state of social torpor and spiritual death."

The spectacle of the social condition of the Dutch reconciled me to the military spirit and called my attention to the great part it had played in the progress of nations. Take, for instance,

France, whose history is one long series of wars, and trace its effect on the common people. The peasant taken out of the field, wrested from his commonplace round of existence, subject to discipline, initiated into the art and practice of a wider scene of action, subject to the play of the higher sentiments—honor, heroism, patriotism—returns to his native village far more of a man than when he left it. Or, to take an illustration on a larger scale, consider the whole continent of Europe and imagine what would be its political and intellectual condition to-day had there been no French Revolution with its mighty consequences : its upheaving and overturning of principalities and kingdoms, shaking to their very foundations the effete despotisms of an old world ! Had it not been for the French Revolution we might still see a landgrave of Hesse-Cassel selling his 12,800 subjects to a *Christian* nation with which to subdue a tyrannized colony ; and we might still see palaces like the great *Wilhelmshöhe* built with the price of such human traffic.

In our present system of society there is but little to arouse in man the heroic and collective sentiments. Left to himself, engaged in petty personal pursuits, generally of a material character, he sinks and becomes finally little better than a domestic animal, absorbed in providing for his material wants or the material luxuries of life. Holland and China are examples of the result of a long-continued peace in a false state of society.

From Holland I ascended the Rhine, visiting Düsseldorf, Cologne, and other cities on its banks. There is at Düsseldorf one of the leading schools of German art. I saw there the effort that had been made to create an art peculiar to the German intuition ; but this age of rationalism is not an age of high art. Man can never create with real spiritual grandeur unless he has

great objects to inspire him; that is, he must paint and chisel what he feels. This was done in the age of Michael Angelo and Raphael—we know with what result. The artist to-day does not believe in Virgins and saints, and has but little respect for the abstract theories presented to him in the name of religion. He is consequently without any high inspiration: he cannot paint what he does not feel, and all these efforts to produce an art which shall bring back the glories of the past are futile. Humanity will have to wait until a new cosmic conception has taken hold of the soul of man and elevated him to a new and higher unity with the universe.

At Cologne I saw the great cathedral, undoubtedly the grandest architectural creation of the human race. The Egyptian temples and the Pyramids were more massive, but the geometrical variety and complexity displayed at Cologne shows that the Germanic mind was susceptible of infinitely greater conceptions of Form and Proportion in their relation than the Egyptian mind. The Greek temple was chaste and beautiful in its proportions, yet it was but a single conception—but a little group in the vast whole of the Germanic cathedral. In the latter are contained a hundred temples of Theseus or the Parthenon. This mighty structure, with its windows, its archways, its turrets, its towers; its buttresses rising one above another; its thousand delicately-shaped columns reaching upward and upward until they touch the pointed roof,—is a work of art transcending all that has been produced by the religious sentiment of the past.

And its interior is worthy of its exterior—an accord often wanting in church architecture. Those sombre, lofty columns; those arches within arches, lost at the dizzy height of the rafters in a dim, mysterious light, filtered through the beauti-

ful stained window-panes, give it a deeply religious atmosphere. One may almost imagine himself in one of nature's great cathedrals—the forest, with its overtopping, interlacing branches, the glorious sun's rays gilding here and there an up-turned leaf, as they sift through the thick foliage. It is one of those rare interiors calculated to invoke the highest aspirations of the soul. This temple is worthy a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth.

Cologne possesses another rare work of art in Rubens's "Crucifixion of St. Peter, head downwards," one of the most wonderful productions of that powerful artist. It is startling in its horrible reality, and shows what must have been the force of an intuition which was able to conjure up such a spectacle of torture. It is easy to conceive the feeling of joy : that is spontaneous to our nature ; but to conceive agony so transcendent as Rubens here portrays shows how great must have been his mental power, and how far-reaching.

The scenery on the Rhine has been described hundreds of times ; and to one accustomed to Niagara and the Hudson with its Palisades, these placid banks do not display anything very remarkable in nature. What interested me peculiarly were the remains of the old feudal castles crowning its heights. Their view carried me back to the social life of the Middle Ages—the social life of the influential classes of that time. If we consider the life of these classes in the antique world, from Thebes down to Athens and Rome, we see them congregated in large cities, accumulating wealth and luxury, pursuing lives of ease and material enjoyment ; an existence which gradually lowered the tone of the moral sentiments, and led finally to a fatal degeneracy. Take Rome, for instance, where the rich and the great

enjoyed all the security of a powerful collective organization with no mental occupation more important than the sensual pleasures afforded by a great capital. Gradually this life of social and political inactivity, combined with the sensual excesses inseparable from such a state, completely undermined the character of the upper classes.

The history of the moral degeneracy of Rome is the history of all the great cities of antiquity. But the Middle Ages inaugurated a new system of society. The feudal barons in their isolated castles, surrounded by their retainers and leading a purely family life, were subject to totally different influences. Here was personal insecurity; here were constant feuds between neighbors, strifes for ascendancy or struggles in self defense, with all the appeals to individual courage and energy which the uncertainties of such a situation would naturally call out.

Thus, in place of a great city with its immense populous unity, we have the solitary family: one man and one woman surrounded by their children and sustained by all the moral influence of the church growing up at their side. Then again, the body of retainers, owing allegiance to the feudal baron and looking to him for protection, were on a kind of footing of equality with him. The relation of master and dependent were very different in this case from the menial servitude of the antique societies where labor was considered dishonorable. In the social organization of the Middle Ages everything tended to arouse the sentiments of personal valor, daring, heroism, honor; mingling with it all a certain brutality, it is true, for those were days of violence; but so far from degrading the character, as had the effeminate life of the more refined cities, it called out the best qualities of a crude age, when men had no

higher employment than warfare, and we should not lose sight of the value of this great social experience because it was characterized by violence. Even a subversive interest, capable of stimulating to action, is better than to remain supine under the benumbing influence of a vapid idleness.

By the side of the feudal castles were established the religious institutions: the churches, the convents, the monasteries, where men and women devoted themselves to religious contemplation; forming a counterpoise to the worldly activity of the baronial life, and uniting with it to build up a system of discipline which laid the foundations of our modern civilization with all that it contains of a progressive and elevated nature. Had it not been for this mighty discipline of the Germanic races which conquered the Roman world and mingled with the Latin races, Europe might be to-day in a state of social petrification akin to that of China. It was the unity established by the Christian Church which saved Europe during the Middle Ages from being submerged by the encroachments of Mahommedan fanaticism.

When, divested of the prejudices which merely external events produce upon us, we are able to view history in its abstract, spiritual light, the Catholico-feudal history of Europe is one to excite great admiration. We speak of the darkness of the Middle Ages; of their brutality, their violence, their perpetual wars. True, these were characteristic features of the social organization of that time, but there also were heroism, devotion, and intuition. On the one side temporal force and tyranny, on the other religious resignation. That was a period when noble sentiments, both secular and religious, possessed the souls of men.

In no part of Europe are the feudal castles so well preserved as on the Rhine: nowhere else do we see such a picture of the

life of the Middle Ages. But they are in ruins. The old barons are long since passed away ; the convents and nunneries which flourished by their side are also gone, and the classes which inhabited these ruins of feudal glory have come to live in the great cities, the centers of a new civilization. Thus have we practically renewed the life of ancient Greece and Rome. London, Berlin, and Paris are now the pivots of that social life which once concentrated about the feudal castle, and men are again enjoying the ease, the security, and luxury of great cities. Four centuries ago our banker, our landlord, our nobility were encased in their iron armor, dwelling within fortified castles, in perpetual feud with all around them : to-day they are clothed in much finer material, they roll fearlessly in their luxurious carriages, have their seats in their elegant Opera-houses, and dine with their companions in their sumptuous restaurants. What is to save us from the fate of degenerate Rome ! Nothing but progressive industry ; the discovery and development of the natural sciences ; the rise of an intelligent middle class engaged in these sciences, and the gradual elevation of the great working or producing classes.

Thanks to the progress of science, to the printing-press, and the better instruction of the laboring classes, there has been a general elevation of the whole social strata in our modern civilization ; consequently the fatal influence of the upper classes, in developing merely the sensual nature of man, will not again be permitted to lead to the degeneracy of the race. The lower strata of society will come up—will come up occupied with useful and grand objects of human activity and aspiration. And this will be the new leaven that will regenerate and save the whole.

Another feature of great interest to me in the valley of the

Rhine was the wealth of its soil. Its geological formations are as rich as is its varied scenery; and there are produced the beautiful Rhine wines. Those alternating hills and valleys, the fine exposure of the hillsides, and the immense variety in the formation of the country, give proof of its rare productive resources. It is an acknowledged fact that where fine wines are grown, nature has reached her highest geological development: the vine seems to be a manifestation of nature's greatest powers. In this valley also has been produced the most intellectual of the Germanic races. They have been the people of art, of poetry, and of a varied social life; they are more active, and possess more intellectual flexibility than in any other part of Germany. When we come into other parts of the "*Vaterland*," where beer and spirits replace the wine, and where the landscape spreads out in unvarying monotony, we find a heavier and a ruder people. The Prussians, for instance, belong to this latter category: they are not wanting in qualities of practical ability, of realism, and of moral sternness, but they lack those of genial kindness and spiritual elevation.

CHAPTER V.

FROM the Rhine region I returned to Berlin, where I thought to settle down among my old friends and take up a regular study of social science. The idea of a great social reconstruction had taken deep root in my mind: I felt that here was an immense field of investigation in which the greatest problem ever offered to the student waited for solution. I had witnessed so much of human misery, not only in Turkey and Greece, but in the capitals of Europe; and had become so thoroughly convinced that political reforms could do nothing to alleviate it,—that the most democratic system of government, as well as the most autocratic, was impotent in the matter—that I became possessed with the conviction that a fundamental reconstruction was necessary.

Still, the theories thus far presented to me on the subject were repugnant. The more I contemplated the St. Simonian movement, the more it seemed to me artificial and in some respects false. A split had now taken place in that organization. The two leaders, Enfantin and Bazard, had quarreled and separated. Bazard, in the depth of despair, had been struck with apoplexy, and had died; Enfantin, remaining at the head, led his disciples into what many of them thought an extravagant course, and divided the body. Jules Lechevalier was among those who left.

In my letters to Lechevalier I had frequently requested him to send me all that was published on social ideas in Paris which

request he faithfully complied with. I had been in Berlin about three months when there arrived one day a package containing two large volumes. On opening one of the volumes I read on the title page: "*L'Association Domestique-Agricole, par Charles Fourier.*" The package had cost me seven thalers, quite a sum at that time, and the idea of paying that amount for a treatise on domestic and agricultural economy seemed to me preposterous! I wondered what could have possessed my friend to imagine me interested in such a subject; and in ill-humor I cast the books aside.

A few days later, being in an idle mood, it occurred to me to look at those books again, to get, if possible, some little return for my money. I took up the first volume carelessly and began running over the introduction; soon I came to the following phrase, printed in large type: "Attractive Industry." Those two words made on me an indescribable impression. In the few lines of explanation that followed, I saw that the author conceived the idea of so organizing human labor as to dignify it and render it attractive. I sprang to my feet, threw down the book, and began pacing the floor in a tumult of emotion. I was carried away into a world of new conceptions.

I had studied, as well as I could at my age, all the philosophies of the world; and in this vast speculative realm of the human mind I had not found one new idea, one single truly original conception opening up new fields of thought. In all my studies, thus far, I had been wandering over familiar ground. I felt that I knew the intellectual past; it was but the repetition of ideas I had absorbed through the intellectual atmosphere of my daily existence. It was all summed up, in fact, in the theology to which I had been accustomed, and in the current maxims and views of people in general.

Now, for the first time, I had come across an idea which I had never met before—the idea of *dignifying* and *rendering attractive* the manual labors of mankind; labors hitherto regarded as a divine punishment inflicted on man. To introduce attraction into this sphere of commonplace, degrading toil—the dreary lot of the masses—which seemed to overwhelm man with its prosaic, benumbing, deadening influence; to elevate such labors, and invest them with dignity were indeed a mighty revolution! The first general result which presented itself to my mind was universal employment in productive industry, and the creation of all the means necessary to the prosecution of those scientific and higher intellectual pursuits now limited to the few. I saw a healthy, rich humanity organizing everywhere its universities—its sources of mental development. In my enthusiasm I saw a million universities scattered over the globe, and the means of solving the great problem of human destiny.

After the first hour of astonishment and mental tumult, I took my book under my arm and rushed to Frau Varnhagen, that luminous spirit to whom I wished first to communicate my joy. On entering, I exclaimed: “Here is a work which contains a new and gigantic idea.” I opened at the page and showed her the words in large letters: “Attractive Industry,—*Labor dignified and rendered attractive.*” Watching her expression as she read it over, I was disappointed not to see in her face that wonder and admiration I had expected. Continuing her reading further on, she came across a criticism on the subversions of society: a world invertedly organized, in which all the principles of normal organization were violated. This was the part which particularly struck her. “I have said this a thousand times,” she exclaimed. “I know that this world is in a false state, and that society is upside down,” and she dwelt with as

much emphasis on this conception as I had on that of Industrial Reform. We were at once in unison on the originality of Fourier's genius, and we read his works together with the greatest enthusiasm. Then we began a vigorous propaganda in the world around us. We pitched into Herr Varnhagen, expecting to make a ready convert, but met with only partial success. While he looked upon Fourier's ideas with a certain degree of approbation, he was far from that enthusiasm which seemed to me the only frame of mind worthy of such a subject. We then opened our batteries on the men of thought in our social circles, still under the delusion that such sublime ideas had but to be presented to be seized with avidity. What, then, was my surprise to find that these men, whose whole intellectual lives had been devoted to the old philosophical theories, remained indifferent to everything in the shape of new ideas. They did not perceive any originality in what we presented; they did not appreciate the importance of what I might call the philosophy of labor—the philosophy of the material interest of men and a complete change in the system governing them. This mental obtuseness, as it seemed to us, made Madame Varnhagen and myself militant disciples of Fourier in all the circles in which we moved. Everywhere we advocated the new ideas and sought to impress them on reflecting minds.

I should mention here that I was a subscriber to the St. Simonian paper, *Le Globe*, and that on my return to Berlin I had put it in the principal coffee-house of the city, kept by Herr Stehle. It thus reached a large number of citizens, and was read for three months before the police awoke to its "dangerous" character, which discovery led to its suppression. The reading of this paper had produced some slight impression on the public, and it began to be talked about. Following upon

this came the rather vehement propaganda of Madame Varnhagen and myself, which added to the interest already awakened on social questions, and by the end of the winter we had created such a movement that we had drawn upon ourselves the attention of the police. I was then located on Friederich Strasse, and a police agent was stationed opposite my windows, constantly on the watch to see what was going on. I was informed that everybody who visited me was known.

This little movement in Berlin, the placing of *Le Globe* in Stehle's coffee-house on the one hand, and on the other the propaganda carried on among the superior minds by Madame Varnhagen and myself, did not at that time seem to me of very special importance. I little dreamed then of the extent of the influence exercised and of the important results that were to follow—of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

As pertinent to the subject of police complications, I may relate another little episode of this period.

A gentleman called upon me one evening, introducing himself as Samuel G. Howe; having heard that I was an American, he had called for the pleasure of meeting a fellow-countryman. I greeted him cordially, and we spent the evening in conversation on subjects of mutual interest. Mr. Howe had come from unhappy Poland, whither, as President of the Polish Committee in Paris, he had gone to distribute funds to the revolutionary army of that struggling country. On taking leave of me he said that he was staying at the Hotel de Rome. A day or two afterwards I went to the hotel to return Mr. Howe's call, when one of the servants, whom I knew, told me with a mysterious air that the police had been there the night before, watching all night at his door; that in the morning they forced him to open it, and that he supposed they had taken him to prison. I imme-

diately started off on a round of visits to the different prisons of the city, and at last found the one in which Mr. Howe was incarcerated. Upon inquiry as to the cause of his arrest, all that I could learn was "incendiarism." Feeling it incumbent upon me to do something to find out the merits of this gentleman's case, I looked up a lawyer, and upon consultation learned that according to Prussian law no man could be held prisoner thirty days without a hearing; that he had a right to be tried on the charges made, and to offer his defense. Thus armed, I went to the Minister of the Interior and asked for an audience. I was ushered into a large, official-looking room, where, after a few moments of waiting, the Minister appeared—a small, thin man, very ceremoniously dressed, who, as soon as he learned my errand, launched out into a violent denunciation of "these men who are disturbers of the peace."

"Sir," I said, "you have incarcerated an American citizen; I would like to know why?" "He is here to foment disorders," he replied. "What has he done?" I urged. But my nervous little diplomatic antagonist would vouchsafe no satisfaction other than vague general accusations of "incendiarism." "By the law of your country," I ventured, "every man is entitled to a hearing upon the charges made against him: I request that this man be heard at once." His ministerial highness, now becoming enraged at my audacity, answered back in a violent manner that he should use his own judgment in the matter, and protect his government against all such suspicious individuals. Then I, in turn, grew violent. Said I, "You shall liberate this man within twenty-four hours, or give a good reason for not doing so; as an American citizen I demand either his hearing or his release at once." Finding me determined to stand my ground, and irrepressible in my effort to out-argue him, the

little man rushed indignantly from the room, while I hurled after him a parting imprecation with the words: "Your prisoner must be liberated in twenty-four hours!" Calling at the prison the next day, I learned that Mr. Howe had that night been taken away. I could learn nothing further, and a day or two passed in uncertainty as to what next I should do. At last I received a letter from Mr. Howe, stating that they had taken him out of prison, put him into a one-horse wagon with straw on the bottom and no seat; that he had lain there and been driven he knew not whither. Finally he reached the journey's end, when they set him down, telling him that he was on the Belgian frontier, and to go, with the advice never to return to Prussia. His letter requested me to go to his room, No. 24, Hotel de Rome, and get some papers which, in the precipitancy of his departure, he had thrust into the head of a plaster bust of Frederick the Great, standing on the top of a great porcelain stove, and to transmit them to him at Paris, in care of General La Fayette. I went to the hotel, got a servant to conduct me to the room, and, taking down the bust, thrust my hand into the hollow head, where, sure enough, I found a bundle of documents, which I dispatched to Paris as requested.

This episode rather aggravated my already doubtful reputation, and brought me under a closer observation on the part of the police; still I was not molested, and the constant supervision of one or two police agents affected me very little.

CHAPTER VI.

THE following are some of the points in Fourier's theory which struck me with particular force as being entirely out of the track of accepted principles of thought, as contradictions of the past, and as opening new vistas of the social future of humanity. First, his idea of attractive industry, bearing directly on the material interests of men. The idea that the productive labors of mankind—those of agriculture, mining, manufactures, etc.—now so repulsive, so monotonous, so wearing to mind and body, and so degrading to those engaging in them, can be dignified and rendered attractive, certainly appears on the surface one of the most chimerical. Still, Fourier did not undertake to do this by any abstract, imaginative means, by persuasion or appeals to moral duty: his process is an entirely new and practical organization of those labors. It is by a minute division of their details; by convenient and labor-saving machinery; by healthy, even elegant workshops, where a certain refinement could be introduced, and scientific thought combined with the pursuits of industry; by short sessions of labor, and the prosecution of all its branches by groups of persons united in taste and in sympathy of character, thus bringing the play of the sentiments into industry, and identifying the social and productive life of man; lastly, by a clear appreciation on the part of humanity of the importance of these labors as regards their influence on the cultivation of the globe, and, through that cultivation, on the whole economy of our planet, its climates, etc.

We have already examples of efforts on the part of society to render certain pursuits attractive. War, for instance, is one of the most brutal of occupations, and yet it is engaged in voluntarily—by the officers, at least. And why? Because it has been the path to distinction, to honors, and to social position. It has been a field in which men could display heroism and genius; the function has been embellished with beautiful uniform, with music, celebrated by the song of the poet, the benediction of the priest, the conferring of orders by the sovereign: all these incentives have been brought to bear to dignify war in the eyes of men, and to render its pursuit so far attractive as to induce them to engage in it voluntarily.

Among our civil pursuits, take commerce and banking—in themselves monotonous, and entailing a vast deal of nervous strain; yet they are engaged in under the allurements of fortune and social position. Then, too, everything has been done to beautify the counting-house and the warehouse, so that the men who pass their time there may be surrounded with as much of elegance and comfort as possible.

Now, if productive industry can be organized in like manner, uniting all the advantages of scientific and mechanical invention; and if in addition we bring to bear, especially in agriculture, the charm of a highly developed and beautified nature, we can render the productive industries of the world attractive, and also make them the great avenues to fortune and position.

The first result I saw flowing out of this new organization was the abolition of class distinctions: the upper classes are now separated from the lower classes because, seeking to acquire wealth without engaging in its laborious production, they must throw the burthen on the masses, and by some device filch out of them the profits of their labor. I saw the upper classes engaged

voluntarily in productive industry, and becoming the true leaders of the world, instead of its oppressors. I saw the disappearance of that painful anomaly in human society, an intelligent class of industrial directors living virtually in idle ease at the expense of a vast, ignorant multitude, bent under the toilsome, falsely organized—hence repulsive—labors of our civilization. I saw the host of non-producers engaged in production, and social justice and equality established in this great field of human activity. I saw universal wealth preparing the way to, and supplying the means of, universal education; universal education leading to universal refinement and elevation; and all these influences combining to realize a practical unity in society. I then saw how the lower strata of society, which from the beginning of history had been so degraded, would gradually rise until brought up to the level of true human dignity. I saw a convergence of interests, a unity of purpose, a common aim for the elevation and happiness of mankind. True, the inexperience and enthusiasm of youth lent wings to my vision at that time: years have shown me that all evolution is slow, especially human evolution; and while my faith is still firm in the ultimate destiny of humanity, I nevertheless realize that its approach is gradual, and that the glories of which I dreamed in my youth are still in a far future.

The point that most particularly interested me then was the immensely increased power that mankind would attain for the development of the sciences; for I was haunted by the desire of solving those problems for which I had undertaken the study of the philosophies of France and Germany. With the reign of universal wealth I saw the means of the highest scientific development and leisure for millions to engage in scientific studies.

An argument that I was fond of rehearsing to myself in proof

of the principle of attraction in productive industry was this : there must be unity of system in nature, and if that logic of the universe which lies at the basis of the plan of nature has given man an attraction for the enjoyment of all the products of labor, such as good food, fine clothes, comfortable homes, the fine arts, etc., it must likewise have given him an attraction for their production. Had nature intended that repulsion and constraint should reign in the material life of man, she would have made his food disagreeable to the taste, so that he would eat with disgust. To be in keeping with such a discordant principle, the beautiful blue of the heavens, so grateful to the eye, should be changed to black, and the whole of our terrestrial existence be rendered sad and gloomy to be consistent with this repulsion for productive labor. In short, if repulsion existed normally in one great sphere of man's activity, it should exist everywhere ; logically, it could only be a part of one universal principle : for—

“ The very law that molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law maintains the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.”

Hence, I argued : If man enjoys material luxury ; if he gazes on the blue heavens with delight ; if the green fields and their fruits are a pleasure to him,—it cannot be otherwise than that the material labor in which he engages to produce material good should also be attractive. The only question is to discover the true organization of those labors which will be adapted to his spiritual tastes, to the requirements of the senses, the intellect, and the moral sentiments. It is by scientific organization that this great result is to be brought about, by method and order and the proper adaptation of means to ends. If our pleasures were carried on in the same way that our labors are, they too

would become repulsive. An Opera that should last twelve or fourteen hours, or a ball continued for an equal length of time, would become in the end excessively tiresome and repulsive. Yet it is thus that manual labor is prosecuted all day long in dirty, dreary workshops, or in lonesome fields with scarcely a moment of respite that is not stolen, and not a thought of comfort—scarcely of well-being. How could labor be otherwise than repulsive under such circumstances? And yet men believe this state of things normal, and reconcile it with general principles by quoting the curse which, it is affirmed, was imposed on man for his disobedience in the Garden of Eden. Labor, according to such reasoning, so far from being honorable, is the disgraceful penalty of a curse imposed by the Almighty on His defenseless creatures.

Another declaration of Fourier's which fixed my deep attention was that regarding the forces of the human soul—the motors which impel man to action. These have always been regarded as tending spontaneously to evil, to discord, to violence, selfishness, and the thousand vices and crimes with which the world is rife. Why is this? Fourier answers: because they are developed under the influence of a false social order; under institutions wholly unsuited to them. In this state of perversion or misdirection they can but act abnormally and produce the moral evils which reign in our society. Establish true social institutions—institutions in harmony with the laws of organization in creation (and consequently in harmony with the spiritual forces which are in harmony with that creation), and we shall see them producing as high a degree of harmony as they now produce of discord. It is the constant violation and perversion to which the social passions are subject in our present

societies which cause the moral discords, the vices, the crimes, and the myriad disorders to which they give rise.

Our great teachers of all times—the theologians, the philosophers and the churchmen—considering actual social institutions as normal and permanent, have blamed not society, but man, for the disorders that reign and have reigned: hence the moral theories which have flooded the world, undertaking to adapt the human soul to the short-sighted, arbitrary laws and institutions of human invention, instead of seeking to comprehend the constitution of that soul and to adapt the external environment to its nature and requirements. Even in the enlightened present day, of which so much boast is made, do thinkers perceive the falseness of our social system—its non-adaptation to the principles of unity and harmony—to human nature? No! They believe, as men have always believed, that existing institutions are right and that the laws that govern human action are just: it is man alone who is vicious and “prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward.”

Nevertheless, a change is coming, and down-trodden humanity will finally attain to the full stature of manhood. For thousands of years it was believed that the sun revolved around the earth. Three centuries ago this error was exposed, to the great discomfiture of the Church; and for many years men denied the demonstrated fact; but it prevailed at last. So it will be in this modern controversy between society and man. It is now supposed that man must be subordinated to social institutions whatever they may be—and they are forever changing according to the caprice, the calculation, or the enlightenment of the body politic. It is an error to be exploded. We must learn to look upon the psychological nature of man as a force, or system of forces, requiring an external mechanism suited to it. We do not con-

struct steam-engines according to our fancies, but to suit the demands of the force destined to act through them; we do not make musical instruments in conformity with preconceived ideas of symmetry and beauty, but in strict harmony with their requirement. If those psychical forces which Fourier calls passions produce all the discords of which society is the spectacle, it is no more their fault than it would be that of the genius of a Beethoven producing only discord with a defective instrument or a badly trained orchestra.

We see the high degree of harmony of which the musical faculty is capable when properly developed and provided with fitting instruments. Why, asks Fourier, should not all the faculties of the soul be susceptible of harmony—even the moral faculties, love, ambition, etc.? The art and science of music are but the external expression of the musical faculty; in like manner the institution and laws of society should be the external expression of the modes of action of the soul. He then presents in glowing colors his conception of the normal order of society perfectly adapted to the nature of man, wherein these psychical motors will evolve that complex and brilliant harmony which he calls "Passional Harmony." At the same time Fourier disclaims all resort to personal fancies or preconceptions on this subject. There is, he affirms, a great law of distribution, order and harmony underlying the phenomena of the universe: it is this law which is the model of all organization. It manifests itself externally in nature according to the various spheres in which it governs. It is for the human mind to discover this law and take it as guide in the creation of the social organism.

Thus, with the attraction of the human soul on the one hand (the expression of its natural modes of actions), and the organic

law of creation, which he calls *The Law of the Series*, on the other hand, Fourier elaborates a new order of society.

It is interesting to remark in this connection how emphatically he condemns every semblance of speculation. In a hundred places in his works he asserts that he gives no theory of his own. "It is not by speculation and theorizing," he says, "that men are to discover the normal organization of society: it is by going back to the eternal laws in nature. From the beginning of history we have had the artificial, speculative creations of man; hundreds of forms of social organization devised by human reason; and they have all alike been capricious and false. Let men now study the question from a scientific standpoint: if my plan is defective or false in details or as a whole, let those interested in the welfare of mankind correct it by studying nature's laws and deducing from them the true plan of social organization."

These views of Fourier produced a great revolution in my mind. The darkness which had rested on human destiny was dissipated; light began to shine in. In the application of law to the social organism I saw an invariable guide for the mind in the great work of social reconstruction; I saw a scientific certainty taking the place of all the blind, futile efforts of human reason which had so long failed in its legislative work.

This was the first gleam of intellectual satisfaction which had come to me.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the month of May, 1832, I left Berlin for Paris, impatient to meet the great Fourier—this man who had given me a first glimpse into human destinies.

A circle of Fourierists had already been formed, and a weekly paper started, called *La Réforme Industrielle*. The office of the paper was at No. 5, Rue Joquelet. I found there Jules Le Chevalier, who, on the disruption of the St. Simonian society which followed Bazard's death, had joined Fourier and his disciples, the two oldest of whom were Juste Muiron and Victor Considérant. Lechevalier informed me that Fourier was in the private office, and passed in before me to ask permission to introduce me. In another moment I was ushered into Fourier's presence.

I found a man about sixty years of age, of medium height, slenderly built, though broad across the shoulders. Naturally, it was his face and head that fixed my attention; and to describe these in a few words, I will say that he had much the physiognomy of Dante. It was more massive, with less of that Italian delicacy which we see in the poet; but there was a striking resemblance between Fourier's face and a portrait of Dante I had seen in Italy, which had been discovered on a wall where it had long been concealed under coats of plaster. Fourier had a large gray eye, the pupil of which was so small that it seemed a mere pin-point. This gave great intensity to his look. The nose was rather aquiline, and the corners of the large mouth

curved downward—the lion mouth. This, with a strong, firm chin, completed a fixed, abstract, settled expression of countenance. The head was remarkably round, almost a sphere; the brow large, slightly retreating, formed a regular arch. The *ensemble* of the face expressed great intensity; and I may remark here that during the subsequent three years of my association with Fourier I never saw him smile. He was very reserved in his conversation, scarcely ever spoke of his theory, and always avoided entering into explanations of its more abstruse parts. He would speak at times of the practical theory—that relating to the organization of association; but he never entered into explanations regarding the laws of social organizations. I think he saw all these great laws in the abstract as a vision, and he would not condescend to a familiar exposition of them adapted to the intelligences around him.

“There are the books,” he would say, “explanations can be found there.” I remember asking him on one occasion why he had not given solutions of some higher questions of a cosmic order. He answered: “*Les civilisés* have their feet in the mud; they are not capable of understanding these higher doctrines.” Still, there was no assumption whatever of superiority, not the slightest trace of vanity in his bearing; it was a simple reserve which rendered him unapproachable. Any familiar conversation with him was out of the question. I saw him among his disciples; I saw him at dinner-parties; I saw him at the society’s celebrations, but never did I see that concentrated expression of the face change. I recall vividly the impression this great reserve made upon me the first time I met him, although he received me with a certain affability. My introduction as an American caused him to remark in his quaint way that he had met Americans at Marseilles in his youth, and had

generally been impressed with their inability to comprehend the natural goodness of man. "I found your countrymen a rather superstitious people," he said.

Seeing this impenetrability of Fourier, and desiring very much to get into intimate relations with him, I proposed that he should give me lessons on his theory—certain parts of which I had not fully comprehended from his works. To this he consented.

Fourier was in very moderate circumstances: the fortune which he had inherited when young was lost in the French Revolution, and he had never had time, he said, to repair it. I took these lessons twice a week—in all twelve—at five francs a lesson. I would spend with him an hour at a time, sometimes asking questions, sometimes talking generally on problems of social science. Certain solutions which he gave me I wrote down, but they were not much fuller or more complete than those contained in his works. I discovered later that his *Theory of Laws* had to be carefully and profoundly studied in order to penetrate to the bottom and understand it clearly.

During these lessons, and in the conversations which often followed, there came up occasionally subjects of great interest, when Fourier would, as it were, lose himself in the brilliancy of his imagination.

Once our conversation turned on the immortality of the soul. Fourier was no materialist. He did not believe in Force and Matter alone, as do so many thinkers of our day who are overwhelmed with the knowledge they have obtained of the material universe and its forces. He accepted the great intuitions of humanity, and among them that of immortality, though his conceptions on this subject were very different from those generally entertained based more or less on old theological or philosophical doctrines. To begin with, he believed our globe, like all the

globes of the universe, to be compound in its constitution and organization. He believed that around every globe there exists an atmosphere of forces—forces as numerous and various as are the material elements of the universe which chemistry has revealed to us. He calls these forces “Aromas.” Now, around our globe is an aromal world, and when the physical body dies, the soul with its nervous body—its aromal body—passes into this aromal region, and there lives a life of a much higher order as regards power and spiritual capacity in all directions. On the earth the soul is encased in a material envelope in order that it may live in and act on material nature. Its function here is to take charge of the terrestrial surface, of the vegetable and animal kingdom; to cultivate and embellish that surface; to develop those kingdoms, and, as final result, to establish the reign of order and harmony throughout nature. The soul being a supreme force, a force feeling intuitively and comprehending all the harmonies of the universe, its earthly function is to develop and perfect Nature, thus elevating her to unity with the principle of harmony in creation. When it passes away from this earth into what may be called the dynamic world, it fulfills functions analogous to those executed here, but of a much higher character. Fourier looked upon life here as man’s inferior state, and compared it sometimes to sleep. Death is an awakening! he would say. The form of the aromal body, according to him, is not at all the form of our earthly body which is strictly adapted to our earthly wants. In the aromal world, the form will be spherical.

One of the arguments which Fourier offers in support of his theory on the immortality of the soul is that, “Attractions are proportional to Destinies.” Wherever there appears a permanent attraction in any species of animal—an attraction which

is normal, not the product of a perverted mode of life—that attraction is true and points to a profound truth. If the reindeer is destined to live in the north amid the snows and ice, his attractions are for that region. The attraction of immortality, therefore, which has existed in all time throughout the human race, was a fundamental indication to him of the truth of the intuition. Every attraction in man that is normal and original is an indication of his social function and destiny.

Going beyond the sphere of this earth, Fourier described to me the destinies of the soul when it had left our globe completely—that is, its aromal sphere. “The soul did not originate on this globe,” he said, “it has had an existence through the past. If we call it into existence for the first time here, we are very near thinking that it will end here. It has gone through a long series of evolutions to arrive at its present stage of development; and after leaving the aromal sphere of its own globe it passes through the planetary worlds of the solar system, going from planet to planet in the ascending scale, and performing in each the functions belonging to it. It thus passes through a hierarchy of worlds, acquiring experience and power as it rises. When it has acquired all the experience possible on the planets of the solar system, it then enters the sun, which is a magnificent solid body, surrounded by an atmosphere of light. The sun is inhabited like the planets, but it is a world of a far superior order. Here the soul enters upon a still higher career; where all the faculties with which it is endowed are called into full play. Then, having gained all the experience and development that is possible in the center of its own system, it is promoted to the rank of Citizen of the Universe, with the privilege of passing from sun to sun and visiting the infinite variety of worlds which the telescope reveals to us.”

The magnificence of Fourier's description was bewildering! The possible grandeur and glories of the great suns of the universe, each one fulfilling the high functions assigned to it in the great hierarchy of worlds! "There are suns," he said to me, "the diameters of which defy human calculation." He spoke of the spiritual harmonies of the universe; of the association of souls, and of their intelligent co-operation in carrying out the plan of universal order.

That which appealed most forcibly to my imagination in all this splendor of description was the progressive development of souls on the planets of their own system and its sun, followed by their promotion to the citizenship of the universe, with the power of traveling by aetherial communication from sun to sun, according to attraction. The sublime privilege of participating in the life of the universe; conscious of the Cosmic Spiritual life; conscious of an order reigning in it; conscious of its vast association; feeling its divine life; living its divine life—all of which are hidden to us in our present state of social ignorance and darkness on this earth—overwhelmed me.

I have described this conversation very inadequately; but I went out from the presence of Fourier so deeply impressed with his magnificent vision, that life on earth seemed to me utterly empty. For days after I was possessed with the strongest desire to get away from this world and to be able by some means to participate in that grand, Cosmic life. In crossing the streets, I hardly took the trouble to keep from under the feet of the horses: it seemed to me of little consequence should I be run over, so absorbed was I in my desire to get to those grander spheres. After a while the impression wore off, and I came back to my normal, matter-of-fact condition; but that experience enabled me to conceive the religious exaltations of the

past, where a fervent faith had revealed the glories of the spiritual vision.

I will speak briefly of the influences which led Fourier to conceive the necessity of an integral, social reform. He began his business experience in his father's counting-house where he had occasion to remark many of the characteristics of trade. Personal attraction would have led him to the career of an engineer, but he had yielded to his father's wish and devoted himself to commerce. He was first engaged in a large establishment in the city of Lyons; from there he entered a shipping-house at Marseilles.

At the beginning of the Revolution, when provisions were getting scarce, this house had monopolized the rice of that city and hidden it away; but while awaiting a rise in price it rotted on its hands. Had the starving population been aware of the fact, they would naturally have sacked the warehouse. Upon Fourier fell the charge of throwing this rotten food of a starving population, secretly, by night, into the dock. His commercial career brought continually to his notice the frauds, monopolies, adulterations, dishonest schemes and tricks of commerce; till, finally, he took such an intense hatred of this false business world that he began speculating on a means for its reform. His speculations led him to see the necessity of some form of associative action in the operations of purchases and sales. The idea of industrial association was thus presented to his mind—the initial step in the great system finally elaborated.

On the death of his father he invested his fortune in colonial products and went back to Lyons. When that city was besieged by the republican army, his goods were confiscated and he was drafted into the army; becoming thus a witness of, as well as a sufferer in, the terrible drama of the French Revolu-

tion. He even came very near being numbered among its victims.

The contemplation of this great event, full of such gigantic excesses, impressed him profoundly with the radical falseness of our civilization. Either a malignant power governed this earth and controlled its destinies, or humanity had not discovered the true social order! This reflection led him to set up over against the evil that reigns on the earth, the Cosmic Wisdom which ought to reign; and he began to question whether it was want of genius on the part of man to discover the principles of a true social order, or whether there was no wisdom in the universe applicable to human society.

Such were the main points in Fourier's reasoning. He told me himself, that when he became convinced that the only means of attaining a normal social organization was by the association of human beings in their labors and interests, he was overpowered by the difficulties that confronted him. Imbued with the prevailing prejudices regarding the incompatibility of individual characters and reasoning upon the accepted theory that the passions tended to conflict and discord, the first idea presenting itself was, that beings brought into associative relations would be in perpetual antagonism, owing to diversities of character. He then set to work to ascertain whether there might not be some means of harmonizing the characters of men; whether, in a word, there was a law of passional harmony. He began this investigation, he told me, in 1798, and labored at it intermittently for six years. At last he discovered, as he believed, and as he has set forth in his works, the law which governs the actions of the human passions, their development and their play in society. It is his law of the Series,—“The Series of Groups, contrasted, rivalized and interlaced.” These are his technical expressions.

The law is that which underlies *all distribution, co-ordination, and arrangement in the universe so far as the creations on the earth reveal the law, and so far as it is revealed in the classifications discovered by man ; especially in music, the only one of the arts yet fully developed.*

It is of course impossible to enter into any adequate description of the law here. It would require a treatise. I will merely add that when the varieties of any whole (the notes of music, the colors of the prism, the varieties of an animal species), are to be co-ordinated and arranged so as to co-operate harmoniously or hold in classification their proper position and relation, it is the law of the Series of Groups which we find at the basis : it is the law of universal equation and equilibrium ; the law governing the adjustment of parts, so as to produce order and unity in the whole—the phenomena of which it underlies.

Contrasting the conflict between beings in human society with the order which reigns in the universe, Fourier laid down the principle that if attraction governs in the latter it should also govern in the former ; that instead of resorting to restraint, repression, and suppression to compel the passions to adapt themselves to existing institutions, the institution should be adapted to them so as to afford every facility for their development and normal action. He proclaimed *Attraction*, then, as the law governing the universe, and demanded its application to human society. With this he banishes the vast machinery of repression both physical and spiritual : the scaffolds and prisons as well as the hells and the purgatories, and establishes in their stead an order adapted to the real nature of man—to the development of those forces in the soul which shall lead him to obey spontaneously the principles of justice, dignity, moral grandeur, devotion, and heroism.

The disciples of Fourier, as I have said, commenced a general exposition of his ideas through a weekly paper, *La Réforme Industrielle*. Later on a wealthy Englishman, Arthur Young, who had been converted to Fourier's doctrines through the reading of his works, made to the society the munificent gift of 400,000 francs. With this sum a daily paper was started—*La Démocratie Pacifique*, which continued advocating and spreading the doctrine of social reorganization until 1852, when, under the Napoleonic régime, it was suppressed. This paper continued, in a sense, the great work commenced by the St. Simonians; although the Fourierists abstained from all theorizing on the subject of religion or on minor changes in social institutions. Its great object was the organization of the collective life of man on strictly scientific principles.

I remained some time in Paris studying the various parts of Fourier's theory, and discussing with his disciples the principles of their application. Certain parts appeared to me extravagant, and I combated them at the time with a good deal of energy; though with Fourier there was no questioning—he entered into no controversies. As I had freer access to him during my lesson-hours than was usual ordinarily, some of his disciples, I remember, wished me to obtain for them information on certain points concerning the Law of the Series; but I never had much success. He said to me one day: "People want solutions on these grand questions, I will not give them! Let them organize a practical association first, then all these things will be shown to them." He was the least of a personal propagandist of any man I ever met.

I was troubled at that time by many things in Fourier which I did not understand and could not accept, but I came finally to separate his doctrines into two distinct parts: his personal intu-

itions and speculations, and his deductions from the Law of the Series—for Fourier's fertile mind was full of the strangest fancies, the most far-fetched conceptions on every conceivable subject in the universe. There was no sphere into which he did not enter, and oftentimes with results as astonishing as they are striking in their logical appeals to the reader's common sense. More poetic prose I have never read. On the other hand, never has an author so irresistibly excited my laughter. I remember reading his first work, *The Four Movements*, one day while traveling in a stage-coach: it produced such an effect, such paroxysms of laughter, that I had to put my head out of the coach-window that my fellow-travelers might not notice my excitement.

Those were happy days,—days of faith and of enthusiasm, when material obstacles were but straws to be blown to the winds before the vehemence of youth under the inspiration of a grand idea! I remember Considérant rushing into the office one day,—a red fez cap, which I had given him to wear to a masked ball a few days before, on his head,—and throwing down upon the sofa a bag of money: "There," he exclaimed, "is enough to go on with for some time yet! In twenty years we shall be in Constantinople!" Fourier's idea was that Constantinople would ultimately become the capital of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the spring of 1834 I returned to the United States and to my native village. But few changes had taken place during my six years' absence. There was no change in the spirit of the people : everything moved on in that dwarf-like way characteristic of a small town. The first and most singular impression that I experienced was that all the buildings, public and private, had dwindled in size. The old mill and the court-house, formerly possessing for me such ample proportions, now assumed an air of insignificance incomprehensible : I could not understand how I had made such a mistake regarding their size earlier in life.

I had now completed the first cycle in my mental development, which I may sum up finally. The first fact in this cycle was the intuition of the boy of fifteen that the individual formed one with his race ; that humanity was a collective whole, which whole had some great work to do, in which the individual should participate, and that his highest duty was to fill his place in the ranks of the great hierarchy. The second fact was the conviction of the emptiness of the highest philosophical speculation of the age. The third was the importance of woman in the social world, her immense influence on the development of man, and through him on the development of the entire social system. Combined with this was the conception of the real character of wealth and the means of its production, which two conceptions came to me through impressions made by my travels in Turkey and Greece. The fourth was the idea of a classification of human

societies : an analysis of the civilizations of Europe and America, with the simple system of the Indian and the barbaric system of the Turks, led me to distinguish between the great social organism as a whole and one of its branches—the political—and to see how little the political organization, alone, could affect the practical and general life of a people living in these different civilizations ; to see that the political system was, so to speak, a dress over the body social, and that the dress could not affect the health or disease of this body. I saw disease—that is, false organization—everywhere. I saw republican vestments, monarchical vestments, despotic vestments, or, as among the Indians, nakedness (for they have, so to speak, no political system thrown over their diseased or imperfect social bodies). I saw that, so far from being cured, the evils were but slightly alleviated by the character of the vestments. The fifth was my discovery of the great creation of Fourier : his conception of a new social order, in which the practical interests and relations of men should be organized on principles of justice and equity ; in other words, on those laws of order which reign in all realms of creation : when the passions, normally developed, acting freely according to their inherent nature, shall guide man to good and result in social harmony. In Fourier's theory I found a hypothesis which explained what I had been seeking to discover,—a just and wise organization of human society.

Here ended the first cycle in my intuitional researches, and the effort of my conscious reason to explain them.

I returned to America with my health considerably impaired. I was in a state of great nervous prostration, attributable probably to mental labors out of proportion to my age ; also, in a degree, I think, to the atmosphere of Europe, less oxygenized than that which I had been accustomed to in my native land. It

required four years for me to recuperate sufficiently to be able to undertake the work I had at heart, namely, the presentation to the American people of those principles of social reorganization with which I had myself become imbued. Meanwhile, however, I spread the ideas incidentally as far as was possible ; I talked to everybody I met about them, but I wrote nothing of importance until 1838.

At this time the great controversy in relation to the Bank of the United States was going on. The Democratic party wanted to restrict our paper currency and replace it by a specie currency. I was led to investigate the question by hearing it constantly discussed, and in 1835 I read Gouge's book on Banking, an ample treatment of the question from the Democratic point of view. Having read this work and followed the general discussions in the press, I came to the conclusion, after a certain amount of reflection, that specie currency, gold and silver, was an artificial and false currency ; that it had been employed by man as a necessity in the early stages of society because he did not know how to discover a true currency, and had been continued from the influence which social habits exercise on men. I conceived then what I believed to be a general principle governing man's social action. Nature furnishes him with certain primitive instrumentalities which he uses in the beginning of his social career : she gives him, for instance, the horse, the camel, the ox, as carriers ; his function is, by his own reason, by his genius, to create the locomotive, and to replace the rude roadway of instinct, which is the simple leveling of the earth, by the railway. Instinct suggests the simple needle ; genius invents the sewing-machine. The hour-glass is the precursor of the chronometer ; a log, hollowed out into a canoe, is the precursor of the steamship. Upon the same principle, man requir-

ing a unitary representative of wealth, that is, a representative sign that would stand for all the products of labor, took by instinct the metals that were the rarest and the most valuable, and the quantities of which could not easily be increased; and so strong has been the influence of habit and of prejudice in favor of these so-called precious metals, together with the abuses which arose with the first efforts to establish a paper currency—a currency created by the human mind—that men have continued the use of gold and silver. I saw that a currency should be created which would truly represent the products of labor—man's only real wealth. Place a man, I reasoned, on a desert island where there are none of the products of labor, neither food nor shelter; then suppose a shipwreck to have thrown barrels of gold and silver at his feet: would these precious metals have any more value for him than the pebbles on the shore? Of what value could they be where there were no products for which they could be exchanged? Whereas, if the island were a scene of labor and production, plenty of means of exchange could be discovered, notwithstanding the total absence of gold and silver.

I then set to work elaborating a plan for the creation of a currency that should fairly represent the products of industry and the labors of men: a currency that should be created by the state in a way to withdraw it from the monopoly of the banking classes and usurers, placing it at the command of the real interests of the country.

Happening to be at Hamburg, New York, one night, at the house of a gentleman whom I had interested in the subject, we decided to call a meeting to discuss the currency question. The meeting was called and I got up and explained my views as clearly as I could, endeavoring to show the evils of the prevail-

ing system and the need of a change. When I had finished, a lawyer of Buffalo, a Mr. Tillinghast, jumped up and began denouncing me as an immoral man. "You listen to this man!" said he. "Why, Mr. Brisbane is building a theater in Buffalo; he is an irreligious, immoral man." I admitted the charge, of course, but added that it made no difference what I was as a man, the simple question now before the meeting was currency. Finally, the question being put, whether the ideas presented by me were acceptable, the affirmative vote was unanimous.

In the spring of 1836 I called another meeting among the farmers of a neighboring town. At this meeting we got up a petition to the New York Legislature, and I went to Albany and presented it. It was treated with indifference—as a visionary scheme—and no action was taken on it. In all of that legislative body I gained but a single convert—a senator, whose name I forget, considered, I am glad to say, one of the ablest men in the State. I was surprised that such a body of men could not comprehend a principle which to me was self-evident, and that the monopoly of the currency by a class (the bankers) should be so unquestioningly permitted. I saw that they had it in their power either to give or to withhold credit, and that they really controlled the means by which all exchange of products took place; that they could produce not only disorders in the system of industrial circulation, but that also, in what is called *legal* usury as well as illegal usury, they levied a prodigious tax on the industry of the nation. Seeing that my currency theory produced no effect, I left it aside as a mere detail in the great work of social reconstruction. I continued, however, to write on the subject from time to time in the newspapers, and finally, in 1860, published a pamphlet in which I explained my theory quite elaborately.

To show the difficulty with which this money question is grasped, I will say that I gave a copy of my pamphlet to a banker of Buffalo, a Mr. Spaulding, who became one of the framers of the Greenback system soon after the breaking out of the civil war. The next time we met he remarked: "I have found some good things in your pamphlet." Some months later I met him a second time. "I have read your pamphlet again," he said, "and I find many points of interest which would surprise people if they would study the question carefully." I met him again later on, when he returned to the subject saying: "I have read your pamphlet a third time. I understand it now; but there are not five men in Buffalo who would comprehend it." This illustrates how difficult it is to get people to understand an idea outside of the beaten track of popular opinion.

At length came our civil war. The necessities of government led to the abolition of all the State banks, and to the creation of a currency by the United States, which national currency was furnished to the banks, started anew on the deposit of United States bonds. No interest was charged by the government on the currency thus loaned; on the contrary, it paid interest on its bonds to those banks which pledged them as collateral security. This was a measure introduced by Secretary Chase to induce a more ready purchase of the government bonds and to give them a higher value in the market, thus to secure to the nation the pecuniary means of prosecuting the war. It was an approach to the currency which I had proposed: it was made of paper, not of gold or silver, and its basis was the bonds of the United States—which bonds were secured by the entire property of the nation. Hence it was not the inherent value of two metals which constituted the guarantee of this new currency, but the bonds of the United States—the property-wealth of the

nation. Had one more step been taken, my original idea would have received half its solution. Had the government loaned its money direct to the people, to any and every citizen who would deposit the bonds of the nation as a security, instead of limiting its loan to the banks (who in turn lent to the people at a high rate of interest) the United States would possess to-day a very fair monetary system. But in our societies of class legislation, of monopolies and privileges, such a great step could not be taken; for men never take great steps unless pushed to them by dire necessity.

However, the conception of loaning money direct to the people, instead of allowing the banks to act as intermediaries, began gradually to dawn on the minds of many individuals, and the Greenback party was formed. It affirmed the principle that political justice and equity required the government to loan its currency direct to the people on the deposit of government bonds.

My original conception was that the state should organize vast dépôts for the reception of all the staple products of the country,—its grain, cotton, wool, etc., all articles of a non-perishable character,—and take the warehousing system out of the hands of individuals, who inflict on the producing classes such a vast amount of imposition; such as rating of inferior quality first-class articles, charging high storage, etc. I proposed that the state should itself become the intermediary between the producer and the consumer. The farmer would deposit his grain and take a certificate based on the value of the product stored; this certificate would become, in a sense, money, since, being issued under the sanction and guarantee of the state, it would represent what money should represent—the product of labor, rather than the intrinsic value of two metals,

or their artificial value based on their general acceptance as a circulating medium. If the monetary character of gold and silver should be abolished, these metals would probably fall to half their present value. Suppose, for instance, that the Banks of England and France were suddenly to throw their hundreds of millions on the market: what would be the real manufacturing value of all this "precious" metal for plate, jewelry, etc.? The delusions of our political economists with regard to gold and silver are a humiliating proof of the want of a fundamental analysis of a very simple problem.

I have already said that I published articles on the subject in various papers, among others in the *New York Tribune*. I tried hard to convert Greeley to the idea of a new currency, and that long before the institution of the Greenback system. My efforts, however, were vain; I could make no impression on his practical mind. Gold and silver were the deities of commerce and exchange; or, as Theodore Parker once defined them from his pulpit (reproving the selfishness of business men who upheld slavery in the name of the commercial prosperity of the country), "The golden eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent are God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!"

I must say, however, that a complete revolution on the currency question took place in Greeley's mind a few months before his death. Somebody, it seems, whose authority had weight, explained to him the principle of loaning direct to the people, and by his influence convinced Greeley of its practicability. He wrote three articles on the subject, at short intervals, in the *Tribune*, and those articles gave the first impetus to the formation of the Greenback party.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as I was able to take up my chief work, the propagation of social ideas, I undertook to form a group of workers in this field. By 1839 I had enlisted quite a number of earnest adherents. We organized a society, and I began lecturing in New York and Philadelphia or wherever an interest in the subject called me. I rented a large room on Broadway near Canal Street, which was our organized center, and where we had constant lectures and discussions, drawing together men of reform ideas and some radicals from among the political parties.

About this time I published my first volume, entitled "Brisbane on Association." This book led to the first great step toward the spread of Fourier's theory in the United States. I engaged Parke Benjamin to look over the proof-sheets—he being a practical journalist of wide experience—and requested him to indicate to me anything which he thought would be particularly out of tone with the general views of the public.

Talking over the subject together one day, and of the probable effect of the book on the public, he suddenly exclaimed: "There is Horace Greeley, just damned fool enough to believe such nonsense." "Who is Greeley?" I asked. "Oh, he's a young man upstairs, editing the *New Yorker*."

I took my book under my arm and off I went after Greeley. As I entered his room, I said, "Is this Mr. Greeley?" "Yes." "I have a book here I would like you to read." "I don't know

that I can now," he replied, "I am very busy." "I wish you would," I urged, "if you will, I will leave it." "Well," he said, "I am going to Boston to-night, and I'll take it along; perhaps I'll find time."

Greeley took the book with him and read it, and when he came back he was an enthusiastic believer in Industrial Association. He saw the practical side of the question and remarked often that it was industrial association, with its economies, its order, the proper adaptation of the various functions to the capacities and talents of those engaged in labor, which offered the true solution of the labor question. It is only thus, he would exclaim, that the miseries and sufferings of the lower classes can be alleviated. A familiar argument of Greeley's was: "Here is a woman who does not know how to keep house, but can do something else very well; let us organize a system of living that will dispense with the labors of four-fifths of the women now engaged in the kitchen; let us enable those who have no taste for cooking, or no aptitude that way, to find occupation in other branches of industry." In short, Greeley was deeply interested in the idea of spreading before the people a plan of industrial association. He at once offered to open to me his weekly paper, stating that he intended soon to establish a daily which he would also open to the exposition of the ideas. We got out the prospectus of a weekly to be devoted expressly to Association; we issued a circular as a specimen number and sent it all over the country.

The *Future* was the name of this paper, and I ran it, if I remember rightly, about two months; when, finding its circulation restricted, and Greeley having started his daily, the *Tribune*, I let it drop and made arrangements with him for a daily column in his paper. The *Tribune* had great success, and through it I spread the ideas broadcast over the whole country, gaining a

great number of adherents among certain classes : first among the working classes, especially the farmers.

There was at this time great depression in the commercial and industrial affairs of the country. It was a period of very hard times ; one of those crises which have so often taken place in the United States through over-speculation, over-credit, and artificial stimulants to schemes and enterprises. This financial state was well calculated to awaken the poor farmers to the hardships of their condition and to lead them to catch eagerly at any scheme for their relief.

I had also attracted what may be called the visionary class : men that were riding hobbies ; men seeking, through a dim intuition of the ideal, for something new. Finally, I gained a limited number of adherents among the really superior minds of the country—minds able to break through the limitations of habit, of the mere external observation of facts on the surface of things, the principles of which are accepted from youth, and unquestioned because of the want of sufficient analytic thought to penetrate into the falseness of what exists, and rise to the conception of the new. I gained a few such minds in all parts of the country.

While thus engaged on the *Tribune*, a journalist friend, John Moore, had started a small daily which he called the *Chronicle*, hoping to make it succeed by a system of cheap advertising. I went into his office in Nassau Street one day, and said : “ Moore, I will undertake the editorship of your paper if you will give me a city editor to manage the minor news department.” Those were the days when a small staff could manage a daily paper ; now it takes an army. My proposition was agreed to, and I went to work. I had a friend, Osborne Macdaniel, who aided me a good deal in my literary work : we two carried on the

paper, and in four months ran it up to a circulation of 4,000, which was considered at that time a great success. We advocated new ideas of all kinds: on railroad building, on commercial operations in various parts of the country, especially in the South. We touched on all the current questions of the day, including the currency question, and now and then launched out into religious questions.

Although the paper had not a large circulation, copies reached all parts of the country. We aroused the attention of the South by proposing a plan of commercial emancipation from the North, and the organization of a direct trade between the southern cities and Europe—especially for their cotton. We also excited a good deal of interest among certain railroad companies, whose roads had been stopped by the hard times, by suggesting a scheme which we claimed would enable them to obtain the means necessary to carry through their projects; we attacked the banking system; we showed up the frauds, the over-reaching, the lying and cheating, the adulterations and the monopolies of commerce. But our criticisms on religion were cautious: I held that it was not worth while to excite religious antipathies to the idea of an industrial reform. The great point to be gained was the organization of society on a true, practical basis. I saw that when once the material operations and relations of men were properly organized, opinions would modify themselves by the influence of a new life and a higher education.

We were of course not long in getting into controversies with the editors of the contemporaneous press, who fell upon us with merciless criticism. That, of course, enabled us to pitch into, criticise and ridicule them; which we did with a real zest. It was this editorial cross-firing which obtained for us some of our important allies in the press itself, as, for instance, Parke Godwin.

In my enthusiasm, and in the hope that a blow could be struck that would open men's minds to the necessity of re-organizing labor on a universal scale, I multiplied the means of publication: I wrote twice a week in a radical democratic paper called the *Plebeian*; I had control of a monthly magazine called, I think, the *Democrat* (published by John O'Sullivan), in which I wrote from time to time, and I wrote occasionally for the *Dial*, published by Emerson and his friends.

Thus was kept up a series of publications in various directions—my sole aid in this work being Macdaniel; and the impression that was made led me to anticipate happy results.

Arrived at this stage in my recital; having presented the means I employed in spreading the theory of Association, I will now state the general feeling or intuition which animated me in all this work; that is, the real object I had in view. A great vision floated before my mind: it was the universal association of humanity on this earth. I saw humanity united in a great whole—united in all the details of its material life: unity of language; unity in the means of communication; unity in all its enterprises, in its weights and measures, in its currency; concert and combination everywhere. I saw this associative humanity working with order, with concert, to realize some great purpose. I had a vivid conception of a great function as the destiny of this humanity; I saw the association of our globe and the humanities upon it with the Cosmic Whole to which they belong; I felt an intuitive pride in the great human race and an ambition to serve it—an ambition to be a part, however small or humble, in the vast organism.

To me, *personal* success was nothing. The ambitions of the men around me seemed small; the fierce struggles then going

on for partial reform, like temperance and abolition, seemed to be fragmentary and secondary; the policies, the conflicts of parties for merely personal ends, for money or for honors, seemed positively vile and degrading.

Far away in the distant future I saw a globe resplendently cultivated and embellished, transformed into the grandest and most beautiful work of art by the combined efforts of all humanity. I saw upon it a race developed, perfected by the continued influence, generation after generation, of true social institutions; a humanity worthy of that Cosmic Soul of which I instinctively felt it to be a part. I saw this resplendent humanity acting upon our globe: its reason, its spirit, its thought; I saw humanity itself operating in such order and harmony as to render it one; I saw it applying the same laws which govern the universe to its own life, and thus living under a cosmic or divine order. I saw it a child of God, a god itself upon its planet; and the old intuition which had led me to combat the cold atheism of my father, when I told him that there was something in the universe beyond our comprehension, was now becoming clearer. I saw on our globe, as on all the globes, these divine humanities carrying out in detail the incomprehensible harmonies of the universe.

But these intuitions and visions were for myself; I said nothing to the public about them.* When I advocated Association as a practical measure, when I showed that labor could be

* Although I feel that I must let this paragraph stand just as it was uttered, it is not without a personal protest. I cannot imagine Mr. Brisbane touching upon a subject so near his heart without presenting its ideal side. I never heard him handle any subject from the platform in any other way. It is easy to conceive that his utterances fell far short of the picture in his own mind, and that he himself imagined his presentations extremely tame and practical; but it is hard to believe that such was actually the case.—[R. B.]

dignified and rendered attractive, when I preached to men the pecuniary and the material advantages of association, I aimed to keep in unity with the state of public feeling, and I carefully avoided launching into those universal conceptions which I knew would pass for visionary if not for positive insanity. I thus, in my platform utterances, limited myself to what I considered practical and comprehensible, avoiding religious controversies, and attacking no institution of a purely moral order. I said nothing about marriage; nothing about the selfish spoliations of the rich; I avoided all appeals to class prejudices; I kept within the circle of what seemed to me the pivot of all ulterior success, violating none of what I may call the abstract, ideal prejudices of men.

Yet, notwithstanding all this precaution, the press and many of the clergy sniffed the danger: they perceived that domestic association would greatly change the relations of men and women—that it would free woman from the domestic drudgery and despotism to which she is now subjected. They felt, too, that the idea of attraction was directly opposed to the spirit of their theology, which looks upon man as a fallen and sinful creature, to be kept in order by constraint and the fear of future punishment; and they saw that their system of suppression and repression was thus made to appear a positive inversion of the Cosmic truth.

As a natural consequence I was a subject of constant attack by the papers of the city, especially the *Courier and Enquirer*, at the head of which was James Watson Webb. This gentleman, it must be admitted, respected but indifferently himself the moral precepts of society, yet he held me up as the representative of all kinds of immoralities; the advocate of a doctrine that would lead to the degradation of the race. Bennett,

baiting Greeley, took every occasion to attack the doctrines in order to throw obloquy on the editor of the *Tribune*. Other papers joined in, and soon I found myself in a conflict that threatened to jeopardize the movement itself. The doctrines of Association were treated as atheistic, immoral, tending to break up the family; as communistic doctrines, destroying individual property; as doctrines sinking the individual in the mass, and establishing a system of prosaic monasticism. The charges fell thicker and faster, the most absurd and the most contradictory, until finally I found myself in worse than a forest of hornets' nests.

Knowing all these editors personally, and in my simplicity believing their attacks to be actuated by honest convictions through ignorance of the system, I would call upon them and endeavor to present the subject in its true light, supposing that they required only to see the benefit and practical truth of the theories to accept them. What, then, would be my surprise on the following morning to see the doctrines of Association and their presumable results the subject of a renewed—even more furious—onslaught.

Gradually I came to be considered as an atheist, an advocate of theories subversive of all morality; as a fomenter of war between classes, and what not. No colors were too black in which to paint my character. For a while I endeavored to defend myself, but the attacks were so varied, the blows came from so many quarters at once, that I soon felt the impossibility of meeting them, and gave it up. Bowing to the necessity of things, I accepted the reputation thus made for me.

I have spoken of the means at my command for the propagation of these ideas: meetings were frequently held, especially in

the interior of the country, where a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused and a hope excited for some practical experiment. The motives actuating those interested in the movement were various: some were attracted by the prospect of improving their personal circumstances—from the desire to escape from a narrow, monotonous sphere of toil in which the spirit was sunk amid the material cares of an unorganized system of labor. Others were governed by ideas alone; they entered the field from a conviction of the necessity of a new and higher order of society, and from a sentiment of aversion for the evils which the falseness of our civilization entailed on mankind. Others, again, were disposed to regard associative life as favorable to the exercise of their own peculiar tendencies or ideas of personal liberty. Thus were brought together individuals of various spiritual complexions, all united in the one desire of the practical realization of the doctrines of Association. The *difficulties* of such an undertaking did not present themselves by the side of the ideal conception, and so great was the enthusiasm for an experiment, that organizations sprang up in different States under more or less imperfect conditions, both material and spiritual. There were in all about forty of these little trials made.

I was quite unprepared for this phase of the movement, for I had contemplated years of patient, careful propagation before the means of a single Association could be obtained. I felt that it would require a large amount of capital, and a thorough knowledge of the science of organization, to ensure success. I felt, too, my own practical incapacity in so great an undertaking, and advised the most methodical preparation in advance. But the different groups formed over the country were impatient: the principles seemed to them plain and easy, and, in spite of remonstrance, they formed their little Associations.

They possessed, none of them, either adequate capital or adequate numbers; they did not take time, even, to perfect the material part of their organization—to put up buildings, to acquire the elements of an industrial system, etc. The result was: men and women brought together under very imperfect conditions; diversities of opinion and the discords consequent thereon were soon engendered and these little Associations, after running through a brief existence, came to an inglorious end. The members separated, each going back to the isolated life from which he came. Metaphorically speaking, they were the notes of a social harmony relegated anew to an individual existence—hence beyond the possibility of discord; as in the distinct and separate touches of musical notes—there could be no dissonance, neither could there be any harmony. The Association which lasted the longest was the North American Phalanx, located near Red Bank, N. J. It was organized by some gentlemen in Albany with more capital, on a larger scale, and, also, perhaps, with more practical ability than any of the others. It lived about twelve years, from 1843 to 1855, when a combination of adverse circumstances—among others a large fire—brought it to a close.

From my own personal observation I will say that although the life of this little Association was far superior to that of the isolated household among the industrial classes, it was still without ideality; its organization was extremely incomplete. It was associative life, in its simple degrees possessing few charms other than social intercourse; it was a life of calm well-being, not one of enthusiastic action, and the faculties of the soul found there no adequate field. Although material causes led to its failure, I doubt whether it would have survived any length of time even had material prosperity continued. Towards the last, the imagination of many of its members began to picture the

broad, more independent fields of action in the great competitive life of the individual in civilization.

This shows clearly that unless associative life is completely organized, so that all the sentiments and faculties of the soul find their normal development and action therein, it cannot stand. In fact, it will be discovered one of these days that, according to a law which governs the spiritual or passionate nature of man, there must either be the complex harmony of a perfect organization, with a high order of spiritual activity, or man must remain in his little isolated, individual state.

Before the Associations which grew out of the propagation of Fourier's ideas began to spring up, there had been organized, five miles from Boston, a little community of men and women known as Brook Farm. It had its origin in the conception of certain persons who had taken up and transfused into our intellectual atmosphere the philosophy of the Germans, with certain ideal conceptions of life then abroad in the world. Associated with these ideas were other trains of thought then current in New England: Unitarianism, the temperance agitation, and the dawning idea of the abolition of slavery. Out of the whole progressive and reform movement of New England, poetic, philosophical, and speculative, had come the idea of a new social life which should combine intercourse with nature and productive labor with the *ideal*. It was felt that a purely intellectual and scientific life was incomplete—one-sided; and that it should be combined with the practical or industrial realities of the world. Brook Farm was founded under the impulse of this intuition of man's true social state and his destiny. George Ripley, a young Unitarian minister, took the initiative; bought a tract of land some five miles from Boston, upon which were several buildings, and with a few friends who shared his

convictions—Hawthorne, Dana, George W. Curtis, John S. Dwight, and others of like intellectual stamp—undertook to organize associative life. Ripley gave up his church in Boston, and, amid adverse circumstances, with scarcely any pecuniary means, devoted himself to the founding of this association; his co-laborers being in part those who shared his high convictions, and in part persons belonging to the industrial classes whom he had gained to his ideas.

In studying the social evolution of the past, we observe that the different systems of society which have been established, from the earliest Egyptians down to the present day, have been founded by instinct, or, to use a higher term, by the intuition of the leading minds among whom such systems have been evolved. It was the priesthood of the primitive Egyptians who founded the first stable society that grew up on the banks of the Nile. Their creation was the outgrowth of the intuition of order and combination among men; of the necessity of general rules of government; and it was those intuitions, combined with external, material circumstances, which determined the form of that society. All through history we find that instinctual social organization has been the general law, yet we find some exceptions. There have been societies founded upon *à priori* calculation, upon the conception of a social order through which certain definite ends were to be attained, and where the institutions were shaped with such ends in view. We may call these independent societies. The earliest, or at least the most renowned of these societies of *à priori* calculation, was ancient Sparta, which was organized with a view to training its citizens to a life then conceived to be of the highest social utility—a life of stern duty, of military discipline, fitting them to maintain order within and to protect themselves from aggression from with-

out. As an instance of the influence of artificial social institutions worked out by the reasoning of a founder with a definite end in view, the Spartan organization is no doubt the most remarkable in history.

Plato's Republic was theoretically the first example of the conception of a social order so planned as to meet the requirements of a noble social life and of human elevation, but the Republic was never realized. We find scattered all through history instances of *à priori* conceptions of social organization—calculations of the human mind—established on small and fragmentary scales; and coming down to our own times we meet with fresh efforts in the same line. There are the Shakers, of English origin; there are certain German societies which came to America and organized communities on the Ohio river—the Rappites and others; the community of Oneida is an example of like nature. Each one has had its pivotal idea—the controlling motive out of which the organization sprang, and each one has been distinct in its character.

Brook Farm belongs to this category; but the *à priori* conception which gave birth to Brook Farm was the most ideal of them all. It sprang from the Transcendental movement in New England; under which philosophical influence the idea of a new social life was conceived, new principles were set forth, and noble efforts to embody them practically were made. But Brook Farm was a limited though generous effort to realize a new social order. Its organization was based on some very general and simple conceptions or intuitions, not clearly elaborated, and without that definite form which comes from careful analytic thought.

When Fourier's ideas began to be propagated, they attracted the attention of the Brook Farmers, and gradually the lead-

ers saw in Fourier's theory clear and definite principles of organization. After a time they accepted those ideas, and a correspondence was opened between George Ripley and the friends of the new movement in New York. It was finally decided to introduce into the Boston community certain principles of Fourier. Several of the New York propagandists went to Brook Farm and joined the association, infusing into it fresh life and spirit. Lectures were given in Boston on Fourier and his social principles, in which Ripley, Dwight, Dana, the younger Channing, and others took part. The talent of these men, with their knowledge of the intellectual development of the past, and with all reigning theories and ideas, enabled them to present Fourierism with breadth and elevation. And a deep impression was produced.

I will say a word regarding the social life at Brook Farm. Although the people there were poor, the association possessing but few resources, and having been started with scarcely any capital, there was nevertheless, in its constant intercourse of a social and intellectual character, a distinctive feature which gave to the place great charm. It was an object of much outside interest, and was frequently visited by strangers of distinction, as well as those who might be called its friends—Emerson, Margaret Fuller, the Channings, and like kindred spirits. In this manner its social life was continually varied. Then, too, festive gatherings were of frequent occurrence. For instance, a collection would be taken up to defray the expenses of an evening's entertainment. The large dining hall, turned into a *salon*, would be ornamented with flowers; there would be music and conversation to begin with; and then a simple repast, spread upon the long table with as much variety as the society could afford (never any wine), would prepare the way for the speeches

that followed from the leading members or guests who had the experience of oratory. There were propounded theories; there were presented ideas and conceptions far above anything heard in our legislative halls, or in the most gifted gatherings of our civilization. I remember one occasion when addresses of a particularly interesting character had been made, that toward the close of the evening Ripley observed to me: "What a cathedral of mind!"

After some years of existence, Brook Farm came to an end. It broke up like all the other little associations that had been established, and much for the same reasons. Poverty and fire, it is true, were the direct causes of its dissolution, but the fundamental cause was deeper. The organization was not adapted to the natural and manifold wants of its members: the legitimate aspirations and ambitions of the individual found there no satisfying field of action. Like all the associative efforts of that time, it had been established without science, and without the means of applying principles concretely; and it was inevitable, finally, that individual members, perceiving that there existed outside of their little community a field of action more in harmony with personal requirements and ambitions, should turn their backs on the ideals of youth to mingle again with the outside world in broader and more complex spheres of action.

When I saw all these little associations disbanding, one after another, I was deeply impressed with the evil of a too hasty propaganda, and with the entire want of preparation in the men who undertook to realize the ideas thus rapidly. I felt also my own responsibility in the matter, although I had taken no direct part in the organization of any of them. Had I been called upon to become the originator and manager of one of them, I should have declined, knowing myself wanting in the knowledge and preparation indispensable for such an undertaking.

CHAPTER X.

IN the winter of 1842 I had occasion to visit Washington, and to meet some of the prominent men of that time. A few words regarding these men may not be irrelevant in connection with the events that are passing at the present day.

Among my letters of introduction was one to John C. Calhoun, then United States Senator. I presented it one evening and was received with all the courtesy of a Southern gentleman; but I soon felt that I inspired in my host no particular interest. Desirous, nevertheless, of having some conversation with this leading Southern spirit on subjects then agitating the public mind, I managed in the course of a few remarks to speak of the orators of Europe; observing that I had met no man there who impressed me as possessing a high degree of eloquence; and adding that during my stay in Washington I should take occasion to visit the Senate Chamber and hear our statesmen. This remark touched a chord of ambition in the breast of the distinguished Senator, and as I arose to take leave he urged me to remain, saying that he would like to talk with me. I noticed that he dismissed his other guests as rapidly as possible, and as soon as we were alone he returned to the subject of social progress, on which I had already said a word or two. In the course of our conversation I incidentally remarked that I had no faith in the efficacy of mere political institutions to effect an amelioration in the condition of the masses of mankind; that the social organization was the real body, and the political system

but the dress thrown over it. I spoke slightly, with a certain contempt, of the petty political agitations going on in the United States, and of the caliber of the men engaged in them. This was another thrust at the ambition of a man whose whole soul was in the political movement of the time : I had opened a train of thought which excited him strongly. While we were talking, Mason, later the rebel emissary, came in, and Hunter of Virginia. They were among the leading spirits of the South in upholding its slave policy and political power, of which party Calhoun was the acknowledged chief ; he it was who directed the party movements and whose counsels were implicitly followed. I arose again to leave, but he motioned me to keep my seat. In a short time he had finished his business with these visitors and they left. We then entered into a conversation which developed rapidly into a regular discussion : the whole subject of the function of government, its relation to the industrial interests of a nation, and its influence in shaping the course and social progress of that nation, was taken up. The discussion became so animated that it lasted until after midnight, and when I finally took leave, Calhoun said : " Come in to-morrow evening, Mr. Brisbane, and we will continue the subject."

And this he said for six consecutive evenings. The result of our discussions was that we got involved in a heated and protracted controversy over the functions of government ; the governments of the past, the nature of the American government and its defects in his opinion ; the slave-holding democracy of the South, and the free competitive anarchical labor of the North ; or, in other words, the relation between capitalists owning the laborer, and capitalists owning the instruments of production, and through them the time and productive energy of the laborer.

Having at my tongue's end the various theories of government from Aristotle down to Hegel and the French thinkers, democratic and monarchical, I could discuss these questions with Calhoun in a manner certainly new in his experience ; at every point he made I was able on some side to contradict him. Here was a man advancing in years, accustomed to the highest deference, and holding himself with that dignity which a consciousness of accepted intellectual superiority gives : before him was a young man who looked a good deal younger than he really was, yet from the first evening we stood on a footing of equality. Our controversy continued the week through, lasting to a late hour each night. He explained to me his political opinions, and expressed a deep apprehension of evil in the future in view of the course of political and social events. He wholly disapproved the theory of majority, for instance. "The system of collective majorities," he said, "giving one thousand control over nine hundred and ninety-nine who dissented, is wrong !" He explained the necessity of a division in all the departments of the economic and political life of a nation, and of withdrawing minorities from the tyranny of majorities. (This is an intricate subject which has been discussed in France.)

Another point on which he frequently touched was slavery. "I am not an advocate of slavery," he would say to me ; "people charge me with being an upholder and advocate of this institution ; I care nothing about slavery, it is an entirely secondary question with me. In three hundred years' time there will not be a negro on the face of the globe. As the Indian is now retreating before our civilization, so the negro will gradually be eliminated and his place be taken by a higher and more intelligent race : it is only a question of time. I advocate slavery in the South because it is a guarantee of stability. The men who

direct the industry and the political affairs of the South own the laborer ; there is consequently no conflict between the directors and the producing masses. The latter know their place and remain in it ; they do not interfere with the authority of acknowledged leaders. Society is moving on to a different state of things from what now exists, no doubt, but it must move slowly, cautiously, otherwise great disruptions will take place, and periods of anarchy follow which will merely protract progress. In the North you are running into anarchy. Democracy is with you a dissolving principle. There is conflict between the capitalist and the laborer, between the men who rule and the masses who follow ; with us, the capitalist owns the laborer, and his interest is that the laborer be well taken care of. In the North, the capitalist owns the instruments of labor, and he seeks to draw out of labor all the profits, leaving the laborer to shift for himself in age and disease. This can only engender antagonism ; the result will be hostility and conflict, ending in civil war, and the North may fall into a state of social dissolution. Our system of the South," he said, "is a counterpoise to this, and for that reason I wish to maintain it so as to bridge over the dangerous period, and enable the nation to arrive quietly, by careful study and experiment, at a higher social state. Look at China, for instance ; I do not extol that nation, but it offers us hints, to a certain extent an example. It is careful, stable, slow in its movements ; we are disposed to be too rapid."

These discussions on political subjects were exhausting, and the divergence between us became greater and greater. On the evening before the last, I urged that it was useless to discuss secondary questions ; that unless we took up the supreme question, the synthesis on which all the rest depends, we never could

arrive at any correct conclusions ; so it was agreed that on the following evening we would take up the question of the destiny of man and of his function on the earth : each one to present his personal solution of the problem.

Calhoun presented his view of the subject first ; briefly summed up it was as follows : " We are living in a world of incoherence and adverse circumstances, a world belittling to man ; a world of conflicts, poverty and misery ; and in this state of social imperfection, the true course for the individual is to maintain himself in a position of dignity and uprightness, and to exercise his influence, as far as capacity will permit, in directing the political and social movement in such a way that order may be secured and the greatest national good attained."

When Mr. Calhoun had finished his presentation, I remarked that this was the old Calvinist theory, and a theory which had been advanced from the earliest ages. I thought the time had come for something new. I then presented my theory, namely : that man is the overseer of his globe ; the developer and organizer of nature and of his social institutions ; man, the Thought, the Reason of nature, stands at the head of all the creations on the earth, and should realize here the reign of order and harmony ; that humanity has not accomplished its destiny until every human being is elevated to a state of intelligence and happiness and put in a position to aid in this great work.

Thus even to the last we failed to approach each other in ideas, and I, becoming tired of the discussion, inclined to let it drop. So I left Mr. Calhoun Saturday night, not to return.

Chancing in the Capitol the following Monday, I saw Mr. Calhoun approaching, and, fearing the consequence of an encounter, I stepped behind a column to let him pass unseen ; but I was not quick enough. Following me up, he began again.

The great problem of social progress interested him deeply ; he could not give up the discussion nor could he relinquish his own fixed ideas.

Calhoun was of Irish descent, which explains in part his wiry temperament and his intellectual intensity. He was tall and slender, with the most powerful eye I ever saw ; it was the eye of a wolf in the intellectual sphere seeking ravenously to devour or destroy every idea opposed to his own. The prominent nose and firm chin gave a strong physiognomical foundation to this powerful eye, but the forehead was not large.

I may now say that the prophecy of Calhoun regarding the dissolving movement of the great democracy of the North is being verified by the Socialist movement of to-day. What he foresaw then is coming about ; labor and capital are arrayed against each other, and a battle is imminent which will shake society to its very foundation and in the end destroy the old economic system, causing a reconstruction on new principles. Calhoun looked forward to this social conflict with fear, but it will turn out to be a beneficent necessity ; for if men have not the intelligence and philanthropy to establish justice on the earth, then it must come through blind intuition, through any means by which it can be accomplished—even revolutionary.

I had some discussions with Caleb Cushing also, a man then noted in the political world on social questions. He was a *virtuoso* in politics and social institutions ; praised by this one and that one, and made much of in certain circles where political and abolitionist controversies were going on.

I met Webster but once. Daniel Webster was the finest—I will not say the handsomest, but the grandest looking man I ever met. In his face there was an intellectual massiveness, a grandeur of proportions that was remarkable. The admiration

and respect he commanded was supreme ; and yet in analyzing his intellectual achievements one finds in them scarcely anything except fine presentations of old ideas. In my opinion he was a man without real originality ; there was some great power there, but it was not a power which led into new fields of thought. It was an elephantine power that dealt grandly with things as they were, but which neither penetrated below in analysis nor soared above in synthesis. The most poetic thing he ever said, perhaps, was when, in referring to England's greatness, he speaks of her as "a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." And even in this the idea was not original.

Since Calhoun, there has been only one other among our statesmen who has seemed to express an idea above the general current of opinion. This was Grant in his second inaugural when, after speaking of commerce, education, and the rapid transit of thought as factors in progress, tending to strengthen and enlighten government, he said : "Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world in his good time to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will be no longer required."

Among other distinguished men whom I met during this, my first visit to Washington, were Clay, Douglas, Seward, and Benton.

Clay was a man of high moral character, but he entered into no investigation of abstract principles ; he was a persistent advocate of the protection of home industry, and, by adhering strongly to the principles he laid down in defense of what was

called "the American system," he doubtless secured to America its present high place in the industrial world. I once listened to a conversation between him and Stephen A. Douglas on the subject. Douglas was a coarse, thick-set man; firm, rigid, obstinate in character; and although possessing unquestionable intellectual ability, his battle was nevertheless for party views and personal ambition.

Seward was a man of clear mind and serene sentiment; he moved among his fellows with the gentleness of a zephyr, gaining the kind esteem of every one. He had many clear and even high views, but his leading idea was utilitarianism, and that kept him on a level with the spirit and questions of the day.

I saw Benton but for a moment. When on my introduction it was explained that I was advocating principles of social reorganization, he took no pains to conceal his more than indifference, not failing to improve the first opportunity to turn away from me. It was evident that water had been sprinkled on a hydrophobic spirit. He was a man of an immense passion of personality, which had been highly developed by his feuds in the Western country; feuds in which men had been killed, and he himself had run many risks. His inflexible, determined character, and his clear insight into a certain range of questions, rendered him a personage of wide influence, but his dogmatism of opinion beat that of even old Calvin himself.

My frequent visits to Boston brought me in relation with some of the distinguished spirits there; such as Phillips, Garrison, Emerson.

In his spiritual constitution Wendell Phillips was the most rounded, equilibrated, and delicate of souls, with a high sense of moral justice. He was a finished orator, of great grace and

unity in manner, but he was not a powerful man ; I have heard him and Fred Douglas address the same meeting ; when the impassioned eloquence of the one threw the polished rhetoric of the other completely in the shade. One felt in the colored man less elevation of tone, but a soul vehement and burning in its sphere.

The eloquence of Garrison was always incisive and to the point : it was the denunciation of wrong and all associated with it. I remember on one occasion that a Presbyterian from the South who had undertaken to defend slavery on the ground of Biblical authority was followed by Garrison, who, looking down on him from the rostrum, cried out : " Sir, you are not a man, you are a devil ! " Those were earnest times, when men spoke from the deepest feelings of the soul ; there were none of the conventionalities of our political meetings of to-day, where an indifferent, lifeless ambition prompts men to speak.

Garrison was a little prosaic ; that is, his speeches were so simple and direct that there was not much room for embellishment : he was a man of the most simple, unflinching plainness, the brave defender of moral right and equity. I used to say to him : " Mr. Garrison, we have slaves in our kitchens, in our mines, and in our manufactories. What are we going to do for these slaves ? The rich are living by their sweat and toil ; our great capitalists here see young girls, descendants in some degree, perhaps, of their own ancestors, working fourteen hours a day amid the din of machinery and the cotton filaments of a great manufactory where I would not stay for one hundred dollars an hour ! " But what I said produced but little effect ; his mind was too much engrossed in the vital question of the hour. He would reply : " Yes, it is very bad, it is horrible ! That will be the next question that will come up. " No man, however, ever

spoke more generously, more determinedly, for the elevation of a crushed race. For him, the slavery of the negro was the supreme sin of our age, the supreme piece of turpitude in American politics.

Garrison had a fine lustrous eye; the forces back of its deep expression were those of human rights and human justice; his philanthropy might be called cosmic, for it was directed to the elevation of a race in the name of the unity of humanity with God, and of the brotherhood of man. Fourier says that each of the four cardinal passions or spiritual forces are susceptible of development in a scale of ascending varieties. Friendship, for instance, may be divided into a scale or gamut like sound, beginning with *Do*, individual friendship, and passing up through the intermediate degrees until it reaches the octave; which note Fourier describes as the love of beings we have never seen and with whom we have no personal relation. He cites, as an illustration of this supreme note in friendship, the history of certain orders of monks in the Middle Ages, who traveled over Europe to obtain funds to liberate enslaved Christians among the Algerines and other barbarians on the northern coast of Africa. According to this analysis, William Lloyd Garrison would represent "Si," tending to this comprehensive or universal philanthropy.*

* The remarks on Emerson and other Boston notables which I had planned to get, were never made. That particular morning's talk was suddenly interrupted on reaching Emerson, and I forgot the next day to take up the thread of the broken recital.—[R. B.]

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER the impression produced by the failure of all these practical efforts toward social reorganization, I resolved to go back to Paris and there study the voluminous manuscripts left by Fourier. (Fourier died on the 15th of October, 1837.) I wished also to take up another study to which I had given insufficient attention—music. It is a fact, though perhaps not fully appreciated, that man has realized *harmony* in but one department of his mental activity,—the musical. He has discovered the science which governs musical harmony, and has acquired the art of producing it; he has thus both the science and the art,—that which exists in no other department. He has not yet discovered, for instance, the laws which govern in the realm of geometrical harmony; consequently his creations in architecture and sculpture are purely the expression of the intuition. Fine effects are produced by this means, the result of superior individual intuition, but they are produced without any knowledge of the laws underlying them. As to any idea of discovering the general laws of the universe, it is not even entertained. Our solar system is a magnificent expression of certain laws of cosmic harmony, but men do not yet dream that there is an organic harmony underlying this planetary distribution; in the animal kingdom we have classifications where we distinguish classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties; but we have no idea of a vast natural harmony underlying this immense evolution—an organic harmony in nature expressing as much a plan and order in

Nature's distribution as that which reigns in the distribution of sounds in a complex musical harmony.

I went to Paris to study musical harmony, to arrive at a clear comprehension of how the mind marshals sounds; distributes, co-ordinates, arranges, combines, and systematizes them: organizes them, I may say (taking organization in its broadest sense), so as to evolve the beautiful musical harmony which we possess, and the only one we possess.

I had also another object in view. Having come to consider humanity as still young on its planet—but an infant yet in its social life—I felt that the evils from which it suffered were due to this early transitional age; a condition which accounted for its difficulty in discovering and establishing those social institutions which should govern its normal, mature life. I wished to enter into this subject more profoundly, and to see what relation there existed between the social development of humanity and the physical development of the individual. To this end I undertook the study of embryology.

My instruction in music was in the school of *Galin-Paris-Chevé*, a school which has done a great work during this century for the popularization of the musical art by a simple method of notation now known as "Chevé's Method." I was brought into contact with these professors through the Fourierists, who by this time had a flourishing center at the office of the *Démocratie Pacifique*, where the members of the circle often met. Madame Nanine Chevé, who at that time represented the school, was a remarkable woman; she had made such a patient analysis of all the conditions of musical melody and harmony (aided, it is true, by the long preceding studies of her father), that she had reduced the laws of harmony to a comparatively simple code. Her husband, a most devoted man, aided her in this work, and

also supervised the public instruction of the method. I may add parenthetically that this method of musical notation was invented by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

My study of music continued some six months. I took three lessons a day: one with Madame Chevé, who taught me the theory of harmony; one in the public class with Monsieur Chevé, and a private one with him in the practical execution of the art. Gradually I got an insight into what music really is; I saw the laws which govern the combination of sounds called the theory or science of music; I saw the material conditions necessary to the evolution of that harmony—the instruments; and I saw the art requisite—the *technique* of its production. In this last, however, I never attained any proficiency: Madame Chevé paid me the compliment to say that I had the worst musical ear she had ever met, with the exception of that of a Russian.

I took up embryology with a professor at the *Ecole de Médecine*, where there was a large collection of wax figures representing embryonic evolution in all its phases; not only in man, but in many of the lower animals as well.

Brown-Séquard also helped to initiate me into the mysteries of embryology. His dissecting-room was generally a museum of anatomical specimens in every fractional aspect and in all stages of decomposition: the stench there would often be so powerful that I could only stand it for a brief period at a time; but that distinguished scientist seemed never conscious of anything outside of the supreme interest of his profession: personal comfort and æsthetic considerations were alike ignored by the *man* in the idea that absorbed the *savant*.

Under the direction of these professors I acquired a general knowledge of this great process in nature, the principles underlying it, and some of the laws governing in its realm.

This process of embryonic evolution offers us a model on which to study all departments of creation. That of the individual man or the animal is but an abridgment of a gigantic system of evolution; and the laws which govern in the development of the parts govern in the development of the great Whole. It offers also, without doubt, a model of the evolution of the planetary world; and when the human mind shall rise to the application of laws to phenomena which lie beyond the reach of observation, it will penetrate mysteries of such character now hidden from it.

However, my main object in returning to Europe was the manuscripts of Fourier. The two volumes of which I have already spoken as having been received in Berlin, and which were published in 1822, were but the precursors of a larger work which was to follow, and in which Fourier intended to explain fully his entire system, termed by him the *Theory of Universal Unity*. But the very indifferent reception which was accorded the first publication deterred him from carrying out his original plan, and his manuscripts at that time were still unpublished. These voluminous manuscripts would have made, I should say, five or six octavo volumes of 500 pages each. They, with other mementos of Fourier, were sacredly kept in a room by themselves at the office of the *Démocratie Pacifique*. Considérant gave me the key to this room, and allowed me to take possession. I entered it with a sentiment of deep veneration together with the keenest intellectual curiosity. In Fourier's unpublished manuscripts I hoped to find new treasures, new solutions that would enable me to penetrate the mystery of certain problems just then beginning to occupy my attention. I consequently went through them all with scrupulous care; many of them I had copied and bound in volumes.

I recall the great pleasure I experienced in returning to this scene of my early studies. It was a compound joy. Here were my old friends with their daily paper well organized, and with converts gained to the school in all parts of the country. Then the old haunts of Paris, the cafés and the restaurants which I used to frequent, seemed to offer a fresh charm. I went to the Opera; I looked again on grand old Nôtre Dame; I roamed through the familiar streets. Everywhere the scenes presented to me called up impressions of a youthful past. A thousand pleasant memories floated around me, and the spirit, vibrating to this touch of old associations, created an ideal mystic kind of atmosphere that possessed an inexpressible charm.

Although much absorbed with my various studies and literary labors, I had still some time to give to social intercourse.

Eugène Sue was then at the height of his reputation, and he interested me particularly from the fact that Fourier's ideas had strongly influenced him in his late works. *Les Mystères de Paris* had already appeared, and *Le Juif Errant* was under way. Laverdant, one of the editors of the *Démocratie Pacifique*, knew Sue very well: he had given him Fourier's works, recommending especially certain parts—those bearing on the life and sufferings of certain classes in society as being peculiarly adapted to his *genre* of social study. Sue remarked to me that he had been greatly impressed by the reading of Fourier's works, and that they had influenced him in his descriptions of character and social conditions. In his later novels he became still more pronounced in his views on society and his descriptions of a new social order; so much so that his books were looked upon as advocates of social reconstruction. Eugène Sue was a man of medium height and full habit. The most striking feature of his

face was his large black eye: it was a restless eye possessing great complexity of power; it was also a gentle eye, expressing in its friendly glance all the kindness that was in his character. Great amiability and generosity of sentiment made Sue a social favorite. He also offered something of an exception in the world of the *litterati* as a man of wealth; still, although surrounded with a certain degree of refined luxury, there was nothing about him in the least ostentatious. A single peculiarity in his interior fixed my attention: it was the reign of red in his library. The walls, the drapery at the windows, the furniture, even to the binding of the books, all,—all were of the most brilliant red. I was struck with this as symbolic of the spirit that dwelt there; I felt that there must be some analogy between the ruling passion in him and this ruling color in nature.

Sue was an indefatigable laborer; and he paid the penalty of prolonged mental application by a form of dyspepsia which caused him a good deal of suffering. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. I imagine that he worked with a good deal of difficulty; for his works were written over many times, and his proof-sheets would often be returned so changed and re-written that it was necessary to set the matter all up anew. "The Wandering Jew," for instance, was published in America almost simultaneously with its appearance in France, but the form of the story in the two countries was very different. I bought the story of Véron, the editor of *Le Constitutionnel*, where it first appeared as a *feuilleton*,—the same as the "Mysteries of Paris" had appeared in *Le Journal des Débats*. When this last came out it was so popular that people blocked the streets about the office of the paper to get it. The "Mysteries of Paris" having proved such a success, Mr. Winchester, the enterprising editor of the *New World*, commissioned me to buy the advance-sheets

of "The Wandering Jew," for which I paid Véron 4,000 francs. He gave me the proof-sheets of the story before they had been submitted to the disfiguring manipulations of the author; hence the difference in the two publications. Véron himself paid 100,000 francs for the work. It was one of his great journalistic *coups*.

Balzac physically, as well as mentally, was the very opposite of Sue. There comes up before me a picture of this short, awkward little man in his nankeen trousers and black coat. The sharp outlines of his bronzed face, with its rather severe, rigid expression, contrasted strangely with the flexible, brilliant style that emanated from his pen. It shows, perhaps, that the external appearance may not infrequently be at variance with the spirit operating within; a man of great intuition and imagination may be so absorbed internally that he has no force left to impart to the body a flexibility of action corresponding to the spirit.

Was this the case with Balzac?

Another intellectual light exciting a good deal of interest at that time, though of quite a different stamp, was the Abbé de Lamennais, a celebrated writer on theology, originally a Catholic priest, and a most fervent defender of the Church both from historic and philosophic points of view. He had sought to show the great mission which the Church had fulfilled—its historical value and the important part it was destined to play in the future; but his youthful endeavor to serve the Church in this higher intellectual capacity had displeased the Pope and his conclave at Rome. The writings of the fervent abbé were suppressed. Becoming disgusted with the persecution of his superiors, he suddenly made *volte-face*! left the Catholic Church, and began gradually a most violent onslaught upon her.

He had now become convinced that her influence was as pernicious to the true spirit of progress as he had before believed it beneficent, and under the dominion of his new conviction he wrote his celebrated book, *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, a critical allegory on the kings and priests, showing up the benighting influence they exercised upon the masses of mankind. This book had an immense success, selling by the hundreds of thousands, and setting the whole religious world in a state of frenzy. His book *Les Peuples* (the victims of priestcraft and royalty) was in much the same vein and was hailed with similar enthusiasm.

When I met the abbé he was worn out, and yet his age was only a little above sixty. A life of intense study and intellectual combat had completely exhausted his nervous system. The last time I saw him he endeavored to explain to me his views on Rights and Duties, an analysis requiring some intellectual effort, and several times during the exposition he sank back to rest; it was only with difficulty that he spoke continuously. His apartment was then in the Palais-Royal, overlooking the classic old garden which has been the scene of such varied and tragic political history. I recall his thin, sallow face as he reclined in his big arm-chair by the window. Except in the very sharp, brilliant eye, it gave but little external evidence of the lion's soul within, which had been so grandly aroused by the thunders from Rome.

It was in 1844 that I met Count Valewski, son of Napoleon by a Polish countess. Véron gave me a letter to him requesting him to introduce me to Mademoiselle Rachel, whose favorite he was at that time. His full, round, jovial face with its sparkling eye but little resembled that of his father; but he was a brilliant fellow, a Franco-Polish personality of considerable natural ability, with a good deal of that kind of talent which the scheming

frivolity of a great city develops. Nor did he scruple to live at the expense of the celebrated actress, who supplied him with the means which his rank required. At the *coup d'état* of 1851, Valewski followed the fortunes of his cousin and was at once promoted to high position; he married a Russian princess worth millions, was appointed ambassador to London, and came up to the front ranks of advancement with all the adventurers of his time.

Poor Rachel! how the palpitating stream of life has closed over her! and yet she was the greatest *tragédienne* France has yet produced. Her face comes up before me now as I last saw her in the office of *Le Constitutionnel* in 1848—that familiar Bohemian rendezvous both literary and artistic. I see her sitting in a retired corner patting the cheek of her then Jew lover who reclined at her feet. How much substance she wasted on that insignificant object of her affection, as well as on many another equally unworthy of her!

Rachel was of medium height, slender and flexible in form, with a face best described as distinguished. Her mouth, that most significant of features, was clear-cut, supported by a fairly prominent chin; the expression of her large eyes alternated between caressing gentleness and a piercing intensity; while the big back head furnished the moral counterpoise to her lofty, finely-shaped brow. This was the secret of her remarkable dramatic power.

Rachel modulated in sentiment, intellect, passion, and ideality. In the first she was strong, even to spontaneity. At times she would give sway to the finer feelings and bring out an elevated aspiration with sublime effect; but her realm was the terrible. She expressed antipathy, indignation, abhorrence, hatred, with such startling naturalness as to make one's flesh quiver under a

delusion of reality. Her diplomacy, on the other hand, stern and persuasive by turns, with its tinge of dark intrigue, made her weird, and gave immense individuality to her actions. She would come upon the stage in one of her magnetic moods, and without uttering a word, by a mere posture or expression of face, bring down the house in applause. Poor Rachel ! I repeat ; great Rachel ! not in the harmony and ideality of the passions she portrayed ; who is or can be great in such a sense in the actual state of our drama ? It was with the human soul in its struggles and its desperations that she had to deal, and her quick, flexible, inventive intellect seconded and guided admirably her great dramatic intuition.

This remarkable personality awakened in me a profound interest, and on the occasion of our first meeting in 1844 I managed to talk to her in such a manner as to gain her confidence ; she even conceded so much as to submit to a phrenological examination. Another point I wished to gain was to shake hands with her. This form of salutation is quite contrary to the etiquette of French society, where no lady gives her hand to a casual acquaintance ; but happily an incident favored my desire. During our conversation the subject of her proposed visit to America had come up, and I had endeavored to give her a picture of the new phase of life she would meet there. Availing myself of the idea, I said to her finally : " Since you contemplate visiting America, mademoiselle, I hope you will allow me to take leave of you à l'Américaine."

She could not refuse my extended hand.

Another of the interesting women whom I met at this time was the Princess Belgiojoso, an Italian authoress who boasted of having "*jeté son bonnet par-dessus les toits*." Her liberal political principles and patriotic sentiment had forced her to flee her

native land, where a conspicuous part in the Milan insurrection against the Austrian yoke had led to the confiscation of her estates. She was the center of a good deal of interest in Paris both in the artistic and the literary worlds, and was deeply interested in social questions; she had conceived a plan of labor organization on her own estate by which the condition of her tenantry might be ameliorated. Gradually, however, she was reduced to penury, and left Europe for Constantinople; from whence I received a letter asking me to get her a newspaper correspondence in America. I did so. At a much later date I learned that her estates had been restored, and that she had returned to Italy.

I first met the Princess at her *château* in the country, where my friend Hennequin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a strange, extravagant intuitionist, who thought he held communion with the spirit of the globe, presented me. There also I met Liszt and Augustin Thierry, the renowned historian, who was brought into the room on the back of a man after dinner and placed in a chair like a child. This man, who was considered the greatest historian that France had ever produced, was both paralytic and blind; yet all his physical imperfections faded away when he began to talk. His easy and rapid delineations of persons and things both contemporaneous and historical were most fascinating. In his historical works he was able to enter so completely into the spirit of the past that he presented it as living pictures, while his style was wonderful for clearness and eloquence.

Liszt I had met years before, in the days of St. Simonianism. He was now renowned.

Liszt was beyond all comparison the greatest pianist the world has produced. His execution was magic! It seemed to me, as

I watched his hands in their rapid flight over the keyboard, that there was there some powerful electric battery moving fingers of steel. He told me that his father had made him practice on a dummy piano ten hours a day for nearly ten years, and that it was only by this extraordinary application that he had acquired his wonderful digital dexterity. Under his touch the piano became a marvel of harmony ; and one forgot the imperfections of the instrument in admiration of the genius who infused into it the rhythmic passion of his own soul. In fact, he seemed the very embodiment of his art. Given a piece of music of the most complex character turned upside down, he would read it off readily at first sight.

Of course we had here a feast of music, most exquisitely rendered. I had also an opportunity for musical conversation that was very profitable to me in my studies at that time. Liszt and I got to talking music one night after most of the guests had separated, and he played for me nine pieces—an extent of generosity to which he never could be induced in public. At Paris he would crowd the Opera House from floor to ceiling at double the usual price, and play for them only five pieces.

Liszt's personal appearance betokened a most intense nature ; his clear blue eye was an eagle eye, and his thin, rather pale face, was full of the passion of genius. Kind, polite, delicate in his organization, the youthful Liszt impressed me as being a man of very superior temperament. He was likewise a man of very liberal sentiments. He remarked to me at this time that he had always entertained the fundamental principles of St. Simonianism. "The effort of the human intelligence at the present day," he said, "should be to realize a better state of things for the masses, and devise some means for their elevation."

[I have already explained that there are many ellipses in this recital—omissions consequent on the impromptu manner in which it was made, and the unfinished state in which it was left. The following extracts from Mr. Brisbane's journal of 1831 supply some facts about that period of his life which were not touched upon in the dictated manuscript. The remarks on Victor Hugo are interesting, as a strong foreshadowing of certain characteristics of mature development—particularly his views on architecture.—R. B.]

Monday, August 22.—The day has been clear and fine, and I am to-day twenty-two years old. I have now got within the age of manhood, and there are no more fixed barriers before me which define the beginning of another age, as twenty-one does that of manhood. It seems hard to get by twenty-one, but that passed the road is smooth; no other points rise up between it and death. The day I was twenty-one produced some effect upon me; but such is not the case to-day.

I met Victor Hugo this afternoon. His appearance rather surprised me; at least his face does not indicate such brilliancy and richness of imagination as I was disposed to attribute to him: but there seems to be a great deal of truth and naturalness in his character. *C'est un homme vrai; il a un caractère à lui.* I think also he must be rather retiring and modest; a man who feels earnestly and conscientiously, and whose opinions seem to be in his feelings. There is none of that dry social metaphysics about him which comprehends without feeling and which judges and criticises according to certain rules and habits which may be in usage.

Aug. 30.—I met Béranger to-day. He struck me as one of the best-intentioned and kindest of men. There seemed an exuberance of goodness and philanthropy in him that quite delighted me. His earnest sympathy in the cause of the people; his expressions of hope that things will turn out well for the masses, all show that good-will and affection live in his heart.

His face, I must say, has not much of what one naturally would look for in a poet. It is rather heavy, and indicates but little imagination. One soon discovers in his manner of thinking and feeling, however, the substance of that delicate, pleasing, kind, and graceful sentiment which animates his songs.

He has not that *force*—that peculiar cast of character—which Hugo must possess; but he, no doubt, has more to do with the opinions of society.

Sept. 5.—I went this morning to see Victor Hugo again. I had quite a long conversation with him, the principal subject of which was the fine arts.

Architecture is what he admires the most. He appeared to consider that as the most stupendous of all the arts. His preference is for the architecture of the Middle Ages, and he expressed the conviction that no new architecture would be produced. The epoch of architecture, he said, had gone by—its spirit showed itself now in another form—in books. The poems of Lamartine, he said, were a Gothic building. It was the same spirit in different form. No more such huge edifices would be erected, he thought; because they necessitate

immense labor, whereas, for a small sum, books can be printed, which, in cheaper form, express the same spirit.

In speaking of painting, he seemed to think the present epoch as capable of bringing forth fine results as any other. His ground is this: The painter who delineates with genius any particularity of the mind or sentiment, or even a fact, such as a battle, or shipwreck, or the like, produces a piece of art of as much merit as any other. I was contending that it required a religious epoch to bring forth real artists, but he seemed to attach as much importance to the delineating of some particular sentiment, fact, or material fragment, as possessing as much value as one which had the whole sentiment of a religion for its foundation.

In this respect he is consequent with himself; for he must consider his productions as possessing excellence; and as he seeks his own inspirations in fragments—in sentimental and mental particularities, also in isolated exterior facts, he must consider them as noble expressions of some grand unity. For when the Cosmic sentiment is wanting, the intensity of feeling lies in the finite; and we think as we feel.

CHAPTER XII.

IN December, 1844, I returned to the United States. This home-trip was memorable as the occasion of one of the most violent storms ever experienced on the Atlantic; two of our best packet-ships, the "Liverpool" and the "Washington," noted for their seaworthiness, went down at that time. I had here an opportunity to see the waters of the mighty deep beaten about by all the fury of the winds. I saw the angry elements in their awful, majestic grandeur; but what struck me peculiarly amid all the excitement of this tragic scene was the cool courage of the ship's officers and crew; the firmness and strength of the English character. The Anglo-Saxon man stood out there in all his sturdy power. I have related my experience with the Latin sailor, whose first impulse in the hour of danger was to call upon the invisible powers: with England's sons there was no appeal; the saving-power was within themselves. On the first night of the storm I took my position behind the main-mast, where I could witness the scene. The sailors, moving about in their black tarpaulins, seemed like mystic spirits; no expression of fear or anxiety could be got from them; all their operations were carried on with sedate, calculated order. Occasionally, as they would pass near me, I would remark that it was a bad storm; I wanted, if possible, to get some expression of what was passing in their minds. But all I could get was the simple reply: "It's a nasty night;" and

uttered in a tone which implied a sort of contempt, defiance of material Nature, even in her most violent moods. I could see there that the spirit of man rose above the physical conditions by which he was surrounded.

Our steamer, fortunately, was built in the staunchest manner; had it not been for its solidity, the result of the practical and conscientious ability of the English, and for the cool conduct of the officers and sailors, we would certainly have gone down. An American captain, who shared my stateroom, told me, as we retired the second night, that we should never live to see morning. I had made up my mind to accept whatever Fate might have in reserve for us, and tied myself into my berth in order to be able to go to sleep, for I could not stick there in any other way, and I was too literally tired out by the long buffeting about of the ship to care much what became of me. The following morning the storm had subsided, and we soon found ourselves in a comparatively smooth sea.

I returned to America in possession of Fourier's manuscript—the copies I had had made; and with their aid, together with some special study after my arrival, I obtained a clear synthetic view of his theory. When I saw his system as a whole, saw the various parts of which it treated; his Law of the Series and its subordinate laws; his theory of social organization; his theory of the passions of the soul, or psychology; his view of the progressive evolution of human societies and the order of their succession; his view of the relation between the material and the spiritual world, which he called comparative psychology and universal analogy; when I comprehended his views on the planetary system and some other subjects (for Fourier undertook to embrace in the scope of his investigations Man, Nature, and the Cosmos) I then entered upon a careful examination of

what I knew myself; what knowledge I had acquired in the study of his system, and how far I could satisfactorily explain to myself this grand theory.

I had also returned with a clear conception of musical harmony; I saw how the human mind dealt with and handled those phenomena called sonorous vibrations, applying to them its intuition of time, measure, rhythm, accord, dissonance, and modulation, in order to frame that rich, complex whole in which all the relations of number and time are combined and applied. I saw that there is unity of plan in the universe, and that the means by which musical harmony is established do not differ from the means by which the highest harmonies in creation are realized. The human mind acting in unity with the Cosmic Mind creates in its sphere as the Cosmic Mind creates throughout the Universe; and the manner in which man distributes sound to produce musical harmony does not differ from the manner in which the Mind of the Universe distributes worlds to produce planetary harmony.

Again, I had returned in possession of the main outlines of embryology. I saw how nature builds up the animal organism progressively from the organic germ. I saw her mysterious processes of formation; how the principles of organic life are successively developed, each in its order, and how from the simple elements the most complex organizations are gradually evolved. I felt that here I had the model of organic evolution, the progressive forms of a single member of the animal kingdom exhibiting the vast organic evolution of the entire animal series. I perceived that the embryonic evolution of man was but a repetition of the organic evolution in nature from the radiate upward. When nature had completed her grand fugue from the first organic animal cell to the creation of the human

brain, the individual man took up this cosmic fugue and continued it in the individual embryonic evolution of each factor in the race.

On my arrival home this time the country was just emerging from the terrible business crisis which had begun in 1836-7, and a period of comparative prosperity had set in. Between Albany and Buffalo there were, I should say, scarcely a dozen men who had escaped bankruptcy, so severe had been the crisis. As a natural result, the associative effort had wholly collapsed, and the failures of these little associations, which in reality had no meaning whatever, had led the public to suppose that fair trials had been made and the valuelessness of the system demonstrated. The world that had looked on alarmed or incredulous hastened to cry out that association was impossible.

Seeing this state of things I did not undertake to continue the propaganda commenced six years before; I refrained from speaking on the subject of organizing associations, or of anything in that line. I turned aside from the sphere of practical action altogether, with the feeling that that phase of the propaganda was over for the time; and more than ever profoundly convinced of the necessity of a careful study of the whole subject from the beginning. I retired to my father's house and there entered anew upon my studies. I began by reviewing Fourier's works: first, with the aid of the manuscripts I had brought over; second, with the aid of the theory of musical harmony; third, with the aid of the science of embryology. I entered particularly into an investigation of the laws of universal distribution and organization as unfolded by him. I also examined carefully into his theory of social evolution, that is,

the progressive formation and organization of human societies from the earliest period down to our modern civilization.

And while thus prosecuting the study of Fourier I took up a fresh review of history in its main outlines ; reviewing the history of the progressive races. By the progressive races, I mean the Egyptian, the Chaldeo-Assyrian with their colonies, the Phœnician and Hebrew people, the Medo-Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Latin and Germanic races of the Middle Ages.

There is taking place on our earth a great historical evolution, which, beginning with the Egyptian race on the banks of the Nile, and passing to the Chaldeo-Assyrian races on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, has continued on through the Medo-Persian, the Greco-Roman and German races down to our modern civilization. (I do not consider the outlying races, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, and others in the interior of Africa and on the continent of America, as taking part in this great work.) I reviewed the succession of the historical religions evolved by these races, also the system of philosophy evolved by the Greeks and by the modern world since the Reformation ; endeavoring thus to get at the leading features of this great historical development,—its social institutions, its religions, its philosophies, the order of succession that reigned in them, and the principles underlying them. My object was to discover and determine clearly in my own mind the laws which govern this vast and complex evolution.

I had now completed my second mental cycle, which began in 1888, when I commenced the regular propagation of association, and ended in 1846 with the course of study above mentioned. As this stage was marked by the advocacy of practical association I may say a word on that subject.

From the standpoint of principle, what is an Association? It is the organization, on scientific principles, of the primary unit in the social order. This unit or primary element is called in the United States the Township. The States are composed of counties, and the counties of townships. The township is a regular political, industrial organization: a county is a group of these organizations; a State is a group of counties, and the United States a group of States. In France this primary element is called the Commune; in Germany, the Dorf; in England, the Borough. In our civilization this unit, the township, is an agglomeration of associations or isolated families living in their separate homes, carrying on their separate branches of business or industry with separate interests, separate aims, with but little association or combination among themselves. It is an individual, isolated system, where anarchical competition reigns, where interests generally are opposed to one another, and where men lead a separate, lonely, isolated life. Under Fourier's system the primary unit is an association of some two thousand persons cultivating a domain of about 6,000 acres: a group of twelve associations would be analogous to our county, and these groups are to extend in an ascending order until they embrace the globe.

The human mind, to comprehend this new system of society, must conceive clearly that the individual man is but a part, a fragment, a molecule, in what is called the collective man. As well suppose that a finger, or even a fiber of the physical organism, constitutes a body, as to suppose that the individual man with his limited talents and capacities constitutes a complete social organism. According to Fourier, the collective man is the association of two thousand persons; men, women, and children of all ages. Such an association will embrace all the

varieties of human character and talent. In it will be found artists, men and women of science, men and women of industrial tastes; in short every variety of talent and capacity—all those shades of character which combine to form what we may call an integral man. A simple card in a pack is not a pack of cards; and nothing can be done with it, nor yet with three or four cards; there are fifty-two in a pack, and that constitutes the whole with which all card games can be played. So in the human sphere all the parts—that is, shades of character—are necessary to the normal action of the Collective Whole.

An Association, says Fourier, would have an opera finer than any that civilization can produce, because it would possess a greater number of trained artists than can be obtained now, even in our large cities. Let it not be imagined (as the imperfections of the small trials already made might well lead one to suppose) that an Association is a rude conglomeration of human beings, a kind of monastic collectivity, where men are forced into close material and social relations without spiritual sympathy. On the contrary, it is a spiritual organization that is based on the higher sentiments; it is an organization of the social and industrial relations of mankind upon natural principles. Fourier's theory provides for the *greatest individuality and the protection of the personality*. He opens a field for the free development and exercise of every variety of talent and capacity, and for the normal play of every shade of character. In his plan the property or capital of the Association—that is, its real and personal estate—is represented by stock divided into shares and owned by the individual members according to their acquisitions and economies.

A magnificent palace occupies the center of the domain, so constructed as to be perfectly adapted to the varied necessities

of domestic and social life, where each member or group is absolutely free to ordain an existence suited to personal tastes. All the branches of industry are carried on by groups of persons who unite in pursuits freely, from a similarity of taste; and a minute division of labor in all its details is one of the fundamental principles of the theory. Thus, as is evident, social contact is the result of attraction, and there is offered a wide field to choose from, with the possibility of great variety in industrial activity: *this last is a precious proviso for the conservation of mental and physical forces of which the world as yet knows nothing. In our actual societies every man has his solitary profession in which he lives and dies, and in the monotonous pursuit of which he becomes in a few years a kind of automaton. Nothing so petrifies the faculties as an unvarying routine.*

I had begun by advocating practical organization because I believed that if association could be organized it would lead to general wealth; that it would give leisure to men of thought, out of which would grow a great intellectual movement as the crowning result of a new and higher industrial system. I saw that in our civilization, where poverty is the lot of the immense majority, while the favored few are absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, there is very little time or chance for elevated pursuits; for high scientific inquiry.

Under the impression of this social spectacle: miserable toilers on the one hand, and greedy money-grabbers on the other, I thought that if one Association could be successfully started it would serve as a model which would attract all classes to the idea as soon as its advantages were made known. I expected of course that some years would pass over before such an undertaking could be realized as the result of an ardent propagation; but when the little experiments were begun and rushed

on incoherently without means and without knowledge, finally failing, I saw that there was no hope for success in the practical field. These failures had discredited the idea in the minds of the people ; and so many false opinions and so many prejudices had been aroused, that I felt it was hopeless to begin anew.

Thus my second journey to Europe, the review of Fourier's manuscripts, with the study of musical harmony and embryology, closed the second stage of my intellectual career.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the summer of 1846 that, having completed my study of Fourier, I began to sum up and take an inventory of what I knew, and what means of acquiring knowledge I really possessed. I was not able at that time to disentangle all of Fourier's speculations, to see how far they were true and how far they were false ; and I was in great perplexity about them because they were not explained by his laws. His reckless, daring mode of speculation disturbed me. I said to myself : " If ever a man deserved to be hanged for intellectual rashness and violence, it is Fourier ! " He beat every one I had ever come across in that line. His transcendent powers of comparison and analysis enabled him to see into problems rapidly ; he did not stop to work them out scientifically ; he never penetrated to the bottom of his Law of the Series ; and, although this Law seemed sufficient to explain the organization of an Association, there were still many social problems which it did not explain, while to the study of cosmic phenomena I could not apply it at all. In the social sphere, for instance, it did not explain the evolution of human society. Fourier gave a theory of this evolution which seemed to me in part speculative and borrowed from his historical investigations rather than deduced from his Serial Law.

In his theory of social development he says that groups of human beings appeared simultaneously on different parts of the globe ; that in the early period of their creation they were

surrounded by fine climates and luxurious vegetation. In this primitive state they lived in comparative ease, supplied with the products of nature, as we see in some instances in the South Sea Islands. This first stage of spontaneous life and of relative happiness he calls "Edenism." Subsequently an increased population, with which industry did not keep pace, caused these primitive supplies to become exhausted, and poverty began to dawn ; with poverty came the awakening of the selfish faculties, and the strife to acquire means of existence. Then began war, based on conflicting interests, and that degeneracy which led man gradually into the savage state. This went on increasing with an increase of population until at last some advanced portions of the race reached what he calls the pastoral or patriarchal state, one of semi-organization with flocks and herds and some degree of social life. Out of this comes what he calls the barbaric state, when stable communities were formed, cities founded, and agricultural and manufacturing industry developed to a considerable extent. Out of this last emerges the fourth stage of social development, called civilization, in which a regular order of society is established, laws are introduced, stable governments are formed, and the arts and sciences are prosecuted on a large scale. Humanity may thus be said to have passed through five orders of society : the primitive, or Edenism ; the savage, non-industrial ; the savage, mainly pastoral ; the barbaric, industrial on a large scale, with the beginning of the arts and sciences ; and civilization, with its high development of industry, of the arts and sciences, and regular stable governments founded on law.

Following this last order, says Fourier (and modern developments show his admirable foresight), will come "*Guarantism*," a system of society in which the general incoherence and con-

fluct of individual interests will tend to disappear in a spirit of collectivity which will lead to an understanding among men for the proper adjustment of all interests both public and personal. We have already Guarantism in politics when a congress of nations is organized and men are appointed to settle by arbitration questions of differences ordinarily settled by war. By Guarantism is to be understood the establishment of governments having under their general direction all departments of social, industrial, and political interests and relations, the consequence of which will be a system of co-operation between all the great branches of industry. Instead of being carried on incoherently by individuals, as at present, with liberty, or rather *license*, to do as they please and to resort to frauds of all kinds in individual interest, the commercial operations and relations of a nation will be carried on under the supervision of its government—the *Collective Mind*, and economy and order will be established therein.

In this phase of social evolution families are not associated and living in the brilliant phalansteries described by Fourier; nevertheless, there will be a gradual tendency to the construction of large edifices, where a certain degree of co-operation and unity will be introduced in the prosecution of the industrial arts and sciences. Guarantism is, in fact, a semi-organization; it is organization and order without harmony. Following on the incoherence of the preceding societies, it will constitute a transition to the final and normal order based on scientific organization, and resulting in social harmony. Fourier's prescience is being strikingly verified in this one detail of his great system: the era of Guarantism has already dawned, and rapid progress is being made in that direction by the co-operative organizations springing into existence all over the world, and by the broader

conceptions of human rights and interests which are finding echo in the policy of governments as well as in the minds of the people.

However, Fourier never fully explained his Guarantism ; he even destroyed his manuscripts on the subject, so fearful was he that men would undertake to realize this transitional phase of organization instead of aiming to realize Association in its complete degree,—an accomplishment which he thought perfectly easy, and by which he hoped to arrive rapidly at the solution of those great social problems which most interested him. In this he gave evidence of his own short-sightedness under the dominion of an enthusiasm born of a great conception.

In Fourier's Law of the Series I sought an explanation of all the problems that had hitherto engaged my attention, but I found upon careful study that I could not apply it either to astronomical, geological, or cosmic problems in general. Another point unsatisfactory to me was his division of human societies into two great classes : the *subversive* and the *harmonic*. The first class was supposed to embrace all the social orders of the past and present which, being falsely organized, pervert the passions and engender social discord ; the second constituted the society of the future, developed normally under scientific institutions, and engendering a corresponding degree of harmony. He also indulged in a great many speculations of which he offered no proof ; they seem to me to lack foundation in general laws and principles, and I was consequently in the dark as to their possible or probable error.

The result of all this study and examination was, that while I found in Fourier magnificent things, ideas which seemed to me the quintessence of logic and common sense, I still felt that I had not an integral guide ; I still lacked the means of investi-

gation indispensable to the satisfactory comprehension of nature and creation ; and I said to myself I must now go to work and try to discover this means or Method. In my mind I left Fourier aside ; I saw his originality and greatness ; I recognized, as well, the efforts of other minds in the great realm of cosmic inquiry, but I felt that for myself I stood on the shore of the vast unknown ; that I must cut aloof from my intellectual past and start out anew. Again I stood face to face with an unknown immensity ; the same as when on the shores of Greece I first saw the possibility of a new order of society.

This was in the summer of '46, a portion of which I spent in the forest of the Alleghany mountains. It was in this quiet, silent retreat, where I would lie on the fallen forest trees and speculate, that the new conviction of which I speak took possession of me. There were openings in certain places in the forest, offering glimpses of the landscape beyond and the cultivated fields. All of a sudden one day, as I had my eye fixed on one of these openings, there seemed to be presented to my mind an opening of an intellectual character. I saw a great intellectual landscape before me—a new mental world. I perceived that there must exist in the universe a *Great System of Laws* which, when integrally discovered, would constitute, like the parts of the human body, a complete whole ; each one being the unvarying expression of some force in the Universe. Here, I reasoned, are the hands, the feet, the eye, the ear, the different parts of the human body, each having its special function to perform ; so must the Laws of the Universe form a body—a great scientific organism ; and a thorough knowledge of these laws is indispensable to the comprehension of the phenomena of the Universe, its plan and order.

I then began afresh a critical examination of what Fourier

had really done: What were the laws which he explained? What did they mean? Where did they belong, and what could be done with them? The following comparison came to my mind: suppose a spirit from some other sphere should arrive on this earth not possessing a physical organism like man, hence ignorant of the constitution of the human frame; suppose this spirit should discover a human hand protruding from the soil, and, attracted by its beautiful organization (being endowed with great intelligence), it should attempt to analyze that hand, to frame a theory regarding its meaning and its innumerable functions, stopping there, not thinking to trace the hand to its hidden origin, to see to what it belonged. It appeared to me that Fourier, with his great insight in discovering the Law of the Series (which is the law regulating the distribution, combination, and arrangement of parts or elements in every whole), had discovered the hand of the great body of laws—the working, creative instrument in man's scientific labors. Taking this general view, I said, "Now the rest of the body must be uncovered. I must begin to study the Laws of the Universe, as a whole, and, in general outline at least, endeavor to arrive at a conception of what they are. The idea of a great Code of Laws worked out as men had worked out their speculative laws presented itself. I saw that there should be discovered a Science of Laws which would constitute the Science of Sciences, underlying and explaining all the special branches of phenomena with which each special science is occupied.

A vast and most abstruse problem then presented itself: What are laws? what are they in final analysis? what is their relation to the phenomena which they underlie and govern? I asked myself these questions again and again, endeavoring to arrive at some clear definition.

Seeking an image or comparison by which to explain them, I thought of the nervous system permeating the human body and regulating its movements. But the nerves are material like the body; laws are abstract—ideal. I finally came to define them as *abstract formulæ expressing the modes of action of a dynamic principle in nature, of which all concrete material phenomena are the effects*. I perceived that there was unity of law with great diversity of phenomena; that the laws manifested themselves differently according to the differences of the material spheres in which they acted. Hence unity of law and variety in manifestation. The same law, for instance, which governs the distribution, co-ordination, and arrangement of the notes of music governs the distribution, co-ordination, and arrangement of the planets and the solar system. As sounds are notes in a musical harmony, so the planets are notes in a sidereal harmony. Continuing the analogy: the species in the animal or vegetable kingdom are the notes of a vast organic harmony; the bones in the human body are the notes of an osseous harmony, and these, with the muscles and other parts of the human organism, are the notes of a physical harmony. (*Law is unchanging*, but there is infinite variety in its manifestation;—such manifestations being as rich and complex as are the varied spheres or departments of the Universe. Law is the Subjective; the concrete manifestation is the Objective.)

It seemed to me that if I could discover the laws governing in certain known departments of nature, subject to observation and experiment, and could, so to speak, spread them out on a great table before me, I would possess the abstract skeleton of the order and harmony underlying those departments; and, going thence to realms of the unknown, with the aid of this abstract skeleton I could analyze and co-ordinate phenomena there. A

knowledge of the laws governing the evolution of the human body, for instance, or any other material organization, would enable me to study the same process in abstract realms—in religion and psychology—by applying to their phenomena those laws already demonstrated in the concrete.

I saw that this vast problem had occupied the intuitions of men from the beginning of systematic human thought ; or rather that the intuitions of the human soul had conceived the problem and endeavored to solve it.

The Bible, describing the creation of the Universe in its quaint, poetic language, frequently makes use of the terms, "Time," "Weight," and "Number." Pythagoras, the greatest intuitional mind of Greece, sought, in numbers and in musical accords, a guide by which to comprehend the harmonies of the Universe, and he looked upon them as determining principles of that harmony. Plato, following Pythagoras, grasped the same idea ; and Proclus, born in 412 of our era, impressed with the speculative incoherence of the vast body of Greek philosophy that had preceded him, declared that all that was worth preserving from that philosophy was the *Timæus* of Plato. Among the many significant passages in this wonderful book, which is a perpetual homage to the idea of law, is the following in *Timæus*' description of the work of the "Great Artificer" in the creation of the finite souls of the Universe. He says : " And when he had compounded the whole, he portioned off souls equal in number to the stars, and distributed a soul to each star ; and, setting them in the stars as though in a chariot, he showed them the nature of the Universe and declared to them its *fated laws* ; how that the first incarnation should be ordained to be the same for all, that none might suffer disadvantage at his hands ; and how they must be sown into the instruments of time, each into that which was

meet for it, and be born as the most God-fearing of all living creatures."

The Greek mind was the first in the intellectual development of humanity to clearly conceive the nature and principle of Law. The Greeks inscribed on their temple at Delphi: "Liberty, Order, Law." Yet this conception of law, which seems to us so necessary and natural now, has been but slowly evolved by the human mind. In the pre-Greek civilizations it was believed that the affairs of men, as well as the phenomena of the Universe, were all regulated by the arbitrary will of some superior being. As human relations were directed and controlled by passional impulse, so men conceived the world to be governed by the changing, fluctuating power of some unseen spirit. In the Middle Ages, under the dominion of blind religious faith, it was the will of God which was supposed to determine the order of the Universe: everything existed by the fiat of His wishes and in consequence of His decrees.

We need not marvel, then, at the slow development of the idea of law as a universal governing principle, when we consider how slow its introduction was in the practical affairs of men. It is true that the Greeks and Romans conceived the introduction of law into the government of nations, but with the mediæval civilization which succeeded the Romans, the idea was lost. We have then the spectacle of centuries in which legal authority was practically unknown. During this time, right and equity were determined, not by laws carefully elaborated by human reason and laid down as human justice, but by combat between the parties interested. The great Charlemagne, for instance, having to decide a question of succession (whether the brother or the children of the dead man should inherit his property), in the absence of any law on the subject, ordered the

parties to engage in combat. It so happened that the party representing the children was victor, and it was thus decided that then and thenceforth the children should inherit the property of their father. In 1330 the Justinian code was discovered in Italy, revealing the grand system of Roman law. It produced a prodigious effect throughout Europe; everywhere were established universities for the exposition of this code, with the interpreting of it to suit the wants of the respective nations. Hence, to-day, we are still practically under the Roman law.

When we reflect that during the Middle Ages humanity could not rise to an independent conception of law as a guide in the relations of men, we can appreciate the difficulty and slowness with which this great idea is seized in the abstract. If the necessity of law in man's practical relations and interests was not felt, it is easy to conceive that its necessity would not be felt in the higher realms of nature and the Universe. As I look over the intellectual development of Europe, I see that the first phenomena which impressed the human mind and set it to work to discover laws were those of astronomy; and that the first man so impressed was Kepler. He, seeing that the movements of the planetary bodies in our solar system resulted in organic order, endeavored to discover the underlying cause, and sought it first in those principles of order in music. He thought the planets might be distributed as the accords of music; he also hoped to find some guide in the relations and proportions of the conic section. But his studies in these spheres proved insufficient to explain the great planetary order. He then set to work to discover the special laws which govern different departments of the solar system, the result of which was the discovery of his great laws, namely: that "the planets move in elliptical orbits,"

and that "the squares of their distances are proportional to the cubes of their periodic times." Here was a magnificent example of the discovery of abstract laws underlying concrete effects.

Later on, fresh endeavor to discover the reign of law in the invisible realms of the Universe animated superior minds in different parts of Europe. The finest conception in these realms was by Newton, who worked out and fully elaborated the gigantic law governing the centripetal movements of the planetary bodies and of all matter. This law, as formulated by its discoverer, is that every particle of matter "attracts directly as its mass and inversely as the square of its distance."

Here is a law sustained by mathematical demonstration in such a way that the world has been able to comprehend and apply it, and which explains a vast amount of concrete physical phenomena.

Again, we find in Germany certain men, beginning with Wolff, followed by Goethe and Von Bär, studying the development of plants, and discovering what is now called the Law of Evolution. They observed the unfolding of the vegetable kingdom from its rudimentary beginning, and followed it up through its higher organic growth till it arrived at its full organic completion in its flowers, fruits, etc.

Goethe's observations on this subject embrace both the animal and the vegetable kingdom in the following paragraph, written in 1796:

"This much, then, we have gained that we may assert without hesitation, that all the more perfect organic natures, such as fishes, amphibious animals, birds, mammals, and man at the head of the last, were all formed upon one original type, which only varies more or less in parts which were none the less permanent, and still daily changes and modifies its form by propagation. If

we consider plants and animals in their most imperfect condition, they can hardly be distinguished. But this much we may say, that the creatures which by degrees emerge as plants and animals out of a common phase where they are barely distinguishable arrive at perfection in two opposite directions, so that the plant in the end reaches its highest glory in the tree, which is immovable and stiff; the animal in man, who possesses the greatest elasticity and freedom."

I speak especially of this Law of Evolution because it has exercised such an immense influence on the modern world. Thinkers have endeavored by its guidance to explain the organic genesis of the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. It has given rise, on the one hand, to the Darwinian theory, out of which have come the formulæ, "The struggle for existence," and "Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest:" and, on the other hand, to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, who has undertaken to apply the same law to the evolution of society in all its branches.

It is evident, however, that, before these two last named, Goethe and other German philosophers labored in a similar manner to evolve the plan of Creation and Order in the Universe. Hegel, as already shown, began with an Energy which unfolded itself by an inherent power of development and with it created an entire Universe. From the Law of Evolution, discovered by the German thinkers, Herbert Spencer has undertaken to evolve a psychology and a sociology; and in fact a general theory of the Cosmos. But the Law of Evolution is as yet in a very incomplete state of development; or, more exactly expressed, it is still in its embryonic stage. Mr. Spencer's use of it has resulted in but vague generalities; he has put forth certain ideas of social progress in which he was aided by a great variety of observations in the evolution of the animal kingdom.

Still his treatment of these great problems is but a vast system of speculation in which nothing is proved by law.

In France, also, has been conceived the necessity of law as a guide in the study of society. Auguste Comte, in his theory of historical development, and the development of society in all its departments, with its final organization, took as his main guide what he denominates, "The Law of the Three Stages,"—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive; affirming that all evolution, social and scientific, as well as that of the human mind itself, is according to these three stages. He states the law as follows: "Each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three theoretical conditions: the theological, or fictitious; the metaphysical, or abstract; and the scientific, or positive." But Turgot had already expressed himself on the same subject as follows:

"Before comprehending the inter-connection of physical effects, nothing was more natural than to suppose that they were produced by intelligent, invisible beings, resembling ourselves; for what else could they resemble? Whatever happened independently of human action was the work of some god, to which fear or hope soon caused a worship to be rendered. This worship took its character from the veneration paid to great rulers; for the gods were only more powerful men, and more or less perfect according as they were the product of an age more or less enlightened as to the true perfections of humanity.

"When philosophers came to recognize the absurdity of these fables, without however, having acquired exact *ideas* on natural history, they thought to explain the causes of phenomena by abstract expressions, such as essences and faculties: expressions which explained nothing, and on which they reasoned as if they were real beings, new divinities substituted for old ones. They pursued these analogies and multiplied the faculties to account for every effect.

"It was only very late, in observing the mechanical action which bodies exercise upon one another, that the mind, guided by this mechanical action, framed other hypotheses, which mathematics could develop, and experience could verify." (Translated from the *Histoire du Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*.)

Thus it appears that Comte has really taken Turgot's law as his guide and applied it to historical and social evolution. In addition to this, however, he undertook an analysis of the

abstract principles and conditions underlying the social organization of the Middle Ages, the religious and military, or the Catholico-feudal; and, having determined the conditions or principles of that organization, he constructed upon them his social order changing their theological and metaphysical character into the positive. Thus, the Middle-Age priesthood, in his system of society, becomes the scientific priesthood, and the military leaders become the directing capitalists; while the industrial managers of the great mediæval organization become the "*prolétariats*"—the producing classes of the future; the whole economy and order of this new society to be regulated by the decrees of the scientific priesthood, supposed to be acting under positive scientific guides. The three classes are thus continued under the modifying influences and conditions of a positive theory of social organization.

A tree, they say, is judged by its fruits! Are we to judge of the truth of this law by the system deduced from and based upon it? John Stuart Mill, who warmly approved Comte's theory of Positivism,—namely, "that careful observation and reasoning are the sole sources of knowledge,"—utterly condemns his social system. Littré, his distinguished French disciple, discarded his religious and cosmic theories entirely; he thought even, that Comte might have been a little crazy when he wrote on these subjects, he having at one time so overtaxed his brain that he brought on inflammation and temporary insanity. Lewes, after a dissertation on Comte's Positive Philosophy, remarks: "Over his subsequent efforts to found a social doctrine and become the founder of a new religion, let us draw a veil."

Returning to my subject: my endeavor was to solve two orders of problems. First to determine what laws are in their

abstract nature or essence—in final analysis ; second, the nature or character of the various laws constituting the great body of which I have spoken. In studying the organism of the human body we find its constituent parts,—a brain, a heart, lungs, etc. ; now what are the different parts which constitute the organism of law ? that is to say, what are the laws determining the different spheres of Creation ?—such, for instance, as the law, governing the principle of evolution in all creation ; the law governing the development of organic germs ; the law of matrixes, etc.

These questions took possession of me. They occupied my mind ceaselessly in continual efforts at their solution, till gradually light dawned on this most abstruse subject. I came to understand its immensity and its paramount importance in the field of intellectual labor. But the final result of my studies found shape only in later years.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the spring of 1848 I returned to Europe. The revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe had broken out in France, producing a widespread agitation—an agitation which communicated itself rapidly to neighboring nations. Desiring to see its effect on the course of events, and its influence on the public mind as regarded political and social questions, I hastened to the scene.

Going by way of England, and passing through London, I tarried there a few days with some old friends; among others Lord Walscott, an Irish landowner of philosophic and philanthropic tendencies, who was endeavoring to improve the condition of the tenants on his own estate. Walking with him on Regent Street one day, discussing the condition of Ireland, he suddenly exclaimed: "Here comes an Irish lord now, a fair specimen of the class we are talking about; I will introduce him to you." The gentleman who approached was thick-set, short in stature, with a rather heavy face illuminated by a certain sensual geniality. When he left us, Walscott informed me that his income was thirty thousand pounds a year, every cent of which was spent outside of his own country; his residence being in the various European capitals as it pleased his fancy. And his fortune was drawn from the labors of the poor Irish peasantry!

When I was ready to continue my journey to Paris, Walscott, some other friends, and myself left London together, arriving at

the excited French capital about ten o'clock on the evening of June 23d.

A formidable insurrection of the people had been preparing for several weeks. It broke out finally with great violence on the morning of the 22d; on the night of the 23d it was at its height. As confusion and uncertainty reigned everywhere, the railroad company was powerless to do anything for travelers; the train could not enter the city, and stopped at the freight *dépôt* just outside, leaving the passengers to shift for themselves as best they could.

Our little party went to a *café* near by to seek refreshments and consider what was to be done. There was no hotel in the immediate neighborhood, and to grope one's way through the dark streets, guarded by insurgent sentinels, was a dangerous undertaking. A working-man at the *café* offered us rooms at the house where he lived, but my companions, afraid to traverse the streets at night, concluded to sleep on chairs in the *café*. Not fascinated with this proposal myself, I told the working-man I would go with him. Past experience in dangerous adventures made me indifferent to such kind of risk, and I accordingly started off with my strange host. "If we meet a sentinel," he said, "do not speak. I have the password."

This entire part of the city was in the hands of the insurgents. I followed him silently, passing thus through several streets, till we stopped before a large building, entered a court, and mounted to the third floor at the rear of the court. We then passed through a large room filled with looms (my guide being a weaver), and entered a modest chamber neatly arranged and clean, though scantily furnished. The man himself, in his blouse, was neatly dressed, while the whole air of that humble interior indicated the careful economy and order so characteristic of the true

Parisian working-man. In this strange place, surrounded by a half-starved populace, I felt that I might easily be disposed of and no questions asked; so in preparing for bed I placed my purse and my watch on a table in the middle of the room, saying to myself: "That is all they can want of me!" Early in the morning my guide presented himself at my chamber door. "It is time to leave!" he said; and, taking up his gun as we started off, he remarked: "A man may as well die by lead as by starvation! I have only had a loaf of bread for myself and my family in two days."

This insurrection, one of the most terrible that ever took place in Paris, had been fomented and conducted entirely by the working-people. They had no leader among the middle or upper classes and there was no great idea connected with it. It was a movement produced by desperation and semi-starvation; the stagnation in commerce and industry which had lasted since the month of February having plunged them into absolute destitution. They had waited for and expected the government to do something for them in the midst of this general business stagnation; but, as is too often the case with legislative bodies, nothing practical had been done. The upper classes were more occupied with their special interests, or with frivolous discussions on parties, dynasties, religious opinions, etc.: the real industrial interests of the people were beyond their comprehension. So the people had finally taken matters into their own hands. Immense barricades were erected in all parts of the city inhabited by the working-people, and there they defended themselves with desperate valor.

Impressed by the terrible slaughter going on, the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, volunteered to go among the insurgents and endeavor to effect a pacification. He set out on

his peaceful mission accompanied by two or three priests in full dress, and carrying the emblems of the Church, but in passing over one of the barricades he was mortally wounded. A large number were sacrificed on both sides—both among the people and among the army; and those three desperate days of June, 1848, are memorable in the revolutionary movements of our century.

On rejoining my friends the next morning, our great problem became, how to get into the city. After some inquiry we discovered that by making a long *détour* of two miles we could enter at a gate which was in the hands of the government. No more pleased with the prospect of such a roundabout journey than with a night in the *café*, I offered, if I could get some working-men to accompany me, to take charge of our baggage, and to take my risk in passing the barricades, while my companions should go around the other way. Two men were found with a handcart who agreed to take the baggage, so we piled it up and started. By this time it was six o'clock and the fighting had begun in all quarters: volleys of musketry were flying in every direction as we advanced towards the *Porte St. Denis*, and in a little while the men became alarmed, refusing to go on. I expostulated with them, explaining that the firing was at a distance and that there was no danger, till at length, with true French impetuosity, they made a rush and away we went again, down one street and up another, in many of which were pools of blood. Turning one corner suddenly, we were just in time to meet a volley of bullets which struck an opposite house. But the energy of my men was now fully aroused; they paid no attention to the bullets and rushed on, while I, mindful of my baggage, followed them. Coming to a barricade a few

feet high, we had some difficulty in getting our cart across; but we succeeded, finally, in overcoming all obstacles, and amid the din of battle made our way safely through the exciting scene. My companions made the *détour*, and we met as agreed at the office of the *Démocratie Pacifique*.

I soon discovered that a profound panic reigned in Paris. I found my old friends silent, or expressing fear both in manner and speech. Men whispered among themselves, dreading the possible results should the masses conquer. I began at once to study the movement closely in all its aspects: I went to the meetings of the working-men, to the meetings of the Fourierists and other reformers, and listened attentively to what each had to say. In the former, I remarked the seriousness and earnestness of desperation; while at the other meetings I listened to speculations and theorizings, which seemed very tame and inadequate just then. "Reform movements which produce an effect," I reflected, "are those which enter into our real wants and interests, and take into account the misery and sufferings of the people." There appeared to me no great seriousness in the theoretical reformer ready to adapt his policy to his fears.

I had, likewise, occasion to observe the spirit of the upper classes. Among my letters of introduction was one to Lamartine, and I used sometimes to drop in at his *salon* gatherings. Here was wont to gather a varied world, made up of editors, authors, artists, and men of wealth; and as I studied this society closely, what appeared to me its preponderating sentiments were personality, pride, and vanity; it was individual importance, worth, and talent that reigned there.

As to Lamartine himself, he was a fine specimen of the old French aristocracy: his manners retained all the courtesy and politeness expressive of the spirit of chivalry and dignity to

which he had been born. His bearing was that of a noble; but Lamartine's heart was with the people. He had a benign, open countenance, with an expression of poetic ideality bordering on femininity. This last constituted a defect in a character that had elected to play a heroic part in popular movements: one felt in him the absence of that sturdy, masculine passion; that concentrated power of soul which should distinguish great leaders; and yet Lamartine was really the leader in the Revolution of 1848. The selfish *bourgeoisie* conspired against him when the Revolution was over, however, and finally effected his deposition from the ministry.

I will say that the spirit of Lamartine's *salon* was to me oppressive; its atmosphere of pretension, its strife of ostentation became exceedingly fatiguing. I would often leave it to join a body of working-men, who met at a *café* under the *Theatre Français*, with a pleasant sense of relief. There I found real passion: serious questions were discussed with a living interest; personality and shallow pretensions being absorbed in the vital questions of collective importance. The social contrast thus presented to me was typical of the whole state of French society. On the one hand were the middle and upper classes, occupied with their frivolous aims and plans for personal aggrandizement; on the other hand were the laboring classes occupied with questions which were real and fundamental, because they concerned the elevation of an oppressed people.

In August I left Paris on a tour of the continent. Echoes of the French Revolution had resounded throughout all Germany, and the result was wide-spread insurrectionary movements.

I went first to Belgium and examined the condition of

the people politically and socially there, observing, too, their state of mental development. Thence I passed on to Cologne, where I found a great popular agitation, and where I found Karl Marx, the leader in the popular movement. The writings of Marx on Labor and Capital, and the social theories he then elaborated, have had more influence on the great socialistic movement of Europe than that of any other man. He it was who laid the foundation of that modern Collectivism which at present bids fair to become the leading socialist doctrine of Europe. He was then just rising into prominence: a man of some thirty years, short, solidly built, with a fine face and bushy black hair. His expression was that of great energy, and behind his self-contained reserve of manner were visible the fire and passion of a resolute soul. Marx's supreme sentiment was a hatred of the power of capital, with its spoliations, its selfishness, and its subjection of the laboring classes. Briefly stated, as represented by the Collectivism of to-day, his doctrine demands the abolition of individual ownership of the natural wealth of the world—the soil, the mines, the inventions and creations of industry which are the means of production, as well as of the machinery of the world. This wealth, furnished by nature or created by the genius of humanity, is to be made collective property, held by the state for the equal advantage of the whole body of the people. Governments are to represent the collective intelligence of the nation; to manage, direct, and supervise all general operations and relations of an industrial character as they now manage the postal and telegraph system, the army and navy, and the administration of justice. In England this idea of collective property is called *The Nationalization of the Land*. In order to arrive at this system of collectivity the upper classes are to be expropriated. In the great Revolution of 1789, say

the Collectivists, the *bourgeoisie* expropriated the Church and the aristocracy, taking their possessions themselves; they now possess the greater part of the wealth of France, once in the hands of the nobility and the clergy. Now it is the people's turn; the producing classes must expropriate the *bourgeoisie* and render its wealth collective wealth, administered by a collective intelligence in the interests of all.

Marx did not advocate any integral scientific organization of industry: he had not the genius to elaborate such an organization; but he saw the fundamental falseness of our whole economic system; he saw the immense power accumulated wealth gave to the few who wielded it, and he saw how helpless labor was without combination, without unity of thought or action, and oppressed by the capitalist's oligarchy. He unfolded the radical falseness of this system, presenting it clearly to the minds of advanced thinkers, and out of it has grown the great movement now deeply agitating the progressive thought of Europe. The indications are that it is destined before long to revolutionize the whole economy of our civilization. It will introduce an entirely new order of society based on what we may call capitalist equality: the proprietary equality of humanity and the equality of industrial rights and privileges.

As I remember that young man uttering his first words of protest against our economic system, I reflect how little it was imagined then that his theories would one day agitate the world and become an important lever in the overthrow of time-honored institutions. How little did the contemporaries of St. Paul imagine the influence which that simple mind would produce on the future of the world! Who could have supposed at that time that he was of more importance than the Roman Senate or the reigning emperor—more even than all the emperors of all Christ-

edom to follow? In modern times Karl Marx may have been as important in his way as was St. Paul in his.

From Cologne I went to Frankfort, the seat of the German Parliament at that time: it had been chosen as a legislative center because of its pre-eminent association with the traditions of the past; and to it the German uprising sent its representatives. In talking with its members I found them possessed with two leading ideas: one was the political unity of Germany; the other was a general idea of social reform. In this last there reigned great diversity and conflict of opinion.

While there I met Fröbel, the founder of the Kindergarten system; and well I remember a festive gathering that took place a few miles from Frankfort, at which Fröbel, offering me a glass of the sparkling Rhine wine (richest emblem of the German Bacchus), remarked:—" *Alles segen kommt von oben!*"

Another sentiment uttered on this festive occasion, and which has proved prophetic, impressed me particularly: the speaker was a member of the legislature—I forget his name: "Mr. Brisbane," he said, "we have fifteen hundred princes and their relations living on Germany, and fifteen hundred thousand a year does not pay for their luxuries. We are devoured by this great army of blood-suckers. Germany is cut up into a lot of little principalities, and a man cannot stir without being accosted by a *gendarme* of some State, jealous of all the others. This must go under! The colors of the new German flag are emblems of our condition; the black figure in the center is the night that reigns, the orange is the dawning day, and the red is the blood that is going to be shed."

Robert Blum was another of the distinguished men whom I met in Frankfort; he was known as one of the most energetic and devoted members of the provisional Parliament over which he

presided, and the turbulence of which he held in check by his cool presence of mind. He was a well-built man, with a strange Socratic face, blending intellectuality with the fiery passion of a popular leader. Though of a rough exterior, which denoted his plebeian origin, his spontaneous, off-hand oratory carried everything before him. Delegated by the Frankfort parliament with two or three others to go to Vienna and encourage the uprising there, he was taken by the Austrian army, tried before a court-martial, and shot.

My next point of interest was Berlin. There I found the Prussian Parliament in session. A rising of the people after a severe conflict in the spring had driven the government troops out of the city, in which state of things King William IV., to avoid bloodshed, had mildly acquiesced. His reputation for a certain liberalism had gained the confidence and applause of the people: they wished him to proclaim himself emperor of all Germany, and march to the conquest of Austria and the southern Catholic States. A parliament was called to form a liberal constitution under the impulse of that idea.

I was in Berlin in the midst of all this political excitement. There I met again some of my old friends; I found that those who had entertained liberal views in 1831-2 were now among the leading spirits in the political movement. Madame Varnhagen was dead, but her husband continued her spirit, and her old home was still the center of reformatory ideas; the liberal-minded youth rallied round Varnhagen himself as a kind of oracle. Michelet, my old professor, was alive and intellectually young, but he viewed the great social movement from Hegel's standpoint and was striving to co-ordinate it with the logical evolution of the Universe.

I made the acquaintance of several members of Parliament

and often conversed with them on the momentous questions of that time. Among others with whom I talked on the subject was a man who had been interested in the social movement of Germany for a long time and had followed it closely,—I cannot recall his name. He said to me one day: “Do you remember *Le Globe*, which you put in Stehle’s coffee-house, and which remained there for a few months before it was suppressed by the police? And of course you remember the discussions and controversies going on at that time at Varnhagen’s? Well, that paper and those discussions were the commencement of the social movement in Germany. Some men in Silesia read that paper; ardent converts were made (among others he mentioned the name of Weitling), who, going back to their native places, began to spread the ideas among the operatives of the manufacturing towns; and this gave rise to a popular conception of Communism which spread throughout the whole region. Out of that has come the great socialist movement in Germany.”

Thus it would appear that the first form in which these new ideas manifested themselves very generally was absolute Communism—joint ownership of the property by individuals—rather than Collectivism or ownership by the collective unity represented by the State. But this crude principle of communism is fast dying out, to be succeeded by the higher principle of collective ownership which will prevent all monopoly whether of individuals or of joint-stock companies.

From Berlin I went to Vienna, entering that city two days after the Austrian army, which had been driven out as had the army at Berlin. Nobody had been permitted to enter the city up to that time; and as I passed through the gates a host of peasants with their wagons were crowding in together pell-

pell. The revolutionary movement was now completely suppressed: the incendiary leaders had fled or hidden themselves, and absolute quiet reigned; consequently there was nothing to be seen but a conquered city; the police on guard everywhere, soldiers camped in the street, and officers strutting about with all the pomp of heroic capture. On the public square were encamped some Croatian soldiers; and, as I walked along among them, I observed one herculean fellow decked out in an elegant uniform and carrying himself with all the pomp of military display. Asking a shopkeeper standing in his doorway, who that man was, his reply came in the most deferential tones, as he gazed upon the subject of my curiosity with an expression of mingled awe and admiration: "That is Field-marshal Yellachich!"

My purpose in visiting Germany was to witness personally the revolutionary movement there; to observe the spirit of the people and the prevailing ideas, together with the progress that had taken place since my first visit in 1829. I wanted to come in contact with the German intellect, and observe closely the influence which modern political and social ideas had exercised upon it.

Here in Vienna I found Horatio Greenough and his brother: they were on the eve of a journey south, and with them I started out for Italy. We left the Austrian capital on the morning and about the hour that Blum was shot; the news of the execution reached us while on our journey the next day and made upon me a most painful impression, as indeed it did throughout Germany.

The first important city on our route from Vienna—about seventy miles distant—was Gratz, romantically situated in a large valley between picturesque mountains. We arrived there

about nine o'clock at night: the diligence drove to the principal hotel, a very large stone building, long and low, surrounded by an immense courtyard enclosed with a high stone wall. In response to the postilion's cry, the gates were opened and we drove into the courtyard, which seemed more like entering a fortification than the grounds of a hotel. But light streamed from the windows, and the sound of music indicated that there was life and gayety within. We alighted and were shown to our rooms. A few minutes later our whole party reassembled in the dining-room. Little expecting in this far-off, secluded spot to witness such a brilliant scene, the picture here presented both surprised and pleased me. A vast table stretched from one end to the other of a room over one hundred feet long, around whose sides, about half-way to the ceiling, ran a balcony, from which a skilled orchestra was sending forth rapturous strains of music—the finest German compositions being in its *répertoire*. The hunting season had just opened, and at the table sat a gay and picturesque company; the green dresses of the huntsmen mingling in the throng with richly decorative effect. The rows of wine-bottles bordering each side of the table offered a generous inspiration to the toasts born of the spirit of the hour; the waitresses were vivacious young girls, dressed in their peculiar mountain costume, and, as they passed from guest to guest, they had a cheery word for each. Taking our seats at this table we watched the scene with no little interest while being served with a repast which it would be difficult to find in the houses of the rich in our great cities. The wine, though not of a high quality, was excellent; and I could not but be impressed with the joy and freedom of this simple unrestrained life. I instinctively contrasted this world of unconventional sociability and the apparent absence of all self-conscious calculation with the manner of life in our

sumptuous capitals, where business and political relations are full of distrust, and society reflects those antagonisms and jealousies engendered by small personalities, the ultimate result of which is spiritual death.

Continuing our journey the next day, we arrived in the evening at the foot of the southern mountain range separating Germany and Italy. Crossing this range we began our descent under the shadow of night: everywhere on the German side stillness had reigned; the little village lights were out, and their inhabitants had evidently retired to rest. It was eleven o'clock when on the southern slope we entered the city of Udina, the first considerable city of northern Italy. A resplendent moon was spreading its light over the scene as we directed our steps to the public square, where the *cafés* were situated. There all was animation: houses illuminated, *cafés* open, and people circulating as if it had been midday rather than the approach of midnight. What a contrast between the German race on the northern slope of the mountain and the Italian race on the southern. In these two distinct features stood out the characters of the two people: on the one side, the sober gravity of the north; on the other, the careless hilarity of the south. The two pictures presented at a glance the two distinct races; and suddenly there passed before my mind the history of the Latins and the Germans—the dark-haired and the light-haired Aryans.

Udina had once belonged to Venice: on a tall column in the center of its square still stood the proud winged lion, and around the square were the old palaces showing the wealth of former days. The silver moon, floating through the soft clouds above, gave to the whole scene an air of romance not to be forgotten; it was charming and impressive, and fertile in sugges-

tions of all kinds. Udina lost her importance when Venice lost her commerce, and she gradually sank into industrial and social torpor.

I was now in Italy, and, with as little delay as possible, I hurried on to Rome, the Italian center of that political agitation which from Paris had echoed through all Europe. The Milanese had driven the Austrians out of their city, and Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, had raised his banner against Austrian domination. I arrived in Rome just two days after Pope Pius IX. had fled from the city to take refuge at Gaëta, a Neapolitan seaport town near the Roman frontier. The Pope had been liberal in his policy to begin with, and had thus acquired a good deal of popularity among the people; but, the radical movement in his States becoming more and more serious and democratic in its tendency, the Pope became alarmed and fled. He saw that political liberality and democratic sentiments were incompatible with the policy of the Catholic Church, its privileges, its organization, and its system of government; so he and his advisers tumbled back into a dead, conservative policy.

I found that a number of political clubs had been organized in Rome, and I visited some of them with a view of getting at the spirit reigning among the revolutionary leaders: I soon discovered that it was but a mild type of revolutionism; a kind of *dilettanteism* in reform, exciting the imagination but not reaching down into the sterner passions: furthermore, it was limited almost exclusively to the educated classes; the people had no understanding of political questions and remained outside of the political agitation.

In France the movement was serious, popular, impassioned,

even fierce; it was based on a hatred of our artificial inequality and privileges; it was directed against those institutions which gave to the upper classes their dominion of the social world. Educated by the revolutions of the past, the French masses were deeply imbued with a sentiment of *progressive destruction*, if I may so call it; destruction of political and social institutions—the *underlying characteristic of all the popular movements of our age*. In Germany the movement was also earnest and profound: there was there a deep sentiment of universal wrong, and a feeling of the necessity of fundamental changes in the constitution of society; deep hatreds permeated the minds of men. But there was a certain kindness and goodness, inherent in the Germanic soul, which tempered those feelings and took from the revolutionary movements of Germany its violent character—preserving the people from those cruel excesses which took place in Paris in the days of June. But in Italy, as I have said, aside from some violent manifestations (as in Milan, for instance), the movement was an ideal *dilettante* affair; it was a dream of the educated classes for the establishment of political freedom—for the organization of a government of political liberty. They went back to Rousseau and to the Romans; they had fantastic ideas of a great republic—a country restored to her ancient splendors; and all the dreams of the eighteenth century, from Rousseau and Alfieri down even to the writers of our own time, served to justify their vague ambition.

At one of these Roman clubs I met Cicero Vacchio, a leader of the people, so far as the movement extended to them: he had, in fact, the populace under his control; they looked up to him for advice and direction. He was one of the most active of the uneducated reformers and formed a link between the upper and lower classes. I was particularly struck with this

man risen from the ranks of the working class: his fine face, natural intelligence, and great common-sense, together with his dignified, unpretending manner in his humble lumber-dealer's garb, showed me that nobility of the human soul which stands out sometimes in the simplest form,—a kind of naked humanity without education or social advantages, innocent of that intercourse with the higher spheres of life considered so indispensable to real refinement, and yet a noble by birthright. Upon the suppression of the revolutionary movement in Rome, Cicero Vaccchio fled the city; but, unhappily, he was captured and shot by the inmarching army of the French, who took possession of the capital.

When peace and quiet was once more restored, the Pope returned to the Vatican thoroughly cured of his liberal tendencies; and, during the long reign which followed he maintained a firm, fossilized conservatism.

The upper classes generally, having no conception of the means of conducting scientifically and peacefully the great progressive movement of our age, simply seek to suppress it; they would kill every measure of reform, and maintain society forever in its actual state of stagnation and disease.

From Rome I continued on to Naples, taking the inland route to observe the interior of the country. Although nearly twenty years had elapsed since the introduction of the railway, it was still the day of stage-coaches in the Papal Dominions. Gregory XVI., who died in 1847, had declared in his "divine wisdom" and authority that railroads were the invention of the devil—hence their pious exclusion from his dominions.

I left Rome at four o'clock one morning, by a magnificent moonlight (which not being an invention of the devil was allowed to shine on the holy city). Among my companions in

the coach were a colonel of the National Guards and an apothecary: both returning to their homes, which lay on this route to Naples. Naturally we got into conversation, and I became interested in their views of things in general as an indication of their intellectual status; they no doubt reciprocated my curiosity from a similar standpoint. The colonel was a tall, strong man with good common-sense; the apothecary was small and dried up physically, with an apparently corresponding intellect. Among the various topics that came up during this journey was the religious question: the colonel asked me what was the religion of my country, and upon my replying that we were Protestants he wanted to know what were our special beliefs. I told him they were very much the same as his, except that we did not pray to the Virgin or the saints. As the Italians pray much more to the saints and the Virgin than to the Father, I knew this would strike him as extremely heretical. "We go," I said, "to the center of authority and address ourselves direct to God." My interlocutor was greatly shocked at this, and entered upon a serious argument to prove that we owed supreme respect to the Mother of God. Whereupon I ventured to give him another subject of meditation: "In my country," I continued, "we have no purgatory; we believe strictly in heaven and hell; man's fate is irrevocably sealed at death, and if he happens to be sentenced to the nether regions there is no getting out." "What!" he exclaimed, "no purgatory? A man commits a small sin and can't be forgiven?" "No!" I replied, "when once his earthly accounts are settled up and the balance is against him he goes straight to hell and there he stays!" With a sigh of relief he thanked the Blessed Virgin that he had not been born in such a benighted land. Here the apothecary joined in, expressing his horror that an

entire nation could be so mistaken in its religious belief: "The idea of imposing eternal punishment on a poor sinner who had discovered too late the error of his ways!"

The country through which we passed seemed in keeping with the mental development of my fellow-travelers; for hours we bordered a landed estate belonging to a single individual—a duke. It was poorly cultivated and sparsely inhabited; a striking illustration of the baneful result of land monopoly. This was extensively the case in Italy, where there was not a great amount of accumulative capital, and where almost none was directed to agricultural improvement: I saw by the wretched condition of the peasantry, as we passed along that he who owns the soil controls the means of production and virtually owns the laborer, to whom he dictates conditions. In the realm of property-ownership there is exercised as great a despotism as is possible in the realm of politics under the most tyrannical *régime*.

At Frosinone, nearly half-way to Naples, the coach-route came to an end. The next morning I took a private conveyance and continued my journey, intending to sleep that night at Capua, about thirty miles from Naples: but at seven o'clock that evening I was still five miles away, at a little village which served as a rendezvous for muleteers. I knew that the city of Capua, perpetuating a Middle-Age tradition, closed its gates at seven o'clock—after which nobody was permitted to enter; there was, consequently, no better prospect for the night than accommodation in one of the little village inns. Applying at one of them for a bed, I was informed that they had no beds, but that they could give me some fresh hay in a large kitchen lighted by a cheerful blazing fire. I sent my driver around to the other inns, of which there were five, and from each came

the same negative reply as regarded the bed, and the same generous offer of straw or hay.

On entering the place I had observed a large stone edifice half-hidden behind a high wall with a spacious courtyard. Inquiring of the innkeeper what that building was, he replied that it was a college. I suggested that I might get a night's lodging there. "Doubtful!" he rejoined, "but we will go and see." We accordingly started off together and soon stood before the large portal. My knock produced so little impression, that I took up a stone and began pounding with that; whereupon, through a crack in the door, I soon spied a man approaching. "*Qui ché?*" he cried out, ("Who's there?"). Knowing that it would be useless to say an American, I answered: "An Englishman who wants a night's lodging! I cannot get a bed at the inns. Can you give me one?" "No, Signor; there are no beds here unoccupied, and it is impossible to give you a room." Thinking there might be a more effective mode of persuasion, I held up a silver coin about the value of a dollar, remarking: "Find me a room and I will give you this." Instantly his countenance changed, and, turning on his heel, he rushed back into the house. Reappearing in a few minutes, he eyed me carefully through the crack, then unbolted the door and let me in, saying: "Signor, I will give you my room!" Passing through the courtyard I entered the building and was shown to the room in question, a clean, spacious chamber, containing a cot bed. From there he conducted me to a large hall where a long table was spread, and motioned me to a seat in the center. As I passed through the courtyard I had heard a dirge-like chant which might be compared to the singing of a thousand rooks on the tree-tops of some old English forest: "The pupils are chanting vespers," explained my guide, "they will soon be

through and then supper will be served." I observed that the table was spread with spotless linen, though coarse, and that there was upon it a liberal provision of bottles of white wine. Soon the doors opened, and in flocked the pupils with their teachers. The pupils were some seventy in number, and there were three professors. The director took his seat on one side of me, and the second in authority on the other side: I found them simple-minded, kind, affable men, but intellectual children; they were without practical contact with the world and knew very little about it. We soon entered into general conversation, and then I explained to them that I was an American. They made many inquiries concerning my country, and finally brought out an old geography of 1809, in which they read that the population was 3,000,000. They asked me how I came from America; showing by their questions that they did not know that it was necessary to come by water; and by the nature of their remarks I saw that they knew nothing of where America was, the extent of the country, or its population. Soon the conversation branched off on to general subjects, and among others that which interested them most—religion; they asked me if I was a Catholic.

This was an embarrassing question; "If I say no," thought I, "they will perhaps feel so shocked that my room will be taken from me, under the conviction that a heretic should not be permitted to sleep under their roof. Seeking, therefore, to find some neutral ground, I answered, "that unfortunately I had been born in a Protestant country, and that one generally accepted the faith of their native land." "Become a Catholic!" they at once urged, interestedly. "Is there no salvation outside of the Church?" I inquired. "No! Oh! no. Nobody can be saved outside of the Catholic Church!" And I observed a kind, sympa-

thetic manner in their bearing towards me which showed that their words were the child-like expression of a faith in which they had been nursed and drilled. We conversed on many topics, and every now and then I would surprise them with some revelation regarding the beliefs and customs of the benighted heathen of my native land. They asked me if we had any lotteries in my country : I answered, "No!—that they were prohibited by law." This too was beyond their comprehension.

Strange to say, these priests were inveterate gamblers in lotteries ; as, indeed, were all the people of Italy of that time. I found afterwards that the number of small lottery offices in that country was prodigious ; in the principal streets of Naples every second or third house contained a lottery, and you could buy a ticket, from one cent upwards, with a chance of drawing a prize in proportion to the risk thus taken. The entire population was evidently given to gambling, and these pious professors remarked "that lotteries did no harm." I could see by their expression of countenance that this mode of gambling was resorted to as a means of excitement—a kind of escape-valve in their monotonous existence, which offered so little variety in the play of the passions.

On making inquiries regarding the character of the college, I learned that the sons of the first families of the surrounding country were pupils there ; I had before me, consequently, a specimen of the intelligence of the upper classes. The head professor, whose salary was about thirty dollars a year, taught the classics ; the other two, whose salary amounted to the liberal sum of twenty-four dollars each, taught mathematics and some of the simple branches. Any practical education was out of the question, and the knowledge of geography or of the condition of contemporaneous countries to be found in this institution, was

extremely limited; its inmates were in a state of infantile simplicity, knowing almost nothing of the external world.

Next morning I took leave of my good-natured, pious friends and continued on to Naples, where I found a very agreeable transformation in the dirty, squalid streets of years ago. Great improvement had taken place under the *régime* of Victor Emmanuel; it was easy to perceive that a new spirit had entered there, and that revolutionary ideas had had their echo even in this conservative, superstition-bound corner of the Old World.

The scope and meaning of the revolutionary movement, as it appeared to me, after this rapid survey of the different countries, may be summed up as follows:—First, there was abroad a strong spirit of reaction against the monarchical principle: the leading desire of the people seemed to be to get rid of the old traditional authority and establish in its place a democratic form of government. Still, in Germany the distinctive feature of the movement was an aspiration for *political unity* through the abolition of its numerous petty sovereignties, and the constitution of a “Vaterland” under one head. The segmentation of Germany into the little principalities then existing was felt to be a great evil: it complicated commercial relations, was a cause of useless expense, and also of political weakness to Germany; keeping her in a subordinate position in the general politics of Europe. Efforts, as I have said, had been made by the revolutionists and liberals in the north to induce the king to take the lead and place himself at the head of a Germanic Federation. This, after much vacillation and hesitation he refused to do; and his conservative advisors finally combined to carry out the suppression policy—effected first in Prussia and then, with the aid of the Prussian army, in the southern parts of Germany, where the

revolutionary movement continued the latest in progress. A Republic was not then a leading idea in Germany; a new form of government, it was felt, should be preceded by national unity.

In Italy, however, the Republic was a tradition. About this magic word floated a halo of past glory, and upon it certain minds built hopes of a brighter future. Here, too, nevertheless, national unity was made the primary object of the revolutionary struggle by the sober-minded thinkers.

In England the Chartist movement had received a powerful impetus from the agitation on the Continent: its aim was to introduce into the English constitution certain political reforms of a democratic character; such for instance as manhood suffrage, triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, etc., but it was a purely political movement, leaving the whole social fabric untouched; and after the imprisonment of its principal leaders the movement died out.

Thus the entire movement throughout Europe was at this epoch essentially political. "Socialism," so to speak, was not born yet; that is, it had not entered into the minds of the people: it formed no subject of general interest or motive-power to action. Some few leading thinkers in different parts of Europe were occupied with social ideas, but they had not penetrated to the minds of the masses; hence merely political reforms were still looked upon as the means of emancipation and elevation for the laboring classes.

From Naples I returned to Paris. The first thing I discovered on my arrival there was that a great reaction had set in. The upper classes had again obtained control of affairs: Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin and other Republican ministers had

been turned out, and a reactionary government was already established. The terrible insurrection of June had alarmed all the conservative interests: capitalist, religious and political; and it had been violently suppressed. At the cost of thousands of lives the workingmen had been put down! But the revolutionary *spirit* was not crushed and its activity was still manifest in certain circles. The liberal-minded sought in a blind way the triumph of certain political rights; hoping by political reforms and the establishment of a Republic to ameliorate the condition of the people. Wide-spread discussions on political subjects were likewise going on among the people and their leaders: clubs were opened, democratic papers obtained a large circulation, and an impassioned agitation, with the propagation of theories of various kinds, was rife everywhere.

The long political agitation which had come down from the first revolution still exercised its influence and preoccupied the popular thought. There was still maintained the delusion that a purely democratic system of government, with the power of the franchise would lead to great changes in the economic system, and thus free the laborer from the social injustices which oppressed him. They did not know that a new generation had developed new problems: that the wrongs of the "Fourth Estate" in the nineteenth century demanded remedies of a very different character from those demanded by the "Third Estate" in the eighteenth. The great Revolution of 1789 had been well prepared by the teachings of the remarkable men who preceded it, and the downfall of the aristocracy and the Church in that tremendous political cataclysm was but the logical sequence of a century of disintegrating influence. This revolution had no such powerful antecedent! The public mind had not been prepared for the new era which was about to dawn:

it was possessed by vague ideas, vague aspirations, vague theories; and with all the incoherence of individual opinion. Such conflict and diversity of actions and opinions presaged no fundamental result, and I soon saw that no new organic measure would come out of that wide-spread agitation.

Meanwhile my friends of the "*Démocratie Pacifique*" were carrying on an earnest propaganda of their ideas. They were proposing radical measures in the organization of the administrative branch of the government, so as to bring about an examination of their social projects; and they were at the same time advocating the practical trial of Association on an adequate scale, and with sufficient capital to demonstrate the principles.

They had their headquarters at number 2 *Rue de Beaune*, a large apartment composed of a suite of *salons* opening on to a fine, shady garden, upon the *Quai*, where, in pleasant weather, groups would form, in lively discussion on the topics of the hour. Nothing of the kind had ever existed before. Here was a social and intellectual center, with all the attraction that material appointments could give, thrown open to the friends of the Cause, and to thinkers of every stamp who were pleased to make it their rendezvous. Not Fourier's theories alone were discussed there, but those of every school of sociological study.

Proudhon, one of the boldest and most original thinkers of France, was among the *habitués* of that time. He was then editing "*La Voix du Peuple*," which had a circulation of some 200,000, and endeavoring to convince the upper classes, as well as the masses, that the real cause of the existing troubles was the usurpation and monopoly of the landed property with the capital and credit institutions of the country by the *bourgeoisie*. He advocated a new theory of political economy: the supremacy of labor, of industrial rights, of justice and equality in the great

domain of production, exchange and credit; and, attacking the old system of political economy, he showed the false principles on which it rests, namely: the supremacy of capital (the creation of labor) over labor; the rights of property based on conquest or usurpation, and the sanctioning of the wages system as the normal state of industry. These ideas were very new to the masses of the people, and to the democratic leaders as well. They made their way but slowly. It was Proudhon, however, who really began in France the advocacy of what may be called the political economy of labor—or modern Socialism. He meditated a complete change in the credit system—one of his leading ideas being to reform the Bank of France and render it a national bank, securing credit to all who could give reliable security.

I knew Proudhon very well, and had frequent conversations with him on the currency question. I used to visit him at Mazas, the prison in which political miscreants were detained at that time. For having written disrespectfully of the conservatives in office, the reactionary government had arraigned Proudhon and condemned him to several months' imprisonment.

I would like to say just here that the manner of treating political prisoners in France presents a marked contrast with the way in which the same class of offenders are treated in England. The prisoners at Mazas had clean, airy rooms, where their friends were allowed to visit them, and in every respect their treatment differed from that of the ordinary malefactor; whereas, in England no distinction is made between crimes of an intellectual and a moral character—except occasionally where the culprit happens to be a wealthy and influential person. On the occasions of my visits to Mazas I was courteously received

by the officials and allowed free intercourse with their prisoner, whom I found located in a large, comfortable room, opening on a pleasant corridor overlooking the court. He received his meals from outside, and any other thing contributing to his comfort sent in by his friends: his punishment, consequently, was scarcely more than forced seclusion.

In this prison I used to discuss the money question with Proudhon by the hour. It is very rarely that one finds a mind capable of handling the complex question of Credit; but when it shall be better understood and scientifically dealt with, governments will bring about more beneficent results in the commercial and industrial life of nations. I was glad to find that Proudhon and I agreed perfectly as to its principles, which in our opinion could be applied practically in various ways, even in the present state of society. Proudhon combined great clearness of insight and intellectual power with firmness of character. He was a man who feared nothing, and who was endowed with immense moral energy. He endeavored to call the attention of France to economic reforms, but his vigorous propaganda was only dimly comprehended by the people, and did not, consequently exercise any great influence.

Other Democratic papers advocated reforms of a merely political character, for the upholding of the Republic. Emile de Girardin was conspicuous in this field: his paper with its wide circulation, waged continual war upon monarchical principles; it even went so far in the line of radical innovation as to propose that the government should devote 100,000,000 francs to the practical trial of the leading plans of Association—especially those of Fourier. "Let us try these theories," said he. "If they are false it will be demonstrated by their failure, and if true they will furnish us valuable hints and guides."

My old friend, Jules Lechevalier, had joined Proudhon and he, with others of the old school, was endeavoring to carry out what was thought practical in the way of *immediate* social reconstruction. "Fourier will follow," he used to say to me, "we must first build the foundation on which his scheme is to rest; we must first change the industrial system and found a new economic order. Lechevalier was far-sighted and intuitive in his judgment.

But while this popular agitation was going on, the upper classes were plotting and scheming to destroy the Republic. The bourgeoisie, the clergy, and the aristocracy looked with fear and abhorrence on all these new doctrines, quietly laying their plans for the re-establishment of a new monarchy—a form of government which would enable them to control the populace and again restore "order," as they called it; that order which permits the upper classes to peacefully control all the productive operations of society, and to appropriate to themselves the sweat and blood earnings of the oppressed laborer.

And so the revolutionary movement of 1848 came to an end. In Germany and Italy it was put down by the military power, and in France it was finally crushed by the usurpation and despotism of Napoleon III. upon the establishment of his imperial government. The leaders of the revolutionary movement in Germany were expelled from the country; Austria re-established her dominion in the north of Italy; the Pope was restored to Rome to be maintained there by French soldiers, and a general reaction set in throughout Europe.

The movement of 1848 was a failure because there was no fundamental idea to direct it. The people wasted their energy in foolish political reforms, visions of Republics, of political

equality, etc.; all of which were foreign to their practical, vital interests. But it gave impetus to a vast system of popular education which has been going on ever since. The people now are rapidly awakening to a clear understanding of the mighty questions of modern socialism: the revolutionary movement which is preparing to-day wears a far different aspect from that of thirty years ago, and this time it will bring forth far different results.

Early in the following year an incident occurred which resulted in my expulsion from France. On the 24th of February, 1849, the first anniversary of the Revolution, there was a general celebration of the day by the working-men and their friends. Probably the largest of these popular gatherings was that at the *Salle Martel*, an immense hall with an audience capacity of some five or six thousand. On this occasion it was full: I attended that celebration, taking my seat about midway in the parquet; around and above me were five or six tiers of boxes and galleries all filled to overflowing.

The spirit of the meeting announced itself as aggressive: the first three or four speeches were quite inflammatory, and strongly denunciatory of all governments. I observed that Ledru-Rollin, seated in front of me near the stage, hung his head and looked down while these speeches were going on, showing that he was out of harmony with them. He did not sympathize with such a violently radical spirit. When the fourth speaker had finished, some one came forward on the platform and said: "There is an American citizen present who may have something of interest to say to this audience."—and without further preliminary pronounced my name. I was taken by surprise and wholly unprepared for a call of this kind. What could I

say that would have real value in it, and still keep in tone with the spirit of the meeting?

I arose from my seat and made my way very slowly towards the platform, endeavoring as I went to get some idea that would be appropriate to the occasion. But with the exception of a single thought with which I determined to close, I saw that I must leave it all to the moment's inspiration.

Coming upon the stage and beholding that vast audience before me, I was strangely impressed: all consciousness of my physical self gradually faded away; and as I glanced over that great sea of faces it suddenly flashed upon me that clear views on political and social questions were of primary necessity for the proper guidance of the people. Having in my mind the conflicting, incoherent theories then reigning with the great Parisian multitude, I resolved upon a brief statement that the absolute condition of success was education on political and social questions. I remember opening with these words: "Perhaps this audience would like to know what the world expects of France!" I then proceeded to relate that I had just completed a tour through Europe; visiting Belgium, Prussia, Austria and Italy; that I had examined the state of the public mind in these several countries, and that everywhere I had found them looking to France for light and guidance; that France was considered the fountain-head of new and progressive ideas. "France," I said, "is on social questions the intellectual leader of Europe: she must act wisely!"

I made, intentionally, a most conservative speech; telling the people in substance that unless they instructed themselves in the principles of social science, the Revolution would be a failure. I expected to be hissed rather than applauded; but after I had spoken a little while I observed in the audience a general

air of interest: Ledru-Rollin raised his head and followed me attentively in apparent approval of my discourse. Toward its close I made some general remarks on the great part which France had played in the history of the world, and her devotion to universal principles: I spoke of the sacrifices she had made in men and money on a hundred battle-fields to sustain great ideas; I spoke of her policy as unlike that of other nations—purely selfish and national: She had given herself for ideas! This met with hearty approval and counterbalanced the conservative part of my discourse.

I left the stage amid tremendous applause, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, while Lagrange, one of the leaders of the popular movement, he who, it was said, had started the Revolution of the year before by firing the first pistol shot in the front of the residence of Guizot the Prime Minister, clasped me in his arms with great enthusiasm.

Ledru-Rollin followed me with one of his characteristic speeches, full of earnest devotion to the cause of the people. His speech and mine were published together and sent broadcast over France. The result was that some two weeks later I received a notice to appear at the *Préfecture de Police*. Complying with this request without the least suspicion of what might be wanted of me, I was not a little surprised on arriving there to learn that I must leave the country within twenty-four hours. Upon inquiry as to the cause of such arbitrary measures regarding my movements, I was informed that my speech at a public meeting on the 24th of February was such as no stranger had a right to make in France, and that if I was found in Paris after the lapse of the period fixed for my expulsion I would be put under arrest and carried to the frontier. I expostulated with the rigid magistrate and obtained finally a few days of

grace. At the expiration of that time, however, being still unprepared to leave, I went to the house of a friend and was there concealed a few days longer. Finally, one night at eight o'clock I drove to the railway station and left for Brussels.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM Brussels I crossed over to England and took passage on the steamer "Washington," for the United States. This vessel was built on the old plan with side wheels; its complex and ponderous machinery not being hidden from view as is the case with our steamers to-day, and there were openings in the deck through which one could look down into the engine-room. Besides, the weather being still cold, I was often glad to go down into the midst of this machinery, where I made the acquaintance of the engineer and with him studied this most interesting mechanism.

I was thus led during my voyage to reflect on the influence of mechanical invention on the development of the human mind. I watched the great working beam with its rhythmical motion up and down, turning the ponderous shaft to which the paddle wheels were attached, and I reflected on the infinite number of calculations it had required during a hundred years of past experience to create such a stupendous piece of mechanism with the perfect adjustment of all its parts, so that they would work with unerring exactness. Here were two powerful elements, fire and water, brought into contact. An intense degree of the first had driven the second from a liquid to a gaseous state, and through a series of mechanical adjustments produced this gigantic power of action.

As I sat watching the working machinery around me I

said to myself: "When the human mind has to deal with matter and its forces it must proceed mathematically; it must analyze, compare and synthesize with unerring precision. No speculation or loose reasoning is admissible here, where the penalty of a single mistake may be death. How different in the realm of the abstract where philosophical speculations may be indulged in with impunity. It is of no *practical* importance to a man whether he be a Calvinist or an Atheist as regards immediate results: no spiritual boiler stands ready to blow his head or his legs off as the consequence of a theological mistake. On the contrary, men may be Platonists, Aristotelians or Christians; entertaining the most opposite philosophical opinions, and the practical results will be the same—no mortal danger threatening any one. But let man violate the conditions of matter, let him run a hair's breadth contrary to the mathematical requirements of nature's forces, and he pays the bitter penalty: for Nature is an implacable mistress, entailing the direst consequences on man's practical ignorance.

Following up this line of reflection, I perceived how the priesthood of antiquity, living in their temples exempt from industrial or other material occupation which would bring them in contact with matter and its conditions, gave themselves up to contemplative study, and indulged in the wildest speculations. Untrammelled by the stern facts of the objective world, their imagination had free scope, and, as a consequence, we see these holy men evolving their myriad contradictory theories on theology, and deluding the minds of their followers with all the fancies with which the human brain is capable when uncontrolled by the objective world.

The same condition prevailed to a certain extent among the Greek philosophers. They lived apart from the great current

of activity; their time was spent in their academies or schools, in abstract contemplation or study; they had nothing to do with industry and its interests. The physical sciences were not developed, and they had no training in the study of physical phenomena, where close observation and experiment are necessary with inductive reasoning from data furnished by observation and experiment. So they theorized according to the subjective nature of their individual minds, evolving as many conflicting philosophical theories as there had been evolved conflicting theological theories. (Slavery being then universal, the upper classes kept aloof from industrial pursuits—Plato looked upon them as “degrading” to manhood.) Thus it was that through all antiquity the mind of man was shut out from contact with the material world—the very sphere in which it was destined to learn its first lessons in exact and consecutive reasoning.

In the free towns and cities of the Middle Ages industrial pursuits were carried on by freemen: labor became respectable and the best minds engaged in it. Here, for the first time in history, was it that thought came really in contact with matter, submitting to its disciplining conditions and entering into practical relations with it. It was thus forced to act with precision, to observe carefully, to experiment and examine at every step in its practical conclusions. I look upon this training in the free towns and cities of the Middle Ages as the preliminary step in the development of all modern thought. Then for the first time the mind recognized the inflexible conditions of matter, and instead of explaining material phenomena according to its own subjective imagination, it came down to the inexorable logic of facts, and to the study of the mathematical necessities of nature. The result has been immense! It gradually led to the abandon-

ment of the old system of theological and philosophical speculation, and out of it has come the whole of modern progress. Humanity is now on the high-road to a complete mastery of the physical sciences: our steamships, our railroads, our telegraphs, our telephones and our gigantic machinery; the capacity for the production of wealth on a vast scale, and the establishment of great nationalities; all these show the limitless possibility of human development, when man shall finally arrive at the scientific comprehension of the world in which he lives.

On my return home this time I began a careful examination of "Socialism," as I had observed it being evolved in Europe. A great idea had sprung up in the minds of the leading men in the popular ranks, which they clothed, each individually, in theories of their own. Nearly every one saw a different side of the great question, and each one presented that side the importance of which he felt personally.

"Socialism" may be presented in different ways. It may be considered as *Social Science*, in its instinctive, intuitional form, or it may be considered as a manifestation of the aim and tendency of the age in historical evolution. It is, in its actual phase, *a new system of political economy*.

History shows us that two distinct systems have already been evolved: the first by the Greeks—Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon and others—whose system had for its fundamental principle slavery—the subjection of the laboring classes. They looked upon labor as inherently degrading, and upon slavery as a necessary and natural institution. Upon this corner-stone, consequently, were based all their theories of political economy: all their deductions regarding national institutions were founded on this one principle. There were at least ten times as many

slaves as freemen in Athens at its most flourishing period; Athenian democracy was nothing more than an oligarchy of slaveholders living on the toil of the bondman.

In the last century another system of political economy began to be evolved, based upon the supremacy of capital and the legitimacy of the wages system. From Duquesnay and Adam Smith down to the present time, all our political economists have considered that the system which places in the hands of a few the capital of the world, the machinery of the world, in most countries the soil, the mines, and all other means of production, is a true and natural one, and will last forever. It is assumed that the working classes, without the intelligence necessary to conduct industrial and business enterprises, and without that self-control which guards a man against the snares of sensuous gratification, are not fit to manage the practical affairs of society.

If we call the Greek system the *political economy of Slavery*, we may call this modern system the *political economy of Capital and Wages*. Both, however, arrive at the same result, namely: the complete industrial subjection of the laboring classes. In antiquity the lash was the fierce incentive to labor: at present it is starvation, or the fear of it. The laborer to-day is *forced* to accept the paltry remuneration which keeps him but one degree above starvation, while condemning him to constant toil, consequently to mental inferiority, often absolute degradation.

"Socialism" is a third and entirely new system of political economy. We may call it the Political Economy of Labor. As there were many different theories in the old schools, so there are many different theories in this new school. It is as yet far from being completely elaborated—demonstrated by principles and laws; hence its failure to conquer universal

assent. We must consider it as still in the embryonic stage of its evolution. Gradually, however, it is coming to be understood by the working classes throughout the world, as well as by generous and progressive minds everywhere who take an interest in the elevation of society's lower strata. When this last shall be accomplished, and not till then, will the emancipation of the human race really be achieved.

I have said that "Socialism," in its present phase, is a new system of *political* economy. What I mean is this: it attempts only to deal with one branch of the great social organism. It does not propose a new religion, or a new system of morality; it deals but secondarily with educational and political institutions; and its sole interest in upholding a democratic form of government is because it best represents the popular mind. It does not go beyond mere political reforms; for its legitimate field of operations is in those departments of which political economy treats, namely: the rights of property and of capital; their relation to labor; the wages system; the industrial government of society, etc. Now, if we are to consider this Socialism as an indication of the stage of historical development at which humanity has arrived, we can study it properly, only from the point of view of its universal meaning, following it up to its logical sequence.

Going back to the early history of humanity we find in Egypt and India the reign of conquests. In Egypt the son followed the profession of the father, and men were divided into castes according to a fundamental distinction in industrial pursuits. Later on, when the system was fully developed, it became in many respects a despotism; the social line became so inflexible, finally, that hostility grew up between the superior and inferior castes.

During the long Chaldeo-Assyrian reign, and down through the Greek and Roman civilizations, the institution of slavery prevailed. In the Middle Ages slavery was transformed into serfdom—a mitigated form of the personal ownership of man by man; and in our modern age serfdom has given place to the wages system. At one time man, the producer, was owned by his fellow-man—by what now constitutes the capitalist; to-day it is the instruments of production; the mines, the manufactories, the railways, etc., which are owned by the capitalist. The producer is set free, but his time and labor are owned by those who control the wealth of society. A vast system of usurpation and monopoly is carried on to-day by a small fraction of society owning the property of the nations. These men have in many instances done a great work. The gigantic schemes of the millionaire have led to vast achievements in the industrial and scientific world; personal ambition and selfish motives have often been the instruments of great collective good, and the rich man has undoubtedly served a wise purpose in the general advancement of society. But the individual's work, as an *individual*, is about to give place to a new phase of progress. Individual monopoly has grown to be a monster tyrant: it must be overthrown. The property of the nation must be controlled by the nation—the Collective Mind represented by its government; thus securing to all the members of the great national family the right to engage freely in all those branches of labor for which they feel themselves adapted, and with the full enjoyment of the product of their labor. This, it is contended by the Socialist leaders, the most advanced, at least, is the result at which "Socialism" aims.

I reviewed history to see how gradually this social evolution had taken place, from the conquests of Egypt down to the wages

system of our day: I examined all that had been advanced on the subject by the thinkers of Greece and Rome (in Egypt and Chaldeo-Assyria there were no thinkers who occupied themselves with questions of this kind). I then made a study of the theories of our modern political economists. In all these writers I saw an insensibility to the miseries of the masses as great as had been that of the Greeks with regard to the miseries of their slaves. They speculated keenly on the industrial organization *as it is*; with its falseness, its conflicts, and its arbitrary customs established by law, but nowhere did I find the first conception of a new order, tending to abrogate the gigantic privileges and monopolies grown out of the past—a past of conquest, rapine and usurpation.

“Our Political Economists,” I said to myself, as I closed their books, “are really the blind servants of tradition: they are without either the philanthropy or the clear-sightedness necessary to raise them above the commonplaces of habit and custom.”

We, to-day, look with astonishment on Plato and Aristotle, coldly upholding the institution of slavery. Will not society in the future be equally astonished when they contemplate the works of our political economists, reasoning coldly on the rights of capital and the legitimacy of the wages system? All of which reduces the toiling millions of civilization to the depths of brutal physical labor, destitution, degradation and ignorance.

I have called “Socialism” a social science of instinct or intuition. Certain minds have endeavored to create the *science* of society; *i. e.*, to discover the laws and principles on which it should be based, and to demonstrate them. I consider Fourier as the leader in this work; St. Simon, Comte, Krause and others were conspicuous in the same field. These thinkers

undertook to elaborate an exact theory of social organization applicable to all the five branches, or institutions of society. Fourier, it is true, leaves aside the religious branch: that, he says, is a subject which the human mind can handle worthily only after a true social order has been established. It is the relation of man with the Cosmos, of which religion fundamentally treats; he leaves that to the minds of a higher social state.

Still, notwithstanding all that has been said in favor of these various theories, the *Integral Social Science* will be a creation of the future. There will yet be many dreams of its attainment, and many practical failures; but each step is a step onward, and modern socialism is a great factor in this line of progress. With its full development will come an exact theory of political economy; a theory based on the principles which should naturally govern the material interests and relations of humanity. The questions of Property, Capital and Labor; the division of Wealth, Credit and Exchange, will then all be effectually settled.

Following upon the two historical stages of social evolution, the religious and the political, already referred to, will come the third; that of the economic system which we are now entering. The mediæval civilization, called also the Catholico-feudal, witnessed the maturity of the Christian Church; Catholicism was fully organized, and established in all its power in the tenth century; it had entered its decline in the sixteenth; and the effort to arrest its corruption was the first blow to the mediæval civilization. The Reformation, which was the protest of the human conscience against the abuses of the Catholic Church, changed the religious policy, and to a certain extent, the religious system of Europe. Then followed the great political revolutions of the last century which led to the establishment of the American Republic and to the destruction of the mon-

archical system in France. The third stage in this great work of social disruption will be the destruction of the economic system of our modern civilization, and Socialism is the expression of the revolt of the human mind against that system. It is the beginning of a new phase in social evolution—a revolution in the field of the practical interests of society.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the spring of 1851 my father died. This entailed on me certain business cares of which I had till then been free.

My father was ill but three days. On the afternoon of the second day I was telegraphed for to New York, but did not reach home till the afternoon of the morning on which he died. I will mention on this subject a psychological fact worthy of remark. My affection for my father was profound; certainly I would have made any sacrifice to have saved his life. On arriving at the house, and being shown the room in which he was laid out, I entered it. On the bed lay his body covered with a linen sheet; I approached the bed and lifted the sheet, expecting to feel the keenest grief; when to my great astonishment as I gazed upon the cold, still face lying there, there came over me a strangely different feeling. "This is not my father!" I said. "This is a lifeless body. Where is the spirit? Where is the reality—the living soul?"

I replaced the sheet and turned away, repeating to myself the same mysterious and never-answered question. The impression haunted me for days and weeks—it absorbed me. There was an utter contradiction between the spiritual idea of my father and the lifeless body which I found on my return home. I tried to imagine a reunion of the body and the spirit, and to picture to myself how delightful it would be to meet him again in the old home as a citizen of this world.

It was the old intuition : one which has agitated millions of souls before me, and out of which has sprung, in part no doubt, the theory of immortality. But, said I finally : " Nothing can bring him back ! God himself, with the absolute power attributed to him, cannot bring that body back to life. He may make new bodies, and without end, but he cannot make a dead body into a living one. It must go through dissolution and return to its primitive elements in accordance with the eternal laws of the Universe."

I was not well during the following summer, various circumstances having combined to debilitate my system ; and, as a means of recuperation, I decided in August to return again to Europe.

I passed through England, spending a few weeks at the hydropathic establishment at Malvern, and thence crossed over to France.

Having been expelled from that country as a dangerous character in 1849, I was obliged to use some diplomacy to get permission to return. A Mr. Walsh was American Consul at Paris at that time, and it so happened that the then Minister of the Interior, Léon Faucher, had, when a poor young man twenty years before, been Mr. Walsh's secretary. This fact paved the way to the Minister's official heart, for he was an arbitrary, unapproachable man, and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Walsh obtained permission for me to sojourn in Paris one month. After the month had expired, having received no orders to leave, I simply continued my residence there.

My apartment at that time was in the *Rue de L'Université*, number 70, near the *Rue de Bac*, and this accident enabled me to witness the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, when Louis Napol-

eon, then President of the French Republic, proclaimed himself permanent President for ten years without the intervention of popular suffrage.

On the same floor with mine, was the apartment of a General of liberal opinions; and about four o'clock on the eventful morning I was awakened by a terrible rumpus on the stairway; altercations, protestations, etc., and, jumping up, I opened my door. Calling to the *concierge*, whom I espied in the general *mêlée*, I asked what was going on? "They are arresting General Bedeau," he said, "and carrying him away." Napoleon, it appears, distrusted this General, with five or six others, and had made him one of the first subjects of arrest. The police forced him to dress, took him down stairs to a carriage, and drove off with him.

Seeing that something serious was up, I dressed myself immediately and went out into the street. The *Pont Royal*, just opposite the Tuileries, was but a few steps away, and from there I could view the soldiers hurrying to and fro. Pickets were stationed all about the Palace, and active preparations were going on, apparently for some important military operation.

Soon the day began to dawn. It was a clear, frosty morning and the stillness of the hour, with those stealthy, military maneuvers, impressed me at once that there was a *coup d'état* preparing. Watching the process of this movement, I saw how silently and easily bodies of soldiers could be distributed at such points as would effectually control the populace should any counter demonstration be made. Knowing that a number of army officers were in the habit of congregating at the *Café d'Orsay*, corner of the *Rue de Bac* and the *Quai d'Orsay*, I hastened there as soon as it was opened, and ordering my *café au lait*, awaited the coming of these officers. I was confident that from

their conversation I should obtain some knowledge of what was going on. And sure enough, I had not to wait long to discover that the situation was indeed serious. Soon several officers came in, and an earnest discussion began. Anxiety was depicted on their faces as hurriedly, and in half smothered tones, they consulted together: "Gold has been put into the hands of the soldiers," said one, "with instructions to fire on any officer who does not march." "We cannot tell where we are," said another, "we may be shot at from behind at any moment." All these men, evidently, were hostile to the usurper, and they felt outraged at being obliged to take command of their troops in the execution of such a work.

Toward noon I visited other parts of the city; first the Boulevards, which were completely lined on either side with soldiers. The streets were crowded with citizens, and the greatest agitation prevailed. Here and there were shouts of "*Vive la République!*" In the distance, gun-shots were heard. I followed the crowds on the Boulevards as far as the *Porte St. Martin*, the terminus of the area in the hands of the soldiers. There was the point of resistance: barricades had been hastily thrown up by young men under the direction of a few older ones, and shots were being exchanged between the soldiers and those behind the barricades.

After passing through other parts of the city where similar scenes met my eye, I returned about three o'clock in the afternoon to the *Démocratie Pacifique*, saying to my friends: "The day is lost! Napoleon's *coup d'état* is a success!"

A proclamation had already appeared on the streets, announcing that Louis Napoleon had assumed control of affairs for ten years. Everywhere reigned a gloomy silence. It was keenly realized that the revolutionary movement of 1848 had come to

an end, and that this was the triumph of the conservative classes. Napoleon's assumption of Dictatorship, with absolute control of the army, was unanimously applauded by these classes; now their privileges would be defended from the revolutionary encroachment of the people.

The motives underlying this movement were twofold. First, Napoleon and his adherents (the Duc de Morny and others), penniless adventurers, sought to promote their own selfish interests by seizing the reins of government: it had been Napoleon's leading ambition and the long dream of a lifetime to repeat the history of his uncle. Second, the conservatives and capitalists had been so alarmed by the insurrectionary movement of June, '48, with the agitations following it, that they became spontaneously his supporters: anything to them was preferable to the menacing populace; and out of this double motive grew a power which for a period of eighteen years subjected France to a benumbing conservatism, set off by the spectacle of an unrestricted scramble for wealth with reckless indulgence in luxury and sensuality of every kind, and as an inevitable result, a lowering of the spirit and genius of the French people.

The Chamber of Deputies had hastily assembled when Napoleon's proclamation became known. They were in session by noon. In the afternoon a body of soldiers appeared at the Chamber and arrested most of the Republican members, marching them through the streets to different places of confinement. I watched this procession as it passed, marching two by two, a row of soldiers keeping step silently on either side of them. Now and then the Deputies would send up a shout: "*Vive la République!*" Victor Considérant was at that time a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but he had left the Palace before

the arrests took place, thus saving himself imprisonment, or exile to New Caledonia, which would doubtless have been his fate.

A great many caricatures of Napoleon had been pasted up in the editorial rooms of the *Démocratie Pacifique* and these were speedily torn down: I could see that the editors felt that the reign of despotism had come; no one could tell how long he himself would be safe, and every preparation was made to meet an attack upon the office. Fourier's manuscripts and other valuables were removed to a place of safety just in time. The attack came, and Considérant made his escape by disguising himself as a fisherman. Having shaved his long, peculiarly-shaped mustache he was unrecognizable, even by his intimate friends, and he thus spent several days fishing under the bridges of the Seine. At length passports were obtained and he made his way to Belgium.

The impression produced upon me by all these events was painful in the extreme. I saw, throughout the history of the past where usurpation and violence had taken place, how easily systems of government had been changed, a beneficent *régime* often being replaced by a despotic one. Here was a great city of two millions of people conquered in a single day. Vanity, knavery, desperate ambition, mixed with some capacity, had transformed a Republic into a despotism: the rights of the people were trampled under foot, and an adventurer was placed at the head of the nation. It all impressed me so strongly that my faith in the capacity of man for self-government was shaken. I began to doubt of the existence of a collective intelligence able to unite a people in a collective work to resist injustice.

In short, France appeared to me a flippant nation, upon which

could be imposed any kind of indignity. The whole spectacle rendered me so melancholy that I could no longer remain in Paris. I left it, and went south into the Burgundy region, attracted by the fine vineyards of that country and my desire to examine them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE culture of the vine has always interested me deeply. Wine is the counterpoise of rum and whiskey, and although our temperance advocates, in their vehement crusade against spirituous drinks, include wine with beer and spirits, there is a radical difference in their nature.

I visited those old vineyards with great interest and also took occasion to examine the qualities of the wine in the cellars of the proprietors whom I visited. I remember my call upon the owner of the celebrated vineyard of the *Chambertin*, about seven miles south of Dijon, the home of the Burgundy dukes. I found the owner to be a lady. On the mantel of the room in which she received me stood a clock ornamented with a statue of Franklin. "I admire your Franklin!" she said, "he was a man of profound thought; and," she added, "of childlike simplicity. How different from our great Frenchmen!"

She sent her manager over the estate with me, and into her cellars, where I observed carefully the manner in which the wine was taken care of. These cellars were spacious and deep, with a single opening for ventilation, and with nearly a uniform temperature the year round. The casks were ranged one above another at a certain distance from the floor, and the manager remarked to me that the upper cask was always a little more delicate in its quality than the lower ones. I tasted specimens of these wines in their different years: the old wines that had

had time to thoroughly ripen were certainly of an exquisite character; they sold at fabulous prices after having passed through three or four mercantile hands, but they were not very dear when bought at the château. The Burgundy region produces a great quantity of wine of different degrees of strength and richness, and slightly varied in flavor: the *Chambertin* is a strong full-bodied wine; the *Volnay* is just the opposite, one of the lightest and most delicate of the Burgundy wines; but the finest of all, is the *Clos-Vougeot*, though so rarely obtained that it is scarcely spoken of; it is like one of the mythological deities—the people know that it is there but they never see it.

There are four or five wines which I have endeavored to get a taste of at different periods in my life, but I doubt that I ever succeeded. One is the *Clos-Vougeot*, the second is the *Château-Margaux*, probably, without exception, the finest wine in the world. For nearly fifty years, up to 1879, the Château was owned by Aguado, the great banker who made some fifty millions of francs in his dealings with the kings and statesmen of Europe; as he made presents of all his wines to these crowned heads and statesmen, the common run of mortals rarely, if ever, penetrated to their magic circles. The third in this list of the unattainable is the *Johannisberger*, the fourth is the *Tokay*, and the fifth is the *Lachryma-Christi*—tears of Christ.

I have drank the *Johannisberger* at the village next to where it is produced, at four dollars a bottle, but with the conviction that it was no *Johannisberger* at all. I have drank the *Tokay* in Vienna, where it was claimed by the merchant to have come direct to him from the wine-press; again I doubted the genuineness of the article represented. On Mount Vesuvius, where the *Lachryma-Christi* is produced, my endeavors to obtain the *bona fide* article were crowned, I think, with a little more

success, still I should not dare to be positive. These wines are monopolies: whole vintages are bought up by the wine-dealers before the grapes are ripened. While I was in the Burgundy region in 1880, for instance, the whole crop of a certain vineyard was bought up by a merchant in Paris; another large crop was bought by an Englishman with a view to taking the pressed grapes away in casks—the wine-making process to be completed in England.

This Burgundy region is called the *Côte d'Or*, which means the golden hillsides: the soil is of a beautiful yellow hue; and as one speeds through that rich valley, on the railway, he may easily imagine himself among golden hills. These vines have been under cultivation some two hundred years, and I was told that during all that time, as far as was known, the only fertilizer used upon them was the ashes of burnt vines. The rains trickling down the hillside bring certain particles of fertilizing matter from above, but all substances of an animal nature are avoided as injurious to the vines.

The different names given to these various wines indicate the immediate vicinity where they are produced: the *Volnay* for instance, is grown at the village of that name; the *Nuit* is grown on a little spot a few miles south of Dijon; rich and full-bodied, it is among the best of the Burgundy wines.

From the Burgundy region I continued my trip to Marseilles, and thence across the country in the old stage-coach to Bordeaux, for the railway had not yet made its appearance on that route. Having entered upon the study of wines, I thought I would go into it thoroughly, so I remained a month in and about that old *English* city, which in many respects is the best built in France, after Paris. It has a fine Opera House, contemporaneous with the Odéon and much after the same style; I may

add that as a public building it is far superior to the general run of its kind in Paris; in whose cramped, ill-ventilated *Salles* an evening's confinement is more of a martyrdom than a pleasure.

That wonderful soil which produces the world-renowned Bordeaux wines extends through a strip of country bordering on the river Gironde, which flows past Bordeaux to join the ocean fifty miles beyond. This unique strip of land is only about three miles wide, and yet even here, at the very heart of the vintage, is introduced class distinction: and, too, the line may be said to be much more rigidly drawn than in human society, for the class distinction here is inherent and insurmountable.

There is, to begin with, the "Paysan" growth on the lowest part of the region, then come the "Artisan," the "Bourgeois," and "The Fine Growth,"—this last occupying the hill-top scarcely a mile in breadth. It has five subdivisions, and for this category, exclusively is reserved the denomination of "Classed wines." Here come the *Léoville*, the *Larose*, the *Desmirail*, the *Château-Latour*, the *Château-Lafite* and the *Château-Margaux*—the *élite* of the aristocracy. Little townships or communes divide off the country, each giving its name to its special production. St. Julien, for instance, is a little township of a few thousand acres which produces a great variety of the finest quality of wines; Margaux is another township, where, besides the great *Château-Margaux*, is grown the *Rauzan*, the *Desmirail*, and the *Ferrière*. Pauillac produces the *Château-Lafite*, the celebrated vineyard owned by the Rothschilds. The father of the present owner paid for it over four millions of francs and the expense of its cultivation alone, amounts to one hundred thousand francs yearly.

The peculiar qualities and differences of these wines are determined by the little variations in the soil, which to look upon seems almost a mass of stones—so completely is it covered with gravel. Here is a tract of land worth \$10,000 or more an acre, which for ordinary farming purposes would be worth less than \$10 an acre: and from it comes one of the most delicately and most highly organized productions of the earth. The secret of its wonderful qualities is in these very gravel stones which, becoming thoroughly heated by the sun during the day, throw off this heat at night and thus aid in the ripening of the grape. The richest spot in all this region is probably *St. Julien*: its wines have great “body,” and are remarkable for their fine color and “bouquet.” The soil here is composed of three layers: first a sandy stratum formed by the washing of the sea; then comes a more or less volcanic soil mixed with the alluvial, on the top of which is a later alluvial deposit mixed with a fine gravelous formation. The roots of the vine penetrate these several layers to the depth of some eight feet. Much of this soil is highly impregnated with iron, and many of the Bordeaux wines are said to contain more iron than the richest mineral springs; a very important fact if true, since the superiority of the iron thus taken into the system is unquestionable, according to the homeopathic principle that the greater the trituration in diffusion the greater the action of the medicine. In the passage of the mineral through the vine and the fruit, its particles become highly triturated and acquire great potency, whereas the iron in the mineral waters is necessarily in a grosser state.

In order to get all the information possible upon the subject of these wines, (no one I met seeming to be able to tell me much of their nature or of their influence on the human system),

I went to the city library and requested the librarian to give me all the works he had on French wines. He presented me with about a dozen volumes from which I chose those relating to the Bordeaux wines—half the number, perhaps. I ran through them all. There I learned that, according to the analysis of competent chemists, the *Pauillac* wines contained as much as twenty-five *grammes* of iron to the *litre*. I also came across a statement which surprised me very much and seemed to me very valuable: one author, claiming to have made a careful analysis, both chemical and microscopic, affirmed that the alcohol in the wine is contained in a gum-cell, which gum-cell is not digested by the stomach under four hours; as a consequence, he said, the wine becoming heated in the stomach allows the alcohol to pass off in a vapor, thus obviating contact with the coats of the stomach in a liquid state. Brandy, as we know, is made by boiling down the wine, by which process the gum-cells are broken and the alcohol set free. In drinking brandy, therefore, we absorb the alcohol in its liquid state, and it comes directly in contact with the coats of the stomach, irritating them and producing all the bad effects which alcoholic drinks entail on the system. It is a fact that wine produces neither gout nor *delirium tremens*: there are men in the Bordeaux region who drink five or six bottles of wine a day. I heard while there of several of the renowned wine-growers who drank abundantly: Pichon de Longueville, for instance, died at the age of ninety-five: his manager told me that he drank five bottles of his wine a day, Cos-d'Estournel, another of the rich old-time wine-growers, drank even more. I remember visiting one of these far-famed townships where there were five rich proprietors, the youngest of whom was ninety years of age. This would seem to offer very fair testimony in behalf of

wine ; it demonstrates, at least, that it is not an unhealthy drink ; and the quantity consumed in Bordeaux at the period at which I am speaking was enormous. It averaged a bottle a day for every man, woman and child, and in no part of France have I seen a healthier looking people, with clearer, finer complexions, than those of Bordeaux. In fact, I observed everywhere in France that among the people who were accustomed to drinking good wine (where it could be obtained at such prices as would permit them to drink it), there was little or no use made of brandy. Good wine generates a distaste for the artificial, spirituous drinks, and good wine drinkers have an absolute repugnance for them. The glorious days of good wine, alas ! have been rendered rather traditional of late years by the ravages of the phylloxera, and its results are sadly apparent.

I made the same observation in Italy where wine is the beverage of the entire people. Its price is within their reach for the reason, mainly, that being but indifferently made it is not largely exported. I will venture to say that in all Italy there is not drunk a pint of brandy to a cask of wine. I saw no drunkards there ; I saw none in the south of France ; it is only when we get north into the colder regions, away from the vine-clad hills, that we reach the latitude of intoxicating drinks. In 1831, I traveled from Italy to Germany with a gentleman who saw a drunken man for the first time at Munich : he was so struck with the sight that he followed him some distance from pure curiosity. I, myself, have been used to wine from the age of fifteen, when I first went to New York, and I can safely say that during my entire life I have not drank a gallon of brandy or other spirit. If the advocates of temperance would advance their cause, they should begin by promoting the use of pure wines. I would recommend them to induce

the wealthy men of the United States to form a syndicate with a capital of \$100,000,000 to establish a vineyard properly, scientifically cultivated. Could we sell wine in this country at five cents a bottle it would do more to dethrone the trinity—Rum, Brandy and Whiskey than all the temperance pledges that can be written. Furthermore, it would be an immense health-giving agent—especially for women. Could a light delicate wine be provided that would do away with the eternal hot tea and coffee which, combined with hot bread and hot cakes, is the main cause of the deterioration of the health of the American women, it would be a great boon.

With my letters of introduction and my investigations I gradually formed quite a circle of acquaintances in Bordeaux. I stopped at the *Hôtel de France*, kept by the proprietor of a large vineyard, and what with meeting *connaisseurs at table d'hôte*, and invitations among the wine-growers to breakfast and dinner parties, I soon became thoroughly conversant with the nature of these wines, the character of the soil, etc. I was considerably surprised, however, in my conversation with the wine-merchants at that time, to find how few really knew anything of its chemical constitution, the source of the original vine, the modes of its cultivation, and other details connected with the subject.

The point which I consider of most importance in connection with the wine-question is, whether its alcohol is contained in a gum-cell. I have since endeavored to verify that claim, but have been unable to do so, not finding any chemist who could give me a satisfactory analysis.

Among the many interesting experiences which combined to render that visit memorable, there stands out one which was

unique. It was connected with a German house which for a century had been one of the principal establishments in Bordeaux. On the occasion of the visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to that city he was lodged at the house of this great Bordeaux merchant; and, as the last representative of the firm proudly informed me, the emperor visited their cellars and was greatly impressed with the substantial elegance of their appointments.

An immense fortune had been accumulated by this house, and its solitary heir was a young man of twenty-one or two, then living in great style in Paris. Not wishing to carry on the business himself, he had refused to allow any one else to do so, and the house was winding up its affairs. I had letters of introduction to the manager, the practical head of the establishment, whom I found to be a gentleman of some seventy-five years. His snowy white hair, white cravat and perfect correctness in dress gave him an air of grave dignity.

On entering into conversation with this gentleman, I discovered him to be a German, and, addressing him in that tongue, I said: "You are from the Vaterland"! At these words a pleased expression passed over his face, when continuing, I expressed my high appreciation of the German people: their simple-minded honesty and the supremacy of the sentiments, with them, over external, worldly calculation. I told him that this had always been their great charm for me, as distinguished from the artificiality of both the French and the English. On taking leave of him he said: "Mr. Brisbane, will you breakfast with me to-morrow? My carriage will wait upon you at the hotel, and we will drive out to my château."

At the appointed hour next morning we drove out to his country seat. It was an ancient château combining stateliness with ugliness, still displaying a certain acquaintance with arch-

itectural taste. The approach to it was planted with vines, handsomely laid out, and I remember noticing that the trunks of the vines were from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, out of which sprouted many delicate little shoots.

It was a quaint old dining-room into which we were ushered, furnished with the somber, richly-carved oak of olden times, and the sun shone pleasantly in through the little panes of its broad, low windows on a richly-spread table. Soon we were seated *vis-à-vis*. Among the remarkable features of the *menu* was asparagus of phenomenal proportions, its circumference being nearly that of an ordinary-sized tumbler; it showed what can be obtained by extreme care in culture, but it seemed to me, nevertheless, a kind of monstrosity, and, although of fine flavor, I cannot say that I found it superior to our own tender and less pretentious growths.

Our conversation naturally returned to Germany: its poetry, its music, its people, its long-past history—through which the rude Teutonic race had been trained up to its present state of civilization. The subject of our conversation, with the delicate—I would say divine—wine, awakened in the old man's heart a glow of enthusiasm. "Mr. Brisbane," he said, towards the close of the repast, "this is the first time in many years that I have spoken in my native tongue with a man who understands Germany, the sentiments of the people, and the spirit of the Germanic race. It is to me a great satisfaction. In my daily routine life and contact with men, I meet nobody who is interested in my country or its people, and it is an unspeakable pleasure to me to be able thus to revive memories of the old 'Vaterland.'"

I felt the deep current of exaltation that was coursing through the old man's soul: the highest and best side of his nature had

been touched, and I could catch glimpses of those finer sentiments which have such power to transform and illumine the human face. At length he continued: "Mr. Brisbane, allow me to tell you my history. I have never yet spoken of it to any one; but I would like to tell you how I came here and why I am now manager of this house, entrusted with the whole responsibility of its final settlement." Then, with a moment's hesitation, as if to divest himself of a certain lingering reserve, he began: "I was twenty years of age when I came from Germany with letters of introduction to this house, presented my credentials, and was accepted as a clerk. I was assigned my position in the large establishment, and, being the latest arrival, was ranked the lowest down in the scale of clerkships. I took my place, performed such duties as were required of me, and was devoted and attentive to the interests of the house.

"Seated at my desk one morning, a short time after my arrival, I observed a lady enter the office. As she passed along between the rows of desks, glancing politely at the clerks seated on either side, I caught a glimpse of her face. The impression it made upon me I cannot describe! I know not why it was, but her simple look seemed to overwhelm me with a feeling of which I had never before had any idea; and from that day forward I was another being.

"It was the custom then for all the clerks to dine with the family once a year: I among the others shared this privilege, and there I would meet this lady, who was the mistress of the house. But she scarcely ever spoke to me, and I was always silent. Now and then she would pass through the office, as at first, and I would have an opportunity of seeing her; never, however, did I venture to address a word to her.

"Years passed on. One clerk after another dropped out;

gradually I was promoted; gradually the men above me disappeared; until finally I found myself at the head. At last the husband died, and I, as head-clerk, was called in to consult with Madam on the settlement of the estate. Well do I remember the joy with which I listened to her voice addressed to me for the first time in terms of equality. I could not describe the emotions of that moment! I had entered the house a young man; I was now an old man, and she an old woman, but her benign presence was just as keenly thrilling to me at that moment, as it had been the first day. My respect and devotion for her had but become intensified by time. This first consultation was followed by others, till all the interests of the house came to be discussed between us. Thus by degrees we were brought into friendly intercourse—an intercourse which grew into intimacy; until finally I . . . Mr. Brisbane, I ventured to propose to her! I explained to her the long years of contained adoration I had given her, and offered her my hand. She listened to me; and after due reflection she deigned to accept my offer. My joy can only be expressed in the language which a fervent worshiper might address to the Virgin."

With these words my host paused: his recital seemed to have overcome him. But I believe that I was even more deeply moved than he. So full of tragic spirituality was this history as he told it to me that the tears came to my eyes. It was, indeed, the worship of the divine Teutonic sentiment in the Germanic heart, and I could feel what a deep under-current there was in that blue-eyed Aryan race.

The tears trickled down his cheeks as he continued: "I am old now, my hair is white, but it seems as if I had been in an eternal youth, as I look back over those fifty years—those silent years at my desk, watching with rapture that angel of light.

As I tell you, she *deigned* to accept me ; the day for our marriage was fixed. At last I was about to realize the vision so long pursued.

" Three days before the one appointed for the ceremony she was taken suddenly ill and . . . died. Mr. Brisbane, she died ! "

Again he was silent. Leaning back in his chair, he covered his face with his hands. Then recovering himself once more, he went on describing to me the final scene.

It was a tale of most touching sadness, and he seemed to take the keenest pleasure in dwelling upon every detail : the style of her dress, her lace cap, and the expression of her face. His effort to paint the picture in colors befitting it, might be compared to that of a great artist striving to bring out upon his canvas the glory of a pent-up imagination.

" I am so happy," he exclaimed, " to be able at last to speak on this subject ; to express in words, and in my own language to a fellow-being what I have so long hidden away, a silent secret in my heart."

And I could feel myself the great relief this painful recital had brought to him.

On the table had been placed a *Château-Lafite* of 1834 : this was in 1852. It is rarely that the Bordeaux wines last over twelve or fourteen years, yet this one at eighteen was still in its prime. Notwithstanding the excellence of its year, it had shown no signs of great superiority for a long time ; at last, however, it turned out to be something never before witnessed in Bordeaux. In 1852 this wine could not be obtained for 100 francs a bottle. In fact 200 francs had been freely paid for it, and the Spanish Ambassador, who only that morning had sent for one hundred bottles for his Queen, had been refused.

Such was the wine offered me by my host at the close of his

story. Never before, and never since, have I tasted anything like it. It was a unique *finale* to a unique repast.

As I finally took leave of this interesting old man, he remarked: "Mr. Brisbane, we must have another breakfast."

Sure enough, in a few days he sent for me again, and again we drove out to his country seat. The same good taste and refinement was displayed in the *menu*, and among the wines on the table was the celebrated vintage of '34. A most delicate *Léoville* of '46 was brought on, but everything paled before this magnificent *Château-Lafite*.

Again the conversation was started in a sympathetic channel. He described to me more particularly the career of the young man on whose behalf he was settling up the estate, and then instinctively reverted to his old theme: "Mr. Brisbane," he said, "pardon me if I speak to you on this subject once more; I find a peculiar pleasure in being able at last to express myself on this subject so long pent-up in my own breast." Then, with some little variations, he started anew into his pathetic recital—I asking questions in a manner to lead him on into more minute detail. Her look was described, her smile, the wave of her hand in salutation, her manner of presiding at table, every little peculiarity of her personality, until she seemed actually to stand before me. He saw that I felt the noble dignity of his sentiment, that I appreciated and admired it, and this apparently most reserved nature seemed to delight in thus laying itself bare.

Meanwhile the *Château-Lafite* flowed freely. When the first bottle was finished a second stood ready to replace it.

Thus, for several consecutive breakfasts my host continued to entertain me. Again and again I listened to the old story; its kaleidoscopic variations continually presenting some new and

charming feature ; till, finally, perceiving that if these breakfasts continued, the priceless *Château-Lafite* would soon come to an end, I managed to take final leave of my old friend and disappear from his horizon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM Bordeaux I returned to Paris. It was now spring-time, and I had again set my face homeward. Preparatory to leaving for Brussels, where Considérant had taken refuge, and with whom I wished to confer, I presented myself at the *Hotel de Ville* to get my passport signed. I observed that it took some time to perform that important requisite to my crossing the frontier, and while impatiently meditating on the delay, an official accosted me with a request to follow him. Leading the way to the fifth story of the building, he ushered me into a vaulted room with a brick floor and a prison-like air, where I was confronted by a substantial, broad-visaged personage who impressed me with all the firmness and ferocity of the bull-dog. Addressing me abruptly he said: "You had permission to stay in France one month, and you have been here six! You have disobeyed orders and have rendered yourself liable to prosecution: I am seeing whether you can be brought before a military commission."

I told him I had prolonged my stay because I had received no notice to leave, adding that I supposed the *coup d'état* had wiped out all small matters. "I never went to the trouble of disguising myself," I said, "and wherever I have journeyed through the country my name has been registered and controlled by the police, I presume."

"I have already examined into that question," he rejoined; "I cannot find that you have ever given a false name." And

then, meditatively, as if regretting the fact, he continued: "That may save you."

I found that I had to deal with one of those characters who consider savage sternness a particular virtue in authority, and I was tempted in a quiet way rather to make fun of him. I told him that I was unaware that I was such a dangerous character; that France with her army of 500,000 soldiers ought to be more than a match for a simple citizen of the United States. I compared myself to a fly on the bow of a great steamship, the flapping of whose wings could scarcely impede her progress, and repeated to him that I did not think I could do much harm in the face of 500,000 bayonets.

Reaching up into a pigeon-hole he took down a bundle of papers saying: "I have here your record for many years past, and it is a very bad one."

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes," he said, "you are well known by the police, and your record is very bad: you have associated with the St. Simonians from the earliest time and with the Fourierists and others."

"Well," I said, finally, "you can do as you please about this matter; but I warn you that the United States knows how to protect her citizens. It is scarcely worth while to prosecute a stranger who is guilty of no crime, and any arbitrary act toward me will only involve your government unnecessarily."

Here he fell upon the police, denouncing them all as a pack of fools. After a time he turned to me saying: "If you will leave the country in twenty-four hours you can do so!" I informed him that it was my intention to leave that night, so he sent word down to the central office to give me my passport, and I left.

The great regret of this man seemed to be that he could not

get me before a court martial. My overwhelming sentiment was surprise to find him in possession of my life's record from its earliest date. It showed me the immense complication of the French police system, and with what industrious energy they get hold of the history of individuals taking the most humble part in the advocacy of progressive ideas.

In connection with this subject another circumstance comes to my mind, showing what vigilance is exercised by despotic governments regarding the movements of every one suspected of liberal sentiments.

Shortly after my return home, I was one day traveling on the Ohio river between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. I observed on board a foreign gentleman, his fur-lined overcoat suggesting to me a Pole or a Russian; it was early spring and the weather was still cool. As he was alone, and apparently very unfamiliar with the surroundings, I ventured to accost him in the French language, when I learned that he was a Russian. We spent an hour or two in general conversation, he asking many questions about the United States; but what seemed particularly to interest him was the character of its political movements. At length, to my great surprise, he branched off on to social questions.

The afternoon of the next day we met again, on a more friendly footing, and he then informed me that he was a captain in the Imperial Guards, whose duty it was to be constantly with the Emperor at his reviews and military parades. During our conversation at this time he asked me incidentally if I knew a man in this country by the name of Albert Brisbane? And, on my replying that I did, he remarked that he would very much like to see him; he had heard of his efforts formerly in Berlin and

in America, and he would like to meet him while in the country. I told him that if he would like to meet Mr. Brisbane, I could introduce him, and accordingly presented myself as the individual in question.

My announcement was met with an air of incredulity and distrust. As if suddenly seized with a fear of having gone too far and compromised himself dangerously, he became silent; considering, as he told me later, the dire consequences it might entail on him at home. I soon succeeded in reassuring him, however, and an intercourse of the most agreeable character continued to the end of our trip. I told him that I had had a desire to go to Russia while in Berlin, but that my friends objected on the ground that the police there would have heard of my movements in Germany.

"Never dare to set your foot in Russia!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose that Emperor Nicholas does not know every reformer of note in the world? Why the name of Considérant announced at St. Petersburg would set him half crazy. I have seen him charge with his cavalry, when, holding his cloak up before his face and with drawn sword in hand, he seemed to be charging an invisible enemy: the Socialist movement is to him a demoniacal invention,—an enemy which he feels he will some day have to struggle with. In fact, in his hatred of this deeper movement of the world, Emperor Nicholas seems insane."

I subsequently met my Russian friend in New York, where he attended some of my lectures. We had frequent conversations on the subject of progressive ideas; I explained to him everything that was going on in the United States and elsewhere, and when he departed for his native land he seemed inspired with fresh courage in the difficult rôle fate had awarded him.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON my return home, in the spring of 1852, I resumed the studies I had begun in 1846 on the Laws of the Universe: that is, the laws which underlie universal phenomena. As early as 1832 I had become interested in the phenomena of animal magnetism, or mesmerism. I had even experimented in it somewhat myself in Paris, to the extent of influencing the minds of persons whom I threw into a magnetic sleep, lighting the gas with my fingers, etc.; but it was not till later that I undertook to look into the subject seriously. In 1852 I met a Dr. Chaplin, a firm believer in the efficacy of magnetism in curing disease, and he afforded me many opportunities for observing experiments of that nature. They impressed me; and gradually I became convinced that some mysterious, strange power was manifesting itself in this unexplained phenomenon.

Dr. Chaplin had one subject of a most delicate organization, extremely susceptible to magnetic influence, and over whose mind he seemed to have complete control. Putting a glass of water into his hand, for instance, he would make him believe successively that it was milk, wine, or any beverage he wished.

I witnessed at this time a very singular manifestation on the part of a woman who, when put to sleep, would pass into an ecstatic state which positively transformed her countenance while she depicted what she saw in the other world. Often

during these ecstatic states she would tell the magnetizer when the next trance would occur, day and date, even the hour to the minute that she would be ready. One of these *séances*, in particular, comes to my mind: precisely at the appointed time she became restless; so uneasy, in fact, that the magnetizer had to put her to sleep, although the several persons invited to witness the manifestations had not all arrived. Scarcely had he made the requisite passes when she raised her head abruptly, her wide-open, un-winking eyes gazing fixedly upward for fully fifteen minutes; when, as if repeating words to which she herself was listening, she began to relate what was going to transpire in the world: describing certain great changes to take place, and certain men, born about that time, who were to be leaders in the work. I never beheld a more impressive face than was this woman's in its strange, hallucinated, almost superhuman, expression. Following her magnetic state always came one of extreme exhaustion.

I followed up the study of animal magnetism (our modern hypnotism) for two or three years, and after witnessing its varied phenomena, both in Europe and America, vainly endeavoring through its flexible, uncertain, unreliable data to arrive at some intelligible comprehension of the principle underlying its oft-times wonderful manifestations, I abandoned the subject.

When spiritualism came up it seemed to me a phase of mesmerism. I examined its phenomena, nevertheless, conscientiously, and studied the subject with as much care as I was able to give to it. I met many of the mediums traveling through the country, and knew some of them personally; and, as well as I could judge from the testimony of my senses, I witnessed on two occasions positive proof of the reality of its physical phenomena. At one time I saw a heavy mahogany table rise from

the floor without any tangible agency. I watched all the movements of the company very closely, and had every facility for observing what transpired in the room: and yet I saw this table rise fully a foot from its place some dozen times during the course of the evening.

Now, the senses are delusive at times and lead us astray; this might have been the case in the above instance. An incident in point may be mentioned here, which will show the complete delusion which is possible in the realm of the senses. Having broken my arm just above the elbow, a few years ago, I one day attempted to use it before the bone was fully set. It was at my morning toilet, when I placed my disabled hand on a wash-bowl to push it to one side. To my great astonishment the bowl yielded in my grasp: it bent in with all the flexibility of india-rubber. I repeated the experiment, pressing against various articles of furniture in the room, every one of which yielded to my touch. What did this strange experience mean? Simply that, the bone being broken, the muscles of the arm were deprived of their solid lever of resistance, and having no power of resistance, reflected their powerlessness on the external world: consequently the nerves, interpreting this condition, had lost all idea of external statics.

Mind, in my opinion, possesses but two absolute criterions of certainty. The first is the normal, spontaneous Intuitions of the Soul. These are true because the force which is at the bottom of their phenomena is a cosmic force, whose modes of action are unvaryingly mathematical. The second criterion of certainty is in laws. I believe, for instance, that all deductions made from the law of gravitation are true, and that the human mind, in dealing with this law and applying it, has a criterion of absolute certainty before it. Thus, we have the intuitions of the soul

and deductions from universal laws as infallible guides ; but when we come to the senses, which have so often proved their unreliability, we should proceed cautiously in the forming of opinions.

I began the investigation of Spiritualism, feeling that it contained a reality ; that it was not a mere ideal delusion—a trick of jugglers ; and, while I studied its modern manifestation, I traced its course through history. I saw that from the remotest past there had existed a belief in super-sensual power ; that there had been exercised by the human soul, powers which transcended the perceptions of the senses and the reason of the intellect—some mystic intuition, insight, spiritual force with which the conscious, rational state was unacquainted. I saw this intuition in the Oracles of Greece : those women sitting upon the tripods gave answer to questions of a complex and difficult nature, often marked with truth, and wonderful insight ; I saw it in the familiar spirit of Socrates, which he always consulted on great occasions, and which told him what *not* to do, though never what to do ; I saw it in religious ecstasy under great excitement, from Buddha down through the saints of all ages. Taking these varied and manifold manifestations—these psychological phenomena of the past as one guide, I took as another those manifestations and phenomena which we find in nervous diseases, where the nervous powers seem to be developed in such a remarkable manner.

While in Berlin the first time, I was one night taken to see a young woman who in certain phases of the Moon would be seized with a strange frenzy. She was in the insane asylum, and it was there that I visited her with the physician in charge. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when we entered the room where lay a pale, emaciated woman, apparently some thirty

years old. Her only covering was a simple night-dress, for she would not endure clothing.

We had been in the room but a few moments when she sprang from her bed, jumped on the sill of the open window, and gazed out at the moon with an expression of intense anxiety. Her whole body was seized with a tremor, and she began spitting at the moon like a cat. From the window she made a leap back to her bed, lying quiet a few minutes, and then supporting her whole body on one hand she raised it on an angle of at least forty-five degrees and traced a circle with her feet on the ceiling—a feat requiring almost superhuman power. Falling back on the bed in a tremulous state, she was again quiet for a few moments; then recommenced her leap for the window: seizing hold of the iron bars which protected the opening, she would gaze upwards with an expression of overwhelming sentiment; again came the spitting of the cat, and again she returned to her couch to go through the same evolutions as before. This strange pantomime would continue for hours together, until the poor hallucinated creature would fall into a kind of syncope from exhaustion.

I witnessed many other strange phenomena in the different insane asylums of Europe which I always visited with profound interest. A singular fact connected with such visits was that after having spent three or four hours in those institutions I imagined every one crazy about me when I came out.

Knowing that these outward manifestations were the effect of the spiritual forces operating within, and feeling that there must be an analogy between the spiritual and the physical—the soul and the body, I began to seek for an analogy in the human body for the two mental states which I found in man, *i. e.*, the intuitional, or subjective state, and the rational, or objective state.

The body, I reasoned, has its nerves of voluntary motion controlled by the conscious mind. For instance, I use my hands and feet as I please; I speak, look, move about, calculate. All movements of this class are under my control; I reason and reflect on them; I guide them with a consciousness of what I am doing.

There are, on the other hand, the nerves of involuntary motion which control that vast variety of operations going on in my body independent of my volition: I know nothing of the beating of my heart, of the respirations of my lungs, or of the ceaseless activity of my mind; all these are beyond my rational control.

Here, I reasoned, are two distinct states in the physical man. May it not be as readily shown that that abstract something called, Mind, Soul, Spirit, is also endowed with a double mode of action producing two classes of phenomena? There is its conscious, reflecting mode of action, where the reason of the individual combines perception and ideas, and regulates his external operations in consonance with external conditions around him—which mental acts are analogous to the conscious operations of the members of the body. Then there are its involuntary, spontaneous, uncontrolled modes of action, which correspond to the spontaneous modes of action of the body under the influence of the involuntary nerves.

It thus became very apparent to me that, as the physical body is endowed with a dual system of nervous action—the voluntary and the involuntary; so also has the psychical body, or mind, its two modes of action. In distinguishing these last, I called the one the objective rational: *External Rational* state, and the other the subjective intuitional: *Internal Intuitional* state. Fitter terms may, perhaps, be found for them both.

Having fully established this theory in my mind, I began to develop and apply it. With its aid I explained a great many phenomena which had hitherto been incomprehensible to me; among others Spiritualism.

This subject of the double action of the soul interested me deeply, and led me to a thorough examination of the literature of the different nations with a view to see what approaches had already been made to it. I found that the Germans had perceived the "Internal Intuitional" to a remarkable degree: (though they have not, as far as I could see, combined with it a theory of the "External Rational." They called it "*das Unbewusste*, i. e., the unconscious; by which term, alone, they designate it. This seems to me a mistake; for the intuition may be perfectly conscious to, and of itself, though independent of, and escaping the analysis of the "External Rational." For instance: while my objective reason knows nothing of the wonderful processes going on in my nervous system; of the complex action of the brain, the heart and lungs, it is fully conscious that such processes are going on, and that there is manifested in their action a plan which attaches to a realm of nervous life of the highest order. In like manner, the intuitions (the original, spontaneous action of the soul) flit back and forth before the rational objective mind, which takes cognizance of them more or less, though powerless to command or control in that realm.

This idea is beautifully illustrated in the works of art of our great masters. Take the creations of a Beethoven, a Michel Angelo, a Shakespeare. The symphonies of Beethoven are evolved spontaneously, from what is commonly called inspiration. He does not calculate the conditions of a composition; its accords, dissonances and modulation; his complex creations take place without the intervention of conscious reason, whose

rôle it is to direct their writing out, to verify their character on the musical instruments, and to properly adjust external conditions to their happy realization. The composition itself is spontaneous. Were reason to interfere in such creations, to dictate the character and mode of their production they would bear that stamp of artificiality, or cold calculation, which distinguishes so much of the art of this most *External Rational* age. Beethoven's grandeur and sublimity came fresh and unsullied, independent of all rational calculation, from the great soul that evolved them.

Again, a Michel Angelo, tracing his grand frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel, does not calculate the geometrical harmonies embodied in them; he does not ponder over those sweeping curves, those majestic attitudes, those noble countenances. What he does is from that interior guide which requires neither compass nor model. It is his *intuition* of moral grandeur and beauty which he incorporates in his sublime creation.

I would not imply by this that the true artist needs no model; on the contrary, the closer we study Nature in our effort to reproduce her, the greater will be our achievement. But Michel Angelo had the genius to transcend Nature and still remain in harmony with her; the marvelousness of which is proven by the grotesque, exaggerated creations of his would-be followers.

A Cuvier, on the other hand, elaborating the science of zoölogy, proceeds in a very different manner. His work is accomplished by careful *observation*: all the details of the animal organism are considered and their data reasoned upon. Here conscious reason does the work and, aided by the observation of the senses, arrives at the discovery of the various animal organisms and evolves a system. There is nothing spontaneous in this kind of creation—nothing of inspiration; except, it is

true, certain suggestions of the mind, which often lead to discoveries where unaided reasoning and observation have often proved powerless.

We have a fine illustration of this last in the discoveries of Newton. He observed a stone (an apple they say) fall to the ground: it arrested his attention and set him to reflecting; he reasoned that it would fall from any height; taken to the top of the highest mountain even, it would fall. Then he said to himself: perhaps the moon falls to the earth, or would fall if not prevented by some counter-acting influence. This suggestion led to a train of thought which conducted Newton into a new world of discovery. Likewise Franklin, when, observing the electric spark, he conceived the idea that lightning might be an electric spark on a gigantic scale; thus springing from the known to the unknown through a comparative intuition.

A Papin or a Watt, inventing the steam engine, proceeds entirely by conscious reasons. The various conditions to be fulfilled by the steam engine are observed and carefully reasoned upon; all the details are cautiously calculated and arranged with a view to effects and results. Still, as already remarked, in all these works of conscious reason, intuition may take a part. All mathematical and geometrical condition—numbers, quantities, relations and proportions—are intuitively felt by the soul; they are inherent in its nature, and are expressed instinctively as it were, almost without reflection. It is also true that conscious reason aids intuition in expressing itself in the concrete objective world by furnishing the material means necessary thereto. In music, for instance, it invents the instruments and musical notation, and creates the science of music; thus furnishing the external conditions through which the intuition can operate.

There are as many kinds of intuition or modes of action of the soul as there are distinct classes of forces or faculties in man. And in these I distinguish three classes :

First, the senses which perceive the material phenomena of nature and place man in relation with the physical world in which he lives ; second, the moral sentiments which feel the attributes of the moral world—justice, sincerity, honor, dignity, devotion, heroism, adoration, etc., of which the senses take no cognizance ; third, the intellectual faculties, which plan, order, organize ; directing both the senses' and the sentiments in their relation to the objective world.

In one or another of these classes of forces or faculties we find all the varied manifestations of individual organization. Take, as an illustration in the first class, the intuition of sight in coloring : observe the works of those grand colorists, Titian, Rembrandt, Correggio. How characteristically different the handling of the same pigments by these three great masters ! Then take the intuition of the same sense in form (the conception of geometrical harmonies) of which Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo and Raphael are fine illustrations.

These three artists were supreme in the intuition of form, but deficient in that of color—especially Michel Angelo. Rembrandt and Michel Angelo saw with the physical eye the same colors, yet how differently they rendered them. Gazing upon the same object in nature, Rembrandt paints it in glowing richness, Michel Angelo in comparatively dead tints.

In the intuition of the moral sentiments, da Vinci possessed that of infinite grace and delicacy ; Raphael that of illuminated grace and loveliness with a deep spirituality, as portrayed in his matchless children. Michel Angelo's distinguishing senti-

ment was dignity, grandeur, power. It attained supreme expression in his *Moses*. Titian, while possessing a fine intuition of form and color, had not to an equal degree that of the moral sentiments; hence the deficiency in those qualities in his paintings. The same was true of the great Venetian, Paul Veronese, whose paintings seem to palpitate with the glory of life and its realities. He had a brilliant intuition of color in all its cosmic purity, unity and grandeur, but a deep moral intuition he had not. Rembrandt follows in the same category; this superb colorist employed his talent in the portrayal of commonplace life; he lacked a high moral intuition. Correggio combined the intuition of the senses with that of the moral sentiments to a remarkable degree; there is a loveliness in the expression of his figures, as well as beauty of coloring and of form.

I come now to the intuitions of the intellectual faculties which are more difficult of explanation. They perceive proportions and relations, number, measure, rhythm, combination of identities and contrasts, accords and dissonances, etc. These intuitions take the data furnished by the senses and the sentiments, and weave them into all the varied combinations which distinguish human activities.

To continue my illustrations in the realm of art: I may say that Michel Angelo furnishes the highest manifestation of the intuition of combination. His figures which in their details, their proportions and strange attitudes, often seem almost monstrous, are yet combined into the most wonderful harmony; the strangest contrasts—parts, which, taken by themselves, would seem utter exaggeration—are so brought into unity with other parts as to produce a complex whole of the highest order of beauty. We see this particularly in his celebrated *Night on the Medici's tomb* at Florence. Here both disproportion and exag-

generation, apparently, are magically wrought into a unity of the richest and highest artistic effect. Michel Angelo was supreme in the intuition of the intellectual faculties. Beethoven represents the same class of intuition in music and Shakespeare in poetry.

Thus, painters, sculptors, musical composers and poets may all be classified according to the intuition which animates or guides them in their creations. While a da Vinci, a Raphael, an Andrea del Sarto or a Fra Bartolomeo represents the intuition of the moral sentiments; Rembrandt, Titian and Paul Veronese are interpreters of the intuition of the senses. The Venetian school, however, added to this class of intuitions those of spontaneous real life, in which all the intuitions are more or less blended, though in their simpler or lower degree.

Painters who are mere colorists or portrayers of real life are intuitionists of the senses; those whose chief characteristic is the portrayal of the affectional nature are intuitionists of the sentiments, and those who, like Michel Angelo, have wrought out such strange geometrical combinations, are intuitionists of the intellect. He stands, as I have said, pre-eminent in this realm, although Tintoretto and Reubens, in some of their creations, belong to the same category. And while in music Beethoven embodies in his creations the intuition of the intellect, Mozart embodies in his the moral sentiment.

This entire subject of "Unconscious" intuition, and Conscious Reason—their origin, their relation to each other, their functions—is extremely abstruse and complex. They are the manifestation of a higher unity, and it is this unity which we must comprehend in order to appreciate their real nature. We must analyze man as a whole; we must create an integral psy-

chology, and in that unity seek for the explanation of the two great modes of manifestation which we designate as the Conscious and the Unconscious.

On entering upon such a study we have to ask first, what parts of it are subject to observation, and what require to be studied with other aids or resources? For we shall not progress far with our analysis before discovering that into this complex organization called man, enter very distinct factors. In the beginning we observe a physical organism—the body; we see it, touch it, and know that it is a material thing, occupying space and possessing resistance. We observe this organism in movement, and feel certain that there must be something back of it which produces such movement. Examining into the cause, we find that it is the nervous system, a most complex and intricate system of nerves, ramifying to every part of the organism. Through these nerves, circulates what is called the Vital Force, the principle of life, the intimate cause of all the acts and movements of the body. The muscles, bundles of flexible fibres obedient to the directing power of this force, are attached to the bones or skeleton of the body, the result of which is a great system of levers worked by the nervous forces operating on the muscles. The nerves, together with the ganglia, may be compared to the electric telegraph; the ganglia are batteries where the forces are accumulated, and the delicate white filaments are the wires through which the forces circulate.

That, in the nerves resides the moving animating power, in fact, the life of the body, has been demonstrated beyond a question. Cut a nerve, and sensation is destroyed in that part of the body controlled by it; let it be paralyzed from any cause, and the power of movement is suspended. Nutrition, also, depends on the normal action of the nerves: it is the nerves which dis-

tribute the infinitesimal particles of the physical elements and organize them in their respective parts, taking upon themselves a kind of galvano-plastic covering which becomes the physical body.

So far observation serves us. We *know* that there exists a physical organism permeated by a nervous organism in which resides a force which is the living, moving power of the physical being : we know that the material nerves are but the conductors of this force, and that it differs in nature from its immediate envelope as well as from the rest of the organism—with a difference as great as, in the outer world, is that between electricity and matter.

Now, this unity called Man thinks, reasons, plans and orders ; he possesses affections and deals with his fellow creatures, establishing sympathetic relations with them ; he discovers laws in nature and creates the sciences, thus rising to a knowledge of the great whole to which he belongs. But what do we really know of the character of this third factor ?

The first two factors in this great organism are visible and tangible : we can study them with the aid of observation, but the third is beyond the reach of the senses, and there observation cannot aid us. It is variously called, Mind, Spirit, Soul : how shall we study it, since we can neither see nor touch it ? It is quite evident that we can study it only in the effects or phenomena which it produces.

We see first that it perceives all the attributes and qualities of the material world outside of itself ; that it guides man in his social relation ; that it operates on all the phenomena, which matter presents to it ; arranging, distributing, and combining them according to certain principles of order and harmony. Out of form and color it evolves geometrical and chromatic harmony ; it creates mathematics, comprehending all the rela-

tions of numbers and applying them to the concrete relation of quantities, etc.; it discovers laws in Nature, thus showing that it must be in harmony with the power that established those laws;—for if not in unity with that power it could not comprehend its effects.

Now what is the nature of this third factor? What are its attributes?

It may safely be affirmed, to begin with, that, whatever else it may be, it is a force. It is an active or dynamic principle; for in its own operations it acts on the nervous system, impelling and directing it, which in turn acts on the physical body. We have observed that when excessive or prolonged in its action, it exhausts the nervous energies. We know also that it acts on the circulation of the blood, and that it uses up certain substances in the brain, such as phosphorus. Thus by a multitude of material phenomena we know that this invisible, intangible *something* which constitutes the psychical Man is, in primary analysis, a force. But how shall we designate this force? What kind of a force is it? How does it differ from the nervous force? The latter, we know, bears a close relation to the electromagnetic forces which we see in nature, though differing from them in some way, not yet discovered by science. If we choose to call the nervous force physical, inasmuch as it is closely associated with the body, and is in unity (in a sense at least) with the forces associated with matter in nature; then this higher force may be designated as spiritual. The nervous force builds up the physical organism, and directs it in its organic movements; we may therefore very properly assume it to be a *dynamic* organism—i.e., an organic force. This higher principle evolves organisms of all kinds, and may with equal propriety be designated a *dynamic force*.

From this view of the question I would affirm that that something called Mind, Spirit, Soul, is a dynamic organism which, to distinguish it from the nervous force, I will call the *Spiritual Organism*.

It thus appears that in the study of man, we find a unity composed of three elements or factors: first, a body, placing him in relation with nature and enabling him to lead a concrete existence on the earth (and it is an important fact that the basis of the body is the osseous system; for without the skeleton, hard and substantial, the body could not deal with the material world; were it merely muscle like an oyster it could neither handle, nor operate upon, solid matter); second, a nervous system, through which circulates the force that moves the body; third, a psycho-dynamic organism, called the Soul. This last is the supreme director and regulator: in fact, the real man, of which the two other factors are but the instruments and servants.

It may be advanced, in contradiction of this view, that the nervous system is the source of intelligence in man; that it is the nervous force, organized in the brain, which is the source of that reasoning which plans, directs, co-ordinates and combines.

My answer is that nothing can, at one and the same time, be both the originating and executive power. Nowhere in nature do we find an instance of the simultaneous performance of two such distinct functions. Can the nervous force, which propels the fingers on a musical instrument, conceive or create a musical harmony and direct the fingers in their execution of the work meanwhile?

Now in studying the modes of action of this psycho-dynamic organism, we find them to be the two above described: "Internal Intuitional" and "External Rational."

A force is essentially an active principle; and the soul, being a

force, possesses necessarily its modes of activity : its spontaneous action and its reflecting, conscious action are both manifested in the effects they produce. It is the spontaneous action of the soul, prior to all reflection and to all experience, which produces a Beethoven and a Mozart. Mozart began evolving his musical harmonies at the age of three, when certainly he had not *reasoned* on the nature of sounds and their harmonic combination. To him no observation, no experience, no data were necessary : the soul simply expressed itself. It was the simple spontaneous action of its inherent nature, so constituted as to produce this result—as much so as is steam to expand and lift the piston, or as is electricity to produce the crystal of the snow-flake.

We have already observed the same kind of activity in the soul of a Michel Angelo or a Raphael, distributing forms and colors in such a way as to produce harmonies of another order. The soul acts thus on all the material phenomena of the external world presented to it by the senses, and creates harmonies in all departments of nature. It acts also on the conduct of human beings, and establishes order and harmony in the realm of the moral sentiments ; a government is but the organization of the collective interests and relations of human beings, and is determined by the mode of action of the moral sentiments, combined with the intellect, of those who make the laws.

A point in this theory, which I feel cannot be too persistently insisted upon, is that the instrument, the *real body* of the supreme dynamic organism, is the *nervous system*. The physical body is not the real body of the soul : it has nothing to do with it ; does not come in contact with it. It is solely through that system of electro-magnetic forces of which the nervous tissues are the external envelope, that the soul acts upon the body.

The senses, I repeat, reveal to it the objective world : the eye conveys to it form and color ; the ear, sound ; taste and smell, the flavors and odors. And yet it is not the material realities themselves which are thus perceived by the senses and conveyed to the soul : it is simply the forces in them. The eye, for instance, is an optical instrument which perceives, not the external object presented to it, but the color reflected from that object. This color is a force in nature which strikes the nerves of the eye, and is immediately felt and comprehended by the spiritual organism. In like manner may we analyze the functions of all the senses. It is through them that the soul takes cognizance of an objective world—a world outside of itself ; and that it comes to know that something exists beside itself ; that it, itself, is limited, finite, and but a fraction of a great Whole.

What in ordinary language is called consciousness, is, first, a conception of the outside world ; second, a comparison of its varied phenomena ; and, finally, the comprehension of relations between these phenomena and the order which reigns in them. The soul discovers the order reigning in the outward world because it possesses the intuition of that order within itself ; it comprehends the mathematics of the external world, because it has all mathematics within itself ; it establishes order and harmony in various branches of the phenomena on which it operates for the same reason. Having order and harmony within itself, it impresses them on the nervous force, and through its instrumentality establishes the same in the objective world. Thus it is that the intuition of musical harmony within the soul operates upon external, sonorous vibrations. It was a mighty elaboration, that of musical harmony ! The theory had to be discovered, the instruments invented ; the system of notation and the art of execution acquired. It has taken long ages to accomplish this

great work, and the creative power of the soul had meanwhile to be exercised in many directions.

When, finally, the soul, through the senses, has acquired consciousness of the external world and accustomed itself to deal with its phenomena ; when it has analyzed, compared, and combined them up to a certain degree, then the work of Conscious Reason has begun. Conscious Reason is, in reality, "Unconscious" Intuition, arrived at the perception of the external world.

To sum up, then, we have first, the spontaneous activity of the soul—its original, natural modes of action : being a force, it tends to act, seeks to act, and acts on all phenomena presented to it. When it has accustomed itself to act on this phenomena, which it marshals into array according to its own inherent modes of activity, it arrives at a consciousness of itself ; and this consciousness is what we call Reason.

Intuition and Reason, consequently, are but the two modes of action of the soul : the one its primary, spontaneous, subjective action, the other its reflective, conscious objective, action.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM this time forth, dating from the year 1846, my one absorbing study became that of laws, and I have never ceased this line of study since I began. It embraces a vast realm. So vast, that, in my opinion, it will require many years of labor on the part of very capable minds to attain to any adequate degree of advancement therein.

I would often be engaged upon a single problem for years together ; or, if finding that I could not solve it, I would lay it aside temporarily and take up another. One of the first questions which occupied my attention seriously was the double action of the soul : the spontaneous Intuition and the conscious Reason, already spoken of. I caught in glimpses, by intuition, its leading points, and often when occupied with other questions. In this manner, and slowly, I worked out special parts of the subject as they presented themselves.

Another subject which awakened in me a profound interest was astronomy. Two circumstances led me to investigate certain points relating thereto. First, the reading of the theory of the German thinker Mayer on the mode of the production of heat and light in the sun.

Mayer is credited with having first announced the *Correlation of Forces*. It was a brilliant scientific perception, and awakened in me a good deal of interest in his works ; but his explanation of the source of light and heat in the sun seemed to me the

most absurd of doctrines. I could not conceive how a mind with any complex thought could imagine that the simple percussion of asteroids and other cosmic bodies falling on the surface of the sun could produce such light and heat as that which gives colors and flavors to all the vegetable kingdom. Ordinary fire, I knew, could not produce such effects. Ordinary fire is inorganic; whereas, to produce flavors and perfumes, light and heat of an organic character are required. This led me to examine the constitution of the sun.

The idea which generally prevails is that the sun is a great inorganic body in an incandescent state, slowly burning up like a lump of coal, and that in so burning it throws out light and heat to an equal degree in every direction of the solar system,—east, west, north, and south. Men of the extensive knowledge and acumen of Sir Wm. Thomson and Helmholtz sought to explain the sun's dynamic action in this simple physical way, taking for granted its inorganic character. Helmholtz says that it is the action of the sun in its slow combustion which causes it to throw out the light and heat that illuminates and warms the solar system. Such theories are based on comparisons drawn from data found in phenomena on our earth.

In studying the subject, I became convinced that the sun is an *organic* body—a vast organism evolving all the varieties of dynamics, the effects of which we observe on our earth. These effects are themselves organic, and are most varied in their character. How could forces projected from an inorganic mass in a burning state govern the realm of nature around us, give it organic life, determine the growth of the vegetable kingdom and the phenomena of life connected with the animal kingdom? The vegetable kingdom is essentially a product of the sun, and without his influence perishes; how could inor-

ganic dynamics convey to the vegetable kingdom its colors, its flavors, its perfumes, form, texture, and all the other qualities connected with it? That it could not, is shown by practical experience; since no inorganic light or heat, either electrical or from combustion, can develop and ripen fruits, develop and perfect flowers, or furnish in any degree that kind of influence necessary to the full fruition of the vegetable kingdom. I have tasted peaches in Holland which presented a tolerably fair exterior, the flavor of which was as flat as that of a turnip, the reason being that a rainy season had allowed the fruit very little sunlight.

The complex phenomena exhibited by the atmosphere of the sun, its photosphere, and the gigantic movements going on in its corona, all prove that there is there organization of a very complex character, and on a gigantic scale. That an *incandescent* body rules the mighty realm of our solar system, and determines with mathematical regularity the immense complexity of its life and movements, appears to me the most empty and simplistic of ideas.

If, then, as I assume, the sun is an organic body, it must absorb—consume material substance; transforming it and throwing it out in organized form, the same as does the human or any other body. What is the nature of this food on which the sun lives?

I suggest that it is furnished in part by comets, in part by the electricities of the planets, as well as the myriad little meteoric bodies which surround it. The cosmic vapors also serve as nourishment to the sun. In short, there is an immense amount of cosmic matter circulating in our solar system which the sun must draw in and assimilate to itself. I would even go so far as to suggest that it may be at the poles that this cos-

mic matter is taken up, and, by some process which we do not yet divine, is elaborated and thrown off at the equator. I believe it to be from the equator that the sun's forces are projected. Instead of being dissipated generally to all points of the compass, they are directed exclusively to the planets by means of a system of electro-magnetic communication between the sun and the planets. Magnetic wires, so to speak, extend from the sun to each of the planets, and it is along these magnetic lines that his forces are transmitted. The idea of the general dissemination of these forces in all directions, leaving the planets to absorb about a two-thousand-millionth part of them, is absurd! Nature everywhere observes too closely the principle of economy of means to allow a particle of force or matter to be wasted in this great universe.

I will here venture a hypothesis, which is given merely as a suggestion and in the belief that any hypothesis is better than none, since it leads to inquiry and raises problems for solution. The spectroscope shows us that the metals: iron, copper, nickel and other physical elements in the sun are in a state of fusion. Now, why is iron in the atmosphere of the sun in its highest molecular or atomic state—in a state of fusion? What function does it perform? My venture is this: transmitted through the electric currents already described, and by means of which the forces of the sun come down to our globe, this vaporized iron gives the red colors to the vegetable kingdom; the blush to the rose, and the carnation to the pink. The luscious red of the strawberry and the cherry is a product of the atomic iron thus transfused into their texture.

As well as I have been able to ascertain, I find that zinc decomposed at one pole of a battery will send its fine metallic particles through a wire thirty feet distant, depositing them at the

opposite pole. I will not affirm the truth of this statement, but experiments which I have witnessed seem to indicate such to be the case. If so, we have a most valuable indication, a comparison on which to base a theory. In such investigations we are obliged to go from the known to the unknown: it was in this way that Newton went from the fall of the apple to universal gravitation; that Franklin went from the electric spark to the lightning in the clouds; and if this point can be determined as a fact, it would lead us to conclude that the metals and other elements in a state of fusion in the sun's atmosphere may be conveyed in currents thence to the earth, where they produce all their corresponding effects on the vegetable kingdom; and thus demonstrate that our perfumes, our flavors, our colors—all come from corresponding elements in a state of vaporization in the sun.

Another circumstance which led me into astronomical research was the reading of one of Faraday's works, in which he treats of the action of gravitation. Combining what I got from him with knowledge of other experiments in the action of electricities, one on another, I gradually framed a theory of my own.

Newton and all his followers speak of an original impulsion given to planets as a set-off on their endless course round their pivot. This primary impulsion, they claim, balanced by attraction, causes our planetary revolution. On examining this statement, I reflected that if the sun's attraction was powerful enough to deflect a planet from its tangential line, the same attraction must logically, after a certain time, overcome the original impulsion and draw the planet ultimately to itself. I calculated, to my own complete satisfaction, that an original propulsive force must necessarily be destroyed before more than half of the revolution had been accomplished. Now, I said, there must be

a centrifugal force very different from the accepted theory, and what is it? What balances attraction? In other words, what is the force of counter-gravitation? It was evident to me that if, as claimed, an original propulsion was the force of counter-gravity, a continual renewal of this tangential movement would be necessary to maintain an exact equilibrium with the force of attraction.

I spent, off and on, a year, even more, in the study of this question, and finally came to the following conclusion:—To begin with, I saw that our globe, like all the planets in our system, was composed of two distinct elements: first, the solid concrete matter of its center; second, the atmosphere around it—an atmosphere of gases, *i.e.*, matter in its molecular state. Thus I conceived a solid nucleus of static matter—matter in the mass, and a vast envelope of what I will term dynamic matter—matter in movement, or gaseous matter. The next conclusion I came to was that the electricities in these two realms differed: the electricity in the nucleus being negative and that in its surrounding atmosphere positive. We know that our material globe is permeated with electric currents; we know that their constant tendency is towards the north pole, and that they run through the depths of the ocean and affect the cables laid there. We know also that currents permeate mines and are everywhere present in nature; there is not a particle of matter, in fact, without the presence of electricity. We know, as well, that the atmosphere is full of it: the thunder storm, the cyclone, the *aurora borealis*, and other phenomena show us that the atmosphere is a great reservoir of forces. Now, in static matter these forces are held in such equilibrium as to be deprived of free action—hence the term static or fixed (it is probable that at bottom matter is simply forces in an equilibrated state so balanced in their action

as to produce rest): all the phenomena of matter, are but manifestations of the mode of action of the forces which produce the phenomena. In the atmosphere, on the other hand, where matter is in a molecular state, the electricities are free. The fact that the molecules of all the gases repel each other shows that their electricities must be free and in movement.

Starting on these premises, I said to myself, "Our solid globe is negative to the positive electricities of the sun's dynamic atmosphere, while the electricities of our atmosphere, being free, and in themselves active, are positive to the sun's atmosphere. Now as positive electricities repel positive, and attract negative, the sun's atmosphere attracts our solid globe and repels its molecular, gaseous atmosphere. The attraction exercised by the sun's atmosphere on the static part of the earth gives rise to the centripetal movement—the law of which was discovered by Newton; while the repulsive force, presented by the earth's atmosphere to the sun's atmosphere, gives rise to the centrifugal movement, which is counter-gravitation. The combined action of these two forces, the centripetal and the centrifugal, produces the rotation of the planets on their axis."

If this hypothesis is true, we have a logical explanation of the movements of the planets around the sun in the place of the original impulsion theory (an hypothesis which bears error on its face). The repellent power of the sun's positive electricities on the positive electricities of the earth's atmosphere seems to me irrefutable; and, on a still closer examination of the subject, I came to the conclusion that the static mass of our globe is exactly balanced by the mass of its atmosphere; *i.e.*, there is an exact equilibrium between the solid nucleus and its atmospheric envelope—the adjustment being so perfectly mathematical that there is precisely as much repellent force exercised by the sun,

as there is attractive. I then said: "If attraction is proportional to the density of solid matter, *repulsion is proportional to the rarefaction of the medium in which the forces act.*" This hypothesis is supported by the fact that the more rarefied the air the more rapid the movement of its molecules: in other words, the greater the rarefaction of the material medium in which the electro-magnetic forces move, the freer their action and the more positive their state. I further saw how these two opposing forces, the centripetal and the centrifugal combined to produce the rotation of the planets on their axis (I will leave that point, however, for a more extended treatise).

In studying the rotation of the planets, we find, for instance, that Jupiter, about eleven times the diameter of our globe, revolves on its axis in ten hours, while the earth requires twenty-four. This phenomenon, together with others of a similar nature, led me to study the question of the extent of the atmospheres on the various planets of our system.

Astronomers calculate the amount of light and heat received from the sun by those distant worlds, estimating them according to their knowledge of light and heat on the earth; and they find that the outer planets, especially Herschel and Neptune, are in a state of darkness and perpetual cold. This, again, is what I would call simplistic reasoning. My study led me to conclude that the atmosphere of Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, and Neptune must be a great deal deeper, a great deal more extensive than that of our globe. From various preliminary calculations, I estimated the atmosphere of Jupiter to be about three times the volume of that of the earth: *i.e.*, if that of the earth is one hundred miles, that of Jupiter must be at least three hundred miles. This deeper atmosphere, acting as a kind of lens, collects and concentrates more of the light and heat of the sun

than does that of our globe. The thicker the lens the more powerful the concentration of the sun's rays, and on this greater volume of atmosphere, the electro-magnetic action of the sun's atmosphere has greater play and exercises a vastly superior repellent power: hence Jupiter's more rapid rotation on his axis. We know that rapidity of rotation overcomes weight—counteracts gravitation. In the gyroscope, for instance, we have a disk sustaining itself in mid-air by rapid rotation. The moment its velocity diminishes, it tends to fall. The same principle applies to the movement of the planets: the greater their distance from the sun, the greater must be their rotation in order to preserve their balance.

If this hypothesis could be worked out properly, with all the scientific data already possessed by humanity to aid the mind in the operation, I believe that an integral theory of planetary movements could be evolved. Newton formulated the law which explains the centripetal movement: there still remains to be given the formula which explains the centrifugal movement. We have many evidences of the existence of this repulsive force and of its being the result of the inter-action of two positive states of electricity: observe, for instance, the tails of comets which are always turned from the sun.

I had arrived thus far in my astronomical hypotheses in about 1862. I never published them, for the reason that I was unable to demonstrate them with sufficient clearness to establish their truth; and, like all my abstract studies, the subject has waited to be perfected and finished. I would now invite astronomers interested in the discovery of the truth to continue it. I may repeat, however, that the theory of original propulsion is a simplistic one, and unworthy of the attention of serious minds: they should have perceived at once, that if the attraction of the sun

was great enough to deflect a planet from its tangential line, it must inevitably and necessarily draw the planet to itself before it had accomplished more than half its revolution. It seems to me amazing that Newton should have entertained such an idea, and that from him down to the present day, no effort to correct the erroneous conception should have been made.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH my astronomical studies I was naturally led to the consideration of Force and Matter, and from that to the reconsideration of the supreme dynamic organism in man, already spoken of.

Observation confirmed by experiment shows us that there are in the universe two fundamental principles, constituent elements or factors. One is called matter, the other force. Matter is the passive, inert principle; force the active, dynamic principle. If we consider this subject in the realm of pure abstraction, we will readily perceive that there could be no real existence or reality in existence without these two fundamental principles, namely:—a dynamic to act, and a static to be acted upon. Without matter, force would have nothing on which to operate; it would dissipate itself in a vague medium and be wasted; and without the activities of force, matter would remain eternally inert, immovable, unchangeable—devoid of life. Thus we have both observation and abstract reasoning to show that there must exist in the universe these two principles,—the dynamic and the static.

Again, in examining the material universe we find two states or conditions of matter or the static principle, namely: the *organic* and the *inorganic*. We see inorganic matter in the minerals and other simple elements of nature, and we see organic matter in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. This division of

the material universe, into organic and inorganic realms, is an emblem of a corresponding division in the dynamic universe. We observe certain forces manifesting themselves in what is called light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, etc. (These names are as yet arbitrary, since no regular analysis, of the forces has been made.) Their varieties, their attributes, their functions are not understood: but we know that they are inorganic because their effects are inorganic. These forces act on matter in many ways, and determine its constitution. The highest form of their manifestation is the crystalline of which the great granitic formation of our globe is a type. We see force operating on water, condensing it and producing the symmetrical snowflake, and we have thousands of other manifestations of the modes of action of the inorganic forces in nature determining the various forms of matter.

But when we come to the organic realm, we have different conditions to deal with. All organization, both in the vegetable and the animal kingdom, begins with an organic germ. *It is not the inorganic forces in nature which first develop an organic germ and then evolve it into an organism.* If, as already shown, we try to ripen fruit and vegetables with these inorganic forces alone, we fail to give them those fine properties attained only in a normal development, under the influence of the sun's rays. It is in the nervous organism of the animal kingdom, as well as in the vital principle permeating the vegetable kingdom, that we have examples of the action of organic forces—varied according to the various species in those two kingdoms.

Take man, for instance: we know that the nervous force in him must be organic, because it takes the particles of matter furnished him by the vegetable kingdom in a molecular

state and transforms them into the physical constituents of the body. Man absorbs water and salt, both inorganic, and assimilates their molecules to his physical organism. It is the nervous organism, then, which builds up the material body out of the separate particles furnished it through the absorption of molecular matter. To illustrate: man, possessing an organizing mind, constructs a piece of machinery or an edifice; he uses in his work material elements, and creates what is called a mechanism. So the nervous organism takes up the elements furnished it, and out of them evolves a body.

These forces, which we observe in nature, and which, as stated, are both inorganic and organic are continually associated with matter; their function is to operate on matter, transform it and produce all the results, inorganic and organic, which we see in the material universe.

But above these physical forces there exists, I affirm, a higher order of force, inherently organic, and manifesting itself only as an organic motor. The conditions of matter and force, the phenomena which accompany them, their functions, etc., demonstrate the existence of this third force, called, I repeat, Mind, Spirit, Soul. But these terms convey no clear conception of the reality: we may more properly call it the spiritual organism or the Supreme Dynamic Organization.

Of it, I affirm: first, that it is a force, because it produces the effects which have been explained; second, that the force is organic. Through the nervous organism it acts upon and moves the body; through the physical organism it communicates with the external physical world in which it lives.

Now, the nervous force in man is of the same *nature* as the inorganic forces in the universe. This is proved in various ways: we know that electricity acts on the nerves and con-

tracts them; we know that by running electric currents into the nerves we can make them perform certain functions—such as digestion. If we cut the pneumo-gastric nerve, which exercises such an important function in digestion, that process is arrested. We know that the nervous force which perceives in nature that force called light, must be of the same character, otherwise it could not perceive it; we know that these forces circulate with a certain speed through the nerves, which is measured; we know that we taste flavors and smell odors which are effects of the forces in nature; we know, in fine, that in various ways the nervous forces operate on matter in a manner analagous to the forces in nature.

But, this electricity which produces such positive effects upon the ordinary nervous substance, *produces no perceptible effect when the conducting wire is thrust into the white substance of the brain.* Is not this a point worthy of serious consideration?

I surmise that the white substance of the brain is the seat of this Supreme Dynamic Organism.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next subject in order which interested me, and which I undertook to investigate, was geology. This science, in the actual state of its development, treats only of the physical history of the globe. It describes the different strata which compose the earth's crust, and the order of their succession; it establishes the epochs or ages in which certain great and distinct operations in terrestrial evolution have taken place, and it describes the different species of vegetables and animals that have appeared on the earth, with the order of their succession. But geology, as yet, is a very incomplete science; many of its essential branches have never been considered at all—a fact which arrested my attention as soon as I began to examine into the subject.

I do not recall precisely how I was led to the subject, but one circumstance in that connection comes to my mind. I was examining Darwin's Theory of Evolution, and observing that he admitted the existence of a primitive organic germ, the origin of which, he said, could not be explained. I went back to that early epoch in the globe's development and began to speculate on the origin of this germ. I was soon satisfied that Darwin's theory was one of those superficial creations which the human mind evolves when dealing with universal subjects without the aid of adequate laws to guide it. Having observed that fruits and vegetables could be modified by the action of man,

Darwin concluded that the species had been modified by the "Survival of the fittest," or "Natural selection." His explanation of the origin of species, appeared to me very much like the astronomer's explanation of the light and heat of the sun.

They, having no idea of the sun's organic character, no idea that it could assimilate and transform substances as do all organisms, put forth the Incandescent Theory, born of a comparison with burning bodies on this earth.

These simplistic comparisons of minds which, having no higher laws to guide them, unhesitatingly accept simple, apparent explanations, as does a child in spheres in which its young mind is inexperienced, can hardly be considered philosophical. Darwin has said a great many valuable things. He has done much towards giving direction to modern thought, and shaking the time-worn superstitions of old theology; still his theory of the *origin* of species seems to me a very superficial explanation of a deep subject, and to reflect but little credit on the acumen of our age. Fifty years hence it will be looked upon with surprise. Men will wonder how such ideas could have been entertained at, comparatively, so late a date in the development of the physical sciences.

As I have said, the first thing that struck me in the science of geology was its incompleteness, treating as it does only of the physical formation of the globe. Now, as all the phenomena we observe in the physical world, are but effects of the combination of forces, the only existing reality is in the forces which operate through this material medium. They constitute the cause, and we must study the cause to comprehend the effects.

Our primary want therefore is a *dynamic* geology; that is, an understanding of the forces of the physical world, of which all physical phenomena are but manifestations. We want to start

at the beginning of the existence of our globe and determine the forces at work there, through the effects they have produced during the earth's primitive state. An examination into the subject would probably show us that, at its origin, the constituent elements or molecules of the earth were in a fluid, perhaps even gaseous, state; and that in these fluids or gases the forces moved with great freedom, gradually effecting transformations, solidifying these elements and producing their earliest concrete manifestations in the granite and other primitive terrestrial formations. As forces move with freedom only in molecular or gaseous matter, we may say that geology, instead of treating solely of the successive development of the earth's physical strata, should treat of the successive development of its atmospheres; that is, the system of gases forming the molecular constituents of these atmospheres, together with the forces permeating them.

Such a view of the subject would show us the action of the organic forces in the sun on the atmosphere of our globe; modifying it, refining it, adding new elements as it was capable of receiving them, and, with the introduction of these new dynamic elements, transforming matter into higher and higher degrees of refinement. In all organisms, vegetable or animal, the basis, the primary element, is the forces which animate them. What really determines the nature of an animal, is its nervous system or the forces moving through that system. This nervous system aggregates to itself a physical body in unity with it. Consequently the physical body is but an external envelope expressing the nature of the nervous organism within.

Following up this principle, we can understand the existence of all the lower orders of animals, whose organisms correspond to the electro-dynamic constitution of the atmosphere in which

they were evolved. The radiate is, in the animal kingdom, for example, the simplest of organic forms (unless we consider the zoöphyte an animal,) and it appears at the earliest period of animal development, while the atmosphere is in its simplest form—possessed of the fewest dynamic elements. We can trace the progressive evolution of the animal kingdom, from the radiate up through the mollusc, the articulates and the vertebrates, until the highest form of animal organization is reached in man. This progressive evolution is, I assume, but the external expression of the successive development of our atmosphere—there having been a corresponding development of the globe's electromagnetic system, meanwhile, with which the animal development kept pace. I hold, furthermore, that this progressive evolution was due to the action of the sun's atmosphere on the earth's atmosphere, together with new dynamic elements, introduced gradually as the earth was capable of receiving them. I would not be understood by this, however, as advancing the theory that it was the gradual refinement of the forces in the earth's atmosphere which determined the difference in the animal species. *All organisms come from an organic germ*; and organic germs are not the product of the action or inter-action of the atmospheric forces. They have another source—of which I do not here attempt to speak, but I affirm that these germs cannot be developed until they find what is called a protoplasm suited to such development; that is, matter wrought or triturated into a proper material medium. It is the electro-dynamic forces in the atmosphere which perform this work of trituration, raising matter to that degree of refinement which will enable it to serve as protoplasm. A piece of crystalline granite could not serve as protoplasm. Matter had to be raised to a peculiar state and endowed with certain chemical constituents, before it was fitted to serve as

the envelope of a germ. Crude iron ore, for instance, cannot be used as a conductor of electricity: it must be smelted and worked, then fashioned into delicate wires, in order to serve as an electric conductor and thus enable man to create the magnetic telegraph.

The subject of the origin of organic germs is a vast question entirely separate from geology. I will remark, however, that, wherever matter exists in a state favorable to their development, vegetable and animal creations appear. We have ever present illustrations of this in the lower orders of life: witness the myriad varieties of animalcula which spawn out wherever favorable conditions are afforded them; witness also the sudden appearance of vegetable growths in places previously unacquainted with such species of vegetation.

It may be objected that the atmosphere in the early period of the globe possessed the same elements as the atmosphere of to-day: oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon. A careful inquiry into the subject, which can be effected by analyzing the material elements in the early vegetable and animal formations, will show that this is not the case. These constituent elements will be found to differ, in their proportions, at least. Besides, the atmosphere is a vehicle holding forces of which we have yet scarcely any idea. Hints of this may be found in the epidemic diseases which break out simultaneously all over the globe—evidence, doubtless, of deranged electric currents; it is manifest also in the evolution of disease—the disappearance of old forms and the appearance of new—changes which take place with almost every generation.

It is commonly supposed that in our atmosphere are light and heat—nothing more. Now, it must take a great variety of forces to produce perfumes, flavors, colors, etc. I believe that,

of the sixty-four kinds of forces at present known on our globe, all did not exist at its origin. They had to be added progressively and gradually, as the primary forces accomplished their function of preparing the way for the higher ones. We know very well that certain primary elements of a material character were necessary before the higher ones were possible; we must always have a basis on which to build.

Let us suppose that light and heat were the crude primary forces of our globe on which were grafted the higher ones—new elements continually coming in, as the way was prepared for them. Consider the earth at the period when iron was created: there was the advent of a new force. When gold appeared, another and finer one had been added. By this progressive development of the forces in the atmosphere, and their action on the material world, protoplasms are developed more and more refined in their character, the organic germ finds a home, and the animal kingdom rises in progressive development, advancing in complexion as protoplasms advance higher and higher in degrees of refinement.

When man came, all the varieties of forces in the sun had been incorporated in the atmosphere of our globe. His nervous system contains within its dynamic organism all the forces there are in creation. If, as is claimed, there are sixty-four material elements in the universe, we may claim a no less number of dynamic elements. No animal could appear until the forces which characterize it were incorporated into the vegetable kingdom, and had thus prepared the way. Man could not appear until all the vegetable creations on which he was to live were prepared. The flavor embodied in the peach and the strawberry, the perfume embodied in the rose, each is a manifestation of a force to be embodied later in the nervous organization

of man; for the vegetable precedes the animal, and the earth's electricities must all pass through the vegetable kingdom before they can be embodied in the animal. Consequently, the palate of man, which perceives the electricity which gives to the peach its flavor, could not appear until the peach had been produced, and the electricity constituting that flavor incorporated therein.

Briefly, then, I may say that, according to my analysis, the science of geology comprises the following branches:

First: Theory of the progressive development of the electromagnetic system of the globe, combined with the development of its atmosphere. (As forces always associate with matter, I combine these two elements; and, as I believe that there has been a difference between the atmosphere and the forces permeating it during the different epochs of the globe's evolution, I would lay particular stress upon the importance of studying carefully the progressive development of atmospheres.)

Second: Theory of the formation of the material constituents of the globe, and of the strata in which those different kinds of matter have been deposited.

Third: Theory of the progressive development of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, that is, the order of succession which has reigned in the appearance of the different vegetable and animal organisms, up to man. This theory includes that of the formation of protoplasms and the matrixes in which these protoplasms are developed—a vast and complex realm of study, the foundations of which are not yet even laid.

Fourth: Theory of instincts. Every animal is a mechanism of instinct. The dog is one mechanism, the cat is another, the lobster another. There should be created a system or scale of instincts with all their myriad varieties. Each instinct indicates a purpose, and impels its possessor to certain definite

functions giving it a definite place in nature. The lobster, for instance, has a mechanism of instincts which impels him to seek a home at the bottom of the sea, or in the beds of rivers; the oyster has another mechanism, adapted to its peculiar existence. Following up this line of study in the animal kingdom, we find a successive and graduated order of instinctual development, beginning with the radiate, passing through the mollusca the articulates and the vertebrates, until, finally, at the top of this vast evolution, we find man. The variety and complexity of the instinctual forces with which he is endowed, and which in him are called intuitions, render him an integral being, apparently different from the animals below him. But he differs from them, really, only as a great organ differs from the simple lyre or the reed-pipe. Man is the *complete key-board* of that supreme musical instrument in which the animal is but a note or two. Man, possessing the complete scale of instinctual or intuitive notes, can evolve the most complex harmony, while the animal is limited to the repetition of a few notes combined in simple accords. Now, there should be a theory of the progressive development of these instinctual mechanisms, which would constitute the fourth branch of an integral geology.

The fifth branch is what we may call human or spiritual geology. It will be a theory of the relation of man to all the creations below him, and of his own function on the earth. Such a theory will show that the vegetable and animal kingdoms are but the forerunners of, and preparation for the advent of mind—that they constitute a vast embryonic development of which man is the final outcome and result. As a consequence he is the Thought, the Reason of nature, the intelligence destined to direct and perfect the creations below him, and to establish order in their reign, over the globe.

Thus, in the place of our present limited geology—a purely physical science, I would present considerations of the subject from a universal standpoint, endeavoring to establish clearly the theories of the various branches of the science as I have mentioned them ; or to recapitulate summarily :

Geology should treat of the electro-magnetic forces of the globe and their development ; of the atmospheres in which these electro-magnetic forces act ; of the action of these forces on the static or material elements of the globe, depositing them successively in strata ; of the development of the vegetable and animal organisms on the globe, and the succession which has reigned in the appearance of these organisms—fossil and living, beginning with the simplest and terminating with the most complex ; of the succession which has reigned in the development of the instinctual mechanisms or organisms of the animal kingdom ; of the functions of these different organisms constituting species ; and, lastly, of the evolution of man, the completion of the great animal series ; of his place in nature and his function in the economy of the globe.



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