

# THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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## ROBERT DALE OWEN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN is dead. He was born at Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 7, 1801. He died at his summer residence at Point Peerless, on Lake George, on Sunday, June 24.

Mr. Owen had in his long and varied career, won high place as a Free Thinker, as a Socialist, as a Statesman, as a Student of Spiritualism, and as an able and vigorous Writer. The world knows the history of his father, Robert Owen, whose name is forever linked with New Lanark and New Harmony, with Communism and Human Brotherhood, and who through his long life was a burning and a shining worker for the social, educational, and industrial progress of mankind. Robert Dale Owen was Robert Owen's co-worker and successor.

In his Autobiography, he gives a charming picture of his father's family and his early surroundings. In him the sweetness and brightness of both father and mother were combined. He grew up under influences fitted to develop a broad, free character as well as a truth-loving and noble one. On the one side were the skeptical, free-thinking tendencies, combined with the noblest benevolence, of his father; on the other, the religious, kirk-loving, wise-hearted tendencies of his mother. In his long life he illustrated both. In the early days of it the father-element seemed the most to prevail, and he was known then most conspicuously as a free-thinker, the coadjutor of Fanny Wright, and of the infidels; in the later days the mother-element came out, and he became equally conspicuous as an advocate of Spiritualism, and of a spiritual religion partaking largely of Christianity.

Till the age of seventeen Mr. Owen was educated under private tutors. He then passed three years at Fallenberg's school, at Hofroy, in Switzerland. At the age of twenty-four he accompanied his father to this country and assisted in the founding and administration of Owen's New Harmony. In this he seems to have worked heartily and with enthusiasm, and in a spirit that was ready to do any thing to help make the experiment a success. The influences under which he had been brought up, centering in his enthusiastic and indomitable father, had made him an earnest student of social reform. Though in after years he became absorbed in other matters, and his life-work ended in the apostleship of Spiritualism, he never seems to have lost his interest in Socialism, and to the end was in

sympathy with the great Coöperative movements in England and in this country.

In 1828 Mr. Owen became associated with Frances Wright in editing the *New Harmony Gazette*. This was afterward changed to the *Free Enquirer*, and published in New York and New Harmony. It was published nine years and gained a wide notoriety as the exponent of their free-thinking and socialistic views. Associated thus together in the advocacy of radical social views, their enemies often tried to make their relations a theme for scandal. Forty years later he frankly told the evil-thinking world what those relations were: "We became intimate friends, and in the sequel coëditors. Friends; but never, throughout the years we spent together, any thing more. I felt and acted toward her, at all times, just as I would toward a brave, spirited, elder comrade of my own sex. Affections already engaged and the difference of age may have had their weight, but aside from this, while I saw much to admire in Frances Wright, I found nothing to love."

It was during this period of his life, in 1831, that Mr. Owen wrote and published his little volume entitled "Moral Physiology, or a Brief and Plain Treatise on the Population Question." In this work he advocated in a strain of masterly and persuasive eloquence the desirability and necessity of some safe and healthy method of controlling propagation. Never were the nobility and beauty of the sexual nature and relation better set forth; never was the importance of their being subjected to enlightened self-control so thoroughly shown. Though later scientific discovery has shown that the specific method of controlling propagation which Mr. Owen hit upon and advocated was not the best or final one, yet his little book was like the voice of an angel ringing out upon a startled and sin-driven world, calling it to search for ways of purity and beauty in its sexual life. We doubt if any work which Mr. Owen ever performed was more important, or better done, than that which he put into this little book. Inspiration was in it and Providence went with it. Over seventy thousand copies have been sold in this country and in Europe. His teachings have gone into the thought of the world, and modified its conception of human duty and privilege in the most sacred of all outward relations. In advocating self-control in propagation, Robert Dale Owen was carrying forward the work which his father had begun. Robert Owen had preached Communism and worked with his might to establish it in the world. He failed, according to Malthus, because the problem of controlling the increase of population was then unsolved. To the solution of this problem, to the removal of this stumbling-block in the way of successful Communism, Robert Dale Owen addressed himself in his "Moral Physiology." Revolting at the conclusion of the Malthusians that the overwhelming increase of population can only be kept down by the direful agencies of war, pestilence and famine, he sought the solution of the problem in some method of self-control in sexual intercourse itself. In doing this he carried over the discussion from the arid and awful regions where Malthus and his disciples left it, to the arcana of human life and achievement. He showed that the question of population should not be left in the devilish hands of irresponsible passion on the one hand, and of disease and death on the other, but that a being made only "a little lower than the angels," should be in the inmost chambers of sexual relation and fellowship subject to heaven-born self-control. For breaking the way in this discussion Mr. Owen deserves eternal memory in the hearts of men. The present and coming generations should rise to the height of their great privilege and carry forward to sure and scientific triumph the work which he began. The control of propagation is the question of questions, pressing with more and more terrible significance and importance with every added year of the world's history. If we would dry up the sources of crime and the marsh regions of disease and death; if we would fill the world with men and women who shall be embodiments

of Health, Beauty and Goodness, we must have some means of controlling propagation. All questions of Social Science, of Education, of Government, of the end of War, center in this previous and greater question. This must be solved or civilization is a failure. So impregnated should the people become with the importance of this subject that they will sweep away every obstruction to its enlightened and free discussion, and the dissemination of truth in regard to it. No missionary work is more needed, none will repay in greater fold of blessing and far-reaching effect.

In 1835 Mr. Owen returned to New Harmony and entered on his political career. From 1835 to 1838 he was in the Indiana Legislature. In 1843 he was elected to Congress and served two terms. He took a leading part in the North-Western boundary dispute. He introduced and pressed to its adoption the bill organizing the Smithsonian Institution, and in 1846 was appointed one of its regents and chairman of the building committee. In 1850 he was a member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention and both there and afterwards in the Legislature originated measures securing to married women the right to hold independent property. The famous facilities for divorce in that State are also attributed to his influence.

In 1853 Mr. Owen was made Chargé d'Affairs at Naples, and in 1855 Minister at the same Court, where he remained till 1858. This was the end of his official life. Soon after his return to this country he had a discussion with Horace Greeley, in the columns of the *Tribune*, on the subject of divorce. His letters were afterwards published in pamphlet form, and were sold to the extent of 60,000 copies. In politics Mr. Owen was a Democrat. During the war his sympathies were with the North, and thoroughly in favor of the abolition of Slavery. He became one of Mr. Lincoln's favorite and trusted counselors, and some of his letters and addresses at that time had a very large circulation and won him great regard in the hearts of his countrymen. Concerning one of his letters to President Lincoln on the subject of Emancipation, Secretary Chase wrote to Mr. Owen: "It will be a satisfaction to you to know that your letter to the President had more influence on him than any document which reached him on the subject—I might say than all others put together."

Mr. Owen began his career as an author in his twenty-third year. His last published volume was issued in 1874. His principal books are these: "An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark" (Glasgow, 1824); "Moral Philosophy" (New York, 1831); "Discussion with Origen Bachelor on the Personality of God and the Authenticity of the Bible" (1832); "Pocahontas," a historical drama (1837); "Hints on Public Architecture," with 113 illustrations (1848); "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" (Philadelphia, 1860); "The Wrong of Slavery and the Right of Emancipation" (1864); "Beyond the Breakers," a novel (1870); "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next" (New York, 1872), and "Threading My Way," being 27 years of autobiography (1874).

His two works on Spiritualism—"Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next"—are among the most valuable recent contributions on the subject. Mr. Owen was converted to a belief in Spiritualism during his residence in Naples, and he continued to be an indefatigable investigator and worker in its favor till he passed "beyond the breakers" of the "debatable land." In his Autobiography he says concerning this phase of his career:

"The main result from my eighteen years of spiritual study is an assured conviction that spiritual gifts, similar to those which the Evangelists ascribe to Christ, and which Paul enumerates as enjoyed by certain Christians after the crucifixion, appear, and may be witnessed in their effects at this very day among us. Having myself thus witnessed them in a hundred cases, and having found sufficient evidence of testimony in hundreds more, I can no longer withhold assent to the substantial truth of that portion of the Gospel biogra-

phy which narrates what its authors call 'the signs and wonders' of their time."

Only one unpleasant shadow passed across his spiritualistic experience. This was in connection with the indorsement he gave to the genuineness of the "Katie King" manifestations at the Holmes cabinet in Philadelphia in 1874. The Holmeses were soon after reported to be detected in fraud and Mr. Owen withdrew his indorsement. Though they were afterward proved in a searching investigation, by Col. Olcott, Mr. Owen and General Lippitt, to be genuine mediums, manifestations taking place in their presence in spite of every precaution against fraud, still the questionable character of some of their previous operations was never entirely disproved. The whole affair caused Mr. Owen much distress and mortification, and was seized on by the enemies of Spiritualism for a general onslaught. Soon after this affair and in connection with excessive intellectual over-work Mr. Owen had a period of temporary insanity, and passed several months in an asylum. He however recovered and the closing years of his life were happy and unclouded.

No sketch of Mr. Owen's career would be satisfactory without an account of his first marriage. His wife's maiden name was Mary Jane Robinson. The union took place in New York, April 12, 1832. There was no ceremony. A simple contract was drawn up by Mr. Owen which they both signed in the presence of witnessing friends. Here is the principal part of it:

"We contract a legal marriage, not because we deem the ceremony necessary to us, or useful in a rational state of public opinion to society, but because if we become companions without a legal ceremony, we should either be compelled to a series of dissimulations which we both dislike, or be perpetually exposed to annoyances originating in a public opinion which is powerful, though unenlightened, and whose power, though we do not fear nor respect it, we do not perceive the utility of unnecessarily braving. We desire a tranquil life in so far as it can be obtained without a sacrifice of principle. \* \* \* The ceremony, too, involves not the necessity of making promises regarding that over which we have no control—the state of human affections in the distant future; nor of repeating forms which we deem offensive, inasmuch as they outrage the principles of human liberty and equality by conferring rights and imposing duties unequally on the sexes. \* \* \* Of the unjust rights which, in virtue of this ceremony, an iniquitous law tacitly gives me over the person and property of another, I can not legally, but I can morally divest myself. And I hereby distinctly and emphatically declare that I consider myself, and earnestly desire to be considered by others, as utterly divested, now and during the rest of my life, of any such rights, the barbarous relics of a feudal and despotic system, soon destined, in the onward course of improvement, to be wholly swept away, and the existence of which is a tacit insult to the good sense and good feeling of the present comparatively civilized age."

They were devoted lovers to the end, and for forty years were faithful to this covenant. Mrs. Owen died in 1871. Mr. Owen with cheerful faith in a life and reunion beyond, conducted the services at her grave.

With the death of Robert Dale Owen a great man and benefactor of the race passes on. The world is better for his having lived and worked in it. In his personal character he was very attractive. A writer and friend describes him as follows in the *New York Evening Post*: "Mr. Owen was an earnest, courageous and vigorous, if not always a sound thinker, and in his social relations he was charmingly gentle and courteous. With strong convictions which asserted themselves boldly in his acts and in his writings, he was wholly free from airs of self-assertion, and the writer of this sketch, who knew him well has known no more entirely agreeable companion. He was full of genial good humor, and had abundantly that rare social gift, the ability to make his companions interesting to themselves and to him. His extreme, we may say his infantile, honesty, prompted him always to say the thing which he believed to be truth even though it should be in direct contradiction of his own published opinions."

Mr. Owen was a progressive man, and is not likely to become less so in the new sphere he has entered. Nor in the great work of liberalizing and improving human life in this world, is he likely to be less active and influential in the future than during the last forty years. He has passed to a position perhaps freer and more dynamic.

The ideas the Owens tried to teach the world were—Communism, and Self-Control in Propagation. Their practical methods were defective. Profiting by their mistakes, and attaining better ways of reaching what they sought, the world should now take up these two great lines of Socialism and carry them forward till all children born are welcome and well-begotten, and all men, women and children are gathered in happy Community Homes.

## CO-OPERATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.\*

V.  
CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE "Conclusions" are necessarily for the most part reviews of failures. The author of the report evidently purposed that its readers should learn the facts on both sides in regard to Coöperation in Massachusetts. He appreciated the grand principles underlying all the experiments, and he appreciated equally well the difficulties encountered, and especially does he make prominent, and repeat again and again, what perhaps can not be repeated too often, that the failures were not so much due to methods as to men:

"The men are masters of the method. When it is said that a store failed because it allowed credit, it only half states the fact. Who allowed credit? Not the storekeeper. He was the servant, subject to the majority. It was a failure to coöperate; for coöperation needs an intelligence equal to the settlement of such a question.

"If the management is charged with dishonesty or inefficiency, the coöperators are also responsible. The judgment necessary to select the proper men is the first essential of coöperative success. Men are often selected to important positions because they are affable, agreeable persons, qualities to be encouraged, but of little avail if methods of business are unsound.

"The mistake most frequently made, is, that the failure of coöperative stores is almost wholly due to financial causes; while there is absolutely no chance of failure for such reasons. That stores calling themselves coöperative may so fail, is true; but a purely coöperative store, never.

"A purely coöperative store starts with a paid-up cash capital sufficient to purchase and distribute the goods agreed upon to a known number of customers already procured, without cost. They buy the best, because it is cheapest. They buy for cash only what is wanted, never anticipating demand. They sell for cash at a profit that will cover all the elements of cost and risk, including a per cent. for capital, sinking fund, increase of business, propagandism, education and a small dividend to purchasers.

"There is no system so simple, none with so little risk of failure, and yet there has been one continued story of failure from its inauguration, in 1845, to the present time. How to attempt to account for this seeming contradiction, was the purpose of this investigation."

In enumerating the difficulties which Coöperation encounters in this country in a greater degree than, for instance, in England, the Report cites "the utter defiance of discipline that is the boast and the shame of Young America;" and it says a few things in this connection which will be appreciated by all classes of Socialists who have tried their hand at practical experiment:

"Coöperation means discipline. The language applied by Thorold Rogers to coöperative production is applicable to coöperation in any form, only in less degree. He says: 'The second condition of successful coöperation is strict management, due subordination, and unhesitating obedience to orders. The discipline of a manufactory is as essential as the discipline of an army, and can not be relaxed except with the gravest risk. It is plain that management and control should be entrusted to proper and accredited authority. It is equally clear that lawful orders must be obeyed, and that authority ceases to be respected when it can not command obedience. It is also certain that success in any joint or coöperative undertaking is conditioned by the harmonious working of all the contributory parts. When a machine is out of gear, its use is impaired, its employment is attended with waste and danger. Similarly, the mechanism of an undertaking can not be dislocated without peril of ruin or at least of loss.'

"Without discipline, organization or leaders; with dissimilarity of tastes, opponents in politics and religion, heterogeneous, floating, in many cases with a conceit or self-importance that is the product of that 'little learning' that is a 'dangerous thing,' how can we coöperate? Men who would gladly help are held back in dismay, by the oft-recurring spectacle of seeing the best men driven out of their advocacy. They see the suspicion and mistrust, the imputations and almost martyrdom of their friends."

Several pages are devoted to the discussion of productive as distinguished from distributive Coöperation. This, it is well known, is the more important branch of the great subject, and one in which even England with more than 1,200 Coöperative Societies and 400,000 members, and the "aid and counsel of the ablest and wealthiest citizens, including Gladstone, John Bright, and the Bishop of Manchester," can not boast of success. In this branch of Coöperation good men and thorough organization will be found more essential if possible than in the first branch; and it is significant that our Report in discussing the question of productive Coöperation refers to "the religious societies of the

\*Eighth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics.

world" as having "thus far exceeded all others in this direction. They have," it says, "the organization and the faith." The following are the final paragraphs of the Report:

"The working classes in this country have no organization to which they are bound by faith or hope. They are isolated and not amalgamated. Those who have been able, from any source or cause, to reserve any of their wages, are exceedingly cautious and prudent in their investment. The savings bank is to them the safest and best method. In some few instances they have allowed their employers its use without security, and their experience has, in many instances, proved disastrous.

"It has taken nearly half a century to overcome the old habit of hoarding without interest, and the strongest motive in this was safety. When they can feel that coöperative efforts are equally safe, this class will seek that kind of investment, and then it will not need help from their hands.

"The possibility of inaugurating coöperative distribution has been proven. The small amount of capital required, and the simplicity of the plan, render it financially practicable.

"The distributive stores that have succeeded, as in Worcester, Natick and Springfield, are consequent upon the character of those engaged in the management.

"The agent of the Somerset Coöperative Foundry says, 'We selected our own men, and even then, had we not been successful, it is doubtful if we could have held them together.'

"At Andover, Fall River, and some other places, the clanship of occupation and race have aided them.

"To render coöperative efforts of use in the solution of the labor problem, requires the existence of those moral elements that come from enlarged views of life and duty, but must follow increased opportunities for thought.

"The narrowness and selfishness that looks only to the wants of the present, that ignorantly boasts of its superiority in skill, that causes the mechanic of one trade to ignore the claims of his fellow-laborer of another calling—these must disappear before coöperation can be possible."

In conclusion we would especially commend the enterprise which has created State Labor Bureaus, and produced such exhaustive and instructive Reports on "labor statistics" as the one before us. We suspect that Massachusetts is ahead of the other States in this respect as in many others. Massachusetts was the first State to lead off in Association thirty-five years ago, with her Brook-Farm, Northampton and Hopedale Societies; it appears from this Report that she has also led the other States in experimental Coöperation; it remains for her to advance to the front in respect to the higher forms of Socialism.

From the *Daily Graphic*.

## BRADLAUGH-BESANT AND THE BOOK.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE AND WHAT SHE SAYS OF WITNESSES WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE—POLITICAL ECONOMIST FAWCETT, NATURALIST DARWIN AND CHURCH OF ENGLAND CLERGYMEN.

THE trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Annie Besant in England for republishing "The Fruits of Philosophy," a book written by a physician, and intended for the perusal of married people only, has excited a great deal of attention abroad and in America. The verdict was an anomalous one. The jury found that although the book was immoral, the defendants were guilty of no corrupt motives, and sentence was suspended. Thus, while guilty, they had committed no offense. It may be remembered that the Chief Justice remarked that the prosecution should never have been begun as the motives of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were undoubtedly good. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief-Justice of England, presided at the trial, a special jury being chosen. The prosecution was conducted by Sir Hardinge Gifford, Solicitor-General, assisted by eminent counsel. Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant had no lawyers, but defended themselves. Mr. Bradlaugh's paper, *The National Reformer*, published just previous to the trial, contains a spicy article by Mrs. Besant, concerning the case, the witnesses, counsel *et al.*, from which we make the following extracts:

"During the past fortnight we have been busy scattering subpoenas in various directions; such work gives unexpected views of human nature, and has an unpleasant trick of showing people's weak side. It is really extraordinary how many authors and publishers shrink from taking on themselves the responsibility of what they have written and published. Take, as an instance, Henry Fawcett, M. P., Professor of Political Economy, who has written a Manual of Political Economy; asked to come and prove certain statements made in his own book—and he was asked to do nothing more—he refused; summoned to Guildhall, he would not go; at last, when the trial was fixed, a subpoena was sent to him calling him to produce his own books, and a second to Mrs. Fawcett to produce a book of hers. Mr. Fawcett refused to take the subpoena, and with a blind man it is painful to use force; said he would send Mrs. Fawcett out of the country rather than that she should appear (only to acknowledge, it must be remembered, her own writings) and threatened to turn Mr. Wells, the gentleman who took

the subpoena, out of the house. Strange reverence for the High Court of Justice has this Member of Parliament! Two days later another attempt was made; Mr. Parris and Mr. Wells went together to the Professor's house; Mr. Fawcett again refused to take the subpoena, and put his hands behind his back to prevent it being placed in them. Such conduct would be outrageous were it not so childish as to be simply ridiculous. Imagine the member for the borough of Hackney retreating backwards into the fireplace with his hands behind him to avoid taking a summons from England's Supreme Court of Justice! English law is not thus to be played with, as Mr. Fawcett ought to know. An ordinary process server has been instructed to serve him, and the discredit of being so served must rest on himself. We have sent twice to his house in vain, and have registered a letter containing copies, and we can waste no more time over him. The strangest thing is that Mr. Fawcett should write books of which he is so utterly ashamed that he refuses to acknowledge that the sentiments they contain are his. If he had been asked to approve of Knowlton, one could understand, because approval of Knowlton is accompanied with some risk; but that he should be afraid to accept the responsibility of his own books is most extraordinary. The position is the more remarkable as an eminent man in Mr. Fawcett's own university advised us to put him in the box.

"In startling contrast with Mr. Fawcett stands a far greater man, Charles Darwin. We wrote to him to ask him if he would have any objection to come and prove some passages in his own books. He wrote in answer: 'I am much obliged for your courteous notice. I have been for many years much out of health, and have been forced to give up all society and public meetings, and it would be great suffering to me to be a witness in court. It is, indeed, not improbable that I may be unable to attend. Therefore, I hope, that if in your power, you will excuse my attendance.' Mr. Darwin concludes by saying: 'If it is not asking too great a favor, I should be greatly obliged if you would inform me what you decide, as apprehension of the coming exertion would prevent the rest which I require doing me much good.' Mr. Darwin also, as he is leaving home, gives the addresses which will find him, if he is wanted. We, of course, wrote back that we would not call him; the great naturalist's health is too precious to be risked. Mr. Darwin, as all his readers know, is no Malthusian; he thinks that over-multiplication of life is useful, because it causes a struggle for existence, in which the ablest and strongest live. This is true among the lower animals but it is not true of man when he grows out of barbarism; in civilized states weak babies are nursed through fragile life to sickly maturity; many propagate their own diseases; weak and deformed people live, who would be trampled down in the struggle of existence; some of the wisest and strongest do not marry at all, because they prudently fear the consequences, while the most careless and reckless marry young and have a large family inheriting their own faults. What the struggle for existence does in the lower animal kingdom in the perpetuation of strength, skill and beauty, and the destruction of disease, ugliness and stupidity, the use of preventive checks should do in the human family, else we have, at one and the same time, the evils of barbarism and of civilization.

"In equally strange contrast to Mr. Fawcett stand two gentlemen—whose position would have excused their hostility—two clergymen of the Church of England, to whom I applied for evidence in the matter of over-crowding. One of these is the Rev. J. W. Horsley, of St. Michael's Shore-ditch, Chaplain of the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, who wrote a most manly, courteous letter; the second, a gentleman well known to our readers for his brave, earnest work, the Rev. Stewart Headlam. Mr. Headlam has often said how willing he was to work with any, either Christian or Atheist, who worked for man, and he has here given a proof of moral courage which may put many a Free-thinker to shame. I may here say that we have received letters of warm encouragement from many clergymen, both town and country.

"One great helper has come forward, of his own motion, the eminent publisher, known all over the world, H. G. Bohn, the founder of the celebrated Bohn's Library. He has most generously volunteered to go into the box, has given us references to some of his books, and has expressed a strong opinion that it is the duty and the interest of the London publishers to rally round us in our resistance to the unwarrantable attempt at establishing a police censorship of literature. If we go down in this struggle, there are many London publishers who, when their turn comes, will regret that they failed to do their duty at this crisis.

"And now I wind up my notes. By this time next week I shall be on my trial, and shall be unable to pen any words here for our readers. One word more I say in conclusion: In this battle on which I have entered I mean fighting; let the verdict be what it may, my mind is made up. I believe the question of population to be a vital one, and discuss it I will; I believe the discussion will be put down if Knowlton is suppressed by force, and therefore I mean to publish my pamphlet. A verdict, a sentence, do not alter these facts, and therefore do not alter my determination. Come what

may, the battle must be won, and, having taken up the sword, I will not lay it down again until the victory is won."

#### THE MOTIVE OF REFORM.

BY G. E. TUFTS.

REFORM movements constitute a very attractive target for popular sarcasm. The everlasting chorus of common sense buzzes much in this strain: "When a man fails in art or literature, let him turn critic or Messiah of some malignantly distracting crotchet; if a woman can't keep house, let her turn 'suffraget' or blue-stockings; and, in a general way, let all those inefficient and malcontents who are unable to satisfactorily save their souls and bodies under the existing régime, turn 'reformers.' Hog your way through like a man, or give up beatin' and turn 'reformer.'"

The popular instinct is right. The motive of reform is discontent. It is dissatisfied people, and people who have failed—failed to half realize their second-best aspirations—who swell the waves that turn and overturn human institutions.

In proportion as people are coarse, cruel, or tasteless, are they likely to be conformists; the existing state is as good as could be desired for them. The happy, the prosperous, the possessors of advantages over their fellows, are not likely to disturb things. The easily satisfied, the unambitious, the submissive, are predestined to the rôle of conservatism. Reform is, indeed, in a sense the child of evil, for it is they who have sinned and suffered, who have had deep and bitter experience of life, who most fully recognize the need of reform. They who have always been virtuous and happy—how can they judge what are the best institutions to make and keep people virtuous and happy? Society needs to be based on a wider experience than that of the good alone. Error and failure are full of life-giving lessons; but monotonously successful goodness ever tends to the Pharisaic lethargy.

The best general definition of reform that I know is, "a movement by a number of discontented persons, having for aim the better utilization of their efforts." The poor, the unhappy, the "ripe for rebellion," the failures, feel that they work and struggle hard enough—or are willing to—have a better living than they actually get. But somehow they fail to properly direct their energies; fail to economize; fail to overcome that dead loss, the friction of competition; fail to govern their appetites; fail to prevent non-producers from getting the fruits of their labors away from them. All moneyless laborers, in proportion as they are possessed of brains—that is to say, aspirations—are reformers. Of course their perception of the necessary conditions of real improvement may be but rudimentary, and their willingness to submit to such conditions still less developed; nevertheless, they are reformers in sentiment, and the support that conservatism gets from them, it gets through deceit or by pitting one class against another. There is an everlasting struggle upwards towards more light, life, liberty, and happiness; and on this cosmic current must swim all reform that aims to be something more than a dilettante social freak.

Radicalism is, in short, the permanent rebellion of the many against all curable ills; against their own ignorance, over-lusts and chaotic improvidence, and against the oppressions of wealth and authority.

It is flung at all new movements that they are "interested"—that they one and all have for bottom motive the greed of some class. I am perfectly willing to admit this. A number of people become convinced that they can righteously obtain more comfort and happiness, and accordingly take steps calculated, as they think, to reach that end. Class greeds I believe in—only let it be a large class; when it takes in all mankind I will be satisfied.

All movements are of course duplex; there is the upward movement of the many discontented and suffering; and the helpful downward reaching of the philanthropist's hand and heart. Perhaps the force from above should be considered the full complement of its counterpart, though it seems to me of lesser importance. Sometimes it may be able to formulate, define and direct the popular impulses—too often it tries to harness them to some preconceived theory. It is hard—in most cases impossible—for a fortunate person to completely identify himself with the unfortunate; indeed, when we see this apparently take place we infer that the individual is driven by some hidden grief or misfortune to "go where he belongs." And unless one is completely allied in spirit with the discontented and unhappy how can he move with them, how speak or think or act for them?

Thoreau insinuates in *Walden*, that philanthropy

is a morbid cerebral secretion accompanying certain chronic inflammations of the abdominal viscera. There is, in well-marked cases, a yearning super-sensitiveness of the sympathetic nerve; the subject feels the sufferings of others—often indeed imagines or magnifies them. He "assumes humanity," "bears our infirmities." There is nothing truer than the common saying that "we judge others by ourselves;" the philanthropist suffers profoundly but indefinitely, and pities all mankind, taking it for granted that they feel very much as he does. The perfectly sound, healthy, animal man, on the other hand, cuts his way through, strikes out heartily right and left, eats and is eaten, and neither gives nor expects pity—and all this not so much from intentional cruelty as from incapacity to feel. Moral and physical qualities appear to hang together pretty well. As a general rule, as long as people can eat and tolerably digest goodly quantities of fat pork, corn-bread, doughnuts, cheese, Bologna sausage, etc., they are little troubled by any misgivings as to the moral constitution of the universe; but when they become squeamish and dyspeptic and unable to stomach any thing hearty, they straightway begin to feel a new sense of the cruel and tragic in nature; they are nauseated by the universal spectacle of the strong devouring the weak. Only through suffering can be fully developed the sentiment of pity.

The general policy of leaders and organizers of reform seems plain. A good motto for them is, "Put not your trust in princes." Watch the surge that rises from the unknown depths; study human nature as it actually is in this age and clime and see what may be done with it. The genius of reform is obscure and homely, the cricket under the farmer's hearth, the starveling mouse that haunts the poet's garret. Listen for his true voice in lowly places; in the palaces of pride and authority you shall have only its lying echo. He who knows the wants, the sorrows and aspirations of the many—to him the institutions and bulky shows of society are but fleeting phantasms. The weak, despised radicalism of this age is the solid fact of the next.

#### TELEGRAPHY IN EUROPE IN 1875.

THE Statistics published by the International Telegraph Office at Berne with regard to telegraphic matters in the year 1875 are not without interest, although they are somewhat late in making their appearance. As we have been disappointed in England at finding that the profits of our Telegraph Service are not yet sufficient to pay the interest on the large capital raised to acquire the business of the old telegraph companies and to develop the system, it is some consolation to find that our neighbors are in a much less satisfactory position than ourselves.

Out of the 16 European States whose transactions are brought under our notice, there are ten in which the gross earnings of the telegraph system were insufficient to cover the working expenses. Arranged in the order of the percentage of deficiency, these ten States are—Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Greece, Portugal, Holland, Roumania, and Spain. In the case of the three States first mentioned the deficiency is less than 15 per cent.; for the remainder it ranges up to 38 per cent. Of the (telegraphically speaking) more prosperous States, Sweden shows a profit of 6 per cent.; Switzerland of 12 per cent.; France of 18 per cent.; Russia of 19 per cent.; England and Italy of 25 per cent. each.

As regards extent of business, England is *facile princeps*. The number of paid inland messages transmitted by this country in 1875 was (in round numbers) 18½ millions; by Germany, 8¼ millions; by France, 7 millions; by Austria-Hungary, 4½ millions; by Italy, 4¼ millions; by Russia, 3¼ millions; by Switzerland, 2 millions; by Belgium, 2 millions; by Holland, 1½ million. None of the other States had more than a million inland messages.

Comparing the number of inland messages with the populations of the respective countries, we find that for every 100 inhabitants there were transmitted in Switzerland, 77 messages; in England, 58; in Holland, 38; in Belgium, 36; in Norway, 27; in Denmark, 22; in France and Germany, 19; in Italy, 16; in Austria-Hungary, 12; and in Russia 3.7. It is scarcely necessary to remark that a large proportion of the Swiss inland messages are forwarded by people who are not inhabitants of the country.

Turning to the number of telegraph offices open for the use of the public, we find that Switzerland heads the list with an office for every 2,664 inhabitants. Here again the circumstances of Switzerland are altogether exceptional—many of the offices being at hotels and only used during the tourist season. England ranks next with an office for every 5,640 inhabitants. Among the other States we find the number of inhabitants to each office to be as follows:—In France, 8,463; in Germany, 7,980; in Austria-Hungary, 11,556; in Italy, 15,522; and in Russia, 50,188. Holland, strangely enough, appears, if the figures can be trusted, to

have the least liberal provision of offices among all the European States, having only one office to every 115,449 inhabitants.

In making a comparison between different countries as regards the average expenditure per message transmitted, it must be remembered that this cost is considerably affected by the extent of the territory of each particular State. Other things being equal, the working expenses will be higher in a country in which the average distance traversed by a message is 250 miles, than in one where the average is only 25 miles. Accordingly, we find Russia at the top of the list in this respect with an average expenditure of 3s. 2d. per message. Among the medium-sized States the cost per message is—in Spain, 2s. 4½d.; in Austria-Hungary, 1s. 5¾d.; in Norway, 1s. 4½d.; in Germany, 1s. ¾d.; in France, 1s.; in England, 11½d.; in Italy, 10½d. Of the smaller States, Roumania, with an average of 1s. 8¾d., comes out the least favorably, while the most cheaply worked systems show the following average rates of expenditure per message—viz., Holland, 10½d.; Denmark, 8¾d.; Belgium and Switzerland, 5¾d. each.

—London Times.

## AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1877.

THE article by Mr. G. E. Tufts, on another page, is well-written and has in it a great deal of the sharpness of Thoreau. But it confesses what we will not confess—that its aspirations are reactions from below and not inspirations from above. The writer does indeed acknowledge, with compelled insight, that “all movements are duplex,” consisting of the upward movement of the many discontented and suffering, and the “helpful downward reaching of the philanthropist’s hand and heart.” But he thinks this downward reaching is only an inferior auxiliary. We think it is the superior force.

### PORTRAIT OF ROBERT OWEN.

A SHORT time since Mr. Thomas A. Carew, an artist residing in Cambridge, Mass., presented us with a medallion, life-size, profile head of Robert Owen, taken when he was last in Boston, by a brother of Mr. Carew, now deceased. As a likeness it is said to be perfect. It is in plaster so that it is quite fragile, and it will need to be framed and carefully kept, as there is no duplicate of it in existence. We have obtained an excellent photograph of the head, copies of which we can furnish to any who want them. They are mounted on cards a little larger than ordinary *cartes de visite*, and the price will be thirty-five cents each, except to subscribers to the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, to whom they will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Persons desiring a copy should send in their orders promptly.

### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE attempt in the way of “classification of Socialism” in the last paper, suggests interesting thoughts. It is to be hoped that competent writers will treat this subject more largely, as it deserves. Socialism is defined generally as a “theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed.”

But when we come to practical matters we find men differing quite as much on this subject as on others. And in this, as in other things, people’s views of life depend very much upon their faith. In religion, faith gives at least a general cast to character and to life. “As a man thinketh so is he.” And in Socialism the arrangement of the social relations which one shall consider orderly and harmonious, will depend very much upon the philosophical or theological theory which he may entertain as to the social constitution of mankind. Especially will this theory exercise a controlling and molding influence over the measures which men will adopt to bring about this more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement. Faith and works will go together.

But the notions of the social constitution of mankind are various, quite diverse; indeed, between some of these notions there is more or less of antagonism. Hence, study and discussion are necessary to find out the truth in regard to them. Among these notions there are three, distinctly marked, which, in the conflict that is going on in the field of modern thought and research, are striving for the mastery, and as we adopt one or another of them, or a mixed theory made up of elements from each, will our labors and experiments in practical Socialism be shaped and guided.

One of these theories is that man’s social constitution

is such that he is spontaneously and certainly evolving for himself a social destiny through the working of native and essential forces; and that this destiny, though slow, is inevitable as the march of ages.

Another is that all true change and progress are the results of observation and experience; that man is so constituted that only by noting the slow products of these, and consciously and carefully reflecting upon them and turning them to account can he hope to improve his social relations and work out a higher social state.

Still another theory regards man, in the exercise of the faculties which he finds himself to possess, as obediently submitting his impulses to the guidance of a Supreme Being, who, by inspiration, coöperates with the physical, moral and social nature of the creature he has formed in pursuit of its true and only possible course of development. As one or the other of these prevails in the thought of the Socialist, will his views of his own labor in the social field be formed and modified. Holding one he will look to “nature” alone, and be disposed to wait upon its slow but sure processes. Holding another, “reason” and “utility” will be his guides, and he will only move as the desirability of change is demonstrated to “sense” through experience. Or, if the third of these notions prevails with him, he will study his relations to that Supreme Being in whom he believes, and to the spiritual world, and will seek by coming into rapport with them to find an answer to his prayer that the will of the All-Father may be done on earth as it is in heaven. It can not be an uninteresting question to Socialists which of these views of man’s social constitution is the true one; or if there be truth in all of them, what and how much of them is true?

J. W. T.

### AMERICAN DIGNITY.

IT seems that they are instituting a new social custom among the higher families in England, which is hardly in keeping with the efforts making to put women in an independent and dignified position. At their fashionable dinners “menials,” so called, wait upon the guests during the soup and fish periods, but when the meats come those flunkeys vanish, and throughout the rest of the repast the guests are waited upon exclusively by the ladies of the family! We hardly think a custom like this can be introduced into this country. But if fashion can compel it in fashionable circles we have too much confidence in the independent spirit of the great body of American women to believe that the custom can become at all general.—Exchange.

The above paragraph, cut from a New York periodical, illustrates an American trait. The would-be genteel people of this country have long made it a fashion to ape the social customs, as well as the dress, of the European aristocracy. In particular, the notion that it is undignified to dispense with servants and wait on oneself has become so fixed that certain classes of Americans are in a fair way to outdo the veriest London snobs in their sense of social *stuckupativeness*. They are even ready to defy the dictates of fashion, as in this matter of waiting upon the table, whenever the proposed change crosses their ideas of gentility and dignity. We think the introduction of such a custom as that reported in the above item is an evidence of growing refinement. Observe that it has its origin “among the higher families.” That is what we should naturally expect. Women of real refinement and culture are not nearly so careful of their “independence and dignity” as are the shoddy worldlings who aim only to be genteel and fashionable. What more delicate attention could be shown to a favored guest than to dismiss the servants and serve each other at table in all the informality of friendship? We would like to have it fashionable for either men or women or both to serve their guests in that way, and we should apprehend no loss of true dignity.

### SIMPLE BEN DON’T UNDERSTAND.

THE folks in our village call me Simple Ben, because they say I don’t understand things very well since I fell off from the mainmast of the “Big Fluke,” and struck my head on a coil of rope that was lying on the deck. It was my first chance to go with the whalers and I was so proud and, as the mate said, “so full of the old cat,” that when we were getting down out of the harbor I thought I would climb the mast and get a last look at the village and the boys on the wharf. When I got up there, I became so crazy with the idea of being a sailor that I let go the mast and in turning myself on the yard, I lost my footing and fell. They say the fall would have killed me if my head had struck the deck instead of the coil of rotten rope, and sometimes I almost wish it had; for folks say I have times of being very stupid and don’t understand things at all. I wonder if I ever shall understand things any better. There is so much

that puzzles me about what folks call “hard times.” Hard times! hard times! down at the store, and in the post-office, and on the tavern stoop, I hear idle men talking about nothing but the hard times! how the mills are stopping all over the country; and how they have to work for less wages than ever before; and how hard it is for them to support their families. Now what I can’t understand (and I can’t get any one to explain it to me), is, why these men who have no work and keep grumbling about how much their families cost them, should go right on having children so fast and multiplying the mouths they have to feed all the time. There’s old Captain Asahel Santum who has got a young wife and six or eight children. He talks all the time at the post-office and in the tavern about the burden of the family which Providence has laid upon him, and how hard it is for him to make both ends meet, and about the responsibility of the Government for the distress of the working classes, and yet he keeps having children at a great rate. I know he does, for the other night I heard some one drive across the new bridge at a furious gallop, although there is a sign on it which says there is a fine of five dollars for crossing the bridge faster than a walk. Ira Aliter, who is always looking out for such things, went and told one of the Selectmen that Dr. Talcott had been racing across the new bridge; but the Selectman said that Miss Santum had got twins, and it was a desperate case, and he reckoned they couldn’t prosecute the Doctor for hurrying on his errand of mercy.

It was only a few evenings after this that I heard Captain Santum talking to a crowd of men on the stoop at the tavern about the troubles of the working-men. He was smoking, and he got quite excited, and the men were very silent listening to him. Captain Santum finally said that “the working man must help himself, as the Government wouldn’t help him.” I thought this was a good chance to find out about some of the things that puzzle my poor, bruised head, and so I said: “Captain Asahel, wouldn’t it help the working man if he should stop having so many children?” This question seemed to strike the Captain kind of dumb like. His chair, in which he was tipping back, dropped forward, and he stared at me so hard and long that he forgot to smoke and his pipe went out. One or two of the men laughed in a confused kind of way, and then, seeing that the Captain had no more to say, they walked off. Nobody answers my questions, so I don’t see how I am ever to understand things like other folks. Why don’t they answer my questions? The schoolmaster says a great deal in the village about economy; I think he calls it political economy, and he treats me very kindly; but when I asked him if it would not be economy to have fewer children born in the village, and to have those that were born better cared for, he only said: “Poor boy, he don’t understand things,” and muttered something which sounded like, “*non compos*.”

But some folks seem to understand things in a different way from what other people do. Now when Parson Erwin’s wife died there was a great funeral and mourning at the parsonage and the minister who preached the funeral sermon said that Miss Erwin’s death was “a mysterious dispensation of Providence;” but Ezra Talcott said that he heard his father tell his mother that he guessed Miss Erwin died of a dispensation of children, for she had had five children in six years.

Oh, if I had not hurt my head on the “Big Fluke” I suppose I should be like other folks and understand these things.

SIMPLE BEN.

### A CONTRAST.

THE INCONVENIENT DEPENDENCE OF PRIVATE FAMILISM

vs.

THE ORDERLY INDEPENDENCE OF COMMUNISM.

#### Part II.

THE reader has, we trust, deeply sympathized with the “over true” yet only half-told tale of Dr. Charles’s miseries amidst the dependencies of private familism.

Now then, *presto, change!*

\* \* \* \* \*  
Behold Dr. Charles and Mistress Jenny as Communists. We will introduce the reader to Jenny’s room, a cosy one in the southern part of the Community mansion. There sits the little woman sewing, and by her side Dr. Charles, come for a chat after the day’s work is done.

“Do you realize,” says Jenny, as she threads her needle, “that the spring cleaning is going on in this big house?”

“Bless me, no!” ejaculates Charles, “I hav’nt been turned out of my room, fed on cold dinners, or sent to hunt up whitewashers and carpet-men! Hav’nt seen a mop-pail nor scrubbing-broom!”

Jenny laughs.

“But your room was cleaned day before yesterday,

while you were at work. I spoke to the lady who superintends the cleaning so that I might help put the things back just as they were before, to see whether you would take notice of the cleaning. I have been waiting to see if you did."

"Sly puss," says Charles.

"You see," pursues Jenny, "the way they do it (or I suppose I should now say, the way *we* do it), is this; a couple of women are appointed, who, for a year or so at a time, or until they get tired of it, have charge of the annual house-cleaning. They enlist others, or hire help if they need it, and, laying their plans, begin when they are ready in the spring and carry it through in a regular, orderly way. The whole house is never turned topsy-turvy all at once. So there is always a quiet place of refuge for all in some one of the sitting, or other rooms, while the cleaning is going on. A large part of the house has been kalsomined, and ever so many of the rooms repapered, or recarpeted, floors oiled or painted, and so on, this spring."

"There! I believe I have noticed a smell of turpentine or linseed oil as I went through some of the halls," interrupts Charles.

"But, you see, one don't have to live in it. If it is unendurable you can flee to another part of the house, as I happen to know Mrs. H. did with her little baby. She had her room refitted somewhat, and some of the wood-work in her part of the house was revarnished. This was too much for her and the baby. So some one lent them a room in the opposite wing of the house where she slept until she was ready to go into her own room again."

"Well, that *was* convenient," says Charles. "Don't you remember how I had to send you and the baby fifty miles away to your mother's, to get you away from the smell of paint when we had that dreadful time refitting our house. Oh! what a horrid, neglected, uncomfortable life I led those few weeks! But now I can laugh to scorn all the kalsominers and painters, paper-hangers and grocery-men, and all the trade who used to prey upon me."

"I never did see any thing like it," Jenny goes on, while trimming the edges of her darn, "every thing is so orderly and convenient! Now the other day I concluded I wanted some more hooks in my closet and a folding table fastened under my window for convenience when sewing, besides one of my rocking-chairs needed mending and revarnishing. Happening to sit by Mrs. S. at the dinner-table, I spoke to her about it. She referred me to Mr. E. for my closet hooks, and Mr. L. for my chair and table. They were dining at another table on the other side of the room, so I stepped right over and mentioned the matter to them. After dinner in came Mr. L. and took the measurement of my window, and then carried off my broken chair with him. The next forenoon Mr. E. stepped in with his tool-basket and screwed up all the hooks I wanted, and besides put me up a couple of shelves."

"And no bills for me to pay," puts in Charles.

"No, indeed! no talk about money, anyway. You don't know how glad I am to get rid of petty account-keeping with 'the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,' and the rest. And Oh!" exclaims Jenny, growing eloquent, "what a relief to be rid of the responsibility of my week's washing! Why, all I have to do, is to carry my clothes down cellar soiled; and then in the course of the week go down and bring them up clean."

"Ar'nt you afraid you will get lazy, little woman?" insinuates Charles.

"No, indeed! I have work enough to do; as much as I did before, probably. But it is not of so perplexing a nature, nor so long strung out. I am not continually distracted by having a dozen things to attend to at once. When my work is done, it *is* done, and I can read or study or sew at my leisure, without feeling that the care of the household is on my shoulders. I have lately taken up the study of botany, which I used to like so much, but which I had to give up when I went to house-keeping. I study it with Miss J., who is a delightful companion. Then I appreciate having a big library and reading-room so handy that I can drop in whenever I have a leisure hour, and read to my heart's content."

"So do I," says Charles. "This chance to do some good, hard reading again, is chiefest among my luxuries, nowadays. And I am going to have another. I never had all the laboratory practice I wanted before I began practice as a physician and surgeon, and I have had no time for it since. Chemistry was always fascinating to me, and it has been a great cross that the exigencies of my profession and of earning a livelihood, have kept me from pursuing it. But there is a well-

furnished laboratory here, and I am going to renew my chemical studies, and catch up with the times. I find the library contains the latest and best text-books on the subject. Then I appreciate the intellectual society I get here daily. When I want to talk politics or war news, or any of the great questions of the day, I am not obliged to go to Clubs, or away from home to do it."

"O there!" says Jenny, most inconsequentially, and jumping up and going to her bureau, "I was going to show you the stuff for my new gowns, and see how you like it. You always did have a mind of your own as to what I wear. Just to think, I don't have to bargain or shop now, unless I please! Our lady-buyer gets all our dry-goods for us at the most reasonable prices you can think of, and the dress-maker and sewing and tailor's room is across the road. It never was my forte to handle money and deal with sharp, close-fisted tradesmen, and thank providence I shan't have it to do any more!"

"Thank Communism, too," adds Charles, gathering little Jenny, dress goods and all into his arms; "thank Communism and the Good Spirit which makes it possible, that our lines have fallen in such pleasant places. These few material things that we have mentioned do not half tell the story of the blessings and comforts that we, our children, and our children's children shall inherit through its wise and unselfish rule."

(The End.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, June 29, 1877.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Your paper of last week, containing the grand reconciliation between Fourierism and Communism, gave great satisfaction hereabouts. It is so much pleasanter to agree than to differ! Byron says—"Tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels, especially with a tiresome friend"—but I must say quarreling has always been bitter-sweet to me.

But I see by to-day's SOCIALIST that there are dissenters from my peace-offerings. I also have received some letters from old comrade-Fourierists deprecating mine as a "surrender," and as a "compromise" of an essential principle. I can not see it so; but I have no time nor inclination to further defend my position, or especially to become an advocate of Communism. It is sufficient that I cease hostility. I think both the common and joint-stock method of holding associated property practicable, and think also that all that is good and useful in Fourier is practicable on either plan. In fact, I care little about property any how. I have been poor, and then I was rich; and the last state of that man was worse than the first. So I became poor again, and happy, just as soon as possible.

I would not willingly distress my old friends, who are in little danger of becoming tramps; but I must say I should be only too glad to see homes where all things are held in common multiply over the earth. Social evolution must proceed by degrees, not by catastrophe—by steps, not by sudden cataclysm. If Communism prevails now or soon, that will show Communism to be a necessary first step, and if any thing wrong develops in such Communal homes it will in good time get evolved out. A state of universal Communism, I am sure, would be better than the bear-garden scramble for survival in which humanity is now engaged.

Questions of human freedom interest me more than those of mere property. If I could apprehend that community of property inherently *must* abridge individual liberty, I would continue my opposition to it; but if it simply may or may not, according as the Communists are wise or ignorant—that is no ground for opposition to the thing itself, but only to its abuses. One might as well oppose the principle of heat because some meddler fooling with fire may get his fingers burnt.

But Mr. Ward "sulks" and will insist on differences. With my correction right before his eyes he continues to charge "Communism the Grave of Liberty" to Fourier, and talks of "the proof that Fourier uttered that lugubrious cry," when he had just read my proof that Fourier didn't utter it and that another man did. What shall we think of the rest of his communication, when he starts out with downright perversion? Did he ever hear of "*falsus in uno falsus in omnibus?*" The facts are that M. Godin is an opponent of Communism and a disciple of Fourier, and that he modeled his Familistère as nearly as he could after the plan of Fourier, and as far as possible from Communism. For proof, see his work "*Solutions Sociales*," published in 1872; especially chapters VII, *Le Communisme*; and VIII, *Fourier et L'association*. Also see the well-known account of "The Industrial Palace at Guise" published in *Harper's Magazine* in April, 1872, and recently repub-

lished in Mr. Leavitt's "Peacemaker," 178 Greenwich-st., New York. This account has never been discredited, and by all the facts in the case, I am justified in using the two Institutions, Oneida and Guise, as illustrations in the argument I was urging.

Mr. Ward insists that "the difference between them *is* vital." Well, if it *is*, the difference will take the vitality out of—that is, will kill—one or the other. But they both have survived these many years, and neither *is* killed. How happens that, Mr. Ward? Your writer who, in a good spirit, animadverted on my "figment of the imagination" will also note this *vital* point. One of the senses of *vital*, given by Webster, is quite equivalent to *fatal*, and in that sense I wrote it.

The famed "New Zealander," sitting on London Bridge—but I won't instruct Mr. Ward further. If I do, I shall boil over, instead of "boil down" as your editors so strenuously insist. You may enlighten him at your own charges for space, not mine.

Your "Classification of Socialism" is an important article. It is another step on the road to reconciliation, and I cordially indorse it. The remarks of Oliver Prentiss and your endorsement is another *morceau*—short, but sweet, to Individual Sovereigns. At this rate we shall all hands very soon get to be as "thick as thieves (!) in Valambrosa's Halls!"

THERON C. LELAND.

"RECONCILIATION AND INTEGRALISM."

Boston, June 29, 1877.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Yes! let us have a "time of reconciliation and integralism all round—let them sulk who will." And if we can find the solid ground for reconciliation in Social Science, it will always last, and be far better than merely an "era of good feeling," though good feeling is an excellent thing to start with.

Fourier was an Integralist in his philosophy, and in his prophetic pictures of the future, and he might have shown that he accepted the truths taught by Owen and St. Simon, and that they were provided for in his Social theories; but if he hated any thing it was Partialism, or Simplism, and he thought they had committed the unpardonable sin of putting forward *half truths* as the *whole* of Social Science. Beside this, he was so possessed by the immensity and importance of his discoveries, and so burned with enthusiastic desire to realize his glorious visions *at once*, that he could not stop to concede and explain, as we can now afford to do.

He wanted to go right to work, to interest men of brains and wealth in his ideas, fully persuaded of their immediate practicability, and of the great benefits they would confer on his fellow-men, and he believed that in a generation of simple Association, the men and women would be born and taught who would be fit stones for the building of the Grand Temple of High Harmony which he saw in his visions. Prophets and seers of all ages have been before their time. So it was with Fourier; but the world has moved since then, and is moving now at a geometrically increasing rate of progress.

Whenever we can teach the truths of Social Science so that they are known and accepted like the Laws of God in other realms, material means will easily be found, and the blind yearning of the human soul to accomplish its Divine Destiny can be wisely directed to certain success. That is the work we have to do. It is a work large enough to employ the greatest efforts of the grandest minds. Let us then welcome every fellow-worker, cordially accepting every contribution to the solution of the great problem, only avoiding in ourselves and criticizing in others that narrow spirit of partialism which, seeing one aspect of the truth insists that there is no other. In point of fact, there is useful truth in almost every assertion except that a *part is the whole*.

To return to Fourier, who is about as completely misunderstood as any man ever was; the *Springfield Republican*, one of our best edited papers, in its notice of your retirement from the Presidency of the O. C., has the absurdity to say, that Fourier's scheme crucified the mother's love. How any man competent to write an editorial could suppose that the Socialist thinker, one of whose formulæ was "Attractions are proportional to Destinies," could entertain such a monstrous idea, passes my comprehension. Fourier starts by assuming the existence of God, and that man has been created with certain inherent, inexpugnable affections, or "Passions," which are the voice of God in his soul, and that he has been given Reason that he might study this word of God and rightly interpret its meaning; that in order to fulfill his destiny he must organize Society or the external environments of man in accordance with his God-given human nature. Harmony is

to be brought about, not by the suppression or crucifixion of any one or all of the affections, but by their balanced and counterpoised free development.

So far from Fourier having proposed the outrage coolly charged by the *Springfield Republican*, one of the best things in the practical part of his system is the provision he made for children. In regard to them he was a thorough Communist to start with, for he claimed (carrying out the idea of our common schools) that not only the education, but the support of the child was the duty of the Society as a whole. That every child by virtue of being a child of God had an inalienable right to the best education, physical, mental and moral, that the mental, spiritual and material wealth of the Association could give it. He points out that the relation between parents and children is properly one of love, not at all in itself that of education or training. A parent may be a good educator, and as such take part in the education of its own child among others, but he observed the fact that parents can more easily and satisfactorily train other children than their own. For Fourier to deny the child's right to its mother's love and the mother's right to love her child, would have been an impossibility.

The whole system (in idea at least) of the Kindergarten may be found in Fourier, with this difference; that in Association it would be an integral part of the whole life, while in our present social anarchy it is out of place, and productive consequently of very small results. I should like much to know whether Froebel ever read Fourier. If Fourier had written nothing else but what he has said about the integral education of children it would entitle him to immortal fame. F. S. C.

#### INFANTICIDE.

A WRITER in a late London paper comments thus on the punishment of infanticide:

"Two considerations guide us in determining the penalty proper to crime—the moral guilt of the criminal, and the efficacy of the punishment in checking similar offences. No measure which fails to satisfy these conditions, which either treats the offender with a severity out of proportion to his guilt, or results in the frequency and impunity of crime, can be satisfactory. Applying the first of these standards to the question of infanticide, we are forced to take into account the wrong, the shame, and the desolation, which almost always lead to the commission of this crime. Nature deals heavily with the mother of an illegitimate child: human society has indeed added every bitterness to her cup. The parent upon whom nature throws the entire burden of the common offspring is forsaken and cast off: child-birth, which to others brings the excess of love and care and every thought of increased happiness, brings to her nothing but solitary anguish, nothing but the anticipated scorn of her friends and the loss of her daily bread. The sacredness of life is indeed not a conception with which law can dispense; but while we rightly refuse to describe the act of infanticide as any thing but murder, reason and feeling equally insist that the moral extenuation shall be regarded in determining the penalty. If we are told that, the greater the temptation, the greater the necessity of punishment, we accept the principle as pointing to the certainty, we reject it as pointing to the severity of punishments. In the latter case, if the force of a temptation is to be estimated by the known and certain ruin which the vice entails, the drunkard ought to be put to death with torments. But 'A life for a life' finds no echo in a just heart: and the actual infliction of death for infanticide has been long and irrevocably abandoned. Ought the punishment then to be imprisonment, with the addition of such anguish as a fictitious sentence of death inspires? No; for the law ought to be an example of sincerity, and ought not to take advantage of ignorance and simplicity to terrify people with the dread of that which it does not really intend. By such action the law puts itself in the wrong, and turns the criminal into a victim."

In cases of infanticide it is not irrelevant to suppose that the criminal is a victim—a victim of the haphazard system of propagation which has prevailed in wedlock (as well as out of it) since the world began. Illegitimate propagation and infanticide accompany each other, and all the blemishes—the loathsome sores of our modern civilization. It seems strange that while the law is so fierce in denouncing and punishing poor, weak women for seeking to rid themselves of undesired offspring, it is yet so intolerant to the honest efforts making in these latter days to put the whole matter of conception on a surer and more scientific basis. Crimes of infanticide will occur so long as children are conceived in ignorance and lewdness; and we can not expect to reform the ignorant and lewd until civilized society, in an earnest, truth-loving spirit takes the lead in checking undesired conception within its own ranks. The great, live question of the hour is, how shall population be proportioned to the means of support and education? All hail to the reform that shall reduce it to that limit. The scientific spirit that will help on this reform, will also clear from our midst illegitimate offspring and infanticide. H. M. W.

#### BOOK NOTICE.

OF all the different varieties of novel, from the historical and the reformatory to the objectless narration of romance, the musical novel is by far the most fascinating. Just as in real life music enhances the charms of love, so a masterly story which has among its characters the kings and queens of the tone-art is sure to be full of the enchantments which singing-throats and violin fingers have created in this prosy world since the days of the breezy-locked Jewish maiden and merry, dancing, impetuous King David.

Charles Reade's last work, "A Woman Hater," is as usual written in defense of some form of modern progress, but his forcible arguments are so artfully interwoven with the magnetic spell of song that we follow the story with that pulse-quickening eagerness with which we listen to a favorite prima donna or to superior instrumentation. The woman-hating hero is much like the misogynists we know; *i. e.*, his assumed indifference conceals a rare susceptibility, intensity and devotion. Rhoda Gale is a character which could hardly have been conceived a century ago and is well worth knowing. Although Charles Reade forms his heroes and heroines on the high-pressure model which the popular taste demands, there has been a lurking suspicion in our minds for a long time that he did in a covert way make fun of their desperations and extravagancies, and that he had a conception of a higher state in which the better part of humanity should enjoy the peace of controlled affection. Perhaps he would be astonished at our reading between the lines, but he certainly portrays such characters as Merly Vint and Jael Dence with a tenderness which he does not bestow on the women who are of a lower grade of moral balance.

We do not, however, intend to spoil the pleasure of those who have not read "A Woman Hater" by telling ahead. Our object in commenting on it is to call attention to the following passage on friendship which we consider a nugget of wisdom and very remarkable considering that it comes from the pen of one of the most intense romancers of the day. Rhoda Gale says:

"Friendship is a fine thing in men or women; a far nobler sentiment than love. \* \* \* I have observed love attentively and I pronounce it a fever of the mind. It disturbs the judgment and perverts the conscience. You side with the beloved, right or wrong. What personal degradation! I observe, too, that a grand passion is a grand misfortune; the victims of it are always in a storm of hope, fear, doubt, jealousy, rapture, rage, and the end is deceit or else satiety. Friendship is steady and peaceful; not much jealousy, no heart-burnings. It strengthens with time and survives the small-pox and a wooden leg."

There is sound sense in this, though we should prefer to give the name of love to the sentiment which Miss Gale describes as friendship, rather than to the passion which is so-called. It is doubtless apparent to every one that there are two kinds of love in the world which are often confounded, but which are actually as unlike as good and evil: one which is selfish and works misery and destruction, and another which is self-denying and blesses both giver and receiver. The purely selfish passion expresses itself in the blasphemous words of Poe:

"Neither the angels in the heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Or still more wickedly in such language as the following which we heard once from the lips of a Perfectionist:

"If the tallest archangel in heaven should attempt to get between me and my Eveline I would spear him!"

What is this intense, exclusive love which is so lauded by the romance writers? We do not hesitate to say with Miss Rhoda Gale that it is a "fever of the mind"—a disease—crippling the will and subverting the moral sense. Just as the keenest pleasure is so nearly akin to pain that the emotions excited by each are almost indistinguishable, so this fiery, idolatrous love is so closely allied to hate that oftentimes a vague suspicion or a slight wound to egotism will transform an adoring lover into a vituperative enemy. Love and hate see-saw back and forth, and airy nothings throw the balance either way. The cruelty of such love is only exceeded by its foolishness, for of all the sad illusions with which this world is filled this is the saddest. That pathetic picture "Youth," in the series "Voyage of Life," illustrates the idea, and we imagine that Solomon was under a reaction from an intensity when he wrote, "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity."

We think it high time that the rising generations should be taught a truer philosophy in regard to this

passion which is the central life-interest, and we therefore hail, as the dawning of a new era, the expression of such a sentiment as the one which we have quoted from Charles Reade. T. C. M.

#### FAITH AND CHARITY.

HERE is a little story which came to us the other day, and which, if it is not news, either political or marketable, has the merit, which news rarely claims, of being absolutely true. Near a neighboring city there is a little house, an asylum for children founded by one or two good women, and kept up from day to day by voluntary contributions. It is a rule with those women never to ask for help in their work from anybody except that One who has promised to care for the fatherless child. Business men are apt to look upon this system of faith and prayer and charity as an insecure sort of capital; yet it is a curious fact that two of the largest orphan asylums in the country are supported in this way, and have increased until thousands of helpless little ones have been sheltered and fed and clothed in them, during years in which the shrewdest business men have seen their fortunes wrecked at that in the most careful and safest investment.

A winter or two ago the director of this little home issued a statement of her receipts and expenditures, for the satisfaction of those who had given help to it during the year. It fell into the hands of a wealthy man living some miles away from the home, who glanced over it and threw it aside. No help was asked, and it did not occur to him to offer any. A month or two later, one bitter night, the manager found herself absolutely without a morsel of food to give the children for breakfast. There was not even flour nor bread in the house. Institutions of a similar kind have their settled funds from which to draw, or friends to whom to appeal. These women had no money, and but the one friend to whom to turn. The night was stormy, it was late, the children would waken hungry; their hearts almost failed them. But they went to their friend. Before they rose from their knees a carriage drove to the door, from which when they went out the coachman—without a word—began to unpack meat, bread, provisions of every kind. Bundles of clothing followed. It was like a fairy-tale, or one of Dickens's Christmas stories. At last a lady held out an envelope in which was a bank-note for a substantial sum, and the carriage drove away through the snow without a word being spoken.

All this was mysterious enough. But the explanation was simple. The banker was toasting his feet before going to bed at his library fire, thinking how glad he was to be indoors, when his daughter came in and said, after the inconsequent manner of women, how cold it was outside and how warm and cozy she had been in her own chamber, and how it had set her to thinking of people who were cold and hungry, and that she thought she could sleep better if she could make some one who needed help as warm and happy as herself. The father was a practical man. He remembered the little home for children, but told her to-morrow would be time enough to look it up. The daughter was unpractical, and insisted that to-night was the time. The water began to come into her eyes. So the father gave up, of course, and put the note in the envelope as his contribution to the foolish adventure.

We do not tell the story as an appeal for this asylum, for it does not ask for help. But there are children who are orphans, and hungry children, and children who need help in soul and body, and mothers praying God for help for them every-where. They are close to our readers, wherever they may be, and now is the time to help them, not to-morrow. The story seems to belong to winter weather and Christmas. But the little children are here with the roses as with the snow, and help will come to them all the more gracious and sweet if it come in the summer time which Christ loved so well.—*Tribune*.

RUSSIAN LIBERALISM.—Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace delivered the Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution, on "Intellectual Movements and Secret Societies in Russia." To understand national characteristics it is more important to know a country's social history than to have all the information the ethnologist can give us. Russia, as an Empire, has a comparatively short history, but during that period has undergone tremendous changes. In England we make our reforms as small as possible; in Russia a clean sweep is made of the old to obtain an unnumbered foundation for the new. Up to the time of Peter the Great the Czardom of Moscow had no policy but to extend territory, to trust to mother-wit and traditional experience. Peter determined to introduce civilization, and vague philosophical principles were imported from the West. Catherine and Paul both introduced extensive and opposite policies, and then followed Alexander the First, in whose reign secret societies are first heard of. It is important to notice the difference between them and those of the present reign. When Alexander ascended the throne he was a sentimental Republican. Being autocrat over 60 millions of people, he felt he had a grand opportunity to put his liberal principles into practice. He gathered around him young nobles and young officers

of the Guard, and imbued them with his ideas. But he soon found it was easier to make projects than to put them into practice. He gave up his pet ideas, turned for a while to foreign politics, and then gave way to religious melancholy. The young men, however, unfettered by administrative responsibility, were indignant, and, under the influence of patriotic feeling, followed the example of other countries in establishing secret societies to carry out their views. At first they confined themselves to the liberal views Alexander himself had taught them, but by degrees other societies went further. It was hoped to establish a Republic on the pattern of the United States. The death of Alexander gave an opportunity of trying to carry out this idea. An attempt was made by the army to induce the soldiers to refuse the oath to Nicholas. As many as 2,000 assembled to assist at the proclamation of a Republic. But there was no one to lead any action. Nicholas, after vain attempts to induce them to lay down their arms, cleared the square with artillery. Of the nobles and educated classes, 121 were tried, of whom seven were executed and the rest sent to Siberia. During the whole of Nicholas's reign nothing more was heard of secret societies. They have reappeared under the present reign, but the members are not of the same aristocratic classes they were in the reign of the first Alexander. The great aim now is social rather than political. At the beginning of the present Emperor's reign Liberalism was cried up all through Russia. Liberalism and liberty became confounded. The Poles wished for liberty more readily than it was granted to them, and then proceeded to take it. This led to a change of opinions, especially among the aristocracy. It was urged that the practical result of liberalism would be the dismemberment of the Empire. But there were many who still clung to the liberal views and formed secret societies. It is somewhat difficult to define what their views are, and it is difficult to give them any name recognized in England. We have theoretical socialists, but these people want an entire practical social change from top to bottom.—*London Times.*

WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to the *éclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. The concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in. After the applause with which these gentlemen were received had subsided, and silence was restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." This took place during the height of the debate and excitement on the slavery question and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, and this patriotic air, as part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate for a concert where the head of government and a large number of both branches of the legislative departments were present. At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could sit no longer, and rising, like Olympian Jove, he added his deep bass voice to chorus, and I venture to say, never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half the applause with which her song and Webster's chorus were greeted. Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience, was the most delighted. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand and made such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again—Miss Lind re-courtesied, the house re-applauded, and this was repeated nine times.—*Selected.*

JACULA PRUDENTUM.

[Selected from George Herbert's collection.]

MEND your clothes and you may hold out this year.  
Talk much and err much, says the Spaniard.  
Reason lies between the spur and the bridle.  
Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning.  
We must recoil a little to the end that we may leap the better.  
He that endures is not overcome.  
The tree that God plants no wind hurts it.  
Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.  
Love and a cough can not be hid.  
Corn is cleaned with wind and the soul with chastening.  
An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.  
Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.  
He commands enough that obeys a wise man.  
To be beloved is above all bargains.  
Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.  
The Choleric drinks, the Melancholic eats and the Phlegmatic sleeps.  
When a man sleeps his head is in his stomach.

RECEIVED.

JOURNAL DES ECONOMISTES, Number for May, 1877. Paris, Guillaumin et Cie; Rue Richelieu, 14.  
REDEEMED! A Temperance Anthem. Price, 35 cents. Cincinnati, Ohio: F. W. Helmick, 50, West 4th-street.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

It isn't generally known who ate Roger Williams.  
Robert Dale Owen's Foot falls on the Debatable Land.  
Marblehead was pretty well burned out on the 25th ult.  
The Harvard men pulled harder than the Columbia boys.  
See here, Iowa, when pa gets home you will get a spanking.  
Peter Harvey, the man who loved Daniel Webster, is dead.  
The Philadelphia Custom House is undergoing an investigation.  
How pleasant it is to see the frisky lamb on a kitchen platter.  
The Yale crew rowed with the Harvard eight and got beaten.  
Providence and Boston were glad enough to see the President.  
Governor Robinson, of New York let sixty-eight bills die on his hands.  
The New York Normal College has just graduated 219 young women.  
The New York folks begin to ask "When is Mr. Bennett coming back?"  
Georgia has, by a majority of 9,000, decided to have a constitutional convention.  
The income of Yale for 1876 was \$140,162.90. The expenditures were \$145,417.84.  
Mr. Hayes isn't trying to be a Republican worth a cent; he is trying to be a statesman.  
Lieutenant Flipper will mount a horse as an officer in the 10th regiment of [colored] cavalry.  
The total amount of chink in this country is about \$225,000,000 and the quantity is increasing.  
Can any body tell how it is that a high-toned brute ever came to proclaim himself a gentleman?  
Pallone is the name of a new out-door ball-game introduced into New York by the Italians of that city.  
The snapping-turtles in Colorado are large and lively. They climb fences, and gnaw themselves loose when tied up with a rope.  
The steamship *Wyoming* brought into New York on the June 23, 200 Mormon recruits, on their way from Liverpool to Salt Lake City.  
The President got his L.L. D. at Harvard College. And now the other colleges wish they had been wide awake in time and given him one of theirs.  
The Government has been pretty sharp with the distillers, and the result is that the internal revenue is \$2,000,000 greater than it was last year.  
At a great pigeon-fly between Harrisburg and Philadelphia the victorious bird made the distance—104 miles—in two hours and thirty-two minutes.  
How can an honest brewer get along when there are folks in the business who are not ashamed to set up shop with an outfit of stolen "kags" and "bar'ls."  
President Hayes is trying to "line it straight." And now Ex-Gov. Lippitt, of Rhode Island, has presented him with a down-east ode entitled "Hew to the Line."  
The Government is going to annul its contracts for printing with the bank-note companies. It can save \$75,000 a year by doing its own printing of stamps.  
The authorities in New York did not want to ruin the makers of fire-works, so the people of that unhappy town will have to endure one more Fourth of July.  
Secretary Evarts has written a letter to the Spanish Government about that Ellen Rezpah affair and the Spaniard has promised not to bully around among our ships any more.  
Gen. W. B. Hazen has been tendered the position of Military Attaché of the United States Legation at Vienna. His duty will be to study the tactics of the Turco-Russian armies.  
The latest horror in New York is the discovery that cows are kept in foul and pestiferous basements to produce milk for the poor wretches who huddle together in tenement houses on the "east side."

The Idaho Indians are conducting their quarrel with a good deal of moderation. They spare the women and children. They were spoken of by the Commissioners who visited there last fall as peaceably inclined, as more than ordinarily intelligent and as depending on cattle-raising almost as much as upon the chase.  
The managers of Education in Massachusetts encourage the art of drawing in the public schools. The judges appointed to report on the annual exhibition of drawings say that "the most characteristic and hopeful feature of this year's collection is the distinctly industrial tendency of the work." Picture-making does not get much favor.  
Colonel Coates Kinney, the man who wrote  
"What a bliss to press the pillow,  
Of a cottage-chamber bed  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead!"  
was killed by a stroke of lightning at Deadwood, in the Black Hills.  
The expectation that the war would make a great demand for American bread-stuffs in England has not been very well met. The aggregate importation of articles of food into England for the month of May, 1877 was £2,263,000 more than that for May, 1876. A disastrous fall of prices has been the natural result. A similar mistake has been made by the speculators in wool.  
If your boy exhibits any signs of being an inventor just quench him. There was John Goulding who died lately in Worcester, Mass. He lived eighty-six years and patented sixty inventions and died comparatively poor. "His process

for manufacturing woollens, known to the trade as Goulding's patent, revolutionized this branch of industry, and is in almost universal use."

The New York Board of Health is taking measures to diminish the mortality among infants under five years. The efforts to that end last year have encouraged that body to continue its exertions. Dr. Nagle's records show that for six years ending Dec. 31, 1876, there were 24,036 deaths from diarrheal diseases, and of this number 21,556 were infants under five years of age. The poor people are urged to avail themselves of every opportunity to get pure air for their children.

FOREIGN.

Sistova has 21,000 inhabitants.  
The French election will not come off till October 14th.  
The French Senate dissolved the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 149 to 130.  
The Montenegrins have about 10,000 men to operate against 60,000 Turks.  
The Anglo-American and the Direct Cable Companies are about to consolidate their interests.  
The trade in American fresh meats has been hurt in England by cargoes coming in bad condition.  
Mr. Gladstone says he is not the leader of any party or section now and he is not going to be the leader of any hereafter.  
The four hundredth anniversary of Caxton's introduction of printing into England was celebrated in London on Saturday, June 30.  
William Lloyd Garrison was breakfasted in London by the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society. A number of members of Parliament were present.  
Austria sustains Greece in detaining the Turkish arms landed at Corfu for Albania, and Greece consents to their being taken to some neutral port in an Austrian vessel.  
The anti-vaccinationists in England are fanatically in earnest. They propagate their views from house to house in times of small-pox and pay the fines inflicted on people for not complying with the Vaccination Act.  
The Czar has got his little Sistova the Danube; and he has got his Hirsova, and he has had his 'Rahova' it all in St. Petersburg. Now let him put on some easy shoes and start for Constantinople.  
The regular insurance companies in Russia did not want to take risks in connection with bombardment, so the property-holders in Odessa were obliged to form themselves into a Mutual Bombardment Insurance Association. Such associations are said to be coming into fashion along the Black Sea.  
Mr. Henry Crossfield, the railway expert, and Auditor of the London and Northwestern Railway, has made a thorough examination of the affairs of the Pennsylvania Railroad and has assured its English stockholders that that great corporation is in a good condition. The road not only needs no money, but it has a considerable surplus of cash on hand.

This is the way they sat at Windsor Castle when the Queen gave General Grant a dinner. "The Queen sat at the head of the table. On her right was respectively Prince Leopold, Princess Christian and Gen. Grant. On the left Prince Christian, Princess Beatrice and Minister Pierrepont. Then came the Duchess of Wellington, Lord Elphinstone and Mrs. Pierrepont; Lord Derby and Mrs. Grant; the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lord Biddulph; the Countess of Derby and Jessie Grant."  
Lord Derby has informed Turkey and Russia "that any attempt to blockade the Suez Canal or interfere with its approaches would be regarded by Her Majesty's Government as a menace at India and a grave injury to the commerce of the world." The Lord said some other things very diplomatically, the amount of all which is that England will begin a fight in just sixteen minutes from the time that canal is any way interfered with. The French stockholders are delighted with the position of England.  
From Armenia we have reports of hard fighting but of no decisive changes in the situation. There has been fighting in the neighborhood of Delibabaa near Toprak-Kaleh and at Zewin, the position of the Turkish center. The Turks claim the advantage in these encounters. The Russian garrison at Bayazid is holding its own against the Kurds; an attempt to relieve it has been defeated, and Kars and Batoum have not yet given in to the Russians. The Turks claim some advantages at the latter place, and the report is uncontradicted that the Russians have brought 15,000 men into the rear of Zewin and are threatening Mukhtar Pasha from that point.  
The Russian Army on the Danube, which has been thought for a long time to be mostly concentrated on its right wing, made a crossing of that river in force at Simnizta and took Sistova on the 27th ult. There was sharp fighting on the occasion and both sides suffered severely; the Russians are said to have lost 1,000 killed. To effect this crossing they concentrated at Draba, a small town about ten miles from Simnizta and about the same from Turna-Magrueli, at both of which places they were equally prepared and equally determined to cross should either one of them appear to be the more favorable. The Turks were led to think that the crossing would be made at Nikopolis. The Russian attempt at that place was made in great force, but was a failure if not a feat. The crossing at Simnizta was neat and masterly. The first detachments were sent over in barges holding from ten to forty men, to form a skirmish line and drive back the Turks; then the pontoon bridge was swung around into the stream in sections and anchored, and the great guns and infantry began passing over. The fear of torpedoes seems to have been a salutary check on the Turkish gun-boats. There are thought to be 100,000 Russians on that side of the Danube, and we have rumors of terrible fighting going on between Nikopolis and Sistova. This movement threatens the communications of Rustchuck and brings the invaders to about 80 miles from the passes of the Balkans on the way to Adrianople. It is reported that the Russians made a feint at crossing at Turtukai. They have kept up a fearful bombardment of Rustchuck and made a hell of fire all along the Danube. They have crossed over into the Dobrudscha and taken Hirsova. The Turks have withdrawn from that unpromising land of bogs and poor water, and are preparing to hold the line from Tchernavoda to Kustendjeh.

SOCIALISTIC NOTICES.

Correspondents wanted among those who would like to write on the subject of Liberal Christian Communism, especially if such correspondents have a wish to do something practical. Something quite new proposed.

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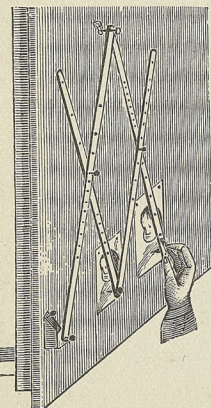
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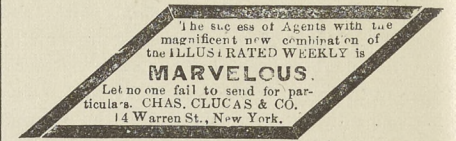
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