

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

The sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it 'first best' of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt is reported to have said in a recent speech that "we are on the dawn of an era of prosperity such as the world never saw." Hope Abram is a true prophet.

The *Advocate*—a Greenback paper of New York City—which a few months ago claimed a circulation of over half a million, has discontinued its country edition, and its receipts fell off from \$39,000 in June to \$2,000 in November.

The New York *Independent* advertises as one of its special attractions for the next year, that it will contain twenty or thirty articles by ex-President Woolsey of Yale College on Socialism and Communism, "the most important questions of the day."

"It shows how far Socialistic questions have come to the front," says the *Evening Post* in its review of Dr. Hitchcock's new work on Socialism, "when a distinguished theologian thinks them important enough to devote a special essay to their consideration."

People make a great mistake when they confound the Greenbackers and Socialists; they may coöperate in trying to carry an election, but they are as distinct as other parties in their principles and measures. Intelligent Socialists understand very well that their progress must be the result of education and other slow and sure-going agencies.

"What will be thought," says the London *Court Journal*, "of the United States shipping plum-pudding to England, potatoes to Ireland, oatmeal to Scotland, toys to Nuremberg, and lager beer to Germany? Yet such are the facts, and they are no more astonishing than the now thrice-told tale of the regular and profitable sale of American cotton goods in Manchester and American cutlery and hardware in Birmingham."

A Massachusetts Socialist wrote to the Boston *Herald* before the recent election: "The Socialists have not 'pooled their issues' with General Butler. General Butler does not represent them in any particular, nor is he, in their opinion, a true representative or advocate of the rights or interests of workingmen. Nevertheless, they are rejoiced at the agitation and discussion his candidacy has produced. They are glad of the disruption of parties it has effected, and, in order that these wholesome symptoms in the body politic may continue and spread throughout the nation, they hope to see him triumphant at the polls, but not by their votes."

The ground has been secured for a monument to Robert Owen; and the *Coöperative News* for Nov. 23d has an article from our English contributor, E. T. Craig, on the question whether the memorial shall be a bronze bust or an obelisk, and giving his reasons for preferring the former. "Let us hope," he concludes, "the trustees of the memorial fund will select a bronze bust and a true likeness of Robert Owen, in preference to an obelisk, which would be suggestive of nothing indicative of the man, and therefore be of little use in recalling his work, while a bronze bust would at all times recall his mental and moral characteristics, his fame and history"—with all of which we quite agree.

Evening Post: "What Socialism aspires to—or pretends to aspire to—what it certainly demands often in a wild, peremptory way—is a medium in which the laws of justice and love may play in full freedom and harmony. Perhaps no such medium is possible here below; perhaps the higher moral life is not organizable like the life we see in plant, animal and man, and if so all talk of Socialism, Christian or otherwise, is a dream. But if it be organizable, are temples, priests and rituals such an organization, or must we look for it to other forms of development? Can we so much as talk of Christian Socialism without grave amphibology, so long as the Christian spirit finds no Christian economic or societary Science, in which it may dwell as in its body?"

Continued reports come across the big water of distress among the English laborers and manufacturers. Take the following paragraphs from the London correspondence of the New York *Sun* as a specimen:

"In the cotton manufacturing districts many of the mill owners are struggling for existence. Within the last month or six weeks mills have been closing and resorting to short time everywhere. Wages were reduced ten per cent. all through that district last spring; many mills have now taken off another ten per cent., and all are threatening a second reduction.

"As an average, the mills of the whole cotton district are now admitted to be running only about four days a week, and the trade rapidly grows worse. Many mills have

entirely stopped. In Blackburn, a town of 80,000 inhabitants, there are now between 8,000 and 10,000 operatives of the cotton-mills entirely out of work. The greater part of them are receiving parish relief; but the amount so large a number can receive is so very small that it scarcely keeps them from absolute starvation. A telegram received from that town yesterday says great distress prevails in every ward, employment in the cotton mills is decreasing and a great crisis is at hand.

"Some other towns are just as badly off as Blackburn. The worst has not come yet, however, and it is feared that Christmas will find the distress doubly intensified. In Oldham the mills have had scarcely anything else than losses to report in the whole of the last eighteen months, and several firms have had adverse balances of \$25,000 each. The Greenacres Spinning Company, which is one of the model workingmen's companies, and which used to declare 30 per cent. dividends of profit, has now declared a loss of nearly \$10,000 in the last quarter. In Darwen the largest mill has stopped entirely, and in Preston 314,500 spindles are idle."

THE VALLEY OF CONTENT.

A Study of Life in Zoar, the Home of the Separatists.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

THE VILLAGE AND ITS HOUSES.

Straight past its front ran the principal street of the village, with cross-streets intersecting it at equal distances, cutting the whole place into squares composed of four dwellings and their accompanying enclosures. These dwellings bore a general resemblance to each other, being for the most part large two-storied buildings, with long piazzas and a single entrance in front. Some of them were fashioned altogether of wood, some of brick, and others again with the lower story of brick and the upper of wood. There were, too, a few of the earlier residences remaining—stout log frames filled with brick and plastered on the outside with yellow mud; and others again with clustered chimneys and flights of wooden door-steps turning at several landings; and their projections and gables and angles looking very queer beside their newer neighbors. The gables of nearly every house were trellised with grape-vines climbing to the roof, from which bronze and purple clusters hung in infinite profusion.

The conservative spirit was still pretty strong in the village, and the people kept to their old way of having tight board shutters over their windows and stiff, crisp white curtains on the inside. Dovecotes were common under the eaves, and the red tiles upon the roofs held their own very well against innovating shingles and slates.

A glance through the open doors of the dwellings showed the plainness of their furnishings: a few home-made chairs of ancient pattern, the blue wooden bench or settee, painted, uncarpeted floors, box-like chests of drawers, high beds with a pair of steps at hand to climb into them, highly polished tinware and blue delf—everything so spotlessly and scrupulously clean, and breathing such a thoroughly homelike atmosphere as to attract despite their meagreness. There were often types of content upon the long piazzas—little old men, clad in short blue jackets, long blue waistcoats and wide blue trousers, with low-crowned, broad-brimmed drab hats; and white-haired old women in dresses of blue drilling, with large white stomachers, and a band of snowy linen over the head, half concealed under blue handkerchiefs; or round-faced, sturdy children, under broad-brimmed straw hats, and wearing abbreviated editions of the blue garments of their parents.

THE GREAT HOUSE.

An exception to the general sameness of the village dwellings, in which there was nothing especially to indicate an aristocracy, was one near the center of the principal street—a very large red brick house, with long double piazza, tall columns, assertive cupola, and an air of general superiority to its neighbors. It had been erected by the villagers as a residence for the founder and head of the Community, who had demonstrated the honesty of his belief in the equality and brotherhood of all mankind by refusing to live in it for a long time; and when at length prevailed upon to do so, lived with its doors always open, and its apartments always at the service of his neighbors, as if residing there himself only upon their sufferance.

THE STREETS AND SQUARES.

The streets of the hamlet were marvelously clean, and were bordered by trim walks and fences of neat palings. Wherever an incline occurred in the road a cut-stone coping was placed to prevent further washing by the rains, with steps leading to the lower level. At many of the street corners light wicket gates opened on, railed-off spaces containing fountains and huge tubs, whither the women repaired to do the family washing. Groups of these strong-armed laundresses could be seen at times bearing wide baskets filled with snowy linen poised upon their heads, and clad in picturesque costumes of blue twilling, with white sleeves of chemisette rolled high upon the shoulder. In the center of the

village, and occupying an entire square, was a well-kept garden, with the residence of its keeper and long hot-houses standing within the enclosure. A circle of evergreen trees marked the center of this garden, from which twelve triangular flower-beds ran to the edge of the square. A vast variety of domestic and foreign plants grew there; the air was heavy with the perfume of waving flowers, and the eye gladdened with a myriad of colors. It was the common property of the villagers, as was everything else in the Valley of Content, a little oasis of fragrance and color and light in their practical, monotonous existence.

THE CHURCH AND ITS SERVICES.

Toward the farther end of the hamlet the streets clambered up a slanting hillside, upon the summit of which stood the little church in which the villagers worshiped according to their peculiar forms; a red-painted brick structure, with white trimmings and many windows, and crowned with an absurd cupola of white and green. We went thither afterward to morning and evening service, and sat upon the omnipresent blue benches upon a yellow floor environed with white-washed walls. The service began with a long hymn, composed by the female founder of the sect, and was followed by the reading of a sermon delivered years since by a deceased head of the little Community and a second hymn. The men sat on one side of the church, and the women on the other, both facing the pulpit, in which a little old man, the present head of both church and state, read in a monotonous undertone the productions of his predecessor.

A large organ, played skillfully by one of the villagers—a miller, and grandson of the pastor, we learned—accompanied the singing; and when the service was over the women filed slowly out, the men retaining their seats till all had gone. In former days the music of the church was furnished by a pretty complete orchestra, the singers following the lead of a clarinet, a harp, two flutes, two fiddles and a big bass-viol. And we are inclined to think there was considerably more vim and purpose in the service in those days than now. To the right of the church stood the village school-house, a neat brick structure of modern appearance, buried in an apple-orchard, and thence the green and golden fields stretched away to the summit of the amphitheater of hills.

A SEPARATIST GRAVEYARD.

Opposite the church, at some distance, reached by a long lane, bordered by golden fruit-trees and winding along the brow of the hill, the little cemetery of the village lay upon the hillside with its face to the sun. According to the tenets of the villagers' religion, it should be a smooth green field, and nothing more. No "storied urn or animated bust" should rise to commemorate the virtues of even the greatest among them, for they who hold to the equality of all mankind should crave no aristocracy in death. "Those who love us will remember where we lie," they say, "and when they are gone, let us be forgotten." A little song, sung by the village youths and maidens, expresses the thought in homely verse:

"When death calls me home no marble stone shall rise,
God above in heaven knows where my body lies;
No monument shall point out where I lie at rest,
A little rose-tree only shall blossom o'er my breast."

For many years this idea was strictly carried out, and a little evergreen tree planted over each grave was its only memorial. A fire which swept over the place obliterated even these short-lived remembrancers of the dead; and the older part of the cemetery remains a mere stretch of grassy turf, with here and there a slight depression to mark the resting-places of the rude forefathers of the hamlet; no

"Frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Of late, however, some slow-born deference to conventional forms of sepulture is evidenced by the erection of wooden headboards over the graves, with the name, date of birth and death of the occupant rudely stenciled thereon. But when these decay they are not replaced.

Most of the graves in the little cemetery are those of aged persons, eighty and ninety years being a not infrequent age; a longevity attesting the simplicity and healthfulness of these people's mode of life. Perhaps it cannot be seriously said, however, that here they "rest from their labors;" their whole lives have been full of a rest and content not born of severe toil, and they have known how to take much ease during their brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. Light lies the sod above them, for they would be troubled, even now, by pressure of any kind.

THE DAIRY.

At one corner of the village were stables for the milk kine—long, unpainted structures, with roomy mows filled with luscious clover and timothy. A new one had been built not long before our coming, at a cost of \$7,000, which was a model of its kind. It was a huge structure, fifty by two hundred and ten feet in size, with one hundred and four stalls arranged in long rows on either side. Down the center ran an asphaltum walk fifteen feet in width, with a tramway to carry feed, and on either side two other walks of the same material seven feet in width. Morning and evening a hundred cows, driven by a quaint old herdsman, with staff and scrip and shepherd dogs, marched intelligently each into its own stall, while a score of white-armed dairymaids from the village took their clean-scooped tubs from long rows hanging against the wall, and, seated upon little stools, filled them with foaming milk. It was a curious spectacle to watch these golden-haired maidens poise these same well-filled tubs upon their heads, and march in long line to the dairy near by, where the milk was emptied into a tin reservoir, with a snow-white cloth over its top by way of strainer. It

was interesting also to watch the dairyman fill the many tin buckets of the villagers from this reservoir, as they drew their daily allowance, first giving a glance at the stamp on the bucket's lid, and gauging the quantity thereby. There was an exaggerated churn near, at which an old blind horse labored intermittently, and there were boilers and presses for cheese-making. The house of the dairyman himself was the very pink and pattern of cleanliness, and any one of the numberless bright tins about would have done duty as a looking-glass. The dairyman varied the making of cheese and butter with the raising of singing birds, his house being a well-filled aviary, and the air vocal with song.

THE BAKERY, THE MILLS AND OTHER VILLAGE SIGHTS.

As the villagers were all supplied with milk and butter and cheese from one dairy, and sat under the droppings of one sanctuary, so they drew their bread from one bakery, their beer from one brewery, and their clothing and groceries from one general store, the buildings for which stood in different parts of the village. Back of the inn, in another street, a huge cider-mill, run by steam, was devouring golden apples and returning amber liquor for the common use of the Community; while here and there over the village were shops, for the different trades—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, and so on. Down by the river, to which a long yellow lane, with a thick border of apple-trees, led, were two large flour-mills, which ground up the heavy crops of grain raised in the valley, while a woolen-factory wove into cloth for the use of the inhabitants the fleeces of the numberless sheep which grazed over its meadow; and a saw-mill, a foundry, and noisy machine-shops added to the wealth and industry of the villagers. Without the hamlet there were iron mines, blast-furnaces, coal mines, lime-kilns, and large forests, which contributed grist, as it were, to the mills of the valley. A canal ran along by the river's channel—hemmed in by mossy stone walls and green embankments, whose summits were planted with long rows of fruit-trees, with stone walks between—to bear away the produce of field and mill to distant marts. For everywhere over the valley and in the village labor was going on; not toil-some, but skilled, unremitting, remunerative, and with an interest that was mutual. The Valley of Content is the home of a Community rich in flocks and herds and arable lands, where the men labor and the women spin and knit and cultivate the household virtues.

HENRI.

PRIZE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Wealth, freedom from care, education, refinement, and the equitable sharing of all manner of earthly blessings, constitute a prize that will without failure be awarded to any body of people who shall succeed in establishing a well-regulated Association. It requires the exercise of only the merest common sense on the part of a calculating Yankee, to be convinced that a number of families clubbing together, and combining their cooking, warming, lighting, and lodging arrangements, will of necessity come into the possession of certain economic advantages that will secure exemption from the poverty, loss, and worrying cares that under the present arrangements universally beset all ranks of society. This is the prize that for the last thirty or more years has in an especial manner fired the imaginations and stimulated the efforts of a large class of intelligent people. Fourierism has been particularly active in the work of exciting discontent with the present order of things and longing for the blessings of associate life.

With such a valuable prize held out to so many people of the highest intelligence, especially during these times of such universal business depression, we naturally inquire, Why is it that so large a proportion of them are not successful in their efforts to obtain it? That it is attainable is demonstrated by the fact that a very few have secured it. What then is the secret of their success? A little careful study will convince anyone that the success of every associative effort depends primarily on a certain *knack of agreement* among its members. You may have intelligence of the highest order, you may have genius in superabundance, you may even have wealth and every conceivable good thing, to help in the starting of such an enterprise, but without this simple and homely element that we call the "knack of agreement" your efforts will fail most disastrously, the prize will recede from your grasp, and you will be remanded back to the miseries and prison discipline of competitive society. It seems, then, like a mere truism to say that this "knack of agreement" is the very core and soul of Association and its attendant blessings.

Association, then, is the prize that is calculated to induce people to study the art of agreement. Assuming that there is in the nature of things only one best method of drawing people together and giving them this "knack of agreement," it is clear that this prize is well calculated to set people to studying into the nature of this principle of agreement, and the ways of practically attaining it. In undertaking this study it is clear that its successful prosecution greatly depends on our possessing the same catholic and unprejudiced disposition to follow the truth wherever it leads, that is so necessary in the pur-

suit of every other study. The prize will be impartially awarded to those who will undeviatingly follow the truth to this glorious goal, viz., the attainment of the "knack of agreement." Even should it be discovered that this goal cannot be reached except by becoming thorough-going Christians, as many hold, yet if we are true philosophers we will not shrink even from this conclusion, nor let our prejudices stand in the way. The prize is before us. Who has the wisdom and courage to seize it?

H. J. S.

MEN AND MACHINES.

[E. V. Neale in the Coöperative News.]

* * * If the use of the horse plow instead of the spade was a benefit to mankind, why should the use of the steam plow instead of the horse plow be an injury? If the substitution of the sickle for the common knife is to be hailed as a boon, why should the substitution of the reaping machine for the sickle be a bane? If it was a good thing that men should acquire the art of spinning with fifty threads at once, why should the invention of the means of spinning with one thousand at once be a bad thing? Or to sum up all such questions in one—at what point does the great economy and increased effectiveness of labor attained by the use of tools, which in all the earlier stages of invention is admitted to be a vast benefit to mankind, cease to be a benefit, and if so, why?

The earliest conceivable state of society above mere savage life is one where everyone, or at least members of the same family, practically work for themselves, procuring by their own labor all that they can get out of the earth for their subsistence and sharing the common result between them. No one can doubt but that in such a state of things if any member of the family invented any way of doing any of those things generally useful to the family by which what they needed could be done better or with less labor, and more time left for doing other things, it would be received with acclamation as a common boon. Nor would this feeling change if, as population increased, neighboring families began to exchange with each other those things which each might produce more abundantly than they needed for their own wants, so long as each still retained the power of obtaining what was needed for the supply of their own wants by their own labor. "What does man require? Food, fire, and clothes. What more? Clothes, fire, and food," says Pope. Clothes being supposed to include those large forms of protection from atmospheric changes which we call houses. The men to whom these necessities of human existence could be secured by the exercise of powers depending only on their own will, would certainly never complain because the advance of invention, either among themselves or their neighbors, enabled them to procure more varied food, better clothes or houses, or the furniture which filled these houses, than they had been able to obtain before. Every exercise of human ingenuity which carried these results with it would certainly be welcomed by them with acclamation. Such is the case at this moment, according to the accounts sent to us, of that remarkable establishment in the United States known as the Oneida Community. Though there exists in it none of that stimulus to invention in the desire of making a profit out of other men's work, to which so much influence is usually attributed in competitive theories, though all share alike whatever benefit may accrue from any labor-saving machine, because all results of labor are thrown into a common fund, administered for the benefit of all, the inventive powers of the members are said to be peculiarly active. Every one is desirous of introducing or giving effect to all contrivances which can make any work easier or more productive.

But the progress of competitive society inevitably carries in it an element of discord, which interferes with this harmonious development. As men grow more numerous, as industry increases, its effect is first to substitute for the free earth of uncultivated nature the appropriated earth of cultivated ownership, driving those who are not included in the class of landowners to the necessity of obtaining their food by exchange with the owners of the land of something which they desire and the non-landowners produce, and thus creating among the various classes of producers—whom this division of interest, once introduced, has a constant tendency to multiply—a rivalry which every improvement in the methods of industry, every increase in the facility of locomotion, every wider diffusion of knowledge among mankind, intensifies, till in recent times it has attained a magnitude utterly unknown a hundred and fifty years ago, and beginning to be fully felt scarcely fifty years since, from the substitution of the power of steam for the animal power of horse or man, and the contemporaneous growth of enormous masses of capital, by which the cost of bringing this vast natural force to bear upon industry was made possible.

We see the result of the process in our little island; how it tends to strip the country of the agricultural laborers, of whom fewer and fewer are continually required for the cultivation of the soil, which the application of steam power enables to be better cultivated, with fewer workers, at less cost. How it heaps men up in the great centers of manu-

facturing activity, where, shut out for the most part from the charms of nature, and with small and imperfect compensation from those of art, they spend lives of unceasing toil, in what to them can never be much more than existence, with all that makes it of most value left out. And how this struggle is subject to the chance that the progress of invention, and the pressure of competition among their employers, may take away even the little that they have, while it makes life more full of luxuries for those whom the accumulated profits of work have raised quite, or nearly above the struggle. But with us the progress of mechanical invention has come with comparative slowness; and its hard bearing upon the masses who benefit by it best has been greatly counteracted by our exceptional position, as the first nation among whom the application of mechanism to industry on a large scale took place; as ahead of other nations in the accumulation of capital: and, as having, from our insular position, our fondness for the sea, and our vast colonial dependencies, become the great cashier for the world; deriving the benefits of an enormous commerce, and obtaining, through its means, facilities for disposing of the vast masses of manufactured goods which mechanical invention enabled us to pour forth, such as no other country has ever possessed. In the United States it is otherwise. That endless vista of new employments which has appeared to open before the population whom the country poured into our hives of industry, does not open in like degree before them. Invention, which with us has steadily replaced the labor it has been displacing by new forms or untried fields of enterprise, has come on them like an avalanche, sweeping away the sources of occupation of thousands for the benefit of the hundreds who now get their work more cheaply done, without opening for the displaced masses who through the great centers of population those new approaches to more productive work which it has hitherto done in England. Hence the cry whose powerful accent has been reproduced in these pages, a cry of those who see the evil, but do not appear to see the remedy.

What is that remedy? What can it be but the return toward that state where the labor-saving machine is acclaimed—the state where the mass of the population shall not be shut out from access to the great mother earth, but shall be able to apply the perfected processes of industry, enriched with all the discoveries of science and armed with all the weapons of mechanical power, to draw from the common parent the full measure of wealth with which the bounty of the Creator has stored her lap, and apply it for the well-being of those who have learned how it is possible through the magic of association to turn what is now the privilege of the rich into the general possession of all men. I have striven more than once to show how this work may be begun by the mass of our industrial population for themselves, if they cannot find, as I believe they would find if they did begin, many noble-hearted captains of industry, provided with larger individual resources, and possessed of that skill in the conduct of affairs which the mass of the population have not as yet attained to direct them. I have endeavored to point out how, by means of the income derivable from their own consumption, they might give security to the capital required for establishing centers of productive industry, which would enable them to bring manufacturing activity once more into that close alliance with agriculture which was its original, and is, I am persuaded, destined to be its ultimate condition; and how around these centers of combined work they might raise coöperative dwellings, social palaces, where industry would reap in enjoyment the proper reward of work; where education would exercise her full power in the training of youth; and the wise application of the well-known principles of assurance would assure old age against the fears of want. Here is, for me, the true solution of the problem, How are mankind to gain from the progress of invention all the good it may confer, without the evils that now mar the blessings of that good?

COUNT THE COST.

I.

Shrewd men are careful to thoroughly count the cost before venturing upon important business enterprises. Similar prudence is necessary in moral, social and spiritual enterprises. Counting the cost before one embarks upon a hazardous undertaking is not, however, a light affair: it requires patient investigation, candid deliberation, and an uncompromising love of truth; so that due credit may be given to the forces one proposes to encounter and overcome; also contingencies considered which may be hid from view till suddenly confronted.

To give an example of one not counting the cost beforehand, we cite the experience of an acquaintance, whom we will call Mr. T——. Living in an eastern city, and finding business slack in these hard times, the idea occurred to him of migrating to a distant State; having read glowing accounts of its being a veritable paradise, where summer lasts all the year around, and where, by planting a few trees, one can thrive on their fruit, work very little, and live at his ease. Indeed, it

seemed to our industrious Yankee almost too good to be true. Yet the papers had published such statements; and do newspapers ever tell falsehoods? Things are easily made to appear true when one's feelings want them to be so. T——, with family and a friend, caught the migrating fever, and in a brief space of time was enroute for their new home, flushed with joyous anticipations. Steam, that marvelous and mighty agent in the world's progress toward a common fraternization of all nations, was but a few days in carrying the happy party over a distance of twenty-two hundred miles from their New England home to the hoped-for Eden. It was winter at the Northern end of the long road, and would it not be summer on their arrival at the Southern end?

On reaching their destination one of the group had a "chill," and to enter Paradise in that *shaking* mood was anything but felicitous; and this trifling incident proved quite an unfortunate one to them all, as this member of the party was to be their managing farmer in the new world.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view." Had they got too near the desired object? Not at all. The fault was not in the climate, but in neglecting to count the cost of the adventure. As there are two sides to most questions, there were two to this, and they had looked at but one—the credit side. Slowly but surely the new-comers were made aware of items that had to go into the debit column. There was no help for it. The rainy season, the mud season, the dry season, the dust season, the plague season, and the fright season were among the items that could not be ignored. They were too palpable for that. So, after an experience of six months or more, both columns were footed up, and the balance was found to be in favor, not of paradise, but of an opposite place, or something akin to it. Luckily funds were not exhausted, so tickets were procured for a return trip.

The lesson our friend learned of the importance of accurate figuring on both sides, or counting the cost before giving battle to human, diabolic, or climatic foes, may be worth all that it cost him. Some one has said that hell itself must be conquered before heaven can be gained. Had T—— drank in a little of that dogma and equipped himself accordingly, he might have realized a modified form of his hopes.

Still more imperative is the necessity of counting the cost before venturing upon a higher plane of social life in this world, with its probable bearings on that which is to come. A resolute, earnest purpose to judge and conquer one's self may be regarded as the first thing in order to make a true Socialistic soldier; the accomplishment of which will admit of no careless figuring, for whoever encounters the demon of selfishness within will appreciate help, ere he comes off victorious, from some one who has the power to cast devils out of men. G. C.

REVIEW NOTES.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN: By Florence Bayard Lockwood. 12 mo., paper, pp. 41. 25 cts. Philadelphia. Edward Stern & Co.

There is much good sense in this little book, and we can safely commend it to the attention of thoughtful persons who are anxious for the future of their children, and feel themselves in an important sense responsible for the shaping of their moral character. The leading ideas in the mind of the author seem to be, that children should be brought up in the fear of the Lord, and that they should be taught to be natural and honest; or to use her own adjective—"real." Her conception of the necessity of establishing a firm and intelligent relation with God, so as to enable one to fight the battle of life successfully, is so good, that we subjoin it for the benefit of our readers:

"With all our inevitable shortcomings, all our mistakes and failures, there remains one thing which the most imperfect of us all can still do for her children, and that is so great and infinitely good a thing that it seems to compensate for everything we omit to do and everything that we do badly. This thing I take to be the giving our children a living faith in the existence of a personal God, and a sense of their personal responsibility to him, growing out of their personal relation to him. If we do this for them, and I believe it rests with us to do or not to do it, then I think we shall have done the best thing one human being can do for another, and we may rest content. Let us consider what we do for them when we make our children religious, for this is what I mean by religion. To begin with, it is only by a positive and vital realization of the existence of supreme and immutable good, that one is able to face successfully the positive evil in the world. Evil is too real a thing to be met and vanquished by any negative notion or partial power. To be able to support the crushing weight of the sin and wrong about us, we must have something equally real and stronger, behind and above us; we must have a God to fall back upon."

Upon the much-mooted question whether corporeal punishment should be administered to children Mrs. Lockwood is silent; and we are therefore led to infer that she does not look with much favor upon this method of enforcing discipline. Obedience, she thinks, is a desideratum, not so much for its own sake, as a means for obtaining ultimate results. But on this point we will let her speak for herself:

"One often hears it said that obedience is 'the thing' to get from our children, and that to perfectly obtain it should be the object of all our training. To my mind this is a manifest fallacy. Obedience is not a result, it is a method of obtaining a result; a means to an end, not the end itself. We enforce obedience that we may make a stepping-stone of it to our object, which is the development in all noble ways of the child's character. If we were dealing with a puppy or a kitten, it were different. When we have taught the animal to obey us, its education is completed. Obedience is our end and object, and when achieved there is nothing to desire further. But we do not regard our children as creatures to be trained with a single eye to our own convenience and amusement, nor yet as creatures whose development, like that of an animal, is confined within easily seen limits. Obedience in itself is not the end we aim at with a child. There is no intrinsic benefit to be gained for it in the mere fact that our will controls its will. That fact we try to establish as a means whereby we can teach, lead and guide, impress and stimulate. But I think the mental habit of looking at implicit obedience as being in itself a moral act on the part of the child is most pernicious. Of course, I have reference to obedience of the child to its parents, regarded as a direct and final thing, being its own object; not to obedience taught to a child as a duty to a moral law, speaking through its exponent and mouthpiece—a law, the germ of which exists within the child itself, and to which appeal is made by the parent or ruler who presents it to the child. The obedience that I object to as a characteristic of training is the obedience that is made to overrule and transcend even the very sense of justice, the principles of consistent and even truth and forbearance, which we ourselves have striven to plant and develop in the child's mind. It is the obedience to an arbitrary and unjustified and licentious will, born of habit or fear, or at best of the abuse of the seemingly inexhaustible spring of love and faith towards its parents which exists in the heart of the child. Power claiming to be its own justification is always immoral. I have heard it said, 'A parent stands in the place of God to a child.' I say, not so, not for a moment; God has a relation to a child, unique and inimitable, which he never delegates or transfers to any one; a relation which not one of us could fulfill, even in the most rudimentary way, did He impose the terrible task upon us."

Without taking any exception to this view, which is in many respects wise and correct, we are accustomed to consider the habit of obedience as valuable in itself, and hence worthy of being cultivated for its own sake. We do not mean by this that obedience which is the result of servility or fear, or the dominion of the will of one person over that of another in an arbitrary way, but the cordial recognition of a superior being by an inferior, and the hearty submission of his will to the control of one whom he feels to be wiser and better than himself. This is the relation which every parent and child should bear to each other; the child having a loyal confidence that the parent is better and wiser than itself, and the parent endeavoring by his conduct to prove himself so. The habit of obedience thus engendered in a child will finally reach beyond the parent to God, or to those on whom He has bestowed the largest portion of His spirit. A parent should not, perhaps, "stand in the place of God to his child," but he should stand as a medium of God to his child, and the child should be first taught to approach God through the parent. It would be a poor commentary on the training of a child, if he should some day say to his deserving parent: "I shall not obey you any more; hereafter I shall deal with God directly." We can imagine that such a result might be the consequence of a system of education in which obedience was inculcated with a view rather to certain ultimate consequences than for its own sake; but we cannot conceive that a child, thoroughly sensitive to the value of obedience as a Christian virtue, could assert itself in this way. However, we will not find fault with the enforcement of obedience for the sake of ultimate results, if the educational system is otherwise perfect; for in such case one of the best of these results will be obedience itself.

The Month, the organ of the Jesuits in England, meekly confesses in regard to the Catholics in that country: "At present we are a very small body—a score or two of men of title and property of the higher rank, some 200 or 300 of country gentlemen, 1,500 or 1,600 priests, a moderate sprinkling in the mercantile and manufacturing towns, a very small middle class, and a very large class of poor, a great proportion of whom are immigrants from Ireland, or the children of such immigrants. We have our distinctions whose names it would be invidious to proclaim, but our social and intel-

lectual power, our electoral influence and the like, are those of a comparatively insignificant community." The late blare of trumpets over the English converts to Catholicism has given the Catholics a kind of publicity not at all favorable to their propaganda, and they see that they shall gain more by disparaging their own work.

In his new work, "The Races of European Turkey," Edson L. Clark says philology has shown that the Gypsies are really an offshoot from the Hindoo race, being nothing else than a wandering tribe from the valley of the Indus. Their language is a branch of the ancient Sanscrit, akin to the modern dialects of Northern India. A modern Hindoo would probably make himself understood by any tribe of Gypsies in Europe. There is no word in their language for God or for immortality. Their language has no alphabet and no literature, except a few miserable songs that are passed from mouth to mouth. And yet of this people who have no literature there are 700,000 or 800,000 in Europe and probably 5,000,000 in the whole world.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Socialistic Union" will please add to their list of members the following:

John Gage, Vineland, N. J.

Charles Levy, (Icarie), Corning, Adams Co., Iowa.

In an article which we quote elsewhere from the *Coöperative News*, E. V. Neale, one of the oldest of the many English writers on Coöperation, gives his answer to the question, "How are mankind to gain from the progress of invention all the good it may confer, without the evils that now mar the blessings of that good?" This question we consider, as our readers well know, one of the greatest demanding an answer of civilization. In comparison with it, questions of politics, currency, territorial adjustment and aggrandizement, etc., that now absorb the attention of the world's political economists and statesmen, are comparatively unimportant. The solution which Mr. Neale offers, it will be observed, is essentially like that which we have from time to time indicated in the columns of the *SOCIALIST*.

MONOPOLY.

The mining companies recently consolidated in California aggregate a capital of \$68,000,000.

The railroad combination, which includes all the great roads extending from the eastern cities to the far West, is to be continued for five years from Jan. 1, 1879.

Jim. Keene has bought in Chicago 2,600,000 bushels of wheat, at about 80 cts. a bushel, and has formed a combination with intent to "make a corner" and compel a rise. He hopes to unload in a few months at \$1.00 a bushel.

These items from the last week's papers are of great significance. They indicate the enormous power of capital in this country and its tendency to monopoly. The great millionaire forms a combination which may control an entire wheat product in this year of unexampled fruitfulness, and there is no power to prevent it. It is a free country; every man can do as he pleases with his own; who shall hinder, if a man chooses to take his chances at buying up every bushel of wheat that is raised in our great and glorious country? And having bought it, who shall say when he shall sell it? No one; and yet such transactions, while they are pretty certain to put money in the purses of the speculators, if they can command the requisite capital to purchase and hold, are just as certain to take bread from the mouths of the hungry and intensify the hardships of the poor and laboring classes. Suppose Jim. Keene compels, as he expects to do, a rise of twenty-five per cent. on the price of wheat, and makes, we will say, a million dollars; upon whom does the loss fall? Manifestly, upon the consumers in this and other countries to whom our wheat is exported; and the great body of food-consumers the world over are the common laboring classes.

Look at it as you may, monopoly, or "munny-poly" as Ralph Todd calls it, is a mighty evil. If it were limited in its operations it might be better endured; but it has no limitations. It is just as ready to "make a corner" in corn or any other bread-stuff as in wheat. Combinations of capital control our coal mines as well as our gold mines, our express companies as well as our railroads; a single company dictates the price which shall be paid for illumination in every dwelling in the land wherein kerosene is used. Combinations often control the prices of sugar and other groceries. In short, most of what are termed "the necessities of life" are subject to the same risks, and the common people are always the greatest sufferers.

Can the evil be reached and controlled by legislation?

Have a free people any remedy for this form of oppression? These are questions which will more and more imperatively demand satisfactory answers.

THE ZOAR COMMUNITY.

A GOOD REPORT, AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

The New York *Evening Post* has lately contained some interesting articles upon the Separatist Community at Zoar, Ohio. We give in another column the principal part of one of them, descriptive of the village, its industries, worship, and Communistic phases. The final article of the series is devoted to a "history of the experiment at Zoar, together with an analysis of the results attained." The *Post* editorially commends the writer as "a careful correspondent, who is at once an impartial and thoroughly competent observer," "not a hasty reasoner or a careless observer;" and as we read over his final production, we have to acknowledge that it is entertaining, well-written, filled with reliable statistics, accurate in its analyses, wise in its comments, and every-way worthy to be reproduced in the *AMERICAN SOCIALIST*. The only drawback is, that very much of the matter has been presented to our readers in the articles of our Associate Editor upon this interesting Society before they were embodied in his work on the "American Communities." But we find no fault with this "careful correspondent" and "thoroughly competent observer" because he took along that little volume in his journey to the "Valley of Content;" it was the appropriate thing to do. Neither do we object to his making copious quotations therefrom; it contains just the facts needed to make his article both entertaining and instructive. Had he consulted us beforehand, we should have advised him to do all this. Of course, it would have been better had he acknowledged the sources of his information; but then we are doing that for him, and, besides, his neglect enables us to felicitate ourselves and our readers upon the fact that we can supply writers for the New York press with the information they need, and in such excellent form that it may be quoted sometimes word by word and sentence by sentence without alteration; in other cases needing only slight changes; in still others, the re-arrangement of sentences making the matter and words acceptable! Then, too, the saying of the Great Apostle comes to mind, and we rejoice that whether of "envy and strife" or of "good will" the glad tidings of Communistic success are made known! So we hope every one who visits any of the Communities as a correspondent will procure in advance a volume of "American Communities," and freely copy from it in his report, so making it both entertaining and trustworthy. We hope, however, he will have manliness enough to give proper credit.

WILD IDEAS ABOUT COMMUNISM.

THE CLERGY IGNORING THE BIBLE AND THE GRACE OF GOD.

On Sunday, December 1st, three leading New York clergymen preached sermons on the subject of Socialism, giving particular attention to Communism. These were the Rev. Drs. Hitchcock, Storrs and Rylance. The two first named seem to have had no conception of Communism except as a compulsory scheme organizing among the poor for a violent and lawless attack on the property of the rich. To show their position we will quote a few sentences from the opening of the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock. He said, as reported by the *N. Y. Herald*:

"For many years I anticipated Socialistic trouble, and now it has come. I see serious trouble ahead, but nought to indicate ruin. I am convinced that any organized attack upon property here is sure to be drenched in blood. According to the last census there are nearly three million farms in this country, and, allowing five persons to each farm, we have 15,000,000 sturdy hearts that will resist to the death any invasion of their individual rights. An attack on them by Communistic fanatics is sure to meet with swift defeat."

Rev. Dr. Storrs spoke in much the same strain. Both these divines are evidently men of property, who have only looked at the labor troubles of our time from the rich man's standpoint. Therefore they have no conceptions of voluntary, peaceful, fraternal Communism, but anticipate a fight for accumulated wealth in which one party, if not both, will be "drenched in blood."

Dr. Rylance, of St. Mark's, possessed some higher conception of his subject. He took for his text, Acts 4: 32—"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." This is a glorious text, the one of all others on which we, as Bible Communists, shall choose to rest our case. But Dr. Rylance's treatment of it was most disappointing.

From the *Tribune's* report of his discourse, we clip the following:

"What, then, is Communism? Most of us know of it only by newspaper reports and magazine articles as robbery, incendiarism, wholesale murder. We are terrified by the tale of the French Revolution, but we seldom go back to inquire into the causes of the excesses. The principles and aims of a doctrine may be good, and its results be evil. From the French Revolution Communism has got a bad name. Only the vicious, it is at once decided, can advocate the division of property and the reorganization of society. Envy and covetousness are thought to be their leading motives. But wise men have deemed the matter worthy of prolonged investigation and careful study, and some of the best of men have been Communists in theory. Sir Thomas More affirmed that the placing of all upon a common level is the only way to make a nation happy. As regards the claim that the desire to rob the rich to reward the poor is the foundation of Communism, no one can lay this charge against Robert Owen, who spent a fortune in relieving the sorrows of the poor. These men were dreamers, to be sure, but their dreams cannot be met by the vituperation of preachers.

"Communism is the French or Continental designation of what in English we call Socialism. There are degrees which it is important to understand. Extremists say that the present order of society is cruel and unjust, and that there are wrongs which can be remedied only by the redistribution of property. In the new state of society none are to be idle, none poor, none rich. All capable men are to be producers, and thus the hours of toil will be reduced, and opportunities afforded for recreation and improvement, while happiness shall pervade the entire community. That is Communism in its extreme. It is utterly impracticable, human nature remaining as it is.

"There are other forms of Communism against which the same objections cannot be brought. Some would ask the State to interfere by forbidding inheritance of property by descent, and restricting the powers of corporations. Some would give the State the power to regulate the pursuit of each citizen. Despotie governments undertook to care for all the people; now the people are left to their own care, and for multitudes the change has been no gain. (I am giving only the arguments of the Communists.) Each man makes his own bargains, the advantage being with the stronger. Wealth has increased, but only a small part has come to the laborer.

"Christian humanitarianism can do little to prevent the evils of competition; but just here Communism says: 'Let men band together into a brotherhood, and peace and prosperity will take the place of strife and suffering.' It expects too much of human nature; it requires a material of which the world has only a small supply—humanity, affection, large and liberal ideas. When Communism undertakes to reorganize our human nature on a broad scale, it will find a task on its hands which it cannot accomplish. The most idealistic feature of Communism is its reliance on the power of the State to control the individual, and it seems strange that such demands should be made by men who all their lives have been crying out against despotism. A State so organized would become a hot-bed of rebellion. Communism would be degrading to the higher qualities of man, would offer a premium for laziness, and rob the industrious of reward. The scheme is an amiable dream, but only a dream."

The weakness of this sermon is that it wholly ignores its own text. Dr. Rylance has an intellectual conception of a possible Communistic brotherhood in peace and prosperity, but declares that the scheme is impracticable,—only an "amiable dream." He lost sight of the very thing which led the disciples of Christ to adopt Communism, as described in the 4th chapter of Acts. The circumstances were these: It was after the day of Pentecost; the Holy Ghost had come upon all believers in a miraculous way, so that they were "filled" with it and controlled by it. Peter and John had been up to the temple to pray, and had healed the lame man who asked alms of them; seeing which "all the people ran together unto them," and Peter made a speech ascribing the man's cure to faith in the name of Christ. Then the priests and Sadducees arrested Peter and John, but could not hold them; so they returned to their "own company," the believers in Christ, and made their report; whereupon they all fell to praising God. Then we come to the special account of their Communism, which is as follows: "When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." It is the plainest truth that they became Communists because they were "filled with the Holy Ghost;" i. e., God's grace made voluntary, peaceful Communists of them.

Dr. Rylance should have made this point very prominent instead of ignoring it. The same God and the same power of the Holy Ghost are as available to-day to fit men for a higher life as they were in the time of the Apostles. To say that Communism is only an "amiable dream" is the same as saying that Christianity and the

Spirit of the day of Pentecost were only amiable dreams. It is denying Christ's power to make the men and women now living unselfish and brotherly. It is not pretended that Communism of the kind described in Dr. Rylance's text is practicable without God's spirit working in folks' hearts, making them unselfish. At least we do not claim any such thing. But we do claim that the grace and the power can be had, and that the day of Bible Communism is approaching.

THE GREAT "MISTAKE."

Paul made the most extraordinary pretensions as a teacher. He professed, in the first place, to have received his gospel by revelation of Jesus Christ. Then he professed to preach it not in words of man's wisdom, but in words taught him by the Holy Ghost. And he was so sure he had the true gospel that he said, "Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which we have preached, let him be accursed;" and again he said, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost;" as if it were a sign of utter reprobacy to ignore it. Now the question is whether he included in this gospel, which he thus professed to have received by revelation and preached in the words of the Holy Ghost, his doctrine about the Second Coming, which was, as the *Independent* frankly admits, that that event would take place within his own generation. To settle that, let us turn to the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. This chapter begins: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved; * * * for I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins," etc. Then it goes on with a consecutive discourse about the resurrection, in which we find this passage toward the close: "Behold I show you a mystery. [A special revelation.] We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." What more do we need to satisfy us that Paul's doctrine of the Second Coming is included in the gospel he professed to have received from Christ? But if any one thinks his use of the first person *we* in this passage was simply a rhetorical license, and spoken for those, whoever they might be, who should be alive at the last trump, let us turn to 1 Thess. 4: 15, where we find a passage which is obviously parallel and cannot possibly be construed in any such way. He says there: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord [notice that], that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent THEM which are asleep," etc., repeating "*we which are alive and remain*" again in a subsequent verse.

We are bold to affirm that it is impossible to separate Paul's doctrine that the Second Coming was an event near at hand, from that gospel which he professed to have received by revelation. Therefore those who say he was mistaken as to the time of the Second Advent attack the entire credit of his inspiration and accuse him of being an impostor.

Another writer in the *Independent* (this is a Prof., the other was a D. D.) criticises the Apostles as presumptuously by implication, as the first did by explicit charges. He writes under the title, "*Is it Millerism?*" meaning the late agitation of the subject of the Second Coming. He concludes it is. The essential idea of Millerism was that the Second Advent is *near at hand*, and that, he is persuaded, was the idea of the Prophetic Conference. The gathering sprung from that belief, and its tendency was to propagate that belief. This he shows by quotations from the official call and several of the addresses. It is not necessary to fix the date; all should be classed together and called Millerites who look for the Second Coming as at all imminent. Any calculation, any conjecture, any suggestion of probability as to the *time* of that event is absurd. It has been delayed two thousand years, and there is no reason to think that it may not be delayed two thousand thousand or indefinite millions of years, so that the probability of its occurring in our time is reduced to the vanishing point, and it is simply ridiculous to talk about it. Nay, it is worse than ridiculous, it is mischievous. A strong-natured man like Dr. Tyng may not be perceptibly injured, but only pleasantly exhilarated, as he quaffs the sparkling wine of this glowing conception, but his shallower-headed brother will be thrown off his balance, get crazy and end his days in the mad-house. So our Professor reasons. Of course, the Apostles who fixed the time of the Second Coming within their own lifetime (as the first writer in the

Independent admits—we like to reiterate it) were Millerites of the most fanatical stamp, and not only so, they are responsible for all the Millerism there has been in the world since they wrote their Epistles.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—Apple-honey is the latest product from the fruit-factory.

—The unsightly mud, resulting from the long rains, is now covered with the purest snow.

—The telephone between the house and factory has superseded the fire-alarm. It is every way more satisfactory, besides being cheaper.

—"I would not live away, I ask not to stay, Where newspapers filch my items away," sighed the "One-thing-and-Another" man as he glanced over the exchanges.

—N. said last evening that he was learning more and more to meet the annoyances, trials and vicissitudes of life with good-nature. Don't let little things worry you. The essence of real good-nature is faith; and it is impossible for a person to meet the harassing events which are continually occurring with imperturbable good-nature unless he has genuine faith.

—One day this week the children made 2,645 chains in two hours. This being reported in meeting, some one recalled the time, twenty years ago, when the chains were made at Wallingford by the old-fashioned method of welding. Once, when under a great pressure of orders for traps, E. H. H. wrote to the foreman there to move heaven and earth to finish a thousand chains a day. Seven stalwart young men, who carried on the business, barely managed by working fourteen hours a day to accomplish the amount required; and now twenty children in two hours make more than twice the number.

—Erasmus Stone, of Oneida, lately deceased, is eulogized in the *Banner of Light* as one of the early Spiritualists. He was known to some of the O. C. people forty years ago as a Perfectionist. When J. H. N. commenced a Perfectionist paper at Ithaca in 1837, he published in his second number a letter from Mr. Stone inviting the paper to Salina. Oneida was then non-existent; a little eating-house-railroad-station being the only premonitory symptom of the present flourishing city. Mr. Stone lived at Salina, and generously offered Mr. N. a home for himself and his paper, which was not accepted, though it was in some respects much needed. "Ah me! How things do change!" says the old editor.

—The light fall of snow the other night was a godsend to the children, and coasting is the order of the day. When school is out and the chain-bee over, the larger boys and girls snatch their sleds and hie to the hill, and the little ones, between naps and dinner, toddle about in the snow. They slide down the terrace fronting the south windows, and a brisk little ride it is, for the hill, though not high, is rather steep, sending the sled a considerable distance over the broad flat below; and as they are within sight and call of their guardians, no disaster can occur without speedy relief. An artificial heightening at one end of this slope adds zest to the sport, and many of the older folks join in the fun. All day long, from earliest dawn till the moon sheds its ghostly sheen over the landscape, the merry shouts of the coasters reach the ear.

—We have been having a series of criticisms of a number of the young people. Just as faces are ugly or beautiful according to the expression which they wear, so characters are lovable or unlovable according to the control which governs them. Criticism has power to change spiritual controls. Let the subject enter into the presence of his committee with never so hard a front, determined to stave off every thrust at his old life and to meet with brazen armor every arrow of truth, he rarely leaves the room without an entire change of feeling. The heart of stone has been removed, and a heart of flesh is in its place. One of the most pernicious and persistent evils among the young of the present age is the notion that some are born religious while others are not—that people may be all right morally and yet not religious. The spiritualistic theory which separates mankind into two classes in regard to mediumship, the mediums and the non-mediums, may have had much to do with its prevalence. We believe that every one is in a greater or less degree mediumistic, and also that every one, except the utterly reprobate, is formed with more or less religious proclivity. If this be not true, what a terrible condition you confess yourself in when you excuse yourself for wrong doing by saying, "Well, I am not naturally religious, and so I can't do other-

wise." If you are not religious you shut yourself outside the fold, you count yourself out of the great hope of salvation. The foregoing is one of the points dwelt upon in some of the late criticisms.

PRINCIPLE vs. POLICY.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—In your issue of Oct. 31st, among brevities apparently editorial, I notice that men of the world are told, with the complacent air that implies they are about right, that no doubt they had rather have the girls of the average woman, who is more solicitous about the appearance of her back hair than about national questions, or her soul's salvation, than marry Jane Swisshelm or S. B. Anthony; and no reasons or qualifications given but that the average woman is our mother. So are Queen Catharine and Mary Runkle our mothers; but that is no justification for winking at their vices, or countenancing their influence by uttering no firmer protest than a smiling "we fear," which readily subsides into placid acceptance. If this is meant playfully, consider that it is the sort of sport that enables roguish pupils to supplant and thwart their good-natured tutors. Hold the good-nature, but blend the unswerving principle, and finally they win. In five and a half lines the influence and product of the vain, sickly votary of folly are given precedence over the influence, example and fruits of representatives of character, purpose, noble use and loving kindness. The average woman and the reformers named represent these opposite qualities in American women; and journals professing social and religious reform, yet plainly pressing on the scale that gives weight to reckless fashion and flimsiness of womanhood, deserve interrupting a moment by a warning to be wary about their influence. Too many papers, not professing to rise above conserving usages generally known to be sensual and slavish, advocate, not only the average woman and her feeble girls, but the average man and his smoked, pickled and trembling boys, confirmed in vices by the influence of women as well as men. Let those who venerate truth and love liberty practice the religion of good works, and cause their knowledge to draw humanity from its perversions to conditions so sound as to admit of sensible culture and progress toward wisdom.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Vineland, N. J.

[It is proper to mention that the "brevity" criticised by Mrs. Tillotson was not "editorial," and not intended to justify the "average woman" nor the taste of men who give "the vain, sickly votary of folly" precedence over women of sense and moral worth; but we appreciate her comments, nevertheless, and gladly publish them.—Eds. Am. Soc.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

New England Valley, Dec. 5, 1878.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I have read with great interest your valuable paper from its commencement in 1876, and I have given some thought to the various coöperative schemes; but my trouble is to see how excellent theories may be applied to practice. Pardon me if I state my case. I have a small farm with a little grist- and shingle-mill adjoining. I have spent some time and money on an invention which now appears to be advancing, so that with more time and money something may be realized from it. I naturally want to develop the best result from a Socialistic as well as a mechanical or pecuniary point of view.

I suppose you will say that I should be willing to share my valuable property and my invention with my neighbors. But as I presume you would impose certain duties upon those neighbors who accept a share of my property, I might have no objection to sharing with others; for, indeed, I must share my property with others, or sell a part, that the remainder may be of the most use to myself. The problem is how to make this sharing or sale, and there come the difficulties. If I understand your principles, I must base my action upon religion, and form a union with those who are agreed with me and each other. Then we should make *all our property* common stock. Now is that stating the main points fairly though roughly? In other words, do you favor forming a church to do business—feeding its members and clothing them in a material as well as a spiritual sense? I think I have noticed such language in the SOCIALIST.

Now, is not the practical point this, that such a union can only be formed slowly? It is useless for me to sit down and wait, hoping that in some unforeseen way some such good influences as we all would like to see will prevail among all men. I cannot see but what we have got to go along in the old way till a new one is opened to us, meanwhile doing all we can to favor the new. However delightful it might be for me to have my work done by a Community, of which I may be one, the hard fact is, that for many years I have got to do it myself, and then

if I can meet others who have been slowly and silently working to the same end we may unite forces and strengthen each other. It seems to me that we must be thoroughly prepared for a better life before we can live it, and that preparation is a process of slow growth. Hoping that among your readers there is some material growing, I subscribe myself

Your friend, THOMAS.

EXTRAORDINARY PROPHECIES.

[From the Medium and Daybreak.]

Mr. W. J. Colville, the well-known inspirational medium, held a reception at 159, Strangeways, Manchester, on the evening of Friday, the 4th inst., when upwards of thirty ladies and gentlemen were present. The meeting was in many ways one of the most remarkable that has ever taken place in connection with modern Spiritualism. After the usual preliminary exercises, Mr. Colville was controlled, and proceeded to answer questions from those present. Nearly all the questions were of an intensely interesting character, relating, for the most part, to such engrossing subjects as future punishment, the truth of Christianity, the real meaning of the Book of Revelation, and the duration of the present dispensation. Mr. Colville said that Jesus was the highest being in heaven, being the nearest to God the Father. Ever since his ascension this earth had been under the government of Christ. The essence of his teaching was the inculcation of love to God and love to one another. Men were beginning to see this more and more. Persons were punished in the next world for all the sins they had committed on earth, and of which they had not repented, and for which they had not received forgiveness. But the object of that punishment was to purify them; and, in the end, all would ascend from the earth-bound sphere in the Spirit-world, and be happy and blessed. The Christian dispensation was drawing to a close. A new dispensation would be inaugurated in countries occupied by Anglo-Saxons in the year 1881. The effect of it would not be to do away with the Bible, for the Bible was the word of God, but the Bible would then receive a more spiritual interpretation. The Bible was a sufficient guide to heaven; but Modern Spiritualism was needed in order to show men its hidden, its actual, its spiritual meaning. There would be nothing under the new dispensation out of harmony with the teachings of Jesus; but these teachings would be better understood, and more conscientiously and thoroughly brought to bear on daily life. Much trouble was yet in store for earth, but the end was near. The new dispensation would be set up three years hence by a man and a woman as representatives of the Angel Harmony, and then all that was prophesied in the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse would begin to be realized, though in a more spiritual sense than was generally understood. Wonders surpassing anything ever previously witnessed would soon be seen in connection with Spiritualism. During his own forthcoming visit to the United States these manifestations would be first witnessed, and then they would be seen in England on his return to this country. They (the guides) did not say that the manifestations spoken of would be first witnessed through their medium (Mr. Colville), but they would take place in America soon after he arrived there, and in England soon after he reappeared among us. Mediums would be controlled in large public halls. The controlling spirits would then materialize themselves, and would themselves deliver the addresses, the mediums sitting in the trance on the platform beside them. The materialized spirits would speak through their own materialized organisms, and would be seen by every person present, whether believers or unbelievers, whether gifted with the powers of clairvoyance or not. No cabinets would be necessary for the mediums. All that might be required would be that persons who had been sitting in séances together, and who were themselves mediums, should occupy the places nearest to the platform so as to increase the power. The guides trusted that, both in the United States and in England, Spiritualists would at once begin to sit for materializations, and, with the greater development of Spiritualism, which was so close at hand, they would before long have materializations without cabinets, and in the light only; a bluish color should always be given to the light. Under the dispensation now dawning upon the earth, and which would last for eternity, men would be bound together, not by creeds, but by personal purity, a desire after holiness, and a love to God and one another.

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

George Sand's only daughter is married to a son of Garibaldi.

There are in Russia at the present time over four hundred female medical students.

"*Un Voyage dans les Aïrs*" is the title of a book Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has written describing her voyage in a balloon.

Christine Nilsson has been offered \$3,000 a night to sing in St. Petersburg, but asks \$5,000.

Sojourner Truth, supposed to be over a hundred years old, has been lecturing in Coöper Institute, New York.

The University of London has reversed its vote of two years ago, and decided to admit women to its examinations for medical degrees.

The Supreme Court of Ohio last month granted its first

certificate entitling a woman to practice law to Miss Agnes Scott of Tiffin.

Miss Bertha Olsen is superintendent of a silk society in Utah that has planted 10,000 mulberry cuttings, built a silk house, etc.

"There are too many women in the world;—60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," the wife replied.

The *National Citizen and Ballot-Box*—the new woman's paper published at Syracuse—says the first daily newspaper in the world, the *Daily Courant*, was established and edited by a woman—Elizabeth Mallet, in London, 1702.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, not content with supplying the money to send a commission to investigate the causes of the yellow-fever scourge has given \$500 to cover the expenses of another commission to investigate the alleged success of homeopathic physicians in treating the disease.

Miss Jane Austen, died 1816, aged 42; Mrs. Radcliffe, 1823, aged 50; Miss Mitford, 1855, aged 59; Mrs. Trimmer, 1810, aged 69; Miss Jane Porter, 1850, aged 74; Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, 1800, aged 80; Mrs. Piozzi, 1821, aged 81; Mrs. Barbauld, 1822, aged 82; Miss Edgeworth, 1849, aged 82; Lady Morgan, 1859, aged 82; Madam d'Arblay, 1840, aged 88; Miss Hannah More, 1833, aged 88; Mrs. Marcet, 1859, aged 89; Miss Joanna Baillie, 1851, aged 89; Miss Berry, 1852, aged 90; Mrs. Somerville, 1872, aged 90; Miss Harriet Lee, 1851, aged 65; Miss Caroline Herschel, 1848, aged 98; Lady Smith, 1877, aged 103—giving for the nineteen literary ladies an average age of eighty-one.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

The coal combination tumbles.

The Government will study the yellow fever and report on it.

New England gave more than \$22,000 to the famine-stricken Chinese.

The pooling of freight on the great trunk lines will continue five years longer.

This country has about \$1,000,000,000 in coin, bullion and currency, greenback and National.

The marauding Turk has destroyed twenty villages in Macedonia and slaughtered a large number of people.

Kaiser William has come back and taken up his work of ruling Germany. His people gave him a glad welcome.

England will superintend the war, but India will have to pay for the shot and take the territory if any is acquired.

Another British bank—the West of England—gone to smash—liabilities \$17,500,000.

Captain Buddington, of New London, has brought home one of Sir John Franklin's silver spoons. Got it of an Esquimaux at Repulse Bay.

The French Exposition sold 16,032,725 admissions and run behind 15,000,000 francs. Our Centennial sold only 9,910,966, but then it paid its way.

Joseph Cook sits down awhile and talks about Canada and reciprocity. Then he gets up and lectures on "God in Natural Law." All to the same audience.

The Republicans are going to preserve a vehement silence in Congress and let the culprit Democrats investigate those cipher telegrams. Finger of scorn understood.

Prince Bismarck, the inspired mastiff and Chancellor of Germany, is advised by his doctor to take the most absolute rest, on account of his very "nervous and delicate state of health."

Hans, the Esquimaux, who accompanied Dr. Kane, has written a book. He is the second one of his people who has ventured to paddle his kyack out among the ice floes of literature.

Congress met on the 4th and went to work as if it meant to attend to business, and not talk too much. The House promptly passed the Military Academy and Fortification Appropriation bills.

For whom is the Legislature at Albany going to work? for the great corporations or for the State of New York? These are the questions which burn with their own heat, in the editorial mind.

Eight thousand persons in New York City, each with a terrible thirst for something cheering, have walked up into the moral sunshine of little Francis Murphy and signed his pledge to drink no more.

It turns out that our runaway rogues are safest in countries with which we have extradition treaties. Those countries stand on ceremony; the others don't, and so give us back our defaulting Angells.

The difficulty with that Mississippi is that she gouges her banks and goes ashore wantoning every time she gets a chance. It will take a steady old Money-bags to rectify her and make her walk decently.

General Butler goes back to his seat in Congress the recognized leader of the Nationals and with 110,000 Massachusetts men at his back. You could love him better if it wasn't so hard to squelch him.

"Samuel Brohl & Company" says that "he should prefer to be a fallen angel rather than a perfected monkey: that in his estimation a *parvenu* makes a much sorrier figure in the world than the descendant of an old family of ruined nobility."

Mrs. La Bau, who has been battling against her brother, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, to break the Commodore's will, has kept a little softness we guess. She has lately married Francis Berger, Consul-General at New York for the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

Lorne can get along with French, English and German addresses, but when Dr. Oronhyataka addressed him in Mohawk in behalf of the Indians at Thayendaga he had to look as if he understood it all, and then have some one tell him what it was all about.

The advertised seizures at the New York custom-house show that liquor and cigars are the little things which tempt the inexperienced traveler to smuggle a little on coming home. There were 112 of these seizures between April 8 and Nov. 1, 1878, varying in amount from \$6.25 to \$381 each.

Sunday, Dec. 10.—The sun shone in Central New York. A light snow everywhere. White cushions on the window-caps and chimney-tops. The pine trees come out like dames in mantles of Berlin wool. Azure sky. Indigo shadows in the hollows on the hills. A blue day, all white and gold.

Princess Louise, Rideau Hall, Ottawa, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, up toward the north pole, North America. She will now settle down to house-keeping and see to it, we hope, that the young man from Inverary has clear coffee and steak done to a point just between blood-red and sole-leather.

A resolution offered in the Southern Commercial Convention held in New Orleans says that the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi saved in the year 1877, the first year of their partial completion, more value in freight to the commerce of the country than the sum these improvements have already cost the United States.

"A German poet, in making his New Year's offering, wishes that the rich may be kind-hearted, that the poor may have bread, that the ladies may have pretty dresses, that the men may have patience, that the foolish may get a little reason, and that sensible people may grow poetic."—*Samuel Brohl & Company.*

Louis A. Godey, whose old and well-established magazine doubtless came as near the wants of the common American girl as any other periodical, died lately, at his home in Philadelphia. He appears to have been a happy, temperate and just kind of a man, who could indulge in the pleasure of giving an old employé a check for \$10,000.

"If things and not names be considered," says a Carolina man, "there seems to be more in common between Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats than is generally supposed." Both are conservative and represent capital. The one oppresses the negro in South Carolina, while the other, says General Butler, bulldozes him and his workmen in Massachusetts.

George Henry Lewes, the writer and husband of "George Eliot," is dead. He was an author of greater versatility than his wife, but he did not possess her popular effectiveness in any single department. His life of Goethe is his best work, and will keep him in memory longest. If he wrote the Jewish parts of "Daniel Deronda," he did not hurt the book, as some pretend.

There are only three star performers on the stage of Asia—Russia, England and China. The other powers are quite supernumerary, and have to be content with attitudinizing gracefully. Russia is the one that is ranting around the most and stirring up the combative jealousy of the rest. She has now to defend the Kashgar frontier against China, and the Afghan war is one of her own provoking.

Of our Signal Service and Weather Department, Secretary McCrary says, "A careful analysis of the forecasts or indications published, and a comparison with the weather changes afterward occurring, within the time and within the district to which each has reference, has given the average percentage of eighty-four and thirty-six hundredths verified." And he thinks they can do better than that.

The bark *Monrovia* sailed from New York on the 4th with thirty families of colored folks to settle in Liberia. They are all well-to-do, and possess tools, provisions, furniture and considerable sums of money, and will make a success of it if any American negroes can. The colonists who went from South Carolina about a year ago failed on account of not taking good sense, warming-pans, and other necessary things with them.

You have discounted the acquisition of Cyprus by saying that it is worth nothing at all as a harbor and naval station. Now the rumor is that another little bargain between the Turk and England gives the latter the port of Alexandretta in the

bay of Iskanderoon, the very northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. It is not only a sheltered harbor, but it is the seaport for Aleppo, and is the nearest point of approach to the valley of the Euphrates.

The Clearing Houses of Baltimore and Philadelphia are comparatively small dealers, and they don't quite dare to snub the dollar of our daddies as did the banks of New York City and Boston. They propose, doubtless, to sit on the fence awhile and see whether our Silver Congress has any disposition to bounce the National Banks. There are indeed a plenty of our legislators who want to demolish what seems to us a very healthy, admirable system of banking. Senator Thurman is one of the prominent men in this movement.

H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, finding that they could buy silks in that city cheaper than they could import them, did so more or less and called the attention of the Custom-House to the fact. The reward they got was a suit brought against them by the Government to recover \$1,500,000. The officials concerned very naturally saw a handsome percentage for themselves in detecting what they were pleased to call a fraud on the revenue. The case has been carried up to the United States Supreme Court and decided against the Government.

The Kooram column of the British-Indian army invading Afghanistan had a sharp and decisive engagement at Peiwar Pass, beginning on Friday, the 1st instant, and ending on Monday following. Gen. Roberts telegraphs from Peiwar-Khotal, a large town, that the enemy fought well and lost heavily. He captured 18 guns and lost 80 men, and was going to push on to Shutar-Gardan on Thursday the 7th. This Pass is a snowy cleft some 13,000 feet above the sea. The column moving by the Khyber Pass is about to occupy Jelalabad. The trouble in its rear did not amount to much.

The correspondence between Russia and England from July 3d to Sept. 9th, concerning the Russian movements in Asia, has been published. M. Von Geers, the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, told Salisbury that that Russian advance into the Balkh and the Mission to Cabul were all Kauffmann's doings. Whereupon the Englishman said that he should hold the Russian Foreign Minister responsible. Then Von Geers replied that his folks had had to make some new dispositions in Turkestan on account of the crisis in the Eastern question in Europe. We can say no more.

A Yankee observer in Canada, witnessing the operation of royal etiquette which required the Princess Louise to go out with her brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, instead of her husband, gives vent to his sympathetic uxoriousness in a strain one-half pain and one-half indignation: "Who had a better right to go down with the Princess than the Highland laddie who wooed and won her? Is not marriage as divine an institution as royalty? Who was this sailor-Duke to put asunder, even for ten minutes, in the crowning hour of their lives, these two young people whom God Almighty hath joined together?"

"It turns out," says the *Coal Trade Journal*, "that France has gained something by the Berlin Treaty after all, and that her protectorate of Syria, supposed to be a nominal concession, will prove of substantial value. French capitalists have secured the grant for a railway from Jaffa to the interior of Palestine, which will open up the Jordan Valley." Inexhaustible beds of lignite have been found between Jaffa and the Dead Sea; this with the asphaltum, also abundant, will make the Holy Land a sort of coal-bin for all Egypt and Syria—both of which are destitute of wood and have to pay from \$12 to \$24 a ton for coal.

You will notice that that Satanic Prime Minister of Great Britain is always in luck, notwithstanding we Americans think it is our right to smirch him if we can. Parliament assembled on the 5th, and was supposed to have an apple-tree sprout in reserve for the presumptuous minister's back, but he was ready with the news of a first-rate victory in the Peiwar Pass, and you ought to have seen how good the opposition were. Their bristles had become as soft as hair. Hartington and Granville could not think of withholding cash for the war, and Gladstone only grumbled a little because the country did not know any more about that pesky business down there by the Punjab.

We must work up a greater foreign trade and find some outlet for our ever-increasing products. This is the steady feeling of the American merchant, and there is nothing but the lack of a steam merchant marine to prevent its gratification. Of the exports to Buenos Ayres scarcely one-fiftieth goes from this country. And something like this is true of our trade with nearly every one of the South American States. It is encouraging to see that Senor Zamacona, the Mexican Minister, has made a sort of apostle of himself, and is laboring for an increase of trade between this country and his. It is likely that similar workers will be developed in South America by and by, as well as here at home.

The rulers of Germany are in a sort of prickly scare in respect to the stability of their politico-social structure. Too many soft brick and Socialists have been built into it they find, and they have gone to digging them out with a strong and reckless hand. A considerable number of these malcontents and agitators have been expelled from Berlin; among them are three members of the Reichstag, and scarcely a word allowed in self-defense either before or after the expulsion. It is probable that America will have to harbor some of these German Socialists, and it is to be hoped that they will leave their vexations behind them, and not come here in that temper which makes it necessary for a man to pick a quarrel with something or other.

The *Western Paper Trade* sums up the following list of articles manufactured of paper displayed at the recent Berlin exhibition: Animals, wash-basins, water cans, carpeting, bonnets, a ship full-rigged, lanterns, hats, masks, skirts, clothes, full suits, straps, handkerchiefs, napkins, bath tubs, buckets, bronzes, flowers, urns, window blinds, asphalt roofing, material for garden walks, coral, jewelry, window curtains, shirts, lace, belting, and a house made of pine, with not only roof, ceiling, cornice, and interior walls of paper, but all the furniture, blinds, curtains, chandeliers, carpeting, ornamented doors, numerous mantel and table ornaments, and finally a stove of asbestos paper burning away cheerfully, and not consuming itself, as it evidently ought to do. All these things indicate some of the possibilities of the adaptation of paper. Who shall say where these possibilities end?

General Butler addressed the International Dairymen's Fair on the subject of French agriculture, drawing therefrom the conclusion that the prosperity of a country is greatly increased by having the land divided into a vast number of small freeholdings. Texas has an area of 154,000,000 acres, while France has only 132,000,000, and yet in 1868 France produced 358,000,000 bushels of wheat while the whole United States only produced 240,000,000. With a population of 38,000,000 and an average of only 3½ acres to an individual, she goes ahead of us in almost every agricultural product save that of tobacco and cotton. She has a million families who are above work. Three-fifths of her people live in the country, and are employed on the soil. A surprising contrast to England, where four-fifths of the entire population reside in towns. France can show what intense agriculture does. The French farmer can't sprawl.

Cream Cheese and Old-Tub Butter have been holding an International Dairymen's Fair in New York City. Oleomargarine could not come in, though she put on her best store clothes and called herself Butterine. She will be known by and by as a nice dairy maid—firm in flesh, always sweet in breath, and able to go on her own merits. The New York abattoirs yield 100,000 pounds of choice fat a week, all of which goes to the butter factory. The soap and candle-makers are disgruntled. This 50,000,000 pounds of suet a year produces, "1, Butter, 15 to 17 cts. a pound; 2, Butter-oil, 12½ to 13½ cts., and will keep ten years; 3, Stearine, for fine candles, 8½ cts. a pound; 4, Tallow, 6½ cts. a pound." There are \$1,000,000 and 250 men employed in New York making this butterinkum. The entire product of American butter-oil goes to Holland, where it is churned with honest Dutch milk and made into butter for your pink-and-white Englishmen.

The Secretary of the Treasury says our navy is too small for a nation that hopes to be a great maritime power: the Secretary of War pleads to get possession of the Indian business, and calls attention to that odious *posse comitatus* law passed at the last session of Congress: the Secretary of the Interior says his department is doing about as well as can be with the Indians, and that he has got a caravan of Sioux hauling stuff for him with their pony teams, and at much lower rates than the white contractors would accept. This is about all the sensation there is in the regular department reports. It was reserved for the President to make the strongest impression. His remarks on the conduct of elections South fall like an ugly bomb in the camp of those who want to set aside the authority of the United States at the South and practically disfranchise the aromatic negro. It is for Congress to determine the validity of these elections in the case of its own members, he says, while, for his part, he will use the powers now vested in him by statute to prosecute the offenders, and will appeal to the legislatures, courts and executive authorities to prevent a repetition of the crimes, and he asks for money for the expenses of legal proceedings.

It is only two years to the next census, and the statistical folks are forecasting its returns. They expect it will show a population of 50,000,000, or a gain of nearly 12,000,000 in ten years. About 10,000,000 of this will be in the old free States and a little over two millions will be in the old slave States. Then will come a new apportionment of influence in the national councils; the South will not have so many Congressmen and Presidential Electors as now, and the North will have relatively a great many more. This view seems to afford us a happier solution of our particular sectional difficulty than any other that has been presented. We have only to be still, as it were, and we shall outgrow and silence our long-haired, obstreperous companions of the South. Go on in your thrifty ways, Republican; pare your nails, crop your hair as you have done, set up your school-house, and build your steeples, and the thing is done. We shall not have to ask ourselves whether the South is solid or fluid. We shall have drowned her in a sea of thrift and good sense.

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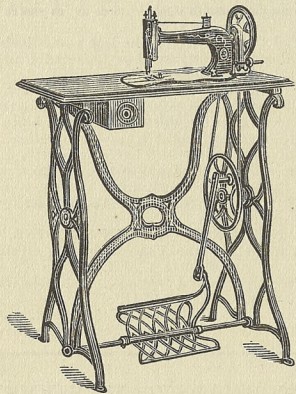
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