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MUTUAL CRITICISM.

X.

ITS RELATIONS TO COMMUNISM.

It is not easy to over-rate the usefulness of criticism in its relation to Community life. There is hardly a phase of that life in which it does not play an important part. It is the regulator of industry and amusement—the incentive to all improvement—the corrector of all excesses. It governs and guides all. Criticism, in short, bears nearly the same relation to Communism as that which the system of judicature bears to ordinary society. As society cannot exist without government, and especially without a system of courts and police, so *Communism cannot exist without Free Criticism.*

Communism is a new state of society, entirely different from familism or individualism; and every distinct form of society requires a particular mode of meeting and providing against offenses. Communism is so radical in its nature that it cannot exist under the ordinary means of justice and police; but in Free Criticism it finds its true corrective and protector.

Criticism has the same end in view that courts of law and police have; but it operates upon society differently in one important respect, *viz.*: while they pay attention exclusively to the *sensible diseases* of society or overt acts of iniquity, Criticism attacks the *insensible diseases* as well as the sensible ones. Open crimes are punished under the legal system of the world, but the interior character of men is not meddled with; and thus the real sources of crime remain untouched. Free Criticism undertakes to correct and improve *character*, so that there shall be no occasion for courts and police to deal with outbreking vice. Separated as men are in ordinary social life, they may live with some degree of peace and comfort while the latent diseases of heart and mind are at work in them; but Communism brings people so closely together that insensible diseases become sensible, and they cannot live together without purification of character far more perfect than any that exists in common society.

Thus we see Communism has a double power of improvement. It develops and discloses the littleness, meanness and selfishness of human nature, and at the same time provides an effectual remedy.

Communism and Criticism are reciprocals reproducing each other. Criticism produces a state that is compatible with Communism, and Communism gives the opportunity and the strength and unity that is necessary to the most perfect expression of Free Criticism. We may love Free Criticism for the sake of the advantages of Communism; and on the other hand we may love Communism for the sake of the advantages of Free Criticism.

The popular imagination that Communism is impracticable is founded on an observation of the fact that human nature is full of insensible, moral diseases, which are sure to manifest themselves as soon as people come into close relations with each other. This prejudice is, however, manifestly predicated on the deficiency which Free Criticism supplies. People cannot fairly argue against Communism from any experiment the world has yet seen, unless they can show us an example where these two things which God designed to be joined together, have been put together. When they find a case where Free Criticism and Communism have been united and failed, they will have a precedent that will apply, and not otherwise. A thorough system of Criticism in combination with Communism is a *new experiment*: and there is nothing in past experience that can possibly foretell to any scientific man, what will be the result; but there are many things in the nature of the combination that foretell a good and superior state of society.

“Well,” says the sanguine reformer, “if Free Criticism is all that is necessary to successful Communism, let us have Free Criticism, and go ahead. Where is the need of religion and inspiration?” We reply: Certainly, you can have Free Criticism without religion, and may derive great benefit from it; it is just what you ought to have, and all the more for your lack of religion. But Communism requires, as we have shown, far more thorough and deep-searching criticism than any less vital form of society; and we do not believe it possible to secure this without religion; but if you can demonstrate to the contrary, then indeed you have found the philosopher’s stone, and can live happily in Communism without God. But our conviction is that you will fail without him in the criticism of the inner life; that he and the Bible furnish the only proper *standard* for that kind of criticism; that his Spirit alone furnishes the *discernment* necessary to it; that he alone furnishes the *love* required in its administration, and the *humility and desire for improvement* necessary to its right reception; that nothing but religion, the earnestness of a life that has an eternal scope, and sees everlasting good on the one hand and everlasting evil on the other, is prepared to give or receive this highest kind of criticism, without which Communities will sooner or later shiver to pieces.

With this view the conditions of successful Communism are very clear. Communism is possible only on condition of such Free Criticism as “searcheth the heart and trieth the reins,” which, in our opinion, is only possible on condition of sincere faith in Christ.

We may appropriately conclude this branch of our subject with a few

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE SUBJECTS OF CRITICISM.

D. E. S. says:—“Wonderful effects on both body and mind are produced by Mutual Criticism. It has the power of the strongest tonics; and can, in fact, be so applied as to produce startling changes in the human body.

But the most striking of all its effects is seen in its operations on the spiritual nature of man. Here it is indeed miraculous. It has wrought in my own spiritual nature, during the five years I have been in the Community, changes as great as were effected in all my previous life, though I was brought up in the bosom of a church and for many years earnestly desired spiritual improvement. I am now convinced that the great hindering cause to growth in spirituality is egotism; and for its removal, or destruction, criticism is one of the best agencies ever put in practice. It brings to light even the most secret faults, leaving no hiding place for egotism to shelter itself in, and yet does this in a way to make us love those who criticise us. Criticism given in love, for the sole purpose of helping one to improve, cannot but cause good feelings in the heart of the criticised, and promote the growth of earnestness and love, and all the fruits of the spirit.”

H. C. N. says:—“If there are those who from the first have taken kindly and naturally to criticism, I have not been one of them. In this respect I have found infinite occasion for repentance and regret, and the sorrow that one can feel who has ill-treated his best friend. I know the discouragement, the evil-thinking, the paralyzing chill that comes from not receiving criticism in the right spirit. I know also the other side, where the expression of criticism has been positively enjoyed, and the effect immediate and lasting, and I cannot forget how it has more than once saved my soul from the consequences of sin, and my body almost miraculously from disease and death.”

G. N. M. says:—“I once had a criticism in which I was strongly tempted to resent the remarks of one individual. What was said by this person was wholly unlooked for by me, and to my first feelings seemed unjust and hard to bear. For several days, it rankled in my mind, causing me great unhappiness. I at length thought I would try to put the matter wholly out of my thoughts, but it kept continually recurring, bringing with it a feeling of bitterness that I had never before known. Seeing that it was likely to destroy my peace of mind, I resolved that I would try no more to thrust it away from me, but to summon all the sincerity and humility I could and sit down and reflect upon it, calmly and prayerfully. The result was, that I saw clearly and acknowledged to myself, that the bitter pill at which I was tempted to rebel, was the *truest and best part of my criticism*. It was the only thing in my criticism that had really mortified and wounded my self-conceit, and in that I saw was its supreme value. I swallowed it, and have had no trouble with it since. It seemed to me at the time, that if a person was tempted to resist criticism he would naturally resist that which he most deserved, and the fact of there being such a temptation was a sure sign, in most cases, that he had been hit where he needed to be hit.

“My experience with criticism has led me to look upon it as a *great source of relief*. People who are accustomed to be clean physically, are uncomfortable, not to say miserable, when they become befouled. They have a kind of self-loathing that nothing but a bath can remove. The desire for spiritual cleansing by criticism seems to me to be just as natural and instinctive.

G. C. says:—“The truth given me by the criticism committee, was as truly a substance taken into my spirit, as a blue pill taken into my stomach would have been, and acted effectually upon my physical as well as upon my spiritual system. There was no *hocus pocus* about it. I don’t guess, nor believe; I know that the Spirit of Truth, the word of God, is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword or visible *materia medica*, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. I therefore can, after twenty-five years of experience, re-endorse *truth-telling* or *Community criticism* as good for food and good for medicine. It is good for the healthy, to *keep* them well; good for the sick to

make them well; good for the good to make them better; and good for the discontented to make them happy. It cures egotism, self-conceit and all forms of disagreeable diseases resulting from fungus growth of individual sovereignty."

G. says:—"Feuds in society, especially those caused by emulation are, we have reason to believe, often life-long and bitter, burdening the soul and wearing the life, like a weary, dragging ball and chain. They are practically incurable, just for the pitiful want of a meeting-ground for sincerity. But in a Community where free criticism prevails, envy and jealousy, and all other temptations which flesh is heir to, are necessarily short-lived. If a person is plagued with any of these ills, it is soon apparent to the sensitive, spiritual instincts of those around; or, more often, the individual himself confesses his trouble and asks for help. Criticism, restoring, cleansing, comforting and strengthening, is administered by loving brothers and sisters, and his trouble rolls off him as surely and palpably as Christian's pack is represented to have tumbled from his shoulders. It is a common thing to hear a man who has been through this searching ordeal say, "My relief is wonderful. I feel as though a load had been lifted off me." And, indeed, the whole aspect of the man is often changed by this wonderful purifier. Humbled and chastened, but justified and made clean, he has all the buoyant hope and elastic life of one just set free from prison. These results, which we see day by day and year by year, cannot but increasingly glorify and endear to us Free Criticism or Truth-telling. It is our spiritual Turkish Bath, renovating and restoring the spiritual man. If it is sometimes sharper than a two-edged sword, it is again like the gentle rain from heaven, as tender and pitying as a father's love for his children. If it casts down evil, it exalts good with comely praise. Christ said, when he made the character of his mission known to the Jews, in the synagogue, "I am come to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised." That describes exactly our sense of the work which Criticism is doing among us. In view of that work we can truly say

"That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish all are shadows vain."

They are shadows which flee before the sunlight of truth. "Happy are they who know their errors and can put them to mending."

THE FUTURE UNIVERSITY.

Home Talk by J. H. N.

In the best parts of the civilized world there is now established a series of schools. The family or infant school begin the series; next in order is the district or common school; then we have the academies, seminaries, and high schools; then colleges; and beyond colleges universities where law, medicine, and theology are studied. Schools of military science also should be mentioned, taking rank with, or above colleges and universities.

This series of educational institutions makes a liberal show, but if you reflect a little you will see it is really quite limited and imperfect. In the first place these schools are intended only for the young, *i. e.*, those who are preparing for the business of life, the students in any of them rarely exceeding thirty years of age. Secondly, all except the three first, which are also lowest in order, are limited to one sex. Thirdly, the education which they give is limited in range. The most important of all studies, the highest science, *social science*, or as Paul calls it *charity*, is entirely ignored by all of them. Theological seminaries teach doctrinal religion; but Paul makes a very broad distinction between charity and doctrinal religion. He says, "Though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge (which is more than the theological seminaries undertake to teach), and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." We find nowhere in the world, an institution devoted to the purpose of teaching people the love which "suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things; and never faileth." (1 Cor. 13.) Where is the university, the seminary, the academy, or school of

any kind, that professes to teach that science? No where. On the contrary, there are in all nations, institutions earnestly devoted, with the patronage of government, to military science, which is directly opposed to charity; and these institutions are ranked among the first—they stand foremost in the present series of educational institutions. A berth in the military academy at West Point, is considered by many far preferable to a berth in college; for it leads to honorable distinction in the service of the Government.

The science of *charity* includes our relations to God on the one side, and, on the other, our relations to the great family of mankind, regardless of sex; and, subordinately to these primary relations, the science of charity includes all relations of which we are capable. I have said that this universal science is not taught in any of the present institutions of the world. It may be said again that it is taught in meeting-houses, by ministers: and to a certain extent, this seems to be true. Sunday preaching and church influences may be intended to supply this demand. But any one will readily see it is a weak attempt in comparison with the pains taken in the other departments of learning. In the first place, people come together for the purpose of this study, only once a week, as a general thing. What progress would students in colleges and academies make, if they met their teachers but once a week? Secondly, when persons do come together on Sunday, it is simply to hear a lecture and music: they have no disciplinary exercises. How much progress would a class make in arithmetic, phonography, or any other science, if they were simply called together once a week to hear a man talk on the subject without any personal drill or practice? That, however embraces all the *pretence* of instruction there is in the science of charity. It is taught with nothing like the thoroughness that other sciences require. There are institutions in which men direct their whole attention for a lifetime to one subject; but in the world's school of charity, the students come together (if they choose to obey the call), one day in the week to hear lectures—lectures oftener addressed to the intellect than to the heart.

Thus the system of education provided in the world is very deficient. It is deficient in not being intended for any but the young; it is deficient in respect to one of the most valuable and important means of education—the combination of the sexes; and it is deficient in respect to its scope of instruction having no institution devoted to the highest and most universal science.

Certain institutions are called *Universities*; but I deny that there is a real university anywhere to be found. "A university," says Webster, "is properly a universal school in which are taught all branches of learning;" and with this definition we may truly say that there is no university in the world. There is no place where all branches of learning are taught. But it is evident that before "The knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," a university in the fullest sense of the term must be established, *i. e.*, a school for all ages, and for both sexes, where universal science will be taught, commencing with the highest science—that of CHARITY. God will sooner or later establish such an institution in the world. Christ's soul will be satisfied in seeing a school where the science of which he is the great professor and exemplar shall take rank above all others.

Worldly institutions preclude education in social science, first by separating the young from the old, which should never be done. Nothing can be more unnatural than to separate these classes. They need each other, and should learn of each other. The old without the young dry up and wither. The young without the old are wild and foolish. The young need to be modified by the sobriety of the old, and the old by the sprightliness of the young. Secondly, social education is precluded from worldly institutions by the separation of the sexes, who in

a true state of things would educate each other. These arrangements are allowed, because the *heart* is not expected to be educated. The young receive simply an intellectual education, are taught dry sciences, with the ulterior object in view of "getting a living." With this limited purpose, it is well enough, and perhaps necessary, to separate the young from the old, and one sex from the other. But with the true objects of existence in view, namely, to make harmony with each other, and educate ourselves for the society of the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, we shall be content with no such separation; nothing will answer short of a school including all ages and both sexes, devoted to the study of all truth, in a word a complete University, which will be found to be an Enlarged Home—a Perfect Community.

MY TRAMP.

ELIZABETH Stuart Phelps writes on the other side of the vexed tramp question in the current number of the *Independent*:

All through this sweet June weather they come trooping up—a tattered, grimy, desperate, sad, but never a bad procession. Such men were never seen before in our self-respecting Massachusetts country roads on errands such as these. Grave, grim men, with steady lips and the solid eyebrow that betokens the good workman. Gentle, kindly men, with the soft blue eye and sudden smile that bespeak home-loving natures. They stand before me deferent, hat in hand, but stern, with a fierce, repressed kind of self-respect.

Hour after hour I entertain them in the back entry. They ask for little. Never for money. "I'm not a beggar, miss." Seldom for food; seldomer for lodging. It is the same old unending, weary story. "Can you give me work? I can get no work. Have you got any thing I can do?"

He has asked for bread. We must give him a stone. It seems a refined insult to a man who seeks only the sacred right of self-support to offer him a dinner or a dollar.

Most of them seem glad to talk a little; very glad to rest. They sit upon the door-step patiently, quick to see the first sign of failing hospitality in their hostess, and generally ready to "move on" before their entertainment has begun to weary her. They tell their stories little by little in the dull, undramatic tones of unvarnished history.

No work. No work. No work. The mill has shut down. The shop is closed. The company has failed. The railroad is in trouble. Never was like this before. Never thought to come to such a pass. Always earned enough. Was a steady man. Came of respectable folks. Never thought to see the hour he'd be taking dinner from anybody's hands this way. Never saw such times as these in all his life. They can't last much longer. If they do the man don't live as can say what will be the end of it.

"Thank you! Yes, I will rest," says one big, burly fellow, with a slow and grateful glance. "Fact is, I'm a little lame for such a life. I've come from Manchester. I've been to Lawrence, Lowell, Methuen. I'm going to try my luck at Boston next. Don't expect there's much chance for me. Everybody goes to Boston, as you say. I worked out to the Hoosac Tunnel before I come this way. I'd turn my hand to any thing I could get. I was in a mill—a weaver; but it shut down. Where do I stay nights? Out of doors? Well, you see its cold so early in the season for a lame man. If I sleep in the field I get damped and I can't walk next day. Then the likes of us can't do such things. No I don't suppose you ever would see why. There's things in this way of living a lady wouldn't think of. Nobody wouldn't without he'd tried it. I wouldn't darst to sleep in the field too much. Generally, I go to the poor-house. There's so many dreadful things. Murders and man-eaters of all kinds. And if any thing happens and there's a chap like me that can't give an account of himself, he's taken up for it. If there was to any thing happen down town to night, and you'd been talking to me, or others like you, you'd mention it, and—I'm a wandering man, and known only to be here and there. If I've spent the night nowhere in particular, chances are I am arrested come morning. It ain't safe. It's more that I mind than the cold."

Are the very moors and heavens then, like the laws of supply and demand, in league against him? Here is a side of tramp life as foreign to the imagination of the sheltered, home-keeping, safe, and blessed part of the community as the psychology of fishes. One young man asks with extreme hesitation for a pair of shoes.

"I've got to walk to Providence, and you see my feet. I ain't used to this. I never asked for any thing before. Thank you, sir. That's a good pair. Breakfast? No, I thank you. * * * Well—yes—I am hungry; but you've given me the shoes. I didn't like to ask for too much. I'm a hatter by trade. Last month we shut down. I can't find any thing to do. I'm getting back by inches to Providence. I've got folks in Providence. Yes, I had good wages. Used to earn my four and five dollars a day."

There is a pause. My tramp upon the door-step gulps his coffee down in silence. I, in the entry, gaze over his head into the sweet June world. I do not ask him what has become of his four or five dollars a day, that he must be defying political economy and aggravating Christianity by getting fed upon our doorstep, half a dozen of him a morning, at this serious rate. I say only, "That was a good deal of money. Does your mother know you are in so destitute a condition?"

My tramp hangs his young head a little "No, miss. But she must, I s'pose. You see it is too bad—a young fellow like me. I'm only thirty years old. I've always had money enough, earning regular. I never looked to come to this. Fact is—I—well, I'm like most other fellows, and I suppose I spent it. Spent it as I went along. I was a single man. And I always dressed well and liked to take a horse out now and then. And then it went in foolery, and I'll own to a little drink. But that I got over a year ago. So what I had saved, it wouldn't carry me far. I never thought to come to

this. If I ever get out of this scrape I'll know better. Would you like to see a picture of my mother? I'll show one. I carry it in the Testament. She gave me the Testament. She wrote my name in it. Do you see? There. My mother is a good woman. I'm ashamed to go to her like this. Now my mother, she's been trying all my days to make a Christian out of me; and if I ever get out of this scrape I guess she'll do it this time."

Now how comfortably the June day and I can preach to the poor fellow, if we want to. And how gently he listens to our little sermon, over the last sandwich crumbs. Let us not believe he will go upon a spree again with his first wages. It is a little perilous, perhaps, in these days expressing any confession of faith in a tramp character. One can hardly expect any more after it to move in the first circles of systematic benevolence. But, after all, we would any of us rather be cheated by two rascals than to doubt one good man. And he that should neglect to heat over his coffee and make sandwiches of his cold mutton for one honestly and innocently hungry mouth, better were it for that man that he should drink toast and water and live on hash all summer.

Christian philanthropy is not above fealty to the sharp, exceptional rules of sad, exceptional times like these. Must we not be rather alert, than fearful to suspend our good, safe old law of "nothing at the door?" And if we add to breakfasts, shoes, and unto shoes even the enormity of a piece of inflated currency, will it be reckoned against us at the Great Tribunal, on testimony of some exasperating student of the poor laws, who knows exactly how many unfortunate, diligent men our Lord meant should be starved, rather than that one loafer should gull the community?

Somehow, as the poor fellows go limping away, in the clean-tempered, trustful summer light, it seems to me as if the June sky held her magic glass against them all; and because of the sudden shine of it upon them, the eyes will swim. Their heavy feet tread in time to that mournful little popular song to which these mournful times have given birth. Its monotonous refrain runs—

"No work to do! No work to do!"

Somehow, if we let them go uncomfited, their grave and trembling lips seem adding strange words to the old rebuke—
"I was a diligent man thrown out of work and ye trusted not in me."

Boston, Aug. 27, 1876.

FRIENDS:—The above extract takes a more human as well as humane view of the tramp question than a great many articles we read in the papers, and does credit to a womanly heart, and to my mind is much nearer the truth than most of them.

The many wanderers now grown into a class passing under the name of "tramps," have sprung from the disordered state of the industry of the country, and with the return of prosperity would largely disappear; but still, many having acquired a taste for wandering, will never return to productive industry, and must hereafter be maintained at the public expense, either in their traveling capacity or in some institution; for by the practice of begging, and loafing and stealing, they will have lost such a share of their self-respect and love for home life, and society institutions, and industry, that it will be as difficult to reform them as to reform the inebriates. Unfortunately the worst tramps will be included in this number; men of vicious habits and criminal ideas; and they will fasten such a stigma on the wanderer, impelled by lack of means and employment to seek them where he can, that it will not be long ere stringent laws will force such worthy but impecunious individuals to desperation, and permanently fix on our country a real class of tramps truly to be pitied, despised or outlawed.

And who will be to blame for this state of things! What man, woman or child? What worthy Christian as he settles in his comfortable bed will lay the charge at his own door? Will he not rather as he wakes in the morning and looks over his bank-book, or his accumulations, say with Macbeth,

"Shake not thy gory locks at me! Thou canst not say I did it!"

At the same time there is a monitor within that tells him that between himself and that poor tramp, there lies somewhere, a desperate wrong. And though he may not have done it, the responsibility—his share of it—he cannot shirk, no more than Macbeth who was only the instrument in Banquo's death could shake off the responsibility of his paid murderers.

Never until the Brotherhood of man is recognized as a fixed fact, can the tramp question be settled, and as labor disorganized produces the class, so labor organized, would cure it. Supposing Mrs. Phelps had found her real brother, her father's son, among the number; poor, honest but wandering, and with earnest welcome she had invited him to come in and share her home comforts, and he should decline, turning his eyes and his feet away, saying "you have no labor for me and I must wander on;" how quick she would say, "Come in and divide my labor and my bread with me."

This is my summing up. There are fifty thousand men out of employment in New-York city. What supports them, and what will support them? Those who are employed, and those who have means. What is the general desire of employed Humanity? I answer, more leisure for cultivation, for enjoyment, for religious devotion, for science, etc. If, then, the employed, and the wealthy, support the unemployed, as

they do under all conditions of present society, for heaven's sake why don't they give up to the fifty thousand, a portion of their weary labor and take the time for rest, devotion, enjoyment or what not, and do it willingly and understandingly!

There is, to be sure, one little obstacle in the way. The organization of labor. At some future time may be we will see how that can be done. It is a problem that will bear a great deal of thinking.

STRANGE THINGS

WHICH HAVE HAPPENED TO PEOPLE I KNOW.

V.

A.'S STORY.

A NUMBER of months ago I was so troubled with cramps in my feet and limbs in the night that I dreaded to go to bed; but one night I dreamed of receiving a letter from Mrs. S., a very dear friend, in which she told me that in order to overcome my difficulty I must take care not to curl up, but lie out straight in bed. The reading of this dream-letter impressed me so strongly that when I retired the next night I carefully followed the advice given and was not once seized with cramp, and I have experienced no recurrence of the difficulty.

MR. M.'S STORY.

When I was first converted I used to talk a great deal with my cousin R. on religious subjects. After awhile he left the village in which I lived, and settled in Saratoga. There he soon fell ill and seemed likely to go into consumption. I called on him a number of times and after I joined the O. C. I used to stop and see him occasionally when I went abroad on business. He was not then very sick, but quite delicate. One night I awoke from a dream which was so vivid that it seemed like reality. I thought I heard my cousin say in a tone of great earnestness, "Otis, what shall I do to be saved?" Five weeks afterward I called at his house and his wife told me that he had been dead five weeks and that just before he died he called out in great distress, "Otis, what shall I do to be saved?"

MR. A.'S STORY.

On the night of the 7th of July, 1846, after the family had all retired, my brother's wife heard a strange groaning overhead. She thought at first it might only be sounds made by her eldest son who was subject to the nightmare. But as the groaning continued and seemed to grow worse she awoke her husband who heard it distinctly. He immediately struck a light and went up stairs, but found his son and workmen sleeping very quietly without any signs of previous disturbance. He still heard the mysterious sounds and as they appeared to be overhead he examined the garret and then the roof, without finding any clue to the mystery. He then went down stairs to a room at the other end of the house where his daughter slept, and there he found both her and the hired girl with their heads out of the window listening to the same groaning, which they said they had heard for about half-an-hour. This dismal noise continued for several hours without any apparent cause, and the latter part of the time it sounded like a person in very great distress, groaning at every breath, until it suddenly ceased. The next day a heavy thunder-shower came up at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Charlie, a boy of about ten years, was sent into the front part of the house to close the doors and windows. His father, who was engaged in blasting, had been using a great quantity of powder that morning, and Charlie seeing what he supposed to be an empty keg got a match and set fire to a few grains of powder which were on the head of the keg. The whole twenty-five pounds exploded, tearing the house in pieces and burning the poor boy so terribly that the skin crisped or slipped all over his body. He lived six hours afterward and his agonized groaning was the exact counterpart of the strange sounds heard during the previous night.

P.'S STORY.

Christ said to the paralytic, "Take up thy bed and walk?" We need not consider this as a miraculous fiat. I believe it was a scientific prescription. I am convinced that in thousands of cases of chronic disability, recovery would come by fearlessly using the disabled member. Upon a fresh injury it is reasonable that a person should keep still, the stiller the better, for a proper time; but the chronic weakness which so often "sets in" after an injury, is to be cured by courageous exercise. The pain occasioned by exercise is too often taken as a sign that the injury is yet unhealed, when it is only the harmless ache of muscles unused.

My friend H. had a lame back. She rested it for a year. Still exercise was painful, and for another year she was always going too far, and always retreating with fear to her bed again. At last she began to distrust fear. She resolved not to mind the pain, to keep on exercising

and see what would come of it. This came of it: she found the pain was not to be feared—it was temporary, and meanwhile her back strengthened. The retreat was now all on the other side, and she soon found herself well.

My faith in this doctrine has been strengthened by a more recent example. A young woman in our family lately sprained her ankle. She went about with crutches three or four weeks, and the ankle seemed no better. She was advised at length to try keeping entirely still. She kept still two days. The third day the ankle had an aching fit and she had a crying fit, thinking she was in for a long siege. A friend talked with her about patience and faith. She confessed Christ in her a spirit of patience and faith, and wiped up her tears. In a few minutes she broke out, "Do you believe it would hurt me to walk?" Her friend answered, "No, if you are not afraid." She walked across the room. Her crutches became odious and she immediately sent them off. Every day she increased her ventures, and though walking was painful, she found her ankle strengthening, and in a week she was all about. In two weeks she was entirely well. It is impossible to tell how long she might have gone on crutches, if because stepping on her foot hurt her, she had been afraid to do it.

MR. K.'S STORY.

In the summer of 1848, when the O. C., rich in enthusiasm, but poor in cash, essayed to build a house over their heads, they began the undertaking in faith, trusting Providence to furnish the means. Mr. C. gave notice of the plan to interested Communists about the country, and many a purse-string was freely drawn; but once when the house was nearly covered the prospect of furnishing looked a little dubious, for no one knew where any more funds were to come from. At this point Mr. C. wrote to Mr. K., a staunch believer in Connecticut, giving him a description of the situation, but making no request for money. "Now, if I only had fifty dollars at command, I would send them right along," said Mr. K. to himself out of the goodness of his heart; but though there were men who owed him much more than that sum he knew he could get nothing of them at short notice. He bethought himself that sister Abby had twenty-five dollars which he could readily borrow; but, no, he must have fifty dollars, though he could not tell why he had fixed on that amount. Before night a cousin, who lived at some distance, drove up to the door and said she had brought twenty-five dollars with her which she wished he would borrow at interest, merely as an accommodation to her. "I'll do it," he answered, instantly reading the Providence which so quickly matched his wishes, and adding the money to his sister's he sent it with a glad heart to the struggling Community, whose treasury, at the time of its arrival, held less than three dollars.

MR. B.'S STORY.

MORE than twenty years ago I left off the use of tobacco, and I have never tasted it in any shape nor have I desired to do so from that time to this; on the contrary, I am generally disgusted with those who use it. And yet I have a dream which has been repeated almost times without number, in which I am an inveterate user of the weed, and in violation of my conscience—though the using or not using of it was never a matter of conscience with me that I remember. One of my companions asked me the other day if I had ever tasted tobacco since I quitted it. I answered that I never had. He expressed surprise; and I said that I became disgusted with it and wished it were banished from the world. It was enough. The old dream came again that night. I was chewing tobacco, and had been doing so all these years; I was under the necessity of concealing it from my associates, and in constant difficulty with it in my mouth lest I should be detected. I cannot begin to tell all the little variations of this dream, but the curious thing about it is its vividness. Many and many a time on awakening, I have been unable to decide which was the dream and which the reality. I would like to know whether some scamp in the invisible world is injecting this dream into my mind, and if so, whether the nuisance can be got rid of.

THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.—It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the workman himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours—by means of a common pen-knife, a tool in everybody's hands, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were

the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat, and a prism, a lens and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and, pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said, "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stohard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to those tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail. Furguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of a condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough-handle.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.

Persons who send us manuscript and desire to have it returned in case it is not published, must in each instance mention at the time it is sent that it is to be returned, and must inclose to us sufficient money to pay return postage. Unless this be done we cannot undertake either to preserve or return it.

THE *Agathocrat*, "dedicated to abolition of poverty, ignorance, and wickedness," is the newest Socialistic publication we have received. It is issued at Buffalo, P. O., Wright Co., Minn., by Frans Herman Widstrand, who introduces himself and his paper in the following unusual style:

"This paper must not be judged as other papers, nor the editor as other editors. After having studied at the University of Upsala until 1845, he officiated in ten of the governmental departments and branches in Stockholm. In 1855 he left for this country, thereby forsaking a life-office, better than any here, all considered, not to make money but to promote reforms that he thought could not be introduced in Sweden as easily as here. * * * * He has lived long time as a hermit, giving his time to study, investigation and experiments of several kinds, supporting himself with agriculture. Whoever says any thing bad about him is a liar. They who say that all men are bad are incompetent judges, judging others after themselves."

These last sentences promise that the *Agathocrat* will be tolerably outspoken in its style, whatever its opinions may be. We do not see what there will be opportunity for any thing but praise of Mr. Widstrand by those who are ambitious to maintain a reputation for veracity. Adverse criticism seems to be ruled out in his case.

ONE of our exchanges lately fell to berating Mr. Samuel Leavitt for having withdrawn from the Virginia scheme in which he has been engaged with Mr. Charles Sears and others. So we made inquiry of Mr. Leavitt and in answer he writes:

"That scheme is all right and quite promising. An act of incorporation is being prepared by Mr. Daniels, with eminent legal aid. The domain will be put in the hands of trustees, and then we will take stock subscriptions from those persons who seem suitable associates. The "*Eclectic and Peacemaker*" has been delayed this month in order that we might present as definite a programme as possible. * * * * I shall stay here (Indiana) and edit the *Hoosier Patron*, as long as I can be more useful here than in Virginia."

A late letter from Col. Gordon relates some further discoveries respecting the course of the Nile, which promises to be of considerable future importance to the country drained by the head waters of that river. It is well known that the White Nile, between Khartoum and the lake Albert N'yanza, though a large stream and navigable by steamers of moderate draft, is in some places so overgrown with vegetation as practically to close it for purposes of commerce and travel. Col. Gordon claims to have discovered that the White Nile splits a short distance below lake Albert N'yanza, and forms a separate channel which unites again with the main stream, below the points where its course is impeded. This channel is free from all obstructions, and according

to Col. Gordon, a light draft steamer can run through it from Khartoum to the Albert N'yanza without serious difficulty. This, if true, will open up a large section of the interior of Africa to commerce, and the civilizing influences which go with it. The country around these lakes is said to be fertile, with no inconsiderable mineral wealth, but has hitherto been practically inaccessible to the outside world, from the extreme difficulty of reaching it by any ordinary route.

COMMUNISM is not a piece of machinery that you can put together and set in motion. Coöperation may be that; it may be the subject of a plan—a calculation as to the cheapest or happiest mode of living; but Communism is a *growth*; it is the natural fruit of *affection*. A certain power of love produces it spontaneously, just as one temperature or climate produces the apple and another the banana. Family affection is strong enough to produce Communism in more or less perfection, especially between parents and children. And we have lately seen a beautiful instance between brothers—two brothers who have worked hand to hand till they have amassed a fortune and attained middle age, without ever having known any separate interest, or fallen out by a single word. Their affection was doubtless heightened by circumstances. Losing their mother when very young (the youngest but seven months), brought up on a sequestered farm, one six years older than the other and feeling no doubt a mixture of fatherly sentiment, both by nature tender and gentle, their love grew strong enough for Communism. We said to C. the eldest, "the faculty of agreeing is the great secret of prosperity." "Yes," he said, "In unity there is strength—I know that. But though I can live with my brother so, I have no idea at all what holds a great Community together—how so many unrelated families can agree." We said, "It is because we love one another, and are really related. We have one Father in heaven; we are brothers and sisters. It is incomprehensible if you cannot believe what we say, but if you can believe that we love one another as much as you love your brother, you ought to understand how we can live together and not quarrel." The younger brother is married and has children. C. said he was afraid if he brought another woman into the circle it might endanger the happy relation, for which reason, as well as others, he had lived single so far. His unselfishness is admirable.

THE rapid change of rulers in Turkey during the past three months, coupled with the Servian insurrection and other manifest symptoms of disorganization, indicate that the time has nearly arrived for the dissolution of the Turkish Empire in Europe. The truth is, it is no longer possible for a nation based on an unprogressive religion like Moslemism, to exist side by side with an advanced civilization, such as must result from the adoption of the Christian faith. Five hundred years ago there was no great difference in quality between the Turks and the surrounding nations; but while the Moslems have remained substantially where they were, the Christian States have grown in power and refinement. We see no utility in trying to galvanize the Turkish Empire into any thing like vitality, or attempt to maintain for it a semblance of national existence in order to preserve the balance of power in Europe. Why not allow it to go quietly to pieces, and let its territory be occupied by some power which will educate the inhabitants up to a level with other European nations? The majority of the inhabitants of Turkey to-day are Christians, but under the rule of a Mohammedan government they are wholly debarred from any thing like a healthy national culture. It is clear that Turkey cannot stand alone, and her partition would in our opinion, be a lesser evil than the laborious effort to support her effete and bankrupt government by extraneous aid.

THE New-York journals manifest some uneasiness in view of the fact that the wholesale trade of the country shows a disposition to move westward, and that there is some probability that New-York will not always be the great commercial focus of the continent, to which every dealer who wishes to keep abreast of his competitors must resort at least once or twice a year. It is stated that Western buyers are more than formerly in the way of supplying themselves at points nearer home; and the establishment of a large house in Chicago by A. T. Stewart & Co. would seem to be an indication that leading merchants are beginning to understand the movement, and are taking means to profit by it. Standing, as we do, aloof from the immediate influence of New-York, we do not see any great objection to this. A system of centralization by which one large city gives tone to an entire nation, so that the whole commercial

and social bias of the people is governed by that of the metropolis, is not a healthy condition for any country, and is especially ill-adapted to one of the length and breadth of ours. There was a time, and that not very long since, when Paris was France; but this was only possible with a government strongly centralized, represented by a ruler as nearly absolute as was compatible with a tolerably high state of national culture. Subsequent events, however, showed that it was only because the real strength of the nation was weak, and undermined, that this condition could exist; and that the return to a robust and vigorous state, was accompanied by a corresponding process of decentralization. In a country so widely extended as ours, there must ultimately be several distributing centers, each of which will supply the wants of its own especial district, and render it unnecessary for commercial buyers to go farther to satisfy any ordinary want. This movement has already begun, as the condition of trade in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities will show; but unless we are mistaken, the next half century will show a much longer stride in this direction than has yet been taken. Considering its situation, and present size, there is little doubt that New-York will always be our leading commercial emporium; but we think it will have to be content to share the function of distributor of foreign and American productions with other cities of lesser note, having an advantage of local contiguity to their own trade which will enable them to defy the competition of more remote points.

THE AMANA COMMUNITY.

How the Largest Community in the World Lives, Labors and Worships.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

Homestead, Iowa, Sept. 8, 1876.

THE general facts about this largest and in some respects most prosperous of all existing Communities are pretty well known. Its fifteen hundred members live in seven villages in the midst of a domain of from 25,000 to 30,000 acres. Its property is held in common, and is managed by thirteen trustees, elected annually by the members. The trustees choose a President and Secretary. Besides their great farms they have four saw-mills, two grist-mills, a tannery, a print-factory, and two woolen-mills. They have an excellent reputation both as farmers and manufacturers. They raise fine crops, breed improved Durham cattle, and make prints, yarns, flannels and other woolen goods that stand high in market. They are accounted very wealthy.

Most of the members formerly constituted the Ebenezer Community, located near Buffalo, and sold out there and removed hither, we are told, that they might have a larger domain. They had there only 6,000 acres at first, which were afterwards increased to 9,000! It is an interesting fact, to mention in this connection, that with their present enormous amount of land, located in one of the most desirable sections of this fertile State, they still rely for their income more on their few manufactures, employing but a small part of their members, than they do on all the products of their broad acres!

It is known that the "True Inspiration Congregations," or "Inspirationists," out of which came first the Ebenezer Society and then Amana, originated in Germany long ago. But there was no Communism until after their emigration to America in 1842. They say they were commanded by inspiration to live together and put their property into one common fund.

The external appearance of the Amana villages is far from pleasing. Their general plan is that of a single street with houses on either side, extending sometimes three-fourths of a mile or more. The houses are generally of wood, but there are a few of brick, and an occasional one of stone. They are of different sizes, but of quite uniform style. The fences separating them from the road are always made of common fence-boards; but neither house nor fence is ever painted. The houses are not even painted on the inside. The churches are quite similar in appearance to the dwelling-houses, only larger of course.

The families live separately—one or two or more families in a house, according to size of families and houses—but they eat in groups of from thirty to fifty. At Amana, with a population of 450, there are fourteen of these boarding-houses. At these there are some conveniences for cooking, baking, etc. Some articles of food are distributed around to each family, according to their numbers. The milk-man, I noticed, rung his bell at every boarding-house night and morning. Afterward I saw the women churning, and learned that each boarding-house makes its own butter and cheese.

"I tell you," said a talkative man from Cedar Rapids, while we awaited dinner at the Community hotel, "these common boarding-houses are grand things—save three-

quarters of the trouble of house-keeping—do away with servants—save expense. I tell you I am going to try it in our city, and I know it will succeed—can't help it."

Every house in the village has a small patch of ground for garden purposes, in which you will generally observe a few flowers, and many grape-vines, from the fruit of which the people keep themselves supplied with home-made wine. The gardens also contain some vegetables.

There are wash-houses where the garments of the single people are made clean; but each family is required to do its own washing.

An allowance is yearly made to cover the personal expenses of each individual for clothing, etc. That of the men is usually forty dollars; that of the women twenty-five; that of the children from five to ten: but these amounts are increased in special cases.

There is a store in each village for the accommodation principally of its own people, but also patronized by the citizens of neighboring towns.

They have schools, in which the common branches are taught and the English language.

They make long hours in summer-time, but "take things easy," seldom overworking.

Their women work in the fields as well as the men; and that women may have more time for public service there is a common nursery, where two or three women take care of twenty-five small children, if there happen to be so many in a village, while the mothers of the little ones labor wherever their services are most needed. "I tell you what," said our loquacious man, to his friends at the inn, "that is a first-rate idea. Mothers spoil their children and themselves by too much baby-tending. These people have some good things that we Americans ought to adopt; and this is one of them."

Their working-force is directed by the superintendents as may be deemed best. For example, during harvest-time the shop- and factory-hands work in the fields.

The members all speak the German language, and a few the English. Some came from Switzerland.

There are shoe-shops, blacksmith-shops, tin-shops, harness-shops, etc., etc.; and they evidently intend to be as independent of the outside world as possible. I saw, however, that a dentist from Iowa City advertised to be in the Amana villages at a stated time.

They have three doctors of their own, but the other "learned professions" are not represented among them.

Their food is substantial, but has not been modified in accordance with any modern system of dietetics. They have three substantial meals, and in summer two lunches besides.

They have breweries and make wine at home, and drink both beer and wine freely. Only occasionally does a brother get intoxicated.

Tobacco is used to excess; there is smoking everywhere.

The dress of both men and women is very plain. That of the men does not much differ in style from the common dress of Americans. The women sometimes wear short gowns, such as are worn by common people in Germany. Generally the females, old and young, wear a black, close-fitting cap, which is tied under the chin. It effectually hides every ringlet, and in no way adds to their beauty; the neat muslin caps worn by the Shaker women look much better and must be far more comfortable in hot weather. You will also notice that each sister, old and young, has a piece of dark calico or other material spread over her shoulders and pinned across her breast, for what useful purpose it is difficult to imagine.

Marriage is tolerated, but is not advised. Formerly it was looked upon with a more unfriendly eye than at present; but a young man may not now marry until he is twenty-four, and he must still wait a year after he has announced his intention before he can lead his betrothed to the altar. By marriage the standing of the parties in the society suffers for a time. If a man marries out of the society he is excluded for awhile even though his wife might choose to become a member.

There seemed to me a small number of children considering the size of the villages; but I understand that propagation is not in much favor; that at times in their history they have wholly refrained from it; and that the newly-married are exhorted not to seek children right away.

This people are very religious. One of their rules of daily life is to "count every word, thought and work as done in the immediate presence of God, and give him at once an account of it, to see if all is done in his fear and love." There is some religious expression before and after every meal; there is a meeting for prayer every evening; there are meetings on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday mornings. Sometimes they all meet together in the church; sometimes in smaller

apartments and in order; for the members are divided into three classes: the first including the elders and the most earnest and spiritual; the second, those who have made considerable progress in conforming to the highest standard; and the lowest order, including the children, new members, backsliders and others.

Candidates for membership usually pass a probation of two years, but occasionally this term is shortened or even omitted by direction of the "inspired instrument."

The "inspired instrument," or "medium," as we should say, has always been held in highest reverence by this people. The line has been occasionally broken, but has been quite continuous for more than a century and a-half. From 1818 to 1867 there were two "instruments"—Christian Metz, a carpenter by trade, and Barbara Heynemann, an ignorant servant girl; but since 1867 Barbara has stood alone in the prophetic office. She is now over eighty years of age. The people trouble themselves very little about her successor. "The Lord has always given us an inspired leader, and we can trust him for the future," they say in simple faith.

It is not easy to fully understand the entire function of the "inspired instrument." Its utterances are in general exhortations to holier life—to more thorough consecration to God—and in condemnation of sin and worldliness. Occasionally it calls the entire Society to some great step, like the advance into Communism after they came to this country, or to sell out in one place and remove to another. Sometimes it reproves individuals for their faults. Barbara is generally present at the meetings of the highest councils; and some trace a close connection between her utterances and the wishes and opinions of the leading trustees, and so are led to question the divinity of her utterances.

There is entire Communism, not only between members constituting a single settlement; but between all the settlements. It makes no difference whether one village makes a profit or another, so that there is a gain in the whole society; the people of all the villages are supplied exactly alike.

But I cannot say in one letter all I wish to respecting this interesting Community, and may as well stop at this point.

W. A. H.

COMMUNITY LIFE.

AT ONEIDA.

Staying at Home.

As a family we are not given to roving about the country to gaze at the various wonders of the age. Not more than one or two of our people have yet been to visit the Centennial Exposition, and these only because business took them there. We rarely attend lectures or concerts, and still more rarely the numerous sensational shows brought to the adjacent village. We generally find much more satisfaction in staying at home. Still our life is not wholly devoid of entertainment. Scarcely a week passes but something enlivening causes a pleasant ripple in our midst, which is genuine pleasure, because it is shared by all. We do not go abroad for amusements, but quite frequently they come to us. There have come to our Hall fine musical artists, vocal and instrumental; minstrel companies; comic actors; orators; elocutionists, etc. Our children have had frequent opportunities of giving pennies to the organ-grinder, and we have listened to the harp and violin of the strolling gypsies. A year ago a man with a dancing bear appeared on our grounds, and within that time other things of interest have "happened along our way." Not many weeks ago the children were in ecstasies over two diminutive donkeys that drove about the grounds. Since then a one-armed trapper from Colorado brought a box containing three huge rattlesnakes, which excited interest and horror in about equal proportions. The snakes were safely shut into a box which had two glass sides. The trapper had just returned from Philadelphia, where he received money enough for his show to pay his expenses from Colorado to Philadelphia and back. He did not tire of detailing the characteristics of the rattlesnakes to the eager throng who gathered round. He told of his manner of catching these reptiles, their habits, methods of sustaining life, etc. Some one asked if they were easily tamed, to which he replied in his Western dialect,

"No, lady, there are just two things that can't be tamed; a lynx and a rattlesnake;" and then with a funny twinkle in his eye he added, "though I believe some say there is one more—a woman's tongue!" The crowd dispersed soon after.

At the penning of these lines two Italian organ-grinders are entertaining the little folks in the south front.

Where is Mr. H.?

As faithful workers for the enlarged family it behooves

us to record whatever drawbacks may present themselves. Here is one:

You are sitting on the portico of your great family mansion enjoying a little after-dinner relaxation, when a stranger draws nigh and fixing his glittering eye upon you like the Ancient Mariner, he says:

"Where is Mr. H.?"

Now of the whereabouts of Mr. H. you have no idea more than that there is a general probability of his being somewhere about the grounds or buildings, and you inwardly groan as you reflect that the rules of politeness require you to set out in quest of him. What adds to your sense of bitterness is, that the calm and flaccid little man who wants to see Mr. H., and who quietly sinks into a chair and says that he "will wait," has no realization whatever of the task he has imposed upon you. He evidently thinks that the members of a great Community can find each other as readily as can the members of a family who inhabit a little box cottage. You almost feel like saying to him, "You know not what you ask," but suppressing this, you start off on a tour of the numerous and distant rooms, offices and buildings of a great Community. If you are extremely lucky you may find H. right away, or it may take you from twenty minutes to an hour of constant search and inquiry. After long and diligent hunting you may find that he is at the distant factories, or has gone to a neighboring city on business, or is spending a few days at the lake. You are liable to be called upon to make these hunts when you can ill spare the time, and thus they become a source of considerable vexation for which there is little consolation. This is one of the difficulties in a large family which we have not as yet satisfactorily obviated. Perhaps some mechanical device will be discovered which will enable us to find persons more readily.

Oswego Excursion.

A quiet, well conducted, orderly picnic party finds, on our grounds, every thing that can be desired to make an excursion a success. Such a party we had last Thursday from Oswego, numbering something over two hundred and fifty, and though such parties somewhat disturb the even tenor of our ways, yet we experience a real pleasure in receiving them and adding what we can to their enjoyment. A picnic is a sort of Communistic gathering; each one merges the ego, for the time, into the general assembly, and the pleasure of the whole is enhanced by the genial spirit of each. Perhaps it is a fellow feeling that makes us friendly to picnics; at all events our people good-naturedly suffer the inconvenience incident to waiting on them. The party from Oswego formed no exception to the hearty good-will which has generally been extended to such visitations.

Five cars arrived on the N. Y. & Oswego Midland Railroad at 12 o'clock, noon, and left at 6 P. M. The interim was spent during the finest of afternoons, in picnicking on the lawns or eating in our dining rooms, playing croquet, driving to the silk-factory, etc.

A Community like ours can easily feed and entertain half-a-dozen carloads of people for half a day, if proper notice is given beforehand of their coming. In fact we have received much larger parties than this from Oswego. Our visitors treat us with uniform respect and courtesy.

Educational.

As usual we have kept our school open through the summer months, with occasional interruptions in the way of rides, picnics, trips to our lake-shore house, etc. The older children have school three hours a day, from twelve to three P. M., the year round, with such slight intermissions as mentioned above. This we find a better way than to have six-hours-a-day schooling half the year round, or all the year with long, intermitting vacations.

Of our younger children we have twenty among those under seven, old enough to go to school. These are at present graded into three classes under three different teachers. Going to school with the children of a Community is a very different thing from what it is with those of ordinary households.

—"The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school,"

is a stage of development we know nothing about. With few interruptions our little flock of scholars have had their one hour of school a day, all summer, like the bigger children. At a quarter to nine A. M. a bell rings: in scamper from their play the little ones, to get their clean hands and "shining face." Ready at nine, they separate to their respective places; the youngest to the south sitting-room, where Mrs. B. awaits them; the next class to Miss D.'s room in the west wing; the oldest to the regular school-room across the road, which later in the day is occupied by the older children.

So you see there is no withdrawal from the warmth

and stimulating love of the home circle. Those who are their teachers have known them ever since they were born, and meet them many times a day outside of the school-room. These peculiar circumstances enable us to make our system of education in some respects more comprehensive than is usually practicable. We are at once a family, a church, and a Community—a complete little state, in fact. Our teachers and scholars are all from within our own organization. How apparent the superior conditions for harmonious development which this order of society affords! What the family begins, the school can finish; what the church decrees the school can support and sanction; whatever is the necessary ideal of character for the most complete Community citizenship, the teachers can strive to realize in practical individual development. Education is a term not to be applied alone to purely mental acquisitions. While we aim to have our children receive abundant culture spiritually, intellectually, morally, and physically, we try not to build up faculties of secondary importance at the expense of those of primary importance. They may have healthy conditions, be taught to work and study well, but this is not worth much to us if they do not learn how to keep a good spirit—to know when they have it, and how to get it. So really, considered thus broadly, our children have much more than one, or even three hours' schooling a day. They have their regular work-hours, under other teachers which are a special means of drill in faithfulness and industry; and then every evening they have what is called the "children's meeting," in which they are given spiritual and moral lessons, study the Bible, and learn to sing gospel songs. It was a pleasing sight during the hottest days of summer, to see the children out-of-doors, at meeting or school hour; the arbors and many cozy nooks amid our flower-gardens and lawn, affording them and their teachers quiet, impromptu school-rooms.

We do not believe in forcing children toward a precocious unfolding of their natures, but we do believe that the time at which a soul begins to show its individuality, no matter at how tender an age, is the fit season at which to begin to control the developments exhibiting themselves. This principle holds true not only in mental and spiritual, but in moral and social culture. Educators who have a certain ideal could hardly succeed in guiding developments in the line of that ideal did they not forestall proclivities otherwise inclined. Thus forestalled, and with appropriate environments, we hardly think that any steady, earnest endeavor toward a determinate end can fail of some measure of success. The end we aim at is to bring up children that will make good Communists. Generations of breeding amid the selfish organizations of ordinary society, has necessarily tended to shape the characteristics of the individual according to his or her conditions. Now as Communists, and above all as Bible Communists, we believe that Christian society, to be consistent, should be organized on an integral and unselfish basis. We try to model our systems of education accordingly. And although our children may not at first make so brilliant a show intellectually as they might with longer hours of schooling, yet we feel sure that in all that which constitutes the chief worth of the individual to himself and to others, refinement of heart, spiritual sensitiveness, and a harmonious temperament, they are making good progress.

Knitting-Machine.

LAST February a Lamb Knitting-machine was purchased, after considerable discussion as to the wisdom of the investment. After seven months' use, we think our hundred dollars well laid out. Mr. D. E. Smith has with commendable patience mastered the machine and though working at it only during spare moments, has knit about 250 pairs of stockings. He can now knit a pair of stockings in an hour's time, complete, ready to wear. He is confident, that he can supply the needs of the Community in this line fully, pursuing it only as an incidental avocation. It follows from this that our women will have quite a burden lifted off them, and have many extra spare moments to call their own.

AT WALLINGFORD.

ONE way to treat a cold in the Turkish Bath: Instead of the usual programme, take your shampooing in the hot-room, that is, what you have. Let the attendant rub you there from the time you go in till you begin to sweat, and then shampoo your head—this being done with soap and brush and hot water, as hot as you can bear—the lather rinsed off with hot water, and the hair wiped as dry as possible. (It is desirable to have the head quite dry between the towel and the hot air before you go out.) Take a thorough sweat, but omit the

sprinkle, and wash off with a cloth frequently wrung out, instead of much application of water. Try the treatment two days. It has lately dislodged for this writer the most venomous cold that ever ensclosed itself under the bridge of a person's nose. At other times, the exposure incident to the shampooing and cooling-off rooms, has seemed to aggravate my cold.

OUR new house is surmounted by several crosses, each double chimney being so constructed that the space between the two parts is a very complete representation of this emblem. There was no design in the mind of the architect, and "Q." says "we built more religiously than we knew."

THE Wallingford Turkish Bath is not dying childless; indeed, it is likely to have a numerous progeny of private institutions of the kind. There are two at least, in this vicinity already in successful operation, and others of our patrons find the bath such a necessity—so essential to their health and comfort—they are contemplating a home substitute. Persons of slender means, who could hardly afford the public luxury as often as they would like, have found they can make arrangements in their own dwellings, comprising every thing essential, at a cost not much exceeding that of a dozen tickets to the public bath. We understand, moreover, that friends of the Bath in the neighboring city of Meriden, are working enthusiastically to get a public bath opened there. If they succeed, we will say, "Now let the Wallingford Bath depart in peace."

We have harvested over seventy bushels of Bartlett pears, but they are so abundant every-where this season that they market very low.

A TROUBLESOME biennial weed, called the wild carrot, infests our plantation, having appeared within twenty years. We are pulling and destroying it this year in hopes that another year's vigilance will make it scarce if not eradicate it. A raid is also making on the alders in our muck swamp.

C. A. CRAGIN, graduate of S. S. S., Yale College, has taken charge of the farm.

As a specimen of the enthusiasm with which the new house is carried forward, two of the young men fitted and hung twenty-five doors in one day.

"Tramp, Tramp."

THE later policy of the W. C. not to feed tramps, has been the source of genuine distress to the tender half of the Commune. To see our own board so bountifully spread and to see the dishes of fragments in the pantry, and then turn away the hungry—the old man "whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door," as well as the young man, who if you believe what he says has wasted his substance, not in riotous living, but in vain search for employment—to bluff off every body, all alike, those of gentle manners as well as those of ruffian aspect—it is too much for womanly sensibilities. You may sometimes see a feminine group expostulating with the lords of the manor—teasing them to relent. "Can't we make exceptions? Hard times! Starving for want of honest work! Won't you trust us to discriminate?" "No, No," they say. "If we relent at all, we shall have the whole tribe back upon us. Premium for idleness! Principle, my dear woman, principle." The woman subsides. "Awful rule and right supremacy," here at W. C. One of the authorities did give a sly permission to Mrs. R. the other day after all; "Say nothing about it to anybody, go and do as you want." She was sure that beggar deserved pity.

This bottled benevolence finds some vent in other ways. The organ-grinders begin to think here is a nice place to stop at. The same one comes again in a week or two and meanwhile appears to have notified all his swarthy comrades. A man calls to say that he mends umbrellas. It is a shiftless calling, but he is forced to it for want of any other work. We give him a seat at the door, and hunt up all the old castaways of that kind on the premises, more from sympathy, than because his boggling will be of much use. Another man mends cane-bottomed chairs. He has lost his place in a chair manufactory and taken up this itinerancy for a living. We give him work under the cherry tree for two days, and he completely reseats several chairs that we should not have thought might be mended, if our benevolence had not got the better of our economy. A man begs us to give him a shirt; he is wearing the only one he has; would be glad to work for it, God knows. Miss A. finds two shirts partly worn, which she deposits with Mr. B. to be given to the man when he has worked out their worth—low at fifty cents, as she estimates. Mr. B. gives him a shovel; there is plenty of grading to be done around the new house. He shovels half an hour

and then asks for his shirts, pleads hard, says he is in a hurry to get to New Haven that night. He did not say that there were three other tramps sitting under the hedge waiting for him, and likely to go off without him if he stayed too long. Mr. B. insisted on his earning the fifty cents and then had a good laugh at Mrs. A.

It is pleasant to be able to say that several way-farers have come along asking for work to do when it has been given with mutual benefit to them and the Community. Two men, professional lathers, who had worked on the Centennial buildings several months, but had been out of a job for some time and had walked seeking work from Philadelphia to this place, happened along just as the walls of our new house were ready, and while they considered themselves very lucky, their engagement was also fortunate for us—they did their work cheaply and gave entire satisfaction. Another man, a carpenter, who put out from New-York to find work, and came here one morning saying that he had eaten nothing but apples since the morning before, is now employed on some part the house.

"O, if I were King of France,
Or still better Pope of Rome—
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home."

I'd have nobody begging for want of honest labor I am sure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Sept. 7, 1876.

EDITOR OF SOCIALIST:—I have recently had the privilege of visiting friends in the town of Danvers in Essex county, and attending meeting at the Unitarian church. I observed certain features which I thought your readers would consider as steps toward Socialism. The society appear to have obtained an unusually large lot of land though not probably with a view of tilling it for mutual support, but I was told that they have ample parlors for their social gatherings, and do not such departures from the old-time method of church-building imply a longing for the higher life which thirty years ago led to Brook Farm?

After service—and we had a sermon that did us good—I walked over to the Methodist camp-meeting at Asbury Grove, Hamilton, a few miles distant. The walk was a pleasant one till within a mile or two of the Grove when the number of vehicles rapidly increased and the dust became unbearable. It even penetrated the grove, and such large numbers had come in vehicles, from curiosity as much as any thing, that it really seemed as though there was more dirt than devotion. These meetings doubtless do much good because introducing religious exercises among people who would otherwise be without them, but I confess a liking for more quiet and orderly methods of worship, though I do not mean to suggest that there was disorder.

About twenty years ago I was last at Asbury Grove which then had been established but a few years, and I was careful to note the changes. The number of tents is not perhaps so large, but there are now a great many small, and many of them cheap, modern cottages. The people live here not only during the week of camp-meeting but many of them all summer, and the owners are not all Methodists. That is extending and perpetuating the revival spirit in a way from which I hope very great results will follow. It is certainly paving the way for the introduction of socialistic ideas among the most rapidly-growing branch of the Christian church. John Wesley I think had some ideas of Perfectionism, did he not? The enterprise and strength of the Methodists need just now, it seems to me, the tempering influences which teach Socialists that the quality of the Christian convert is more to be considered than the quantity. If we could inspire the leading Methodists with a few of the simple truths of Socialism it would be a great step. But they will soon hear more of these truths, and with them hearing is believing.

Como.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1876.

DEAR SOCIALIST:—Your correspondent C. W. F. (Aug. 22), says, "I have just noticed in the papers that the Springfield Association has failed." Though my knowledge of the Association is derived entirely from your columns, my interest in it has been almost as deep as if the members had been my personal friends; and the announcement of its failure gives me real pain, which is aggravated perhaps, by the somewhat cynical comments of C. W. F. I confess that I expected for the Association a long and prosperous life, and am greatly disappointed at the result; and I believe I express the wish of many of your readers when I ask you to give us, if possible, some particulars of the nature and causes of the failure.

A. C.

[We have written to the founder of the Industrial Works, asking for an account of the causes of their failure. If he responds favorably, we will at once give the information our correspondent desires.—ED. AM. SO.]

A boy of five years was "playing rail-road" with his sister of two and a-half years. Drawing her upon a foot-stool, he imagined himself both the engine and the con-

ductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New-York," and in a moment after "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said, eagerly: "Top! I des I'll dit out here."

THE AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG.

[From Nature.]

Two kinds of boomerang are made, one called "marndwullun wunkun," that is the "boomerang," as I may translate the term "wunkun," which turns round; "marndwullun" is equally applied to the returning flight of a bird as to a boomerang. The second kind of boomerang is called "tootgundy wunkun," that is the boomerang which goes straight on, "toot" meaning something "straight" or "erect."

The two boomerangs differ in their construction. The second (straight) kind being thicker, longer, and less curved than the first, I shall call, as a matter of convenience, the "marndwullun" No. 1, and the "tootgundy" No. 2.

With No. 1 there is no certainty of hitting the mark. It may come back too quickly, and may hit your own friends standing near you. In choosing a boomerang like No. 2, in preference, it will be more sure to hit the object, and will generally penetrate the mark with the point which has been held in the hand. A black fellow will prefer one of the kind No. 2, if required for fighting. That is, he can make more sure of hitting his enemy. With No. 1 he will probably miss, or even injure his friends, as it is difficult to tell where it will come back to. If No. 1 strikes an object it will never return; besides it is generally too light to do much execution. These statements, which I have recorded as nearly as possible as given to me to-day, quite confirm my own observations made during the last twenty years in Victoria, South Australia, New South Wales, the Queensland Back country, and Central Australia. In Cooper's Creek I have seen boomerangs No. 1 used by the natives to kill ducks and birds in general which fly in flocks. They seemed unable to calculate where its course would be among them, and some were hit; the boomerang and the bird both fell. I have often seen these weapons thrown but never saw one return after striking an object. If slightly touching an object in its course, such as the small limb of a tree, it might continue a curve to the ground, but no longer in the same plane as before, and the impetus would be destroyed. A third kind of boomerang is used in Central Australia, as far at least as near to the tropics about the 141st meridian (north of Sturt's Desert), which I think is only used for fighting at close quarters. Speaking from memory this variety is probably about 4 or 5 feet in length and of heavy wood. I have rarely seen them carried, but have found them concealed near to or lying in the huts of camps from which the natives had fled at my approach. Finally, I have great doubt whether any of the natives can tell beforehand whether a boomerang No. 1 will, when finished, be a good "marndwullun wunkun" or not; and it is not uncommon for an aborigine, if he finds his boomerang to return instead of going straight to its mark, to heat it in the ashes and straighten it, so that the blade lies in one plane.

The boomerang throwing to which I have referred took place on the open flat lying between the River Mitchell and its branch known as the Backwater. It was open and well suited for the purpose, but a seabreeze was blowing. There were present eight black fellows from different localities, extending from the Mitchell River to the Snowy River. Among them was Lamby, the hero of the fight which I have narrated, Toolabar, a brother of the man Barny, and Long Harry, the acknowledged boomerang-thrower of the whole district; so much so that when I suggested that he should be called for the future "Bungil Wunkun," i. e. "He of the Boomerang," the term was received with acclamation, and it is not improbable that for the future this may be his native name. The only boomerang we had was one of the "marndwullun," or returning sort. Throws were made by all, and the defects of the throws as well as of the instrument pointed out by one or the other almost in the same terms. One arm of the boomerang was held to be too much curved for the instrument to return near the thrower. The throws proved this to be the case, as it was evidently impossible for the thrower or the spectators to tell exactly what the course of the missile would be in returning. In some cases it flew past over our heads and fell in the rear, at others flew in the opposite direction far to the front. The explanation of this given me was that it was partly due to the uncertainty of the boomerang's return flight unless of rare perfection in make, and partly due to the wind which affected its course. I found that the throws could be placed in two classes, one in which the boomerang was held when thrown in a plane perpendicular to the horizon, the other in which one plane of the boomerang was inclined to the left of the thrower.

In the first method of throwing, the missile proceeded, revolving with great velocity, in a perpendicular plane for say 100 yards, when it became inclined to the left, traveling from right to left. It then circled upwards, the plane in which it revolved indicating a cone, the apex of which would lie some distance in front of the thrower. When the boomerang in traveling passed round to a point above and somewhat to the right of the thrower, and perhaps 100 feet above the ground, it appeared to become stationary for a moment; I can only use the term *hovering* to describe it. It then commenced to descend, still revolving in the same direction, but the curve followed was reversed, the boomerang traveling from left to right, and the speed rapidly increasing, it flew far to the rear. At high speed a sharp whistling noise could be heard. In the second method, which was shown by "bungil wunkun," and elicited admiring ejaculations of "ko-ki" from the black fellows, the boomerang was thrown in a plane considerably inclined to the left. It there flew forward for say the same distance as before, gradually curving upwards, when it seemed to "soar" up—this is the best term—just as a bird may be seen to circle upwards with extended wings. The boomerang of course was all this time revolving rapidly. It is difficult to estimate the height to which it soared, making, I think, two gyrations; but judging from the height of neighboring trees on the river bank, which it surmounted, it may have reached 150 feet. It then soared round and round in a decreasing spiral and fell about 100 yards in front of the thrower. This was performed several times. The descending curve passed the thrower, I

think, three times. Other throws were spoiled by the wind, which carried the boomerang far to the front. I observed, and some of the aborigines confirmed it, that the thrower preferred throwing with the wind. Another method of throwing was mentioned, namely, to throw the boomerang in such a manner that it would strike the ground with its flat side some distance in front of the thrower. It would then rise upwards in a spiral, returning in the same. This was not attempted as it was decided that the boomerang was not strong enough. A final throw in a vertical plane so that the missile struck the ground violently fifty or sixty yards in advance terminated the display. It ricocheted three times with a twanging noise and split along the center. My black friends said they should soon manufacture a number of the best constructed "wunkun" to show me. I observed that the spectators stood about a hundred yards on one side of the thrower, and when the boomerang in its gyrations approached us every black fellow had his eyes sharply fixed on it. The fact stated by them that it was dangerous was well shown in one instance, where it suddenly wheeled and flew so close over us that I and Toolabar fell over each other in dodging it. The expression used by them was "Marndwullun no good for fight; if he no hit 'em man might come back and hit your friend beside you." I questioned the black fellows as to whether they thought a boomerang could be thrown so as to return to the hand of the thrower. Seven said "no," and characterized the statement as "jetbollan," i. e., a falsehood; the eighth said he once made a boomerang that when thrown on a calm day with great care would gyrate round and round until it descended to the ground not far from him, moving as slowly as a leaf falling from a tree, and that he once ran forward and nearly caught it. He said also "no Kurni (black fellow) can catch a wunkun when he flying—he would cut his hand open."

All the black fellows were unanimous in stating that a boomerang when it has struck any thing ceases its course.

I have now stated all that at present suggests itself as to the boomerang. I fear that I may have trespassed too much on your space and on the patience of your readers.

Bairnsdale, Gippsland, Victoria. ALFRED HOWITT.

WHY POLYGAMY CANNOT BE SUPPRESSED.

SALT LAKE, September 4.—The Grand Jury has made its final report. At the time of the impaneling of this Grand Jury, instructions were given calling special attention to the violation of the law enacted by Congress concerning polygamy. In compliance with these instructions a diligent investigation was made and they reported as follows:

The limited number of indictments which we have been able to present against the violators of the law in question is not due to either lack of energy or to the lack of infractions of the law forbidding polygamy, but to the extreme difficulty of getting proof of polygamy marriages. The marriage ceremony is a secret one and attended only by the interested parties and those who either counsel its performance as a religious duty or profess to believe in its divine origin. Under these circumstances we think it unexcusable to expect us to get sufficient evidence to convict except in rare instances. Some of the witnesses leave the grand jury room and boast that we have been unable to compel them to give any information against the parties accused of living in polygamy. Neither have we been able to get proof from those who officiate at the polygamy marriages, they testifying that they neither know of a record of such marriages, nor have any recollection of the names of the parties to them. Hence we are convinced that until the law against polygamy is amended or made more effective, the crime must in a great measure go unpunished.

The United States marshal has attached Brigham Young's fine carriages, horses, drag wagons, and other goods, which are to be sold to satisfy a judgment for \$3,600 alimony due Ann Eliza. Brigham interprets this execution as a religious persecution.—Graphic.

Robust baby, out for an airing in his carriage: "Ah-e-i-i! Ah-e-i-i! Ah-e-i-i!"

Literary old gent, who observes the manifestation: "A-h! Does it make those sounds when it is pleased?"

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

The Republicans have elected Mr. Fairbanks for Governor of Vermont.

The subscriptions for the new 4½ per cent. loan amounted to forty million dollars, during the four days the lists were open.

The Graphic is advocating the substitution of Peter Cooper, as the Democratic candidate for President, in place of Mr. Tilden, who, it says, cannot be elected now that his reputation has been so sullied by the late exposures.

The Democratic State Convention will reassemble on the 13th inst. to nominate a candidate for governor of New-York, Mr. Seymour having persisted in his refusal to accept the nomination made by the last Convention.

The Social Science Association held a convention at Saratoga last week. They discussed the silver question, the causes of the depression of business in the country and the remedies for the present condition of finances, Chinese immigration, and other important questions of the times.

Mr. Rufus Hatch in a letter to the Tribune of Aug 31st., gives some valuable hints to those interested in railroad stocks. He advocates the dissolution of all the fast freight lines—the Red Lines, Blue Lines, White Star Lines, Merchant Lines, etc.—the Pullman Palace Car Lines and the Wagner Drawing-room Car line, of the Express Companies, etc. All these Mr. Hatch says are parasitic companies, whose dividends have to be paid out of the money of the stockholders of the railroads. He deprecates, also, the ruinous rates at which the railroads are carrying freight, and says it will only lead to loss to the stockholders. He proposes as a

remedy for these railroad wars, that a railroad congress be established which shall regulate freight and passenger rates between competing points on all railroads which have their termini on the seaboard.

The New-York Times of the 8th inst. gives a fac-simile of the alleged fraudulent affidavit of Mr. Tilden, in his income-tax return for 1872, and also a statement of the income actually received, which the Times gives from facts in its possession. If Mr. Tilden cannot clear himself from these charges, his chances for becoming the next President will be much lessened.

The silk crop of Europe is reported to be about 6,000,000 pounds short of last year, and the Chinese crop is short about 1,500,000 pounds. This failure of the silk supply in Europe and China has caused the price of raw stock to advance from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per pound above last year's prices. The advance is felt in this country, though not as soon as elsewhere, and in consequence China silk has been shipped from New-York to European markets. The price of raw silk in Shanghai is fifty cents per pound higher than it is at present in New-York.

The presentation of the bronze statue of Gen. Lafayette was made by the Consul-General of France, Mr. Edmond Breuil, on the 6th inst. Mr. Breuil made a short presentation speech, and then the sculptor, Mr. Bartholdi, unveiled the statue amid the peals of cannon, and the playing of the "Marseillaise" by the bands in attendance. Mayor Wickham, of New-York, thanked the French Republic for the gift, expressing the high appreciation of Gen. Lafayette which was felt by the United States. The ceremonies were held in Union Square, and were attended by a large concourse of citizens and a number of military regiments, both American and French.

FOREIGN.

It is reported that the Pope is seriously ill from an attack of gastric fever; also Cardinal Antonelli is very low in health.

The assumption of the title "Indie Imperatrix," by the Queen of England, will be proclaimed at Delhi, on the first of January next, before an assemblage of governors, princes, nobles, and a body of 15,000 British and native troops.

The Emperor William, of Germany, presented a cavalry sword, richly adorned with brilliants, to Field-Marshal Wrangel, on the 15th of August, at Warnebrunn, that being the eightieth anniversary of his entry into the military service of Prussia. As the Field-Marshal was long ago embellished with all the highest orders, in the gift of the Prussian Crown, this was the only distinction available.

The well-known Assyrian explorer, Mr. Geo. Smith, recently died while exploring the Euphrates Valley. Mr. Smith was about fifty-one years old, and has spent the last ten years in research after more light on the early history of the world from the ancient inscriptions of western Asia, in which search he has been very successful, and has made many valuable additions to the knowledge of the history of the ancients.

The prospects of a brisk coal trade this fall are increasing, and owing to the small amount of coal now in market, many of the mines at present idle expect to start production again. The coal companies have reduced the wages of their employes from ten to twenty per cent., but the miners have so far accepted the reduction, with the hope that the demand for coal would give them steady employment, and if so they can earn more than for a long time past, as they have only had work half of the time.

The escaped "Boss," William M. Tweed, was arrested by the Spanish Government at Vigo on the 6th inst. He is now confined in a fortress at Vigo, and will be returned to Havana by the Spanish mail-steamer, and then delivered to the United States authorities. There is no extradition treaty between Spain and the United States, and the arrest and delivery of Mr. Tweed is a courtesy of the Spanish Government in return for the action of the United States in the case of Arguelles some years ago.

A fire broke out in an oyster saloon on the Centennial grounds, on the evening of the 9th inst. The fire was said to result from the explosion of gasolene, with which Mr. Murphey, the keeper of the saloon, was filling a lamp. The conflagration lasted about two hours, consuming some five acres of wooden buildings, and at one time threatening to spread to the main buildings of the Exhibition; but a change in the direction of the wind saved them. The loss is estimated at \$200,000, with only a small part covered by insurance.

The assistance of Serbia, by Russia, though not directly by the Government, is increasing largely. Daily-increasing numbers of Russian officers and soldiers on parole, are enlisting in the Servian armies. These volunteers are paid by the various Slavonic committees in Russia, before leaving home, and these committees also send pecuniary aid to the Servians. The loan of 3,000,000 roubles has been obtained in Russia on exceedingly good terms; and in many ways the Servians receive assistance from Russia. In consequence, the wounded Russians who are captured by the Turks are fearfully tortured. The atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on defenseless inhabitants, as well as on captured soldiers, is turning the sympathies of all Europe against the Porte. Though the European powers are desirous to avoid war, still it may be unavoidable, and it is reported that Russia is concentrating her troops at Bessarabia, and both Austria and Russia are making great preparations for war.

The Prime Minister's elevation to the peerage was officially announced in the London Gazette of the 18th inst. as follows: "The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignities of a viscount and an earl of the said United Kingdom to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Hughenden, of Hughenden, in the county of Buckingham, and Earl of Beaconsfield, in the said country." The principal tenants on the Earl's Hughenden estate have presented him with an address of congratulation upon his acceptance of a peerage. While expressing a hope that the country may long retain his services as Prime Minister, they express their gratification of his retirement from the leadership of the House of Commons, in the hope that his lordship may be able in the future to devote more time to the "many charms of his Buckinghamshire home at Hughenden."

—Pall Mall Budget.

SOCIALISTIC NOTICES.

The Publishers of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST will print as advertisements any respectably worded notices of Communities, Coöperative Societies, or new Socialistic ventures, with the distinct understanding that they do not thereby assume any responsibility as endorsing the character, moral or financial, of such organizations. The rate for these notices is one cent for each word, each insertion, cash in advance.

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Friends may obtain the Works of the Society by application (post-paid) to T. L. Harris, Santa Rosa, California. Lady Correspondents may address Mrs. Lily C. Harris, care T. L. Harris, at the same place.

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