

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

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

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

All correspondence should be addressed to

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

CONTENTS.

"Danger Signals"—J. B. & T. R. N.	65
Social Democracy and the Government of the Incas of Peru—W. G. H. Smart.	65
Socialism in England—E. T. Craig.	65
Coöperation—Voice of Truth.	67
Littleness in Greatness—A. E. H.	67
EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.	68
Points in the Workingmen's Movement—W. A. H.	68
How Would it Answer?—W. A. H.	68
Puppets—H. R.	68
It is So—H. R.	68
What Criticism Can Do—Communist.	68
Community Criticism.	69
Two French Novels—C. S. J.	69
Correspondence—C. M. C.	70
Music—J. S. Dwight.	70
The Minnesota Colony Located.	70
Stories of Poverty.	70
The Worst Kind of Counterfeiting—G. E. T.	71

"DANGER SIGNALS."

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Under the above heading, your last two numbers contain statements of what you consider the weak points in the Workingmen's movement. And these seem mainly to be, the dishonesty of officials, selfishness, and the increase in population. If the party had to work through the ordinary politicians and the present office-holding class, it must be confessed that its efforts would be hopeless. But the best men in society are distinct from these, and the movement, being like new wine, will require new bottles.

Much of the rascality recently exposed in connection with banking and other institutions was due to speculative ventures with the money of other people, offering a chance to become rich. Under the Coöperative system contemplated there will be no such inducements. Honesty or dishonesty are habits that grow upon a man according to use. It takes time and opportunities to produce a finished rascal. Your own SOCIALIST shows that your fears are groundless, in an article relating to Working-class Coöperative Societies in England, taken from the Workingmen's Club Journal, where a mixed business is done to the amount of ten and a-half millions; and yet there are very few cases of dishonesty. The English and American Trades-Unions have also levied and spent immense sums in one way or another, and dishonesty among officials is of rare occurrence. This shows that workingmen will compare favorably with any class in the matter of honesty. And more especially will honesty be assured in a general coöperative system where the income of every man is known, and where there is no possible chance for individual speculation.

As to selfishness, it is a necessary quality in certain stages of society. Do we not really owe much of our modern material progress to selfishness? It has given us a good foundation to stand upon in the advance toward unselfishness. As in your Community selfishness is expanded so as to embrace the whole Community, national coöperation, with its equality of labor and rewards, has no conditions favorable to the exercise of individual selfishness. It is really Communism in a degree, and is an essential step toward Communism, if this is to be our final social condition.

Friend Smart misunderstands me in respect to "all profits going to the mass." For instance, if, in addition to the labor-cost of an article coöperatively manufactured and paid for in wages, we add certain percentages for new buildings, improved dwellings, machinery, support of the young and disabled, etc., all these are national profits, and go to the mass. And society through these profits will provide so much now left to private enterprise, forethought and self-denial, as to practically compel the masses to provide for their future indirectly, through consumption, without realizing it. And the wages are in no sense profits, but are a share given for sustenance and private enjoyment, to be used as the individual may choose.

As to the pressure of population on subsistence, that may safely be left to the future. It does not concern us in the least. In some countries there are so many inhabitants to the square mile, in others twice, four times, or ten times as many. And it does not seem to make much difference in the condition of the people. In every country there is a vast amount of waste in useless classes. We cannot tell what may be the instrumentalities devised in the future. There is always some thing coming up to supply deficiencies. Our extended territory needed means for communication, and we invented steamboats and railroads. The telegraph enables us to hold instantaneous communion. As the whales failed, we found oil in the earth. We have not discovered the half of earth's natural agencies and energies. Malthus showed a lack of faith in God and man.
Pontiac, Mich. J. F. BRAY.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. Bray's disposal of our objections seems rather too hasty to be regarded as a definite advance in the argument; but we can use some of his statements as texts for reiterating some useful truths. He admits that unless the workingmen could get rid of the present class of politicians the efforts of the party would be hopeless. Here then is the important point of the problem. Can they get rid of these men? We gave our reasons last week for believing that the class of strong brain-workers now engaged in railroading and similar enterprises could not be suppressed. For like reasons we do not believe the workingmen could get rid of the class now engaged in politics. There are many evidences that admiration for smartness and brain-force is stronger in the working-class than in any other, and it is this very trait which leads the workingmen captive to the politicians. Can any one otherwise explain why the operatives of Lowell keep Gen. Butler in Washington as their

representative, instead of sending a man of their own class? How long will it be after the workingmen get distinct political power before they will be represented every-where by just such strong men as Gen. Butler? And does Mr. Bray suppose that the workingmen could prevent such representatives from finding scope for their talents to their own selfish advantage? The light and easy way in which he talks of abolishing speculation, while retaining selfishness, makes the thing seem almost accomplished; but it is possible that he may find that speculation, like a cat, has "more lives than one."

Notwithstanding the successes of the English coöperators we do not think their case analogous to the proposed Social Democracy. Some close observers ascribe their main successes to self-sacrifice on the part of men possessed of an enthusiasm for the movement, who, for love of the cause, undertake mental labor which would bring them much greater rewards elsewhere. This is Communism, and so far as this spirit of unselfishness can be cultivated we of course expect success. Even the political system of the United States, which now seems honeycombed with rascality, was begun largely in the self-sacrificing spirit. Some of the worst abuses of the present day have arisen from defects which the fathers omitted to guard against in very much the same simple confidence in human nature which Mr. Bray evinces. There are doubtless many such weak points in the Coöperative system, which would immediately show themselves if it were thrown into the political arena.

Mr. Bray brushes Malthus aside with a cheerful optimism which indicates but little acquaintance with the facts lying at the bottom of the theory of population. We doubt if one in a dozen of the opposers of Malthus ever faithfully read his book. Probably no scientific man has suffered more from unreasoning prejudice than Malthus. It is rare to find adverse comments on his theories free from epithets like "dismal," "gloomy," etc. He has even been accused of advocating war, pestilence and famine. Mr. Bray says Malthus "showed a lack of faith in God and man."

Now Malthus was an early example of the true scientific balance of mind, which approaches a problem desiring to discover, not how things ought to be, nor how enlightened reason would like them to be, but *how they actually are*. Thus in later times there has been no end of abuse of Darwinism because it seemed to lead to the conclusion that man is descended from monkeys or some inferior animal. And yet reflection fails to see how our likes and dislikes can legitimately have any thing to do with the actual history of the race got at by sound processes. In most cases of rivalry between man's conceptions and the facts of nature the latter are found to be homely and disagreeable, and only accepted at last by the pressure of inexorable necessity.

Now if Malthus' theories are true, the fact that they are dismal and gloomy must be ascribed to our own short-sightedness. The highest faith in God and man trusts in a good outcome even from such iron laws as that of population according to Malthus; and such far-seeing faith saves us from the error of neglecting the stern facts of nature which have us in their gripe.

We doubt whether it is best to resign ourselves to the dream that the Malthusian law can be safely left to posterity. Its consequences may be nearer than is generally suspected. We will present some facts bearing on this question in another article.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE GOVERNMENT OF THE INCAS OF PERU.

POINTS OF LIKENESS AND UNLIKENESS.

III.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I fear that some of your readers will think that the title affixed to this series of articles is a misnomer; indeed, I must confess to having conducted my share of the discussion in a very discursive, not to say *rambling*, manner. My excuse must be, that a newspaper discussion carried on from week to week is a good deal like a discussion in a "free

meeting" (one of Mr. Heywood's for instance), where the platform is entirely free, and where every speaker must expect to be questioned as he goes along by any one in the audience. I find myself engaged in a sort of triangular, if not quadrangular duel, and every fresh opponent opens a new point of attack. In the last two numbers of the SOCIALIST I am confronted by "Danger Signals" from an able disciple of Malthus, and want very much to say my say on that subject, but this would hardly be fair to you, Messrs. Editors, or to your readers; so, with a sigh, I must leave "T. R. N." to the tender mercies of some one who is itching to "go at him"—or for him (to adopt modern slang)—and *revenons à nos moutons*, the Peruvians and the Social Democrats.

Leaving out of consideration then, for the present, all the side issues that have been raised by yourselves and your various contributors since this discussion was initiated by the article in the SOCIALIST of Jan. 17th entitled "A Study for the Workingmen," which was responded to by Mr. Bray and myself in your issue of Jan. 31st, and again by both of us, in continuation, in your number of Feb. 14th, let us see what we have arrived at, thus far, and try to concentrate our attention upon what are really the practical questions involved.

Mr. Bray and I, in explaining and defending Social Democracy, are pursuing entirely independent lines of argument, not only as regards each other, but also as regards the "Socialistic Labor Party" with which we are in sympathy. Our points of view, and perhaps our ultimate ideals, are slightly different; therefore I shall confine myself to making good my own positions and arguments as well as I can, and shall only reply to such objections as are apparently intended to apply to something I myself have said. [This cautionary remark seems to be necessary, because "T. R. N." credits me with proposing to give the capitalists, as an equivalent for their property when the transition takes place, "Government promises to pay, in the shape of greenbacks;" and I am not aware that I have, as yet, made any proposition in relation to that important part of the subject.]

The article, "A Study for the Workingmen," was intended, as its author tells us, to direct attention to the supposed similarity of many of the features in the organization of the Peruvian government under the Incas with those proposed by the "Socialistic Labor Party;" and his object was, as he tells us in a subsequent article, "to draw on a discussion of practical details." I think his object was a very good one, and that nothing is more desirable at the present time than such a discussion; still, before discussing details, every one must see that the general plan and scope of such an immense change as that proposed should be distinctly set forth and correctly understood, not only by the friends of the movement, but by every candid opponent or inquirer.

The necessity for this preliminary understanding of the principles upon which our proposed new social organization must rest was present in my mind when your comparison of our system with that of the Peruvians, and your evidently only partial understanding of the former, induced me to undertake a reply. The questions with which the article in question was concluded bore evidence of the same misapprehension, and made me the more anxious to have our programme so stated that every one might understand its fundamental principles.

I suppose that by this time all your readers who take any interest in the subject have a general idea that the Social Democrats wish to establish a grand Coöperative Association for the production and distribution of wealth; that this Association is intended to be national in character, and coextensive with the territory of the United States; that it is to include all the people, all the natural resources, and all the wealth required for the purposes of the Association.

Thus far, the programme proposes nothing extraordinary or novel; such a grand Coöperative Association already exists; it is even broader than that proposed by the Social Democrats, for it includes the whole world in extent and all the people yet brought within the influence of civilization.

What then is the nature of the change proposed by the Social Democrats? and why limit it to this country? or, if it can be limited at all, why not limit it to some one State by way of experiment, or to any small number of persons willing to associate on such a basis? The answer to the first question let me reserve for the present. The answer to the second is, that an indispensable requisite of the change is, that the "Associa-

tion" must be under *one undivided sovereignty*. It must be a complete social organism. The answer to the other questions is, that it can not exist subject to another organism based on different organic principles. Indeed, the tendency of the times, and the rapidly increasing belief that a change in the direction proposed is a necessity, have already set on foot many coöperative enterprises based on different principles of organization, but which, with the exception of their educational influence, have neither led nor are likely to lead to any important results, because none of them are based upon right principles, and because—even if they were—the indispensable requisite of "sovereignty," and the power to maintain it, is wanting.

I will now endeavor to answer the important question, "What is the nature of the change proposed by the Social Democrats," and also by the Socialistic Labor Party?

The answer may be summed up in a few words; it is—A CHANGE OF CONTROL. But these few words convey but a faint idea of the meaning intended. A change of control for the Grand Coöperative Association for the production and distribution of the wealth of the United States! What does it involve? It involves a change of ideas, for one thing; a very radical change of ideas, and on very important subjects. It involves a change of ownership, too; the abandonment of the claim of ownership altogether in regard to some things, and very sweeping changes of ownership in regard to other things. It involves a change of social relationship also, such a change as will reach every body, and do away with class distinctions and class supremacy and dependence. It involves, perhaps, some changes of political relationship, possibly the abandonment of the federal principle and separate state-governments; a change in the basis of representation, and in the methods and machinery of representation; a reorganization of Congress or the substitution of a new National Council; new methods of choosing officials. It involves important changes in the administration of justice, in our criminal institutions and prison discipline; also in regard to educational and religious institutions, the press, literature generally, and the arts and sciences.

More than this, and perhaps more important than most of the changes I have suggested as involved in this great "change of control," will be changes of personal relations; as, for instance, the overthrow of the old relation of employer and employé, of the relation of landlord and tenant, of loaner and borrower, of debtor and creditor, of master or mistress and servant.

Other and still more delicate changes, it seems to me, are involved; relations in the family—in the home, between the sexes, between husband and wife, between brothers and sisters, between parents and children. A man and his wife and their children—the family—will be the unit of the State; one in interest they will be one in representation, one in sympathy and one in responsibility. Marriage will be the qualification for citizenship, and be looked upon as the first social duty of maturity; and as all will be able to marry at the time appointed by nature, and as there will be no temptation and no necessity for any other marriages than those of natural affection, there will be few incongruous or mercenary marriages, very little enforced celibacy, and prostitution will be almost unknown. Homes will no longer be given up for boarding-houses, or deserted every day by women and children to earn the bread their husbands and fathers should earn in factories, stores and offices, but every woman will be enthroned in her true sphere as the ministering angel of a happy home, and every child in his or her true sphere, learning and growing and developing into a healthy, innocent and useful man or woman.

I look forward to the time when our boasted public schools—so necessary to-day under a false economical system (just as work-houses, alms-houses, and other charitable and pauper institutions are)—will be abolished as relics of the dark ages, and home will be the theater of every child's education, with his parents for his teachers in all things but those technical branches of study that the State will confer as part of his industrial training.

But I fear that some one will accuse me of "slopping over," or at least of letting my imagination run away with my discretion, so I will leave this part of my subject.

I have just discovered, also, that I am creeping far down the second column, and must bear in mind the hint conveyed in your "Rules for Writing;" but my subject is so boundless, the interests involved so numerous and complicated, and the necessity of recognizing each so evident, that any condensation short of the positive omission of important points still leaves a great

deal to be said that seems absolutely essential to a comprehensive statement.

Perhaps I have occupied too much space with the effort to prove the non-paternal and non-communistic character of Social Democracy; perhaps it would have been wiser to have presented the system itself in a rapid outline, to have trusted to its own internal evidence as to its true character, and then to have defended it against unjust or mistaken criticism. But I have written according to the mood of the moment, have written nothing for the sake of rhetorical display, and shall be glad to continue in two or three more articles, if by doing so I shall not encroach too much on the other important interests of your paper.

I have yet to treat the question of "ownership" in relation to wealth and labor; the distinction between social and individual functions; the organization of our various industries on a social basis as contrasted with their organization on an individual basis; the influence of each system of organization on other interests of society; the operation of the law of supply and demand in securing a just distribution; the proper place of competition as a healthy stimulant of industry, invention and enterprise; the methods of securing a proper balance of industries and their most economical distribution; of distributing labor and capital where they are most needed and can be most profitably employed; of placing all men in the positions for which they are best adapted; of securing the most capable directors of labor and other officials; of preventing corruption and malversation in office; of the general control of public affairs.

All these points I must touch briefly, because it is in reference to them that most of the objections are raised. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the men engaged in propagating the Social Democratic idea have limited their attention to the mere social theory—"to the final results of their policy supposing it to be successful." The difficulties attending the transition are fully realized by them, and it is because of the immensity of the change and its radical nature that they have so little faith in superficial, reformatory measures such as those usually advocated by the class of so-called "labor reformers." The change proposed is *revolutionary*, and it can only be effected by revolutionary processes: nor do we expect to leap at once from the present very imperfect social condition to a future perfect one; but I, for one, do think that the change of system—the change of institutions—will be sudden and radical; just as sudden and just as radical as was the change of the industrial system of the South by the proclamation of Emancipation.

I will conclude, to-day, by stating, that after carefully considering the system of the Peruvians, I can find but one feature of resemblance with that of Social Democracy; namely—that it was an industrial organization on a *social* basis as contradistinguished from such an organization on an *individual* basis. Here the resemblance begins and ends, and the whole scheme contains not one single institution worthy of our imitation. The chief value of history is to afford us *warnings*, not guidance. There never was a time in the history of the world when society was so near perfect as it is to-day, and every age brings its own problems. Society progresses by a series of cataclysms, and although every thing looks gloomy now, it is only because we are approaching another great organic change that will seem like chaos for a time, but will result in a new birth compared with which the birth of this nation in 1776 was insignificant.

W. G. H. SMART.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XXIV.

THE "WHITEFEET" AND "LADY CLARE BOYS."

The immediate cause of the evils from which the peasantry were suffering was chiefly the determination of the landholders not to let their lands for tillage, but to convert them into grazing lands. This was an error in practice, because, with stall-feeding and tillage, the weight of food turned each year off an acre of tillage is about four times greater and will feed about four times the amount of stock kept upon an acre of similar land in grass. On a limited soil an increase of grass means dear beef, mutton and wool, less labor, and the destruction of the agricultural laborer. More grass really means less beef and less employment. This was the practical lesson now exhibited by the light of beacons on the mountain-tops, but none could read aright the burning and blazing lesson.

The peasantry formed themselves into secret societies, taking various names, such as "White Boys" and "Lady Clare Boys." The men were sworn upon oath to preserve the secrets of their association, and to act for

the interests of their class. The "Whitefeet" or "White Boys" were disguised by wearing a white shirt over their clothes and a mask. The "Lady Clare Boys" were disguised by wearing a woman's gown over their clothing, and a mask made of the sides of a black hat, with quills sowed over the hole for the mouth in place of teeth. These disguises were horribly grotesque, and when it was known that fire-arms were carried under the disguise the stoutest heart might quail on the approach of these hideous and savage instruments of discontent. In their wild rage they perpetrated acts the bare recital of which made the heart sick. One of these men in disguise visited Ralahine to administer their oath to one of the men who happened to be absent at the time. A carpenter employed in preparing materials for the houses fled and sought safety inside the water-wheel of the thrashing-mill, which, if the sluice had been opened, would have carried him continuously round and have killed him.

In one district bands of men, disguised with white handkerchiefs round their hats, and hay-bands round their waists, were going about swearing the people to pay neither tithes, taxes nor rents, and beating those who refused.

The Government had no clear perception of any practical remedy beyond the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the temporary abolition of trial by jury, the introduction of a military tribunal and martial law, as a substitute for the usual courts of justice. O'Connell had great influence over the people of Munster, but he had no remedy beyond "repeal," and denounced the promoters of the "Coercion Bill" as "men with heads of lead, hearts of stone, and fangs of iron." Ireland was in a condition from which neither the heads of the Church, the army, nor the Government could relieve her. She seemed as if sinking into a "Slough of Despond" and waiting for some Social Giant "Great-Heart" to raise her from her wretchedness and sorrow to peace, comfort and happiness.

My arrival at Ralahine at a time when secret associations, the "White Boys," "Terry Alts" and others, appeared to have full control over the people in defiance of the authorities, was a disadvantage to me. My appearance was in marked contrast with their homespun frieze coats; my language was to them a foreign tongue, and proved me to be a Sassenach; and their traditionary histories of the Saxon are but dark memories of conquest, confiscations, ejections, injustice and tyranny. Before the Conquest the Irish people held the land as the common property of the Sept, and knew nothing of absolute property in land. The chief was little more than the managing director of the association. The feudal notion—which holds all rights as emanating from a head landlord, came in with the conquest, and is associated with foreign power—has never been acknowledged by the moral sentiments of the Irish. With them the right to hold the land goes, as it did in the Sept, with the right to till it. The landlords were viewed as a mere burden on the land. Rent, without any service from the receiver, was viewed as robbery. The rental was wasted in maintaining, often in reckless extravagance, people whose only office was to consume the produce of labor. Let any Englishman or American place himself in the position of the Irish peasant, and ask if the case were his own whether the landed property would have any sacredness to his feelings. It is with the right of the cultivator that property is associated in the popular mind in Ireland.

These views were more or less prevalent in the South, and had induced some of the peasants to sympathize with and yield to the influence of the secret societies. It was soon very apparent that not one of the persons employed on the Ralahine estate was in favor of any change in dealing with the wage conditions existing around them. The laborers were moody, dubious, and discontented. Owing to suspicion, I was on one occasion advised when detained beyond sunset to return to my lodgings by a different route. On another occasion I was struck with a stone from behind, and on yet another had a rudely-drawn coffin laid in my way as an unequivocal notice to quit.

Although the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant was issued against illegal assemblages and midnight meetings, yet great numbers of the laborers met and passed along the high roads in defiance of the military and the police. On one occasion they met near the cottage of the widow where I lodged, and kept up, for a time, a wild uproar and noise, such as an Irish crowd only can utter. It seemed as if a host of fiends were let loose with a view of committing some desperate deed of death and destruction. The shrill clamor was neither like a wail for the dead, nor a cheer for the hope of the

living. I had little fear of death, but the fierce outbursts of feeling imparted a strange emotion, and a vague apprehension of violence. I was informed on the day following that the outlines of a grave had been cut by the removal of the grass surface as a warning for some one, but could never ascertain for whom it was intended.

These strange proceedings made my position very irksome, requiring great firmness, prudence and decision. To add to my difficulties the proprietor's family were opposed to the contemplated arrangements. The servants in the Hall knew that the "New System" was not desired by the family or the gentry, and their vulgar jests and coarse humor had to be accepted and tolerated with the best grace possible. I had, however, made up my mind to adapt myself to the circumstances of the people, and endure every inconvenience and all kinds of opposition so long as I could rely on the proprietor; but I remember that one day, while engaged in drawing out the plan and regulations, I heard a horrible account of a murder of a steward in open day and in presence of the laborers in a field, in the neighborhood, when my feelings were powerfully affected, mastered my constrained emotions, and I found myself disposed to yield. There were four murders within the first six weeks after my arrival, in the immediate neighborhood of Ralahine, and all marked by features of great barbarity, and all had relation to ejections from farms, exclusion from occupancy, or in competition for land, which was in fact a battle for life and the means to live.

CO-OPERATION.

From the Voice of Truth.

What is Coöperation? It is simply the law of harmony carried into effect. It is simply the practical evolution of the ancient fundamental truth, "It is not good for man to be alone." When two human beings agree to unite their destinies, to travel hand in hand over life's rugged road, there is coöperation. Sometimes the attempt admirably succeeds, sometimes not. Sometimes the yoke which couples the twain together is borne so lovingly, so gently, that it is only felt as a mutual support, a delightful bond, a soft and silken cord of holy love. Sometimes, alas! it is a galling, irritating chain, with sharp metallic angles cutting their way to the very vitals of the unfortunate victims who have thus bound themselves together. In this sad case there is no coöperation; there is only a fatal mistake, a miserable failure. This—the marriage tie—comes only under the head of coöperation where there is nature's first great law, the law of harmony.

Where a few, or many, weary and sad-eyed women so appeal to the sympathies of their life-partners that the latter thoughtfully consider what can be done to lighten the inevitable burdens of daily care, of honest poverty, of household labor which must be done, and these husbands, or, it may be sons, and brothers, are enlightened and liberal enough to know and to feel that ten or more isolated households, combined together in *harmony and brotherly love*, under wise and harmonious regulations, honestly adopted, and lovingly enforced—would lighten the burdens of all, and enable them to live more cheaply, more socially, more grandly, more like the followers of Jesus; and thus considering should put their theories into practice, put their means together, hire or buy a home—it may be in a city, it may be in the country—and lovingly work together, *making the Golden Rule the basis of their operations*—then we say, a grand practical experiment of coöperation would be tried. It would require wisdom to insure success; it would require self-denial, self-abnegation; above all, it would require a *hearty acquiescence* in that exhortation of the beloved disciple, "Little children, love one another." Such a Community, thus theoretically and practically established, while it need not interfere with the privacy and individuality of the family relation, would save a vast amount of the wear and tear of life, would warm the heart by the facilities for social enjoyment, and brighten and strengthen the spirit by the congenial intercourse of loving human society: for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." This kind of coöperation is eminently practicable, and it seems strange that men will not more generally try the experiment. Almost any thing is better than extreme isolation on the one hand, and a miserable tenement life on the other. In both these cases, coöperation, or the law of harmony, is absent. Every church, every benevolent association, every political organization, every business partnership, every government, every school, every family, is co-operative; and all require the life-giving presence of the great law of harmony to insure success, and a peaceful, progressive life. On a smaller scale, and in various little ways, there might be coöperation of the most practical and efficient kind. My neighbor has a very large garden-spot in the center of the village. With the present dearth of reliable laborers, and the scarcity of money to pay for labor, only one little corner of this garden can be cultivated. A practical and strong-willed villager is inspired with an idea. Day by day the idea enlarges itself, becomes fixed in his mind,

and he goes to work to achieve its fulfillment. "Why," he says to himself, "can not that large, rich garden-spot be made useful, ornamental, and profitable to several families, instead of lying there an unsightly object, and an unmitigated trouble to its owner, because of the plebeian crop of weeds which must be fought and conquered?" He happens to be an executive man; so, before he says a word about it, he lays down a simple, economical, agreeable plan, and forthwith goes upon a tentative errand to the owner of the garden. He presents his plan in simple words. "The soil of your garden," he says, "is rich; it lies in the center of the village; it might be made an object of beauty, instead of being covered a part of the time with weeds, which when cut down, lie upon the ground to rot and create miasma; you do not even plough them under." "I know it," says the neighbor, "but what can I do? I can not cultivate it myself, and I can not afford to pay for its being done; and you'll all have to bear with the nuisance as well as you can." Then the good Samaritan unfolds his plan. It is for several families to club together, pay the owner of the garden a reasonable rent, hire two good laborers to do the work, and thus provide vegetables and fruits for, say ten families. The details need not be here mentioned. The experiment is tried; works well;—each family feels a special interest in the coöperative garden, and they often visit it to see our bountiful mother, earth, providing food and beauty from her kind maternal bosom. The garden is a center of attraction, a source of interest, a spot for social gathering, and a blessing to the neighborhood. This is coöperation.

Then there might be a coöperative sewing-machine, a co-operative cooking-stove, coöperative libraries, coöperative stores, and so on. All that is needed is executive ability and *brotherly love*; and without this last all coöperative schemes must fail.

We might extend this article indefinitely, but must defer further remarks to another time. Will not the earnest, thoughtful, intellectual men and women of the present alarming era awake to this great subject, and use their time, their talents, their means, for the amelioration of the sufferings of the laboring poor, and for the discussion of ways and means to alleviate the present distress? All that is wanted is the feeling, sympathetic heart; the clear, well-balanced brain, and the strong, executive hands to do the work. Oh, Divine Coöperation! Oh, blessed Brotherly Love! come to our hearts and homes! O Jesus! our Elder Brother! our inspired Teacher! may thy divine lessons—often expressed under the pressure of Jewish ideas, and with the extreme language of oriental hyperbole—sink deeply in our hearts, quicken our intellects, sanctify our spirits, and elevate and purify our lives!

—Mary Dana Shindler.

LITTLENESS IN GREATNESS.

Every one is familiar with the anecdote about the ardent admirer of the Rev. Dr. Watts, who, on first meeting him, flung up her hands with the exclamation, "Can this be the great Dr. Watts!" The fair lady's estimate of the Reverend Doctor's mind had so influenced her in her ideal conceptions of his *personnel*, that she was overwhelmed when a little, boy-like man, scarcely five feet tall, was presented to her as the author of the learned "Essay on the Mind," and of the "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" she loved so much. Like this lady, are we not all apt to think that those whom we admire for certain noble traits are generally admirable clear through—paragons physically and mentally? Perhaps, however, the good God never intended to bestow all the wisdom and knowledge, the virtue and beauty, on one single soul. However this may be, I notice that those whom long experience has convinced of the doctrine of "littleness in greatness" seem to take pleasure in going out on the public highways and sowing broadcast their shrewd, worldly-wise ideas. Whether the mission to disenchant is a praiseworthy one or not I don't say. I well remember, how, two years ago about this time, one of my heroic ideals was rudely shocked by reading Junius Henri Browne's iconoclastic slashing of Carlyle in the *Galaxy*. Then, in late years, all classes of historical writers from Froude to Dickens, seem to delight in turning our well-established ideals topsy-turvy. Their array of facts, as well as the wit and zest in their work which such writers show, is often bewildering to the hero-worshipping part of our nature.

The other day I read an article in the *Popular Science Monthly's Supplement* for January, on "The Weaknesses of Great Men." (It was taken from the *Cornhill Magazine*.) The writer says that the weaknesses of the great are much more interesting to the "student of humanity" than the facts and traits about them which won for them their renown. *These* are the "dry bones of history," says he. Then he dishes up for us tender, juicy mouthfuls of meat to put with the

"bones." We learn how one world-renowned military genius paid great attention to the oiling and curling of his hair, another was affected and extravagant in his dress, and still another disgustingly slovenly. The foolish fondness shown by prominent civilians (from the philosopher to the financier) for a title is exemplified, as well as the indulgence in stimulants by great authors and orators, from gin and tobacco to tea and soda-water; the hypocrisy of some, the stupendous conceit of others, and so on. This is undeniably entertaining. Still, I imagine most of us will go on idealizing the great whom we admire, as rapturously as ever.

After all, is not this an amiable weakness of simple, inconsistent human nature? I imagine it will remain a weakness, in spite of all the homilies of the disenchanters. As Elisabeth Stuart Phelps says, "Despite our most conscientious endeavor to go on cutting bread and butter, it is on ideals that the world's starvation is fed."

But supposing we are obliged in many humiliating ways to recognize the fact that the men thought great above their fellows in a certain line of things are still human beings, subject to their share of human nature's foibles—What then? Why then, I say, let us not be misanthropes, but remember that we all, from "the least unto the greatest," hold our talents not in our own right, but as stewards. So remembering, we shall not be tempted to contemn, but rather the more to reverence, "the great" as chosen mediums appointed to a certain work by Him in whom "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1878.

MR. SMART is full of ideas this week. His article gives us new glimpses of the coming Revolution. For one thing he declares outright that it is to be a real Revolution, like that which swept over the South when slavery was abolished; and, we take it, that means violent military Revolution. Remembering that the Southern Revolution was not effected by the negro laborers but by the brain-workers of the North, and that the negroes have fallen back under the control of the brain-workers of the South as soon as Northern interference has been withdrawn, it is difficult to see how there can be any hopeful analogy between the proposed Revolution of the Workingmen and the war of Southern Emancipation.—For another thing Mr. Smart helps us to a concrete conception of the new social order proposed, by defining it as a system of National Cooperation. This suggests the important question whether it is best to venture on such vast experiments to begin with, or to start with small experiments and work from particulars to generals, as practical wisdom is developed by experience. We are always in favor of the "mustard-seed" way of evolving kingdoms.—For a third thing Mr. Smart discloses a new and interesting feature of the new *régime*, in his intimation that marriage is to be raised into a prerequisite of the right of suffrage, and that the family is to be the unit of representation. We suppose of course that the man is to be the family representative. This seems to be a going back, not only in the anti-Malthusian direction, but against the popular current of woman's rights. But Mr. Smart, no doubt, has thought of all these questionable features and is full of explanations that will make them smooth.—Indeed we think he is too full of ideas to be a satisfactory writer. He is always gentlemanly and genial, and his style is lucid and musical when he really undertakes to clear up a point; but he gets embarrassed by the multiplicity of points that he wants to clear up, and so wastes a great deal of his attention on explanations of his whereabouts in the argument and what he proposes to do and what he will have to leave undone. In this way he makes long articles. He would do better to concentrate his aim on a single bird at each shot and let the rest of the flock go.

POINTS

FOR CONSIDERATION IN THE WORKINGMEN'S MOVEMENT.

1. The workingmen do not claim that the principles or methods of their party are fully matured. They hold them subject to any degree of modification. They are not even agreed among themselves in respect to many important matters, any more than the Republican and Democratic parties are agreed on questions of finance, tariff, internal taxation, civil-service reform, etc. They criticise their own platform, and occasionally reconstruct it, throwing out old planks and putting

in new ones; and they receive suggestions for its improvement from persons outside of their own party.

2. The political organization of the workingmen is only a single phase of the general movement for the improvement of the conditions of the masses. Were their party dissolved to-day the more important elements which called it into existence would still remain and find other ways of asserting themselves.

3. These elements—*i. e.*, the fundamental causes underlying the workingmen's movement—have been operative for centuries, perhaps for ages, gathering new force with every successive step in civilization, and ever lifting mankind on to higher and higher planes, and compelling the so-called "higher classes" to yield up one after another of their prerogatives. History is a record of the battles and victories of these elements or forces.

4. These battles have been fought and these victories won under a great variety of conditions and circumstances; but the struggles have been violent and destructive in proportion as unyielding obstinacy has characterized both sides.

5. Hence the path of wisdom in the present crisis is the path of moderation and conciliation, in which each party inquires, "How can steps be taken which shall safely effect the changes which surely impend?" In a wise answer to this question all classes are equally interested.

We have received, too late for insertion this week, a letter from Mr. Joel A. H. Ellis in which he announces that every thing promises well for the successful organization of an "Industrial Home Company" on the Virginia estate of Col. Edward Daniels. These men are evidently in earnest, and we hope they will succeed in founding a permanent Home. Mr. Ellis may be addressed at Springfield, Vt., until March 15th; after that date at Industrial Home Company, Ionia, Fairfax Co., Virginia.

HOW WOULD IT ANSWER?

We have before us an excellent little work on the "Care of the Sick," prepared by a "Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and Physician to several of the Charitable Institutions of the City," and distributed free by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York to its policy holders. It is manifestly the interest of the said Company to have those whom it insures live as long as possible. If it insures a man's life for ten years, and it is prolonged beyond that time, the Company saves the payment of the amount of insurance. Every rule given in this work seems calculated to effect this result. What if the example of the Insurance Company were applied generally? How would it answer to so arrange the payment of the physician's fees that it would be for his interest to have no sick in his parish?—the lawyer's fees so that his chief anxiety would be to keep men out of litigation?—the salaries of judges and juries so that, in case of trial, it should be for their interest to have justice secured most expeditiously?—of legislators so that they would gain by short sessions?—of government officers so that they would steer clear of political entanglements at home and abroad? etc. etc. This is not entirely chimerical. There are peoples among whom the "medicine men" fare best when every body is well. There are commercial firms in the large cities which pay lawyers good salaries to keep them clear of all legal complications. At present certain classes in Society live by taxing the diseases and quarrels of the rest, and of course are naturally under the temptation to increase rather than diminish these evils. Every one will say that it would be better could it be so arranged that it would be for their interest to diminish them. Perhaps the workingmen, in their efforts to improve the conditions of Society, will give some consideration to this matter.

PUPPETS.

To the question, Will the new Pope be contented with his spiritual sovereignty without assuming any pretensions to temporal power? the *Graphic* makes a doubtful answer. It thinks the chances that a man chosen by the requisite majority of the Sacred College should really be a "moderate" in the modern acceptation of that term are very slim. Admitting Cardinal Pecci to have been a "moderate" the *Graphic* thinks that Leo XIII. will prove a conservative, shrewdly arguing as follows:

"An organization like the Papacy, with a great history behind it, has a life of its own, and a tendency of its own, quite apart from the personality of its ostensible head. The most self-willed and theoretically autocratic King or Emperor or

Pope finds himself in many cases a mere puppet in the hands of the astute heads of bureaus or congregations or sacred societies, and do as he will, and squirm as he may, he is fated to obey. To resist the secret and all-pervading influences of these tendencies—of the very atmosphere in which he lives—is what very few of even the most gifted of the sons of men are able to do. Men succeeding as liberals to the thrones of kingdoms, and Cardinals elected as 'moderates' to the Papal throne, have in a few months, sometimes after a struggle, and often without a struggle, succumbed to the inevitable, and have in a night given up the declared convictions of a lifetime and the most profuse promises. The heir apparent, it has been said, is always in the opposition; but when he becomes king he puts away childish things, and becomes, if any thing, more reactionary than his predecessor. Pius IX. was elected as a moderate, and yet for the last thirty years of his reign he was the most reactionary sovereign in Europe and in many respects the most reactionary Pope that ever lived. * * * The chances always are that in the end a trained organization will have the advantage over any individual, however able he may be."

Kings and Popes are puppets! Alas for human pride! The story of Nebuchadnezzar makes the same point. We are all bound hand and foot in organizations. The only relief is, we have some choice as to the organization we will be bound by. The Papacy "has a great history behind it." Spiritualistic philosophy teaches us that it has all the Cardinals and Popes that ever lived behind it—a vast Hadean bureau, in the hands of which the whole living organization is a puppet. The Catholics claim that the Apostle Peter is at the head of that bureau, but a better study of history shows that there was a clean cut-off at the end of the apostolic age, and that the Primitive Church organization and Papacy are two things. The Primitive Church is the organization for us.

IT IS SO.

The saying of Christ, "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all," may be taken as his dictation, but that is not the way to take it. It is simply a statement of fact—unalterable fact. Among the disciples of Christ, that is, among Communists, it works itself out as a natural law. Living close together in one family, it is just as certain that the most useful will get the power as that water will run down-hill. Persons who have the largest hearts, the most public interest, and the greatest capacity for serving, let it be hereditary or acquired, let it be because they have the best health, the broadest shoulders or because they have the best disposition, such persons will hold the reins. Confidence is the key of authority in a free Community, and the servant of all is sure to get that key. Pride and daintiness and personal habits of any kind which operate as impediments to usefulness will just so far hinder a person from rising in such a body. It is not the diplomatic talent nor the managing talent, but the useful talent that rises. Humility and patience belong to that talent, and the ambitious have to study Christ instead of Machiavel in close association.

WHAT CRITICISM CAN DO.

"Squire Paine's Conversion" is the title of a well-told story in *Harper's Monthly* for March. I have just read it; and while its sketches of human nature are deliciously amusing, I find myself more interested in its portrayal of the good criticism can do, and of the difference between religion of the head and of the heart.

We are introduced to the hero of the story when he is only a "hard-headed, hard-featured Yankee boy," and we part with him not until he has become a gray-haired man of sixty. We see the boy, under the influence of unceasing toil, money-saving habits, and the stern legality of the "Assembly's Catechism" (committed at seven years old), bred into a sort of human machine, which is wound up and set a-going to its own self-righteous satisfaction. This machine—I beg pardon—this Samuel Paine, is a "strictly moral young man," who of course experiences religion and joins the church just at the right time. But unlike other young men (who are not *machines*), he never went to picnics or husking frolics, sleighing parties or boat-rides, nor "waited" on the girls—but "grubbed it" day in and day out, the very impersonation of selfishness. For all that he was "highly respectable" in his career as village store-keeper, "buying at the lowest rates and selling at the highest; faithful externally to all his duties; ever present in church, never late at his Sunday-school class, never missing a prayer-meeting; a zealous exhorter, 'a master-hand at prayin,' as Widow Bliss allowed; deeply interested in the work of missions, and a stated contributor to the Bible Society; but at home—no, it was no home—at his store, strict in every matter of

business, merciless to his debtors, close and niggardly even to his best customers, harsh to his clerk, and greedy of every smallest profit. Nobody ever went to him for friendly offices; nobody asked him to be neighborly; no subscription-list for a poor man with a broken leg or a burned-down barn ever crossed the door-sill of the store."

When his meek wife presents him with a girl-baby, who becomes so bright and winning as to cause a feeling of "unwonted warmth" in that part where most of us have a heart, he is bewildered and "half ashamed" of such softness, and otherwise is as "hard-fisted" and unsympathetic as ever. His girl-baby, "Lowisy," matures into a most bewitching young lady, but her father's harshness drives her into rebellion and flight. "Miss Roxy," the keen-eyed old maid who is his house-keeper, brings him the news. Black with rage, the Squire "paces up and down the kitchen like a wild animal," raging and even swearing in his fury. Now comes his dose of well-deserved criticism:

"Miss Roxy eyed him with a peculiar expression. She felt that her hour had come. As she afterward said, 'I should ha' bust ef I hadn't spoke. I'd ben a-hankerin' to give it to him quite a spell, but I held my tongue for Lowisy's sake. But thinks, sez I, now's your time, Roxanny Keep; pitch in an' do your dooty, an' I tell ye it whistled of itself. Seemed as though 'twan't me, r'ally, but somethin' makin' a tin horn out o' my lips to rouse him up to judgment.' And certainly Miss Roxy was roused herself; she confronted the Squire like a Yankee lioness.

"'Look a-here, Samwell Paine: it's time somebody took ye to do. You've ben a-buyin' an' a-sellin' an' a-rakin' an' a-scrapin' till your soul—ef you've got any—is nigh about petered out. You call yourself a Christian an' a professor, an' a follerer of the golden rewl, do ye? An' here you be, cussin' an' swearin' like a Hivite an' a Jeboosite an' all the rest on 'em, because things ain't jest as you would have 'em to be. You hain't had no bowels of compassion for Lowisy no more'n ef you was her jailer instead of her pa. What's the matter with 'Lisha Squires? He's a honest, good-disposed, reliable feller as ever was; good enough for any body's girl; a Christian too—not one o' the sugar-sandin', rum-waterin', light-weight kind, but a real one. He don't read the golden rewl t'other side up, as you do, I tell ye. You make it doin' to other folks just what you want to do, an' lettin' them go hang. I tell ye the hypocrite's hope shall perish; an' you're one on 'em as sure as the world. 'Tain't sayin' Lord! Lord! that makes folks pious; it's doin' the will o' God—justice an' mercy an' lovin'-kindness.'

"Here Roxy paused for breath, and the astounded Squire ejaculated, 'Roxanny Keep!'

"'Yes, that's my name; I ain't afeard to own it, nor to set it square to what I've said. I hain't lived here goin' on three year an' seen your ways for nothin'. I've had eyes to behold your pinchin' an' sparin' an' crawlin'; grindin' poor folk's faces an' lickin' rich folk's platters; actin' as though your own daughter was nothin' but a bill of expense to ye, an' a block to show off your pride an' vanity, not a livin', lovin' soul to show the way to heaven to. An' now she's quit. She's got a good, lovin', true-hearted feller to help her along where you didn't know the way, an' didn't want to, neither, an' you're ravin' mad 'cause he hain't got no money, when you've got more'n enough for all on ye. Samwell Paine, you ain't no Christian, not 'cordin' to Gospel truth, ef you have ben a professor nigh on to forty year. You no need to think you was converted, for you never was. Folks ain't converted to meanness an' greediness an' self-seekin' an' wrath an' malice: the Lord don't turn 'em into the error of their ways; He turns 'em out on't. Ef you was a minister in the pulpit or a deacon handin' the plate, you ain't no Christian 'thout you act like one, an' that's the eternal fact on't. You've ben a livin' lie all these years, an' you've ended by drivin' your only daughter, your own flesh an' blood, the best thing the Lord ever give ye, out o' house an' home 'cause you was mad after money. An' it'll happen unto ye accordin' to the Word o' the Lord about sech folks: you'll be drowned in destruction an' perdition, an' pierce yourself through with many sorsers, ef you don't flee for your life from sech things, and foller after righteousness, godliness, an' the rest on 'em. You'd oughter go down on your poor old knees an' pray to be converted at the 'leventh hour. There! I've freed my mind, thank the Lord, an' there won't be none o' your blood found on my skirts ef the last day comes in to-morrer mornin'!'"

But "it was reserved for God's own stroke to bring sweet waters out of this rock;" else Aunt Roxy might have criticised in vain. As the Squire, convicted by her words, and the sharper judgments of his own soul, was trying to harden his heart and "brave out the judgment of his fellow-men," word was brought him that the train upon which his daughter and "Lisha" had fled, had met with an accident, and that both were killed. Then the hard heart was made soft and truly repentant, and Squire Paine's conversion was accomplished. His daughter was given back to him, alive and well, but

none the less did he show in all his ways that he was a changed man. At his own earnest request he was allowed to make a new profession of religion—(this time religion of the heart, not alone of outward forms and ceremonies); "and after relating his experiences in due form to the assembled deacons, he wound up the recital in this fashion: 'It was the Lord's hand done it fin'ly, brethring; but, next to Him, I owe this here real conversion to Roxanny Keep.' 'Halleloujah!' exclaimed Aunt Roxy, when Mrs. Deacon Adkins betrayed her good husband's confidence far enough to tell her this. 'I tell ye, Miss Adkins, I took my life in my hand that mornin', but I felt a call to do it. Ye know, David killed Goliath with a pebble, nothin' more; an' I allers could sling straight.'"

This is a specimen of the good of, and need of, criticism. Why don't the world organize it, and use it more effectually? If all the Davids would handle their slings in love, and all the Goliaths stand as willing marks, the "pebbles" of truth could be "slung straight" so as to hit only the excrescences of character, and every body be the better for it.

COMMUNIST.

COMMUNITY CRITICISM.

The following is one of the Articles of Agreement of the Esperanza Community in Urbana, Neosho Co., Kansas:

Article 19.—The Society shall hold social meetings at least once a month, or oftener if desired, in which the official acts, or public conduct and demeanor of the officers may be criticised, if done in a proper spirit, or the conduct and demeanor of the members, provided always that the criticism is done in a kind manner, and in gentle and becoming language; also the general workings and management of the Community may be criticised freely if done in a proper spirit and manner.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT. By George Sand.

GERARD'S MARRIAGE. From the French of André Theuriet.

A French novel is a thing *sui generis*, and to be perfectly appreciated it must be read in the original; for there is an ineffable flavor about it that no translator can ever render into another tongue. Still if we miss this nameless and subtle aroma in an English version, we have left the most salient characteristics—the keen emotion—the lively sentiment—the intensity of dramatic effect, which so often becomes mere unblushing sensationalism, even in the works of many of the higher rank of authors, but which never fails to convey to the reader a picturesque and vivid sense of reality, not always reached by the more sedate imaginations of us Anglo-Saxons. It would be difficult to find a French novel, even of the second or third quality, that is unmistakably dull. One can pick plenty of other flaws in it, however—it is flippant often, and superficial, making much of trifles that our graver natures are accustomed to consider too light for serious consideration: it will toss aside, with a jest or a sneer, things which we think deserve soberer treatment; but it does all this in such a graceful and airy way that, while we frown at the offender, we are secretly amused, as with a frolicsome child, who overturns the table and breaks the dinner dishes in sheer exuberance of animal spirits, without at all realizing the extent of his mischief.

Probably these strictures are not applicable in any sweeping way to the two novels under our immediate consideration. The first is a simple pastoral, narrating the loves of two country swains, piloting them through the usual impediments, and landing them in secure and happy matrimony. It is soothing, bucolic, full of the rustling of trees and the murmur of waters; and, tried by the common standard of morality, unimpeachably correct. There are two points, however, in the book which attract the attention of the American reader, and denote a different social condition from that to which he is accustomed at home, *viz.*, the lack of free intercourse between unmarried persons of opposite sex, and, as a consequence of this, the ease with which the principal characters rush into matrimony with a comparatively slight acquaintance and a certain amount of indetermination as to the actual state of their affections.

The same general analysis would apply, with hardly the change of a word, to the second book. In this case, too, we have the two young countrymen and their sweethearts, the difficulties to be overcome, and the final triumph, with perhaps the difference that the love between the principal couple is more pronounced and uncompromising than in novel number one. The same thing, however, to which our attention was called in number one is noticeable in number two, *viz.*, the constraint which exists in French society between unmarried persons of different sexes, and which causes marriage to be so often a mating of uncongenial temperaments, producing a discord which is only revealed when it is too late for a remedy.

We hold, in general, that a novel which ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine is incomplete to the last

degree, whether we consider it as a work of art or a picture of social life. Strephon and Chloe are mutually enamored, and all the obstructions to their passion only add fuel to the fire. Their ardor knows no bounds; it flames out into great bursts of fervent devotion, defying the world to separate their hearts, which are bound together by indissoluble ties never to be broken. Well, the hard-hearted parent finally dies, or relents, as in number two of our samples; or the impecunious lover unexpectedly inherits a fortune, or something or other turns up, so that they are at liberty to marry to their hearts' content. Now here is where we begin to want information. We care very little about all this preliminary billing and cooing, but we do want to know how many of these loving couples who have sworn so much impassioned tenderness, and endured so many perils for each other, have proved happy husbands and wives, and brought into the world sons and daughters who have been an ornament to society, and a real improvement in the breed of human beings. We will venture to say, that the proportion of happy marriages which result from this romantic and unreasoning love is very small indeed; and that may be the reason why our favorite romance writers only bring us to the threshold of the matter, as it were, and leave by far the most important part to our imagination. We wonder if Chloe ever gets cross, or neglects to darn the family stockings, or if Strephon smokes or is in the habit of coming to bed with his breath redolent of Kentucky bourbon or Holland gin. Alas for such disillusion; we regret them, but if they do exist we want to know it, and not allow ourselves to settle down into a comfortable belief, unjustified by the reality, that post-nuptial life is but a long-drawn and rose-colored dream of two faithful hearts blended in one.

As we have already observed, the perusal of the two novels whose names appear at the head of this article, or in fact almost any other French novel of the better class, will show with what a comparatively slight personal acquaintance the average French couple will enter the matrimonial state. This is somewhat repugnant to our habits of thought; but we question whether the moral of our English novels is after all so very much to be preferred. There are notable exceptions, to be sure, but the grand lesson which we are taught by the novels is, that intense, blind passion, which sees only perfection in its object, and which is ready to disregard every thing else for the gratification of its desires, is the proper preparation for the nuptial state.

Now it seems to us, that a person under the influence of such passion is in no better condition to judge adequately of the real character of the object of his regard, than the Frenchman who never meets his betrothed except in the presence of a third party. Any thing therefore which encourages this tendency to romantic, purblind love may be said, in a not unimportant sense, to promote unhappy marriages; for in proportion to the overestimate which two persons have for one another before wedlock will be the reaction when this ideal wears away before the close contact of every-day life and they find themselves inexorably wedded to each other's faults as well as virtues.

It is useless to try to disguise the fact that the novel is a power in the world; nay, that it has to-day more influence upon society than all other kinds of literature. And inasmuch as love and the general relation between the sexes is, and always will be, the chief subject of the novel, we hold that its true function should be to lead men and women to a better understanding of each other; to show them how to unite coolly, and with deliberation—not without affection, but without the unreasoning, reckless passion which is so much encouraged in works of this class. A series of novels which would show men and women how to marry so as to secure a happy home and improved offspring would be a benefaction to any nation, and if they were written with the genius of a Scott or a Dickens could not fail to have a marked effect on the social life of a nation. We know it is unfashionable to think of love as any thing but a spontaneous, unregulated effervescence of feeling which bursts forth uncalled for, and is not amenable to reason; but in this age of science, it is not impossible that we may find that science may be applied to love, as well as to other things. And the same may be said, with even greater emphasis, of religion. A love that exerts itself contrary to the action of these two great forces, preferring a momentary self-gratification to the assurance of future well-being, is not in harmony with the everlasting fitness of things, and can come to no good end. At all events, here is a good field for the coming novelist, and we hope in due time to see it adequately occupied.

THOREAU in his Essay on Walking, after giving a poem on the Old Marlborough Road, says; "At present, in this vicinity, the best part of the land is not private property; the landscape is not owned, and the walker enjoys comparative freedom. But possibly the day will come when it will be partitioned off into so-called pleasure-grounds, in which a few will take a narrow and exclusive pleasure only,—when fences shall be multiplied, and man-traps and other engines invented to confine men to the public road, and walking over the surface

of God's earth shall be construed to mean trespassing on some gentleman's grounds. To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it. Let us improve our opportunities, then, before the evil days come."

Perhaps if we improve our opportunities the evil days will not come, but days of universal Communism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Milwaukee, Feb. 17, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—As I think the new work on the "American Communities," backed up by the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, will help by its facts to increase the interest in practical Communal life, I send for a copy.

It is the desire of many that the Oneida people should take upon themselves other and more responsibilities than they do in the line of propagandism. After a great deal of thought I conclude that we, the outsiders, must try and find out how to do our part in the line of making known the claims of Socialism. I rather like the plan of E. T. Craig, the plan of a congress; but the Communities by request only should be there to give the congress the results of their experience. It must be, I think, patent to all that the responsibilities resting upon them are great, to hold the fort in the face of the opposition and wild disorder in society. My own desire is that they, one and all, may live, even if they do not grow in numbers or wealth, as a light to us, the outsiders. What would I not have given thirty-five years ago to have had them to refer to as examples, when, in my limping way, I desired to induce my shopmates and neighbors to even think of the possibility of people living together and working for one another.

And now, my friends of the outside propaganda, let us be able to say with Aristotle, "I have learned to do by choice what other men do by constraint of fear." This is as good a time as any other to advance the cause of Socialism. Men are being driven by dire necessity to ask for a remedy in these times of unrest; and we ought to be able to, and as I think can be, by the help of just such facts as the "American Communities" will supply. We can with perfect confidence rely on the AMERICAN SOCIALIST at all times to stand by the reserve.

C. M. C.

THE MINNESOTA COLONY LOCATED.

Our readers have been advised that ex-Gov. Sherwood, of Minnesota, and others from the same State have been prospecting through the South for some time, selecting a suitable location for a large colony. They have concluded a large purchase of Mr. Jno. Anderson, of Franklin county, Tenn., of several thousand acres, known as the Catchings and Ring tracts, including the depot at Catchings, and the entire property at that station, with all the land, houses, etc. This location is on the Nashville & Chattanooga R. R. They have purchased several thousand acres adjoining this tract, and are negotiating for more. Capt. A. J. Meigs, of Austin, Minn., and other parties of prominence in Ill., and Wis., are interested in the purchase, and a large immigration to this beautiful section of the State may be confidently looked for at an early day.—*Patron of Husbandry.*

I was once talking with a very interesting person, and one with whom it is always a pleasure to talk. After leaving him I found myself feeling like a pickpocket,—for I remembered that I had been led into criticising an acquaintance of ours in a free and uncharitable manner. In thinking over the incident, it became clear to me that this was the way it happened: The person with whom I was conversing was a man himself given to free and uncharitable criticism of others, to the kind of insinuation which puts himself in the right, and all others in the wrong. He was also a person of such knowledge and such intellectual force and insight that no one could escape the desire to win his good opinion. So, before I knew it, I was forced into the contemptible business of asserting myself and depreciating others.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting called the "Last Supper" is believed to surpass all others in what is called expression of human thought and feeling. The Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, who saw it at Milan twenty-four years ago, has seen it again, and thus he writes: "I find it as it was then, if any thing less indistinct. In the centuries that have elapsed since it was painted on the wall, the room has been used and abused so shamefully that the preservation of the picture is almost miraculous," and "more glorious in its ruin than the Parthenon or the Coliseum, it still displays the loftiest and best human conception of the Man Divine."

MUSIC.

BY J. S. DWIGHT IN THE HARBINGER.

Music 's the measure of the planets' motion,
Heart-beat and rhythm of the glorious whole;
Fugue-like the streams roll, and the choral ocean
Heaves in obedience to its high control:
Thrills through all hearts the uniform vibration,
Starting from God, and felt from sun to sun;
God gives the key-note, Love, to all creation:
Join, O my soul, and let all souls be one!

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

XII.

MRS. A.'S STORY.

The pleasant village of Liberty, nestled among the hills of Sullivan County, has achieved some distinction during the last twenty years; but at the time of my birth in 1818, it was hardly more than a name, being composed of a few scattered farm-houses, one small grocery, a saw-mill and a blacksmith's shop. The country was then new and wild with dense forests and large tracts of unbroken land, where the trees had been cut away; so that my parents, who were poor, were obliged to work very hard and put up with all sorts of privations in order to support their numerous family. I was the youngest of eleven children; and my mother died when I was but three years old, leaving me to the care of an older sister who was then about nineteen years of age. I, of course, remember almost nothing of my mother, but conclude, from all I have heard of her, that she was an intelligent woman and one who was disposed to make the best of her circumstances, which, owing to frequent child-bearing and hard work, were often very trying. My father was an exemplary Christian and a hard-working man, but too benevolent and honest to get rich. He was by turns shoemaker, stonemason and school-teacher, and as there was not always a settled minister to preside over our parish he was occasionally called upon to read a sermon from the pen of some old divine. This he would do with such unction that people used to say that they rather hear Deacon C—read a good sermon than to hear most ministers preach. He was a strict Presbyterian, and brought up his children to observe the evening of Saturday instead of Sunday.

I continued to live at father's until I was six years old, when the sister to whom mother gave me was married. As her husband was a peddler, she did not begin housekeeping, but boarded at various places, taking me with her. She was a very handsome woman, a beautiful singer, and wonderfully executive and skillful at any thing to which she turned her hand. She had also an amiable disposition, and was so kind to me that had she lived the memories of my childhood days would doubtless be marked with many more sunny spots than I can now recall, and my chances for an education would have been far different; but Providence ordered events otherwise, for in about two years after her marriage my sister died, leaving me again motherless, at the age of eight.

I then returned to my father; but as he had recently married a woman with eight children there was not much room for me, and I accordingly lived in one place after another, never having a permanent home during my childhood. Although I mourned for my sister with childish grief, I was, as is usual in such cases, unaware what a severe loss I had sustained until several years later. I never knew again what it was to have a mother's care, and as I grew older many were the bitter tears that the consciousness of this fact wrung from me. Indeed, so neglected was I in many respects that when recurring to those early days, I am often tempted to say with Topsy, "I spect I growed," for I had no "bringing up," but grew pretty much as it happened. My father, to be sure, had a great deal on his hands, with so many children to look after; but he was a man of very easy disposition, and so long as I had a place to live, he didn't seem to concern himself much as to the treatment I received. My stepmother was one of the most parsimonious persons I ever knew; the neighbors called her "stingy," and she certainly was extremely close in regard to food and many things. Yet she was not unkind, and as I look back I do not find that I have cherished any hard feelings toward her in my heart. I actually lived but little at father's after his marriage, and even when I pretended to make his house

my home, I spent most of my time in the family of my stepmother's son, helping his wife take care of her babies. I was very fond of children, and though so young could render considerable assistance in baby-tending. I did other work besides, and went to school a little. I learned to milk when nine years old, and usually had my share of that work to do.

At the age of ten I went to live with my brother-in-law's brother. He had recently married a gay young wife, and they were too much absorbed in each other to pay much attention to the welfare of the little girl placed in their charge. I accordingly had a very hard life with them, working incessantly from morning till night, and suffering neglect in many ways. I used to be obliged to draw most of the water used by the family from a well sixty feet deep, and any one who has tried it knows it was no light task. I remember being sent alone to the stable to milk one night when it was so dark that I could not see to find the cow. The horse and oxen were in their stalls close by, but I could not distinguish one from the other, and as I was not allowed to have a lantern there was no way to discover the cow but by the sense of feeling. What should I do? I was in great terror of the horse's heels, and almost as much afraid of the horns and hoofs of the oxen. I stood in the barn-door a long time crying and wondering what I should do. I would look toward the house and then toward the stable, dreading to go in either direction. At last my fear of the animals and the darkness became stronger than the fear of the displeasure of those who had sent me out, and I crept slowly back to the house where the man gave me a sound scolding and then went and did the milking himself. His wife was very much given to visiting with her friends and neighbors, and as he was away on the farm I was often left alone. I did not mind it much during the daytime, but when night came he would harness his horse and go to bring her home, sometimes being gone several hours. I then spent many lonesome evenings, a prey to all sorts of fears, for the house was situated between two taverns, and I could hear the drunken brawls in the distance, and see men in a state of intoxication go reeling down the road.

After spending two years at this place, one of my sisters married, and I went to live with her. I was then twelve, and I remained there until I was eighteen. Although I had all I wanted to eat of the plainest kind of food I had to work very hard all the time. During those six years my sister gave birth to four children, and after her third child was born her health failed to such a degree that the heaviest of the work came on me, which I thought hard enough before. The barn was located at quite a distance from the house. It was one of my duties to milk every morning and night, and if my brother-in-law was from home I was also obliged to feed the cattle. In blustering, wintry weather it was pretty tough for a girl of thirteen, thinly clad, to wade through the snow and drag the hay down from the loft while my fingers and toes were nipped with the frosty air. But the hardest task of all was the carrying of the water. We had a well, but it was of so little use that we used to call it the "thunder-storm well," as it only supplied us with water for a short time after a heavy shower; consequently for eight months in the year we had to bring water from a spring in the woods, thirty-five rods from the house. Besides being a long distance, every step of the way back was up-hill, and I used to be quite out of breath when I reached the top with my burden. When fifteen it was my custom to take the family-washing down to this spring and do it alone. It would take me nearly all day after doing the housework in the morning.

We always had flax and tow to spin and weave in the spring, and then the cloth to whiten and make, without sewing-machines, into sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, towels and garments for under-wear. In the summer we had wool to pick and card, ready for spinning and weaving in the fall. I helped pull the flax and spread it out, then bind it into bundles ready for dressing. I raked, loaded and mowed away hay, and also picked up wood and carried it in my arms to the shed for use in the oven and fire-place. If I had any leisure, aside from my regular duties, I spent it, not in reading or embroidery or amusement, but in weaving carpets to sell. We used swingle-tow for filling, as it was easier spinning than cutting rags, and besides it made better carpets.

In addition to hard work, I became inured to considerable discomfort. We lived in an old log-house, and it was a common thing in winter for the snow to sift through the roof, covering my bed and the floor so thickly that I could only get out of bed in the morning by stepping into a snow-drift. I was never well dressed,

and had nothing pretty or becoming to wear as other girls had. My sister was so busy with her children that she gave no thought to my personal appearance, and nobody ever told me whether I was good-looking or not, so that I grew into bashful maidenhood with the idea that I was very homely. My dresses were of the plainest homespun cotton and woolen, and I had no faculty for fitting myself in a tasty manner. I used to feel dreadfully mortified when girls of my own age came to visit me, because I could not dress more as they did, and then I always had so much work to do that I could never stop to entertain them or play with them as I wanted to. But the greatest trial of this kind which I had to endure was that of going barefooted. From the earliest mild weather in spring until the autumn frosts I was obliged to go without shoes or stockings, and this I continued to do until I was nearly seventeen years of age. The last three summers that I went about in this manner were full of mortification and wounded sensibility on account of my bare feet.

I had but little schooling during my childhood and none at all after I was fifteen years old. I remember suffering a good deal from cold during my school-days. I had no warm sack or hood or socks or overshoes to wear, and the house was very cold, so that my feet, which were often wet, would be almost frozen. When I was about sixteen there was a protracted meeting held in the Presbyterian church of our village. I attended a number of times and was somewhat affected; but I felt that circumstances were unfavorable for my having a conversion. My relatives were so far from being religious that I was sure I could not live as a Christian if I should get religion, and I accordingly postponed attention to the subject.

The winter after I was eighteen I went to Hamilton to live with an uncle. There my circumstances were entirely changed. My aunt was a very kind woman, and for the first time since my sister's death I knew what it was to have something like a mother's care and interest bestowed upon me. It was not long before I was converted and joined the church, feeling very happy in the discovery that there was something to live for besides work. At about the same time I became acquainted with the young man who was destined to become my future husband. I had often prayed that God would guide me in choosing a life-companion, and I know he answered that prayer, for Mr. A. was a sober-minded Christian, and surely, I thought, God does love me and has something better in store for me than any thing I have yet found. He proved to be not only a good husband, but through his influence I was brought to the Oneida Community, where, if any-where on earth, there is emancipation for woman from household drudgery and social slavery.

THE WORST KIND OF COUNTERFEITING.

The value of things seems to depend largely on their plentifulness. Gold is good for currency purposes because of its comparatively uniform scarceness and difficulty of obtainment. Paper makes good money if it can be kept uniform in volume. Gold would not be prized if it could be picked up every-where.

This principle of the *relativity of value* seems to apply to all things, including man. Essentially admirable and favored as he is, let him become too plentiful, locally or generally, and he becomes the vilest of all-abbored things; nature spews him to destruction in famine and pestilence; he becomes an object of self-loathing, and stamps the bloody seal of self-condemnation on his brow with the red hand of war—war, that supreme confession of failure to solve the enigma of life; that wretched, idiotic attempt to achieve by low force and cunning what he lacked loving intelligence to compass.

In the widest sense probably there has never been over-inflation of the volume of humanity—there is plenty of room for more people than have ever existed at any one time. But locally we can see too plainly that there are too many people. There are not absolutely too many people perhaps, but there are too many in some places, and there are too many considering the kind they are. Humanity is cheapened, diluted, debased, beyond all measure. The volume of humanity is inflated with immense quantities of a rather bogus article. It is a great mistake to counterfeit the human race so extensively—just because there is no law against it. Ought there not to be a law discouraging it? At least the law of public opinion might be arrayed somewhat more against it than it has been. Have the moulders of public opinion—clergymen, editors, writers and speakers in general—done their best in this respect?

Or have they feared unpopularity? I don't know; I merely ask for information.

We want better people,—which for some time would mean fewer births. One first duty of every man and woman is to produce no child whom they can not endow with a fair average vital, material and spiritual foundation—health, wealth and education. Children who swarm into the world to “eat up the corn;” bid each other down to virtual slavery in the labor market; make human affairs a low comedy instead of a majestic drama—are they the creation of love or of hatred? “Replenish the earth.” Yes; there is plenty of room; but replenish it with genuine human beings, not with cheap, chance-begotten imitations.

People! ye who do the hard work and go without the glory and the luxuries—do you know what your “superiors” say of you? One says, “The great misfortune is the masses. There ought to be no stolid, horny-handed multitude, but instead, gracious, noble men and women.” Another is in the habit of repeating that “the masses will never amount to the shuck of a blue bean.” Another calls the common people “voting cattle.” This is part of what humane, enlightened thinkers say of the voiceless many; and not so much in contempt as sadness. Certainly there is nothing that would rejoice them so much as to be able to think better of you. As to the opinion that the mainly parasitic classes hold of you, perhaps you know something of what it is. Get into the confidence of one of these and hear him boast of his triumphs over the common enemy, “the world,” that is to say, the people. Talent, in the meaning of these, is gammoning faculty. These are they who flatter you—sure sign that they despise you; we do not flatter those whom we respect. They live upon your weaknesses; they are the penal complement of your vices; they pander profitably to your sectional and sectarian self-conceit.

The river of life, that supreme all-wonder, welling forth forever from the depths of creative mystery—what a tragic jest is this that it can be and is inflated and counterfeited to vileness and insipidity by myriads who are little efficient at any thing else!

The slow remedy for cruel mispropagation is the awakening of the true love that walks hand in hand with intelligence. Let us be thankful that we have at last reached the day when the gradual formation of an enlightened public opinion upon this subject is becoming feasible. I trust that it is beginning to be in many people's eyes a less satisfactory offset against a man's failings or vices to say that he is the “father of a large family” (of poor and ignorant children) than it has been.

G. E. T.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

We've had an ice-time after all.

“It's a bargain,” says Chandler again.

Pitman on Cremation isn't delicate enough.

“Ram on Facts,” is a serious book read by lawyers.

That Woodruff Expedition hasn't any “go” to it. Never will have, we think.

The way to bring good times is to work all you can and not spend a cent. Eh?

How to make a State pay her debts is the question now. Will your lawyer please attend to that?

Senator Edmunds says frankly that he doesn't want to pay the postage on all the letters he has to write.

The English Steamship *Timor* has arrived in Philadelphia, where she will take on thirty locomotives for Russia.

Mr. W. N. Stevens, an educated colored man, and once a slave, is called the most eloquent man in the Virginia Senate.

Chicago has an astronomer who can see double—stars—better than any other man. He has discovered 160 since last July.

The “Fruits of Philosophy,” that book which caused the Bradlaugh-Besant trial in England, has a large and open sale in Chicago.

The Senate listened to nineteen set speeches against the silver bill and twenty-three for it—all carefully prepared and written.

Suicide by drowning is not the New York fashion. Out of 148 cases of *felo de se* in that city last year, only 10 went the watery way.

The grasshopper Commission tells us that the “hoppers” are not likely to plague any body this year; and may be not for a term of years.

When hazing comes to shooting, as it has done at Princeton, it is time to have education carried on by the sheriff with a big chinquapin switch.

Of the \$671,000,000 worth of goods imported into this

country in 1877, \$515,000,000 came in foreign bottoms and only \$156,000 in ships of our own.

Dudley S. Gregory was the man who loaned Horace Greeley \$1,000 and enabled him to set the *New York Tribune* on its two pulpy, infantile feet.

Bayard Taylor will be our Minister to Germany. He began his preparation for that high and honorable position by marrying a Deutsche wife some years ago.

Representative Joyce, of Vermont, is trying to have 12,000,000 acres of land-grants forfeited for the use of actual settlers and education in the several States and Territories.

They have an instrument in the New Jersey State-Prison which the folks call a “stretcher.” They don't “rack” a man there: they only “stretch” him a little, as if he were a thing laid out to dry, we suppose.

The silver bill has passed the House by a vote of 203 to 71, and we are not dead. Now when you sell a horse and take your pay in silver you will wish you had kept the beast to carry home your jag of ornamental stove-lids.

Prof. Edwin Smith and J. B. Baylor, two assistants of the United States Coast Survey, have been “re-running” the line between New York and Pennsylvania. They did not detect many errors in the old survey of Rittenhouse.

The Minnesotans have begun to raise frogs for market. Over 36,000 pairs of legs have been already marketed. How to do it: Cover your frog-pond with a screen to keep the birds from eating the eggs and pollywogs, and the thing is done.

The Bostonians are in a mixed state concerning their Old South Church. It is rich in associations, it is puritanically homely, it occupies a precious site for business. The latest proposal is to lift it five stories high and build a store under it.

According to a writer in *Capital and Labour*, a day's labor in England will now purchase from 25 to 30 per cent. more than a day's labor in the United States. A silk operative in Lyons is far better off in all material comforts than silk operatives in Patterson.

You will observe that that Cornell student fed himself for a whole year on less than ten cents worth of provisions a day. To that sort of “forked-radish,” life isn't a bad conundrum that you have to give up and then go a-tramping with your hands in your pockets, and your feet a-scuffing, and no purpose to go nowhere.

Our Commissioner of Agriculture is going to make the Colorado desert stately with the date-bearing palm. Charles P. Stone writes to him from Egypt: “From what I have seen of the date-producing regions of this part of the world, and from what I know of the Desert of Colorado between Carisa Creek and Fort Yuma, I am inclined to believe that the greater part of the latter region can be made productive and very valuable by making plantations of the date palm.”

See 'em all trying to push the old world forward. The greenbackers have just organized a new “National Party” at Toledo. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has made another speech to a Senate committee in favor of woman-suffrage. The silver men are trying to have work and bargains made easy by a plenty of coin. The Social Democrats want a government that will guarantee every man enough to do and keep his potato-bin full. Moody and Sankey are trying to put a little life into us and make us feel that it is worth while to be alive at all. And somehow the world gets forwards.

Let Captain Fairweather go a-sailing in that breezy, top-gallant style of his. When he beaches you on some moral sand-bank, and the mad breakers stave in your starboard and send their spume high-curving over you, it won't be any comfort to the widder and the orfin to know that he was the kindest hearted man in all Podunk, and hadn't an enemy in the world. You better go to sea with old Growler who slams you with his words, but who minds his chart and compass, and is mighty careful to watch for every rift in the clouds that will enable him to learn his whereabouts from the stars in heaven and the sun at noon.

Josh Billings, sometimes known as Henry W. Shaw, has had his portrait taken with a quill pen. Here it is: “A man six feet high, with a good, honest, down-Eastern, farmer-like face, bronzed as a sea-captain's, with deep, gray, snappy eyes, a slightly hooked nose, and a mouth whose droll expression is not hidden by the light gray mustache and beard which surround it. Behind it falls over his shoulders a full head of long, wiry, iron-gray hair. The face is full of an expression of strong common sense, and when the right eye winks energetically and the mouth opens sideways to let drop a drollery, it beams with infectious fun.”

It is a very difficult thing to keep the ventilation of a mine perfect. The men neglect it, and when the inspector is coming down, prepare the air for his visit. It has been found, however, that the anemometer, or air-measure, can be so adjusted that after a few revolutions it releases a spring which touches the vibrating-plate of the telephone, and at once, therefore, warns the engineer above that the anemometer has completed the series of circles. In other words, he hears in his office the rate at which air is moving in the mine, six hundred yards below him, and this without human

intervention. If there is not enough air, the same telephone enables him instantaneously, without rising from his chair, to call attention to the neglect.

FOREIGN.

Now hark! the new Pope is going to say something!

The English authors wrote and published 3,049 books last year.

It is predicted that the great London dailies will be illustrated papers by and by.

Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, in Cuba, but there is no peace in that island yet.

Professor Goldwin Smith is discussing the "Substitutes for Religion"—didn't know before as there were any.

Bismarck is said to be entangled in pecuniary embarrassments. Guess that explains why he has been so cross and shady of late.

The two Emperors have put their heads together and pacified Austria. When shall we three meet again—in thunder, storm, or rain?

The English have concluded to lionize Stanley. He comes back from Africa with a gray head, and with lines of anxious determination deep-graven in his face.

The Greeks are still helping the Thessalian insurgents. They are also organizing the revolt in Crete. They have got Pan-Hellenism you see. Great Pan isn't dead.

Seventy millions of Chinese are in a starving condition. In the North of China the distress was caused by drouth and locusts: in the South by excessive floods and rain.

Who is it that writes all those articles about the Pope? Somehow or other they make you like him, and forget all about anti-Christ and the "scarlet woman" sitting on a beast.

Every time the Cardinals vote for a Pope and fail to elect the ballots are mixed with straw and burned in one of the fire-places of the Vatican. The populace, who are watching the chimney from the outside for the signs of burning, say, "It has all ended in smoke—there is no Pope this time."

Do you suppose that Leo the Thirteenth can go into that old shop, the Vatican, and not turn out the same fabrics his predecessors have done before him? Not much. You see he has got to work with the same old tools and weave in the same old loom. If he were a younger man he might try to make new ones. Too late! too late! Do you want to make your institution permanent? Then wait till you have a lot of white-headed Cardinals on hand and always take your Popes from among them.

The conditions of peace which Russia is urging on Turkey are as severe as the most determined enemy of the Porte could reasonably ask for. The indemnity is \$1,050,000,000, instead of \$100,000,000 as first reported, and is to be secured by possession of Armenia. In addition to this Turkey is to give Russia \$200,000,000 in bonds secured by a lien on the Egyptian and Bulgarian tributes, the Anatolian revenues and the Heracleia mines. Russian residents of Constantinople and Russian holders of Turkish bonds must be indemnified for their losses, and besides, the Turks must reopen the mouth of the Danube. Bulgaria is to be erected into a principality and so enlarged as to embrace a large part of Roumelia, Thrace and Macedonia, and extend to the Egean Sea.

The new Pope is Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia, and the Pontifical Camerlengo, or Pope-maker during the interregnum. He was elected at the fifth ballot, after the Cardinals had been in conclave forty hours. He belongs to what is called the moderate party, and his election gives general satisfaction. Leo XIII., as the new Pope is called, is the first Pontiff for a long time to ascend a throne entirely spiritual. He is thus described: "Pecci is tall, with a fine head, high forehead narrowing at the temples, long face and straight features. He has a large mouth, a prominent chin, cheerful, open countenance, and well-shaped ears. He has a firm, serious voice, quiet dignity, some austerity of manners in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty.....The general opinion is that for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real moral worth and sincere piety, the Sacred College could not find a more deserving Pope."

Gen. Todleben has made a peaceable entry into Rustchuck. He hardly realized when he took Plevna that he had taken the whole of Turkey. Erzeroum is at last evacuated. The late announcement of its possession by the Russians was premature. The falling back of the British fleet from Prince's Island was not an act of concession, but to secure a better anchorage. Bismarck has made a very pacific speech in the German Parliament, and the effects have been good. He disclaims the idea of his country's taking high-handed part in making a new map of Europe. Austria has asked for a great appropriation to enable her to mobilize her army in case of need. Still the feeling is that she will act with Russia and Germany in debating terms with the rest of Europe on the Eastern question. Russia has made a somewhat peremptory demand on Turkey to have her conclude the terms of peace—one of which is the surrender of the Turkish fleet. The Russians will occupy Constantinople if their demands are not soon complied with. It looks as if they were intending to settle the thing themselves, and thereby take the whole business out of the hands of the other powers.

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