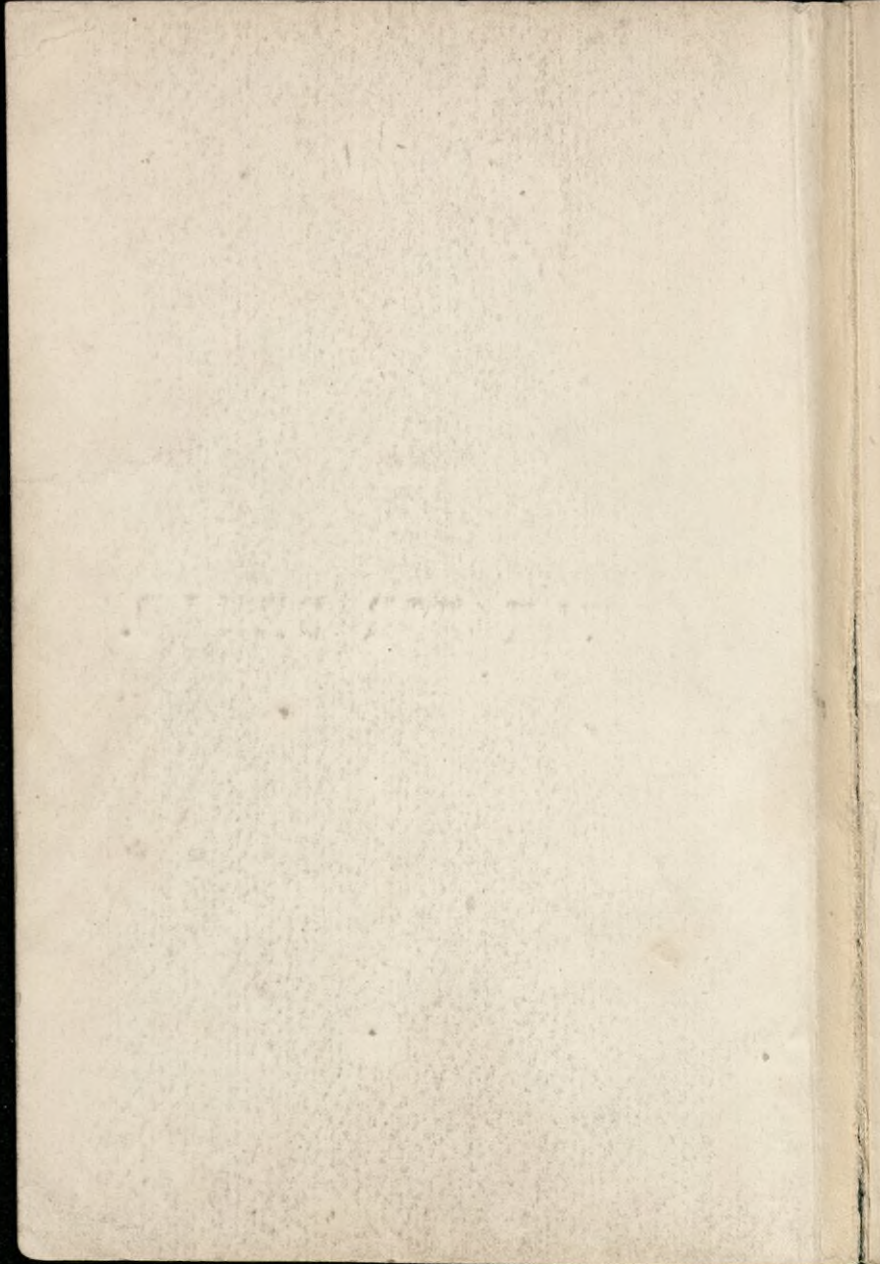
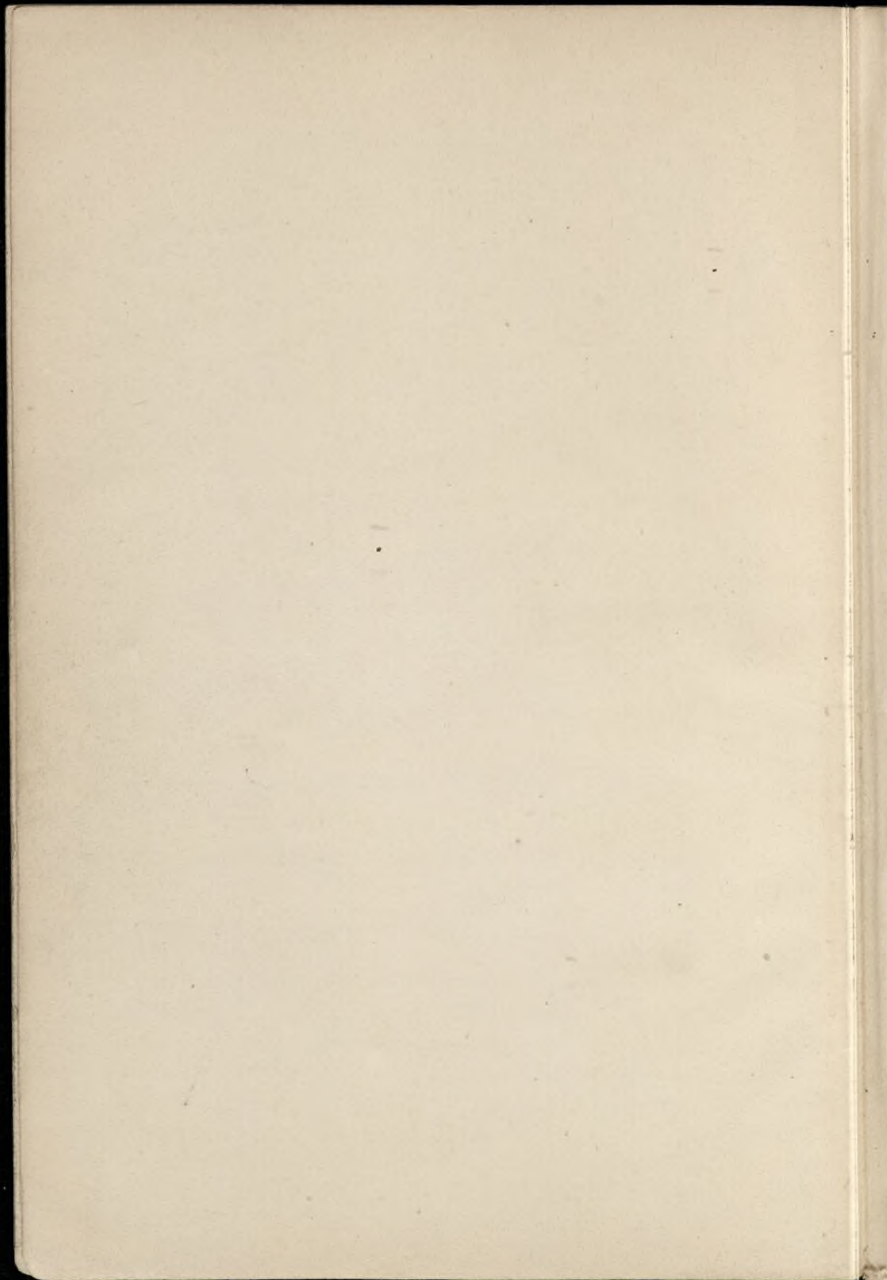
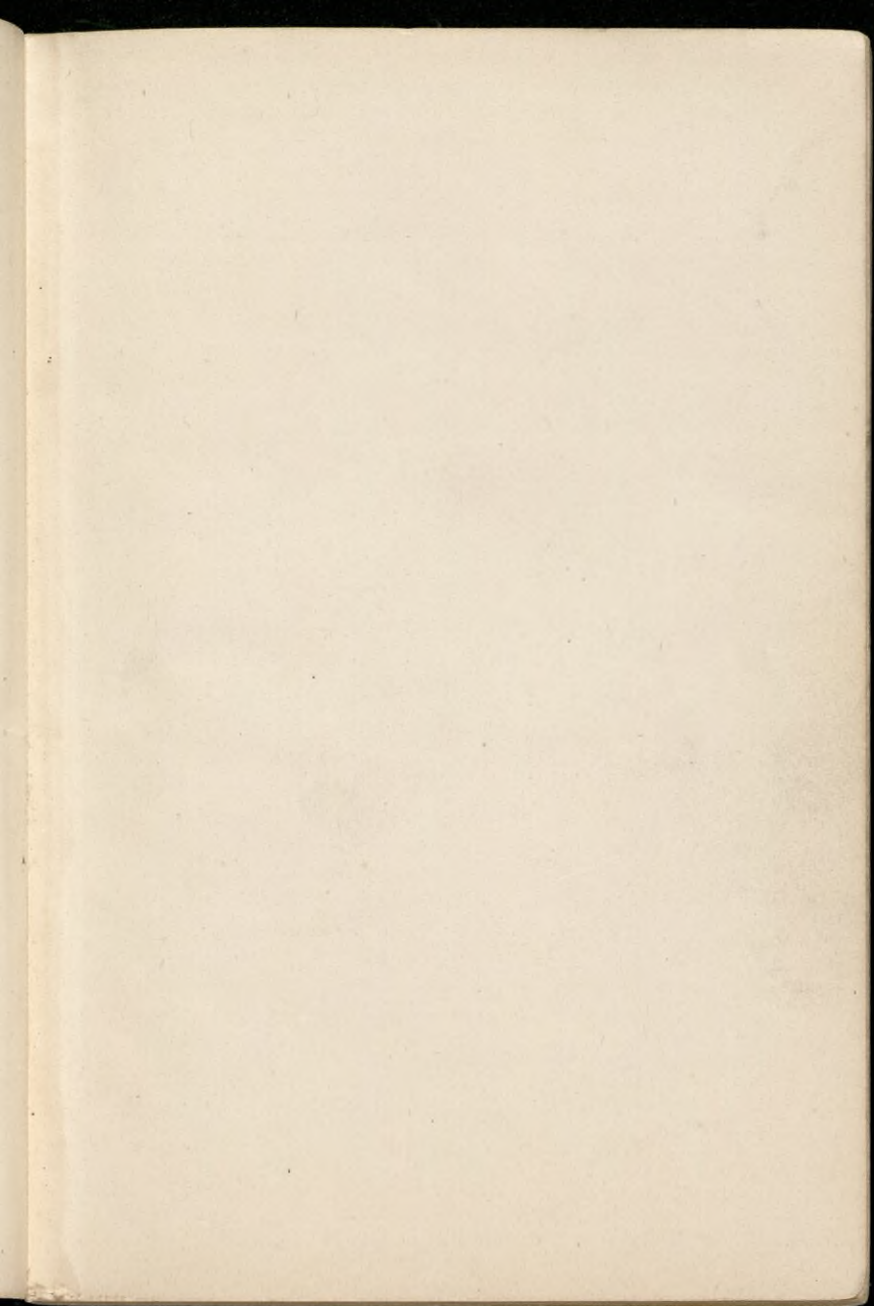


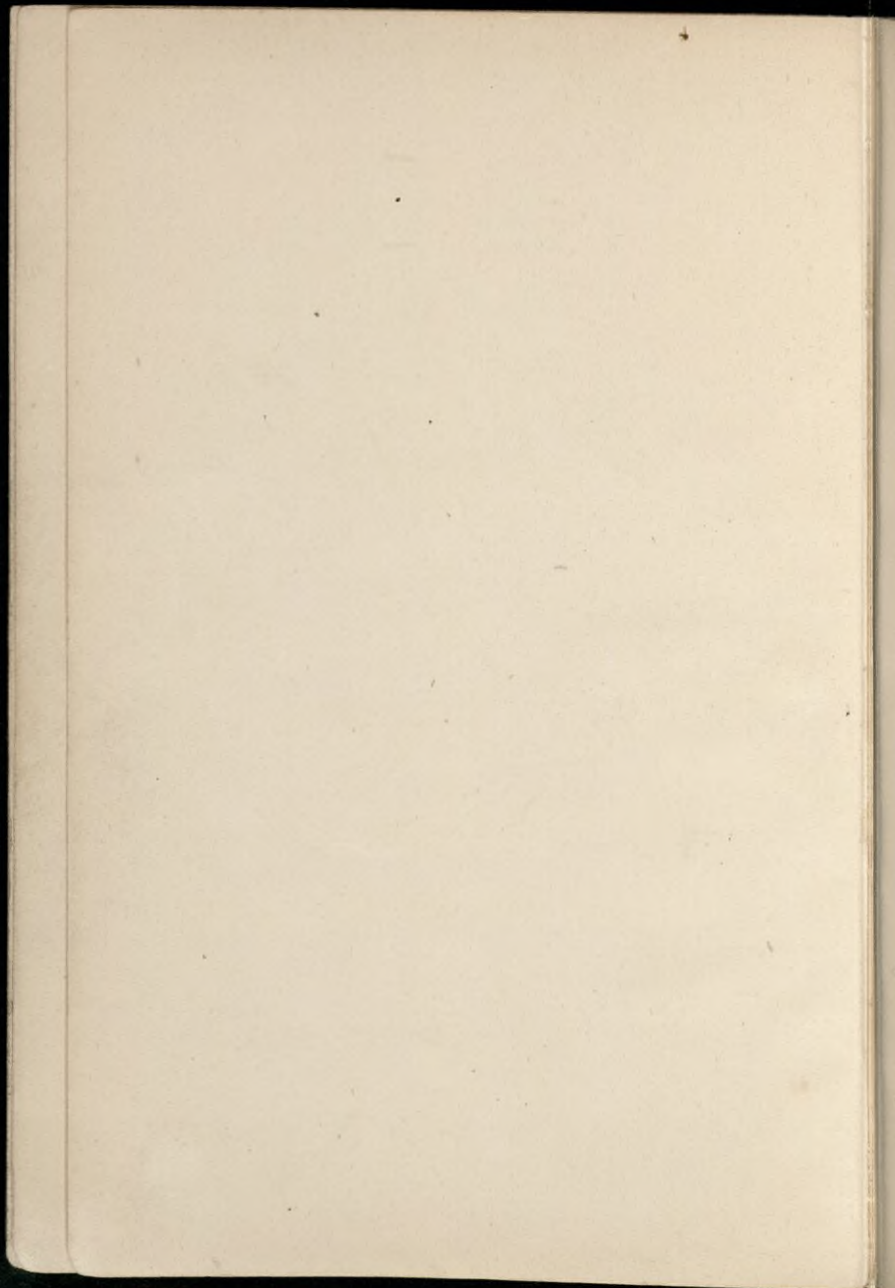
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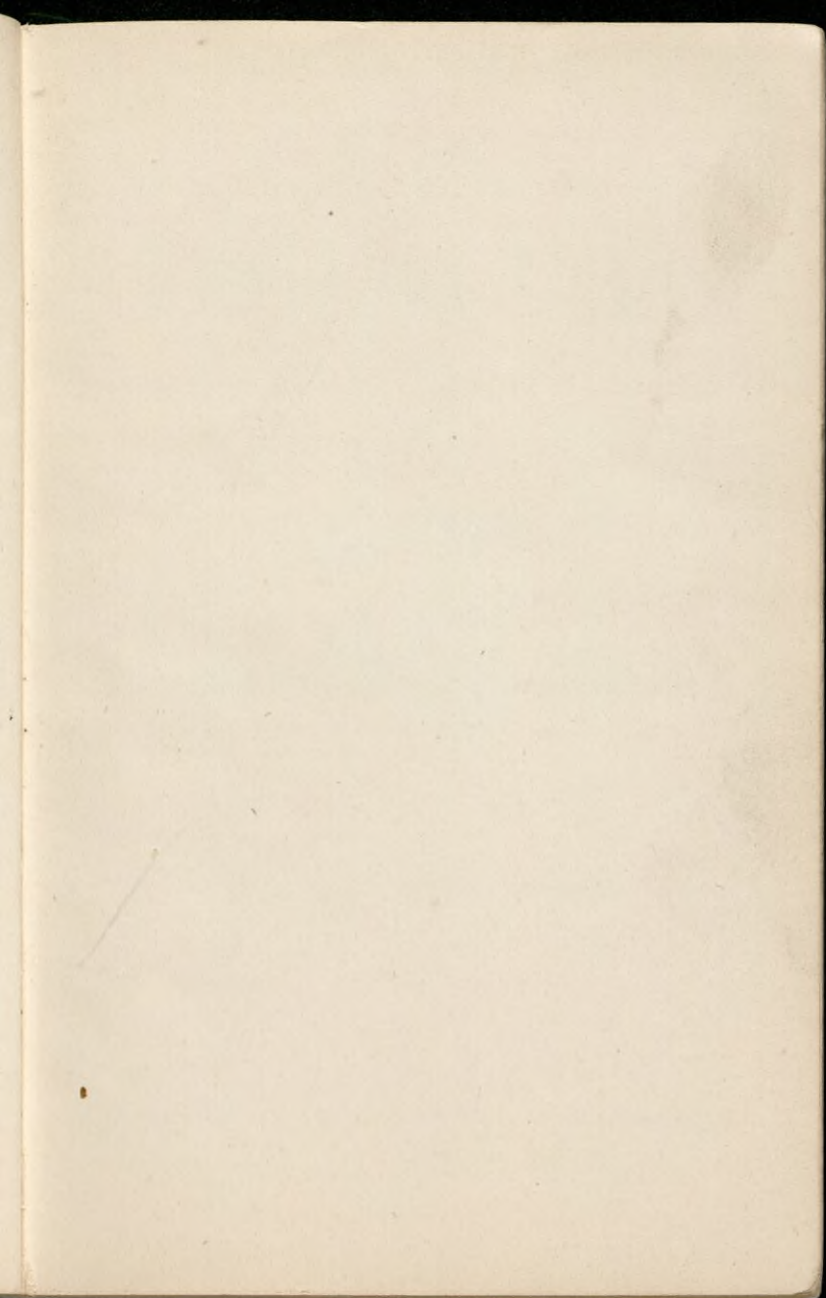


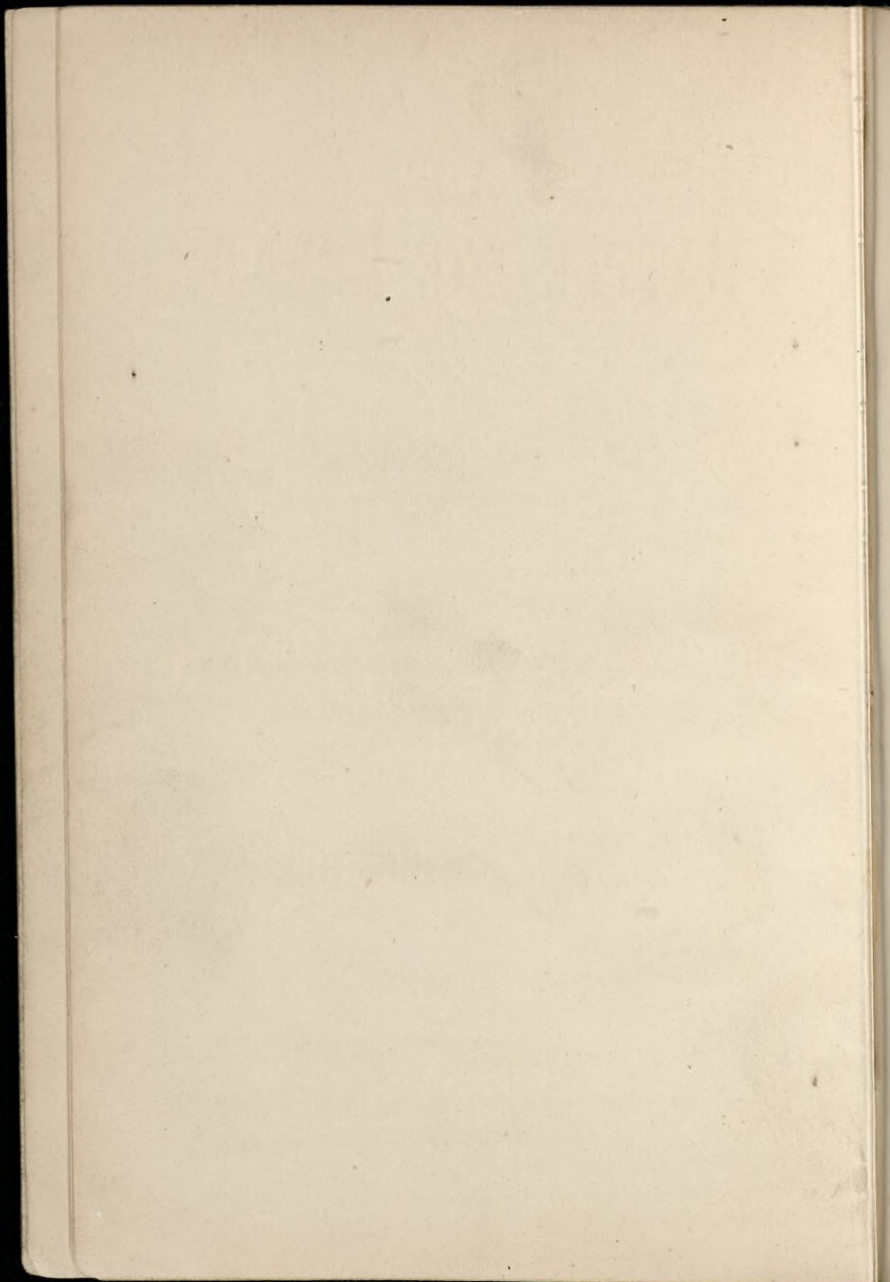
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T H E

BATTLE FOR BREAD;

OR,

JUSTICE,

THE FORLORN HOPE OF HUMANITY.

By The Hermit of the Hills.

PITTSBURGH:

DICKSON, M'KALIP & Co., PRINTERS, 53 AND 55 NINTH ST.

1875.

Entered, according to Act of Congress in the year 1875,
By SHERWOOD ADAMS,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

THIS little work is intended to embrace, in as brief a compass as possible, some thoughts, suggestions, facts and statistics, of general interest and value to all.

The writer feels assured, from deep conviction, derived from contemplation, from varied experience, and from a general observation of men and things, that '*happiness*, which is our being's end and aim,' can never be obtained, while it is sought selfishly, and without reference to the good of our fellow men. The welfare of all must be consulted, before the welfare of *any* can be secured—for *Humanity is a Brotherhood*.

The love of God, and *justice between man and man*, are the only foundation of happiness, of individual and national peace.

'Twas said by Margaret Fuller, that 'While any are base, none can be pure and noble.' It might be said that while any are oppressed, none can be entirely free. Even the disposition to oppress, proves that mind

to be in bondage to evil. By causing others unhappiness, or by being indifferent to their rights or welfare, no one can be happy, though he possess mountains of diamonds and oceans of gold.

In the words of the noble Pestalozzi, "There is no rest for him who oppresses and persecutes: Nay, there can be no repose for him; for the sighs of the unfortunate ascend as swift witnesses before the living God."

The monopoly of houses and lands, and of money, that represents them, is a source of gigantic oppressions, and utterly at war with that 'righteousness' which is said, '*alone* to exalt a nation.'

"Let *me* go up to the judgment on the side of the oppressed, rather than on the side of the oppressor."

THE

BATTLE FOR BREAD.

“Lo! I see long blissful ages,
When these Mammon days are done,
Stretching like a golden evening,
Forward to the setting sun.”

IN the whole range of questions pertaining to the well-being and elevation of humanity, there is none so urgently demanding public attention as the one which concerns the means of living. So long as the vast millions of earth's inhabitants are without Homes, and are bound down by the ever-gnawing cares of daily want, they cannot be elevated, enlightened or made happy. And it is questionable whether *anybody* can be happy, while the whole atmosphere is filled, as it were, with the magnetism of so much misery. As the Universe is a Unity, so is Humanity one. If, as philosophers assert, the most minute particles of matter, up to the starry worlds of immensity, act and re-act upon each other, then how can it be otherwise, than that *man*, who is called a microcosm, or an epitome of the universe, should be affected by the *mental*, as well as physical conditions of his fellow man? The

subtle laws of sympathy running through the entire family of man, will assert themselves, and 'when one member suffers, they all suffer.' Perhaps in the world's history there has never been such universal *unrest* as now; such care and anxiety for the means of living, on the one side, and such remorseless greed on the other. One state is begotten by the other. When a few want *all*, and will use any means to obtain it, then the many who have nothing, must feel apprehensive and anxious. While the *few* are very rich, the *many* must necessarily be poor. For, while there is not wealth enough on the globe, to make one millionaire out of a hundred thousand, yet there is enough for all to have Homes and a competence.

But with such wide-spread poverty, and sorrow, and want around him, even the millionaire cannot be happy, on the principle I have just hinted at.

"God sees in the human race a family of brothers and sisters, and He does not permit that a small minority shall be happy, and remain at the same time careless and indifferent to the miseries and sufferings of their fellow-creatures. Let those who have means at their command, discover the methods of placing the people in situations where they can help themselves to secure homes, and be free from the threatened contingencies of poverty and want, and they will discover, at the same time, the true source of their own happiness. There are, on the part of the money lords and millionaires generally, a selfishness and indifference, which are as reprehensible as they are destructive to their own

highest interests, and which must bring unavailing regrets in the future. They pay no attention to human misery. They ask not if there is any remedy. Freed from poverty themselves, they never reflect how horrible it is to wear out life in a continued combat with want and anxiety. Little do they think that perhaps with every thread of the gay habilaments which they wear, is interwoven the sigh and the tear of a human soul, and that on delicacies and comforts which surround them, are spent the life's energies and the vitality of exhausted bodies that suffer and die by inches. Yes, the means of enjoyment, the luxuries of the world, are produced amid sorrow and toil, and laden with woes a hundred fold greater than the delights which they give! The attention of the philanthropic, and of the political leaders, and of the influential in every department of society should be steadfastly turned to the relief of human misery. The condition of mankind demands, and demands *urgently*, alleviation, and emancipation from the terrible bondage of poverty and the burdens of everlasting toil. Their appeals go forth, sometimes in the stifled moans of hidden miseries, sometimes in the loud wails of desperate wo! Wars, revolutions and famine, stride alternately over nations, marking with characters of blood and devastation, the annals of our societies. This state of things must cease. It is not the destiny of man. It has not its origin in the perversity or depravity of human nature, so much as in a false system, or organization of society, which misemploys and misdirects all the elements of good in man,

and produces discord, injustice and misery, where order, justice and happiness might and should prevail."

"No man lives to himself alone." No man can truly elevate himself, without striving to elevate others. And any theory or system that overlooks the universal oneness of interests, and solidarity of the race, is radically defective and incomplete. The true interests of one man are the true interests of all men. The rights of one man are the rights of all men and all women—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." But, how have these rights, in all ages, been invaded by the tyrant few, who have ruled the world, ignoring justice, and the Brotherhood of Man.



Facts and Statistics.

WHAT, to-day, is the state of the world, considered with reference to homes and a living for the people? Out of the twelve hundred millions which are estimated to be the number of inhabitants of the globe, it is supposed that nine hundred millions are houseless, homeless, landless. How can it be otherwise, when such gigantic monopolies exist? For an sample of which, take the following :

According to the *Westminster Review*, twelve men in Scotland, own nineteen millions, five hundred thousand acres of land; and one hundred and fifty men own one half of England. As if such things were worthy of imitation, our own country is making long strides in the same direction. For instance, the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, in his speech before the U. S. House of Representatives, January 21, 1871, upon the subject of Land Monopoly he stated as follows :

“The entire aggregate of Lands sold by the government, since its formation, is over one hundred and sixty million acres. Of this total amount, I believe it would be safe to estimate, that fully one half, at the date of

its sale, passed into the hands of non-resident owners for speculative purposes. More than thirty million acres yet remain in the hands of speculators, being enough to make one hundred and eighty seven thousand five hundred homesteads, of one hundred and sixty acres each. If these thirty millions had been sold to actual settlers, and dedicated to the raising of corn, wheat and other products, they would have been yielding, at the low estimate of ten dollars per acre, an annual profit of three hundred and fifty million dollars, while furnishing homes for the multitudes, who have been driven to the more distant frontier, and at the cost of greater privations and dangers. This policy is thus seen to be as financially stupid, as it is flagrantly unjust. "In California, two men own a frontage on the San Joaquin river of forty miles in extent, while two other speculators have bought government lands amounting to five hundred thousand acres. To realize the mischief of these monopolies it should be remembered that the tracts, thus appropriated, are to be found chiefly in the valleys, and fringing the bays and rivers, and are the choice lands of the State."

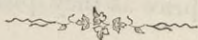
"This monopoly has wrought upon the country, evils more fearful and enduring, than those of War, Pestilence, and Famine. And yet, through all the long years of its mad ascendancy, Congress, by a simple enactment, has had the power to end it forever." "An act, declaring that no more of the Public Domain shall be sold, except as provided in the Pre-emption and Homestead laws, was all that was needed to stay the

ravages of this great national curse, and is all that is now wanted to avert its recurrence in new and more frightful forms in the future. The workingmen and pioneer settlers of the country, have repeatedly petitioned Congress, to enact such a law. But their prayer has been denied in every instance, while their rights have been trampled down in the interests of monopolists, *whose* wishes have been promptly coined into law. The Homestead act fails to meet the case. The right of the settler to land, free of cost, is of far less consequence, than the reservation of the public domain, for *settlers* only, unobstructed in the right of selection. The Homestead law is only a step in the right direction. For, while it offers homes to the poor, it does this, subject to the *preferred* right of the speculator, to seize and appropriate the choice lands in large tracts, and thus drive the pioneer further into the wilderness, and on to less desirable lands."

"Congress has granted lands in aid of Railways, and other works of internal improvement, amounting to over two hundred million acres. That these grants have done good service, in the settlement and development of the country, I don't doubt. This is not the point I am now considering, and is one aspect only of the subject. The fact to be emphasized, is, that lands just about equal in area, to the original thirteen States of the Union, have been surrendered to corporations, without any conditions or restrictions securing the rights of settlers. These corporations may sell these lands, for just such price as they please, or hold them

back from sale for a quarter of a century, or lease them for ninety nine years. *The public lands belong to the people.* But Congress *abdicates* the people's sovereignty over a territory large enough for an Empire, in the interest of great corporations, which thus install a most gigantic and overshadowing system of feudalism in our Republic, whose founders believed they had escaped the monarchical principles of the Old World."

One man in New York is said to own three thousand houses in that city and an aggregate of wealth, amounting to two hundred millions of dollars; while another owns one hundred millions, and another seventy five millions, and all this while thousands and tens of thousands all around them—men, women and children—who have toiled hard all their lives, have *no home*, or shelter they can call their own, and if there were a hundred Homestead laws, giving them lands free in the great West, they could not spare a dollar from every-day's pressing needs, toward paying their transportation thither; and even, if they could reach there, would have no means to begin the laborious work of pioneering and building a home, While such things are transpiring, and only here and there a voice calling for justice, it may well fill the heart of every friend of his race, and every *true* patriot, with the deepest solicitude. For, as in the past, so in the future, all great national evils and crimes, must culminate in the giant throes of revolution, or in upheavals of Society that bring sorrow and desolation in their train.



The Money-Power.

IF the philanthropic motto of "Humanity first, everything else afterward," were altered to read *Money first, everything else afterward*, it would better express the ruling love of those types of men who rule the world. The power of money, as now wielded, broods over the heart of Humanity like a grim nightmare. To it are subordinate the Press and Pulpit, the Church and State, and the actions of all these are moulded and modified by its supreme behests. Everything bends to it, as the tree bends to the storm.

With some honorable exceptions, these money-lords and millionaires act as if they considered that God had created this world for their special benefit, that there was *no room* on this little planet for any body except such as they can use to subserve their own selfish purposes—that all who did not serve and honor them, were as so many interlopers and intruders.

It was the testimony of Peter Cooper, the millionaire philanthropist—one of the few noble rich men who have blest, instead of cursed the world by their influence and example, and whose name will be revered by those who will rise up in after ages—"this man has

declared over his own signature, that no individual living, can by his own unaided efforts, accumulate thirty thousand dollars. Therefore, he who is able by the aggregate aid of the masses, to accumulate three millions, holds that three millions in trust, for the benefit of those masses. With this conception of his duty as a millionaire, he gives them the Cooper Institute—and he receives the honor and worship of humanity, and it is said he never enters the great auditorium in New York without being received with bursts of applause by men of all shades of religious opinion, and of no religious opinions.”

What grand opportunities are open to those whose accumulations run into millions—opportunities, which if improved, would bring happiness to the possessors, and unspeakable joy to their fellow men.

Like deep calling unto deep, Humanity calls aloud for help. As ‘the world rolls along its heavy course, the chilling winds blow from the icebergs’ of poverty, and wails of want are heard throughout the land, will these cries from your own human brothers and sisters, O, millionaires and money-kings, forever appeal to you in vain? Will you not heed these loud outcries of suffering humanity, and plant the roses of Hope, where so long your spirit of cupidity, has made a wilderness of thorns? What noble deeds might you not accomplish? What fields of prosperity open up to your fellow men—sending forth Armies of Industry into the western portions of our mighty continent, to inaugurate such a system of things, as would bless and

elevate, and ennoble the people, to the last syllable of recorded time. To open up highways in the wilderness, and fruitful farms and blooming gardens—to beat back the tide of avarice, intemperance and injustice, that threatens shipwreck to all that is highest and noblest and best in our individual and national character—to up-rear seats of Learning, and Temples of Science, of Art and of Song—upon those vast domains of the West—to change the whole drift of things, to turn aside the fury of gathering storms of retribution, and inaugurate an Era of Peace, Plenty and Human Happiness—all this is very largely in your power.

To illustrate more fully what one man with large means, with comprehensive views and noble aims may accomplish, I will here present a very interesting account of the "Workingman's Palace," as given by Marie Howland, in *Common Sense*. This palace, Miss Howland denominates as "the grandest enterprise of the century."

What advances toward the attainment of serenest heights of moral grandeur—of higher altitudes of social felicity—approximating the realization of the highest ideal of life, of which poets, seers, and prophets have seen in vision—"The New Atlantis Isle," "The Harmonic Age," "The City of Peace"—what grand strides thitherward would our poor old, restless, surging, selfish world make, were one-tenth of its wealth and talents directed in such channels of improvement and progress.

The Social Palace.

BY MARIE HOWLAND, AUTHOR OF "PAPA'S OWN GIRL."

WOMAN, whoever you are, whose eye catches the above heading, read this article carefully. It is written especially for *you*, and for this reason: you are suspicious of community life, combined households, etc. They suggest to you a place where there are duties and sacrifices for principle's sake, the compensation being, among other things, society, which you feel pretty certain, from all you have read and heard, would not benefit you much unless you are one of the shirks. Hence when your male friends tell of combined households you either oppose the idea or assent simply because you do not wish to be considered unprogressive or old-fogyish in your sentiments.

You are right enough generally in your opposition. When your male friends talk of establishing a community say this to them: "Will you organize social life so that women may be emancipated from the cradle, the cook stove and the wash-tub? If I must still be a slave to these, I shall not make any great effort to change." You may say this without any fear of being called unprogressive by any one whose opinion is worth considering; for there never was a housekeeper so devoted that she did not long to get free from cooking, and scrubbing, and washing, as a duty, unless indeed she had grown old in such service, and had become a mere hard-handed, unattractive scrub, with all hope and ambition crushed out of her; and there never was a mother so tender and so devoted that she could not be exhausted in strength and patience by nursing little ones hour after hour, day after day, and month after month. What man can comprehend what it is to steam over the

wash-tub and the cooking-stove all day, and then when almost sinking for want of rest, to have a baby tugging at the breast all night. Why the half of what thousands and thousands of women endure has never been written or spoken, and can only be fully understood by women themselves!

Mr. Godin, the founder of the Social Palace of Guise, in France, seems to have had a marvelous insight into the wants of the people when he organized the social life in that magnificent home which his humanity led him to build for his workmen and their families. He reasons in his book, thus:

To know what the poor should have, we have only to see what those who have riches invariably supply for themselves; for mankind is one in all essential needs.

The rich build themselves palaces with spacious grounds and gardens to delight their leisure hours.

Very well; the poor should have their palaces with spacious grounds and gardens to delight their leisure hours.

The rich have separate rooms for sleeping, for dining, for cooking, for washing, etc.

Very well; the poor must have all these.

The rich do not drag out the lives of their women with the never ceasing nursing of children. They have nurseries and nurses whose special function is to see that the children are well cared for and happy.

Very well; the poor must have their nursery where the needs of children can be better supplied than in the family rooms.

The rich have fine schools for their children where the best teachers are engaged and every means taken to secure them a good education.

Very well ; the poor must have fine schools, the best teachers and every means to develop all the forces of their children.

The rich have leisure to study and for social entertainment. They have libraries and works of art. They have baths every day, comfortable and becoming attire for all seasons, and a generous supply of good and wholesome food.

Very well ; the poor must not be obliged to work all the hours of the day. They must have leisure for study and for social intercourse. They must have libraries and works of art. They must have baths every day, comfortable and becoming attire for all season and a generous supply of good and wholesome food.

And so Mr. Godin goes on showing that all which wealth and industry can obtain should be at the disposal of those who do the world's work. This logic was the inspiration of the grandest enterprise of the century, the Social Palace at Guise.

This palace stands just over the river Oise opposite the City of Guise, and has been in successful operation over ten years. It is adapted to accommodate nearly fifteen hundred people. He is a noble and generous man, a day laborer himself during his younger years. He would gladly have his workmen own the Social Palace, but through trouble with his heirs, and especially through the laws of France, he has not been able so far to accomplish this.

There is the same trouble in this country. The law does not recognize the responsibility of ownership except in the individual. An associative establishment must be controlled by one or two trustees or whatnot whom the

law regards in the light of owners of the whole. But to return to the Social Palace. It is a magnificent structure surrounded by fields and groves and gardens through which winds the picturesque river of Oise. The great iron manufactory is at a little distance. The palace consists of three quadrangles each one having its interior court with an immense roof of glass. These quadrangles join, and corridors on each of the floors permit free communication. Around the interior courts, under the glass roofs on each story, run corridors, protected by strong iron balustrades, and to these the apartments open. The walls are very high, studded and elegantly "hard finished;" the windows are large and open in every suite of apartments on the court also on the outside of the palace. A steam engine forces the water from distant living springs on to every floor of the building, and on the roof of the principal one is a great reservoir of this water. This reservoir is connected with hydrants in the courts, and on warm days the courts, the walls, the balconies and even the great roofs themselves are thoroughly sprinkled, thus rendering the air cool and sweet. The floors of the balconies being of tiles the water can do no harm.

The ventilation of the palace is on a new plan. So far as I know, it is the only building in the world that can be called perfectly ventilated. This is effected by immense subterranean galleries opening north some distance from the palace. These galleries run all around the cellars and under the courts, and the fresh air passes through them into the courts and up through interior passages in the walls that open by register into every apartment. It is the design of Mr. Godin to put hot air furnaces in these passages and thus warm the palace at the same time it is venti-

lated; about the time his book was written (1871) this had not yet been accomplished.

The ground story of the palace is used for shops of all kinds. Everything that families or individuals can want is there supplied without going into the open air, and at a moderate advance upon the cost. Mr. Godin has suffered untold persecution through the merchants of Guise, who considered him an enemy to their profits.

The adjuncts of the palace are the school building, with the nursery on the first floor, and connected with one of the quadrangles by a covered corridor, so that all the little and big children can attend without umbrellas or overshoes, whatever be the state of the weather; the theatre, a very beautiful ornate building, with a fine auditorium, stage, stage wardrobe and all modern appointments for theatrical representations; a restaurant, a bakery, a cafe, a billiard room and a reading-room; swimming-baths, a fine steam laundry with the best modern improvements; stables and carriage houses, and an abbatoir (slaughter-house.) These are the adjuncts of this splendid workingman's home. The management is under control of two councils of twelve, one of men, the other of women, which unite in deliberation whenever necessary. The councils are elected by universal suffrage. Citizen means person in the Social Palace and no certificate of sex is required in the elections! All vote who are over sixteen years of age, and younger than that even, if they are able to support themselves by their industry. Mr. Godin says this may not be considered wise by many people, but it works admirably. There is a reason for this. The children, even in the lowest classes of the school, understand well the simple system of democratic government that prevails. They elect by ballot their little industrial

Chiefs who lead them forth into the gardens on fine days, where, supplied with their implements, they carry out the instructions received by their chiefs from the head gardener. For this they receive a certain amount of money; and Mr. Godin says these little chiefs are exceedingly anxious to fill their office so well that they may gain the approbation of their constituents. From what Mr. Godin says it is evident that the young generation growing up in the Social Palace, use the words ballot, election, constituents, candidate, &c., with the same comprehension that they do doll or hop-scotch; so when they come to vote for officers controlling higher departments they understand that they are dealing with different features in the problem of which they have studied the first principles already.

The law, "*attractions are proportional to destinies*," is fully recognized in the Social Palace. The woman council can discuss any part of the management, but it is found that they naturally gravitate towards the domestic department, the nursery, the schools, the laundry, and they oversee and report upon the quality of the supplies.

"There is but one law in the Social Palace, and that is, Liberty," says Mr. Godin. Any woman can do all her cooking and washing in her apartments, she can keep her babies there all the time or a part of the time, and the rest in the nursery, just as she pleases. There is only one thing obligatory, and that is that the children must be kept at school. It is hardly necessary to add that there is a remarkable unanimity of sentiment among the women relative to the advantages of the laundry, the nursery and the great cuisine or kitchen. This last supplies a constant demand for hot soups, roasts, made dishes, vegetables and everything necessary for the simple or the elaborate repast

As the women are free from nursing and cooking cares, they take various positions in the industries, schools, shops, laundry, etc. Over seventy are thus engaged on regular salaries. These women, coming in at noon and meeting their children from the schools and their husbands from their work, send to the great cuisine and order whatever they want, all hot and perfectly cooked, and at a cost which is but a very slight advance upon the actual cost of the articles, and thus, an excellent dinner is quickly served without the loss of time, or incurring the trouble of making and preparing it. Wines being purchased in great quantities directly from the producers, are furnished cheap and pure to the members of the Social Palace.

Of the internal order of this residence of over a thousand people, one comment alone is sufficient: *there has not been one single police case in the Social Palace since its foundation*; and as the courts are lighted with gas all night, the opportunity for the operations of burglars is reduced to a minimum.

Education in the schools embraces a wide range of scientific and practical drill. In the lower classes the Froebel exercises constitute an important part. What are Froebel exercises? many readers will ask. This is most easily explained by an imaginary tableau. You enter a large room where you see from eighty to a hundred children seated at an immense long table, a plank on trestles that can be easily put in its place when wanted--small cabinets are brought and placed upon this table, and from numerous drawers are produced miniature boards, blocks, posts, sticks plastic clay and many other objects, and with these the children commence to construct houses, villages, fences, balconies, furniture, stationery, etc. You

think they are playing with toys. So they are ; but they are pursuing a method, and their play is constructive play. Some of them show remarkable invention and skill, stimulated by friendly emulation and the natural love of beautiful forms ; and to all it is a rare culture of the mind, at the same time it trains the muscles in skillful and exact manipulation. When the exercise is finished the same little hands replace every object in its allotted place in the cabinet, and thus the whole ends with a lesson in method and order.

All the educational advantages are free, and in the nursery and *pouponnat* (the *poupons* are the little tots from the age when they can walk well up to about four or five years, when they enter the *bombinat* or lowest department of the school proper,) food of the best kind and prepared in the most proper manner is supplied, Parents take the *poupons* home for the night, and the nurselings also if they desire it. The mother can leave her babe in the nursery all or part of the time, go and nurse it from her breast at intervals, or keep it wholly in her own department, just as she pleases. Freedom reigns everywhere. Women volunteer as nurses, or are chosen for known capacity, and though mothers at first thought they could not leave their infants out of sight, they soon learned to be grateful for the nursery, because the babies themselves fretted at home and were cross until they were taken back among their peers. The nursery is kept as sweet as a rose garden, the youngest babies go to bed without crying and without rocking. Strangers have freely testified to this. They have toys of all kinds, and from the broad balcony of the nursery on fine days they watch the parrots and gay birds in the aviary, and are taken into the grounds and gardens

to frolic and roll on the lawns. There are magnificent hot and cold and shower and swimming baths for all. One of the latter has a floor that is brought up nearly to the surface of the water, so that the very smallest children may disport themselves with entire safety.

In the palace there is a medical department where two physicians and a midwife are in constant attendance, and all surgical and nursing paraphernalia are at the service of the sick. Whenever a workman is ill, he draws a daily amount from the sick fund for the support of his family, and if he dies his children are adopted and trained up to a useful, industrious career.

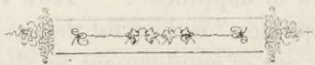
In the schools there are many prizes. Those who take high rank for *politeness and grace of bearing* are rewarded by being admitted to the dramatic society—a much coveted honor. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is taught thoroughly. In May and September there are two great festivals, one to the children and the other in honor of labor. On those occasions the vast court of the great quadrangle is decorated from base to dome with garlands of flowers, banners and trophies of labor, physical or intellectual, and there, amid thousands of spectators that pour in from miles around, filling the tiers of galleries that extend all around the court, prizes are distributed, speeches are made, and when this is over, the corps of firemen in gay uniforms, transform the scene with magical quickness, into a magnificent ball-room, where, under the brilliant gas, and to the sound of the Social Palace bands of music, happy feet “tread to the measures of the dance,” until far into the night.

For all these advantages of comfort, education and culture, the inhabitants pay simply their rent, which is about

the same others pay for their crowded, inconvenient tenement accommodations; and for all this, be it said for the benefit of narrow-minded capitalists, the enterprise pays six per cent. on the money invested. Capitalists can make more by the ordinary tenement system, to be sure, but the result of their cupidity will be---what their worst fears anticipate. *Let them learn a lesson before it is too late.*"

This is an enterprise which in magnificence of conception, in nobleness and comprehensiveness of aims, and in triumphant achievements, stands in the world, without a parallel, and should receive the heart-felt plaudits of universal man!

Where is the American Godin, who will launch such a magnificent enterprise upon the shores of this New World, to be "like a city set upon a hill," the admiration of all nations, and an example for them to follow? Thanks! ten thousand thanks, in the name of Humanity, to Mr. Godin, for his glorious example!



Crimes Against Women and the Poor.

“He is false to God, who is false to man.”

IN a private letter which I recieved from one of the few of “nature’s *millionaire* noblemen, and benefactors of his race—the truly *Honorable* Gerrit Smith, during the early stages of the war, he says :

“What you write of our guilty and unhappy country, is well said. The slave will go free. But the distresses of our country are far from ended. The penalties of her enormous crimes against the poor, are by no means exhausted.”

What is the state of things as they now exist in this boasted land of freedom and equality, where all men are declared to be “endowed by their creator, with certain inalienable rights, among which are “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness ?” How much of “life, liberty and happiness” is there for the two hundred thousand men now out of employment in the City of New York ? How much for the two million men and women, who, in the aggregate, are alike situated, throughout the country ? How much for the thirty millions of men, women and children, who have *no homes*, or an inch of ground in all this broad land ?

How much of happiness is there in the thought, that less than ten millions of men, own nearly all the wealth, houses and lands in the nation, and their possessions still increasing, and that mainly from the labor of others? How much of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is there for these vast multitudes—the *producers* of the world's wealth—who are daily forced into a *battle for bread*—among whom, are great numbers of as industrious and worthy men and women as ever stood up in the light of day? But, to whom, "day unto day uttereth no speech, and night unto night showeth no knowledge"—brings *no promise of release* from everlasting toil this side "the land where souls are free!"

The author of an English work entitled "The Elements of Social Science," presents a sad, but too true picture of the manner in which thousand, nay, millions, of our fellow men are forced to pass their lives. He says :

The life of our working classes is worse than that of most of the beasts of burden. They toil unremittingly, at a laborious, monotonous, and in many cases a deadly occupation; without hope of advancement, or personal interest in the work they are engaged in. At night their jaded frames are too tired to permit their enjoyment of the few leisure hours; and the morn awakens them to the same dreary day of ceaseless toil. Even the seventh day, their only holiday, brings them, in this country, little gaiety, little recreation . . . Thus have the poor to toil on, as long as their strength permits. At last some organ gives way, the stomach, the eyes or the brain; and the unfor-

fortunate sufferer is thrown out of work, and sent to the hospital, while his wife and family are reduced to the brink of starvation. Often the man rendered desperate by his hopeless position, plunges into drink, and gives himself over to ruin. At other times, the working classes, in a frenzy of rage at their infernal circumstances, determine that they will have higher wages or perish. Hence result the disastrous strikes and the terrible social revolutions that have in recent times so often convulsed society. But they are in vain; they are but the blind efforts of men to do something or die, the fruitless heavings of a man in a nightmare. The mountain of misery invariably falls back upon their breast, with only increased pressure; and forces them, worn out by impotent struggles, to bear it quietly for another little season."

This terrible picture applies more forcibly to England but finds, in our own land, a sufficient verification to cause every philanthropic heart to ache. Take the following from the *New York Times*:

"Mrs. A. makes vests at eighteen cents apiece for a wholesale house. She can earn eight dollars a month by working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays; she pays three dollars a month for her attic, and has two small children to support; she has eaten meat once only—and then it was given her—since Thanksgiving Day. Another case: Kate A., a "finisher" of fine shirts, makes about two dollars a week, working hard for it. She has a grandmother to support, and has often lived for weeks on bread and water, in order to afford the old woman a little broth every day. The *Star*, which is enabled to describe these cases from the diary of a lady who has visited them, gives a still more painful instance of the hardships caused

by scarcity of employment, or inadequate wages. And yet, we have been assured, that in this city, there is no necessity to organize societies for the relief of distress, while well-meaning ladies are at a loss to know how to do any good in the world."

The *Banner of Light*, in commenting on the above, says :

"Now here is real suffering, and real sacrifice. No greater heroism than this displayed by these brave women, in silence, and unknown, ever helped swell the records of the proudest battle-fields ! Are not women, who can stand up in the face of social fate, and brave uncomplainingly, such sacrifices as these, worthy to be honored by their more fortunate sisters ? Is the love of heroism utterly dead in the breast of our modern society, that it turns away from such shining exhibitions of devotion and endurance, with a sneer at the "ignorance" of those who are their authors ? Is it not about time that the extremes of society were brought together ?

"At a meeting of the Needle-women, held some time ago in Cooper Institute, New York, it was made known that for making a pair of Canton flannel drawers by hand—each pair containing two thousand stitches, and having button-holes, eyelet-holes, buttons, stays and strings—the women finding their own thread, and by hard work, during a very long day, they were only able to make two pairs. And for this, they were paid for each pair, *five and a half cents !*"

Again, to give a view of the way the poor live in New York, I quote the following from one of the annual Reports of their Board of Health :

"Sixteen thousand tenement houses—that is, *rookeries*,

devoted to their class, contain five hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—being eight families to a house, besides those who live in stable lofts and attics. Some of the large tenement houses, contain a population of eight hundred. In the fourth ward, two hundred and ninety thousand persons live on a square mile. The mortality of this horrid mode of existence, is twice the rate as in Liverpool, where the heaviest pressure of population, is one hundred and thirty eight thousand to the square mile. Many of these tenements have no rooms sufficiently lighted, to permit sewing on a cloudy day, without the aid of candles. The size of these rooms, in which whole families are stowed, are generally eight by ten, or at the outside, ten by twelve. These, as the Report says, are now overflowing, and still, there is a demand for holes to creep into. We forbear any further recital of these horrors, which if read in the history of Pekin or Canton, or of Pagan Rome, would seem incredible. But here they are but a common fact in our daily experience."

While writing this page, my attention has been called to a brief communication in the *Pittsburg Evening Leader*, signed "A Factory Girl," wherein she criticises certain ecclesiastical bodies, for their proscription of Secret Societies and suggests to them, that if they would find an evil worthy their earnest efforts in reform, to take a walk through the work-shops and factories of Allegheny City, where they will find "little children ten years of age, toiling twelve hours each day, and not receiving pay sufficient to keep them in shoes."

How much better is a system like this, than was

Southern Slavery, against which such a mighty crusade was waged, and which went down in blood ?

Harsh Treatment of Young Girls.

THE Philadelphia *Times* of Friday says : In the dock at the Central yesterday was a shameful sight. Right among thieves, and beside a woman whose vocation it is a shame even to hint at, were placed by Sergeant Buchanan, three young girls, respectable and honest in appearance, and utterly unworthy of the indignity visited upon them by placing them within an inclosure intended only for crime. There had been a strike at Campbell's mills, and these young girls, who have worked there, and were among the strikers, had, it was alleged, pursued with reproaches several young women who, originally in the strike, returned to work ; and the technical charge against the prisoners was inciting to riot perhaps technically true, but one that would be hooted out of court if ever attempted to be tried. The hearing yesterday resulted in two of these young girls being held for trial, and they were marched down stairs in custody to await bail, as were the vilest who occupied the dock. There was one of them with the face of an angel. Never was there an eye so bright, a face so perfect in contour, a smile so sweet, a cheek so shaming the bloom of the ripest peach, a form so light and lith seen in cottage or palace as this young girl. And yet this lovely young girl, so young, and with her eye audacious with the bravery of innocence, was subjected to the foul indignity of the Central Station dock, the grasp of a policeman and the vile confines of a subterranean dungeon. She was only a mill-

hand ; she and her friends choosing to work honestly and laboriously for their livelihood, and, therefore, she and they must be placed in the dock, while painted harlots are shielded, when arrested, from the public gaze."

A cry of fire! is heard, and the alarm is given that a stately vessel within sight of land, and possibly within saving reach of life-boats, is on fire. That vessel is laden with men, women and children. What a rush there is to save them ! What consternation is depicted on the countenances of friends on shore ! What deep solicitude, what painful anxiety are felt by those who stand almost within hailing distance of the pale and terrified ones, who are running to and fro on the vessel's burning deck. The flames leap up and hiss and roar, as if eager and exulting to wrap the screaming victims in their fiery folds ! Around, the sea rolls, and surges, offering an alternative as to the *manner* of death which, in one form or the other, seems inevitable. The fire rages on and one by one—man, woman, child—is caught in its fierce embrace, and writhes, and sinks and dies in unspeakable agony. Around, the waves roll on, and every now and then, some desperate struggler with his fiery fate, shrieks "one wild farewell," and leaping overboard, goes down into the yawning deep. A life-boat at length arrives, but only in time to save a score, out of the three hundred of that fated vessel's crew.

In a case like this, how willing and eager everybody is to lend a hand to help save their fellow beings. But when the wails of distress come up from the abodes of poverty and—when women and little children—the

stricken widow, the bereaved orphan, are sinking beneath the waves of oppressive toil, or perishing by the slow degrees of pinching penury and want, where shall we find the life-boats and the heroes to man them, who will go forth upon the mighty sea of civilized, or rather *uncivilized* society, and strive to rescue the vast multitudes who are sinking beneath the engulfing billows of injustice and oppression ?

Of the two alternatives, I would rather that my loved ones and myself, should go down into the ocean-depths, than to die the lingering death which the tyranny and greed of our present false and Ishmaelitic system imposes, and be subjected to such a life of bondage, as we find illustrated in the case of the little children referred to in Allegheny ; and the counterpart of which, we may find all over the land, and cases even more painful to contemplate.

Little children, who should be free as the birds to bask in the sunshine and the pure air—to play upon the hill-side slopes, or ramble in sportive glee over the sunny plain, inhaling health and developing their physical being—to be shut up in factories and workshops, growing prematurely old—never knowing the joys of childhood—O, how sad !

Can any nation expect the blessings of Heaven to rest upon it, which loses sight of the simplest principles of justice and humanity—which makes ‘hewers of wood and drawers of water’ of the wealth-producers and ‘palace-builders of the world,’ and blights the lives of children for all time—and that too, merely to gratify

a morbid lust for lucre? Nay, a nation's cup of iniquity is well-nigh full, when humanity and truth and justice are sacrificed to "the mammon of unrighteousness."

How humiliating is the thought, that men and women have to beg for work, and failing to obtain work, have to beg for bread, and failing to obtain bread—then what? Must steal, or starve. And it may yet become a question as to how far it is a person's *duty to starve*, in a land of *plenty*—amid an abundance which he himself has helped to create.

"Crime," it is said, "has increased in England, more than sixfold in thirty years, and in Scotland, twenty-seven fold in the same length of time. And why? Because honest industry will not purchase daily bread. Willing laborers starve in the streets, with no one to hire them, and no one to feed them. Criminals are both fed and clothed. They enjoy as much personal liberty as the oppressed operatives. And the criminal is as highly esteemed and respected as the suffering laborer."

"Under such circumstances, is it surprising that the criminals of England number a million? When the want of all wants is for *bread*, and *crime* will purchase it, and *labor* will not, can we wonder that the prisons are filled to repletion, and that Botany Bay has become a nation? And may there not already exist the same cause for crime in our own land? In the Athens of America—the philanthropic and religious city of Boston, the pattern and pride of this New World, do not women

sell their time and their lives to eternal toil, for one cent per hour? Have not hundreds of your sisters and mine, crushed down to deep, dark, damning infamy, because their bodies would sell for nameless purposes, when honest industry will not secure them daily bread?"

'There is not rain enough in the sweet heavens' to wash out the crimes of the nations against the poor. And in view of such things, one feels like exclaiming with the poet:

"Evil hath won in the horrid feud,
Of ages with the throne—
Evil stands on the neck of good,
And rules the world alone."



The Religion of Justice.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN said, "I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine, which characterize their articles of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification of membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

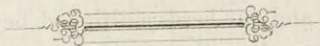
The aggregate number of sermons annually preached by the sixty thousand clergymen of the United States, is about three millions. Were *one-half* of this vast number devoted to illustrating and enforcing the principles of the Religion of Justice, as based on the Golden Rule, it would not be long before a state of society would be inaugurated on the earth, where the battle for bread and the strifes, and antagonisms, and discords that now reign, would cease, and the Kingdom of Peace begin.

Without Justice, there can be no Religion—without

Love, there can be no Justice. Hence, love, *felt* in the heart, and *practiced* in the life, alone, is true Religion. Some writer on Ethics, says, "All Religion and all Ethics may be summed up in the word *Justice*." Justice is defined by Webster thus, "Rendering to every one his due—conformity to truth and reality, just treatment, equity." Hence, if the Religion of Justice were taught and practiced, monopolies would cease, and all who have toiled and labored, would have a competency and a home. While those who have produced nothing, or done nothing useful or ennobling, either by hand or brain, could not pile up the thousands or millions which others have produced. '*For thee, for me, for all,*' would be the motto of the just; and not a million acres for me, and nothing for those who earn the million acres.

It was in view of a religion without justice that Isaiah uttered these impressive words, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? Bring no more vain oblations. . . . : It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. . . . Cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

Something more than a religion of *words* is needed to redeem the world. It must be a religion of noble, Christ-like *deeds*.



Rich Men and Usurers Measured by the Bible.

He loves not God, who loves not Justice, Truth, Humanity, more than riches, houses or lands.

IT is amazing to see a people, professing to be pre-eminently Christian, and accepting the Bible as the infallible rule of faith and practice, going directly and persistently *contrary* to its plainest and most unequivocal teachings and commandments. No wonder the world is full of skeptics and infidels.

Compare for a moment the *practices* of so-called Bible-believers, with their *professions*.

'Thou shalt nor covet.' 'Labor not to be rich.' 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' 'Lay not up treasures on earth.' 'No covetous man hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.' 'They that will be rich, run into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts.' 'The deceitfulness of riches choke the word.' 'To be carnally minded is death; to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' 'He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.' 'There is, that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing.' 'We have corrupted ourselves in the greatness of our abundance; we have eaten and are full; and when our flocks and our herds multiplied, beyond what ever happened to any nation, then our hearts were lifted up and we forgot God.' 'Whoso hath this world's goods, and

seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.' 'He that oppresseth the poor, to increase his riches, shall surely come to want.' 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' 'Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.' 'He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.' 'He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his maker.' 'Oppress not the widow and the fatherless; the stranger, nor the poor.' 'He that despiseth the gain of oppression, shall dwell on high.' 'Defraud not the poor of his living, and make not the needy eyes to wait long.' 'Make not a hungry soul sorrowful, neither provoke a man in his distress, and defer not to give to him that is in need.' 'Turn not away thine eye from the needy; give him none occasion to curse thee; for if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul, his prayer shall be heard of him that made him.' 'For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord.' 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you, your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold! the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord.'

'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' 'He hath shown thee, O, man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.' 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is

to visit the fatherless and the widows, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.'

'Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother.' 'Take thou no usury of him, or increase, but fear thy God, that thy brother may live with thee.' 'I pray you let us leave off this usury.' 'He that hath not given forth upon usury, hath executed true judgment between man and man.' 'Thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord.'

The whole burden of the teachings of the prophets and apostles, and the precepts and inculcations of Jesus, are on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressor. Their sympathies were with the poor and heavy-laden, while the rich and powerful are held responsible for the sorrows and wrongs that afflict humanity.

But the Golden rule, and the precepts and teachings I have quoted are a *dead letter*. They no where find any practical exemplification in our modern society.

Now the injunctions of the Bible are observed, by practicing the exact *reverse* of what they teach—as, for instance, "Labor not to be rich," and yet nearly every body is striving with might and main, by day and by night, to become rich.

So, of almost every other precept or command. 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' is practically exemplified in the world's popular motto, "Every fellow for himself." 'Let every one study not his own, but his neighbor's wealth,' by the other motto, "I care not who sinks, so that I swim."

Mammon-Proof.

HOW few are *Mammon-proof*. How few are superior to the seductive influences of riches. Wealth, when put in the scale with humanity, integrity, truth, love, goodness, magnanimity, justice—alas! how often outweighs them all! Millions are drunk on the wine of the world!—"the love of money" the cupidity of riches, the trappings and gew-gaws of gain. Over what fatal falls, are those being carried, who give themselves up to this never to-be satisfied, bottomless, quenchless thirst for gold. A million does not satisfy nor would a thousand millions more.

This avarice may be pertinently likened unto a *moral dyspepsia*. A dyspeptic disease is often accompanied with a ravenous and insatiable appetite; and no matter how much the dyspeptic may eat, he rises from the table, as hungry as when he sat down. So with these money-mongers or victims of avarice—no matter how much they get, they want *more and more*. Their whole being is absorbed in the greed of accumulation, and were their minds as constantly running on any *other* subject as that of money, so that they thought and talked of little else, they would be considered downright lunatics.

And this money-power, as I have before said, holds almost absolute sway over press and pulpit, over Church and State. To this insolent and supreme autocrat, do Ministers, Lawyers, Doctors, Editors, Politicians, with rare exceptions, pander and succumb, in order to secure bread, popularity, place and power.

Could the attention of these idolators at the shrine of Mammon, be directed long enough into other channels, to see that there is something better for them and for all—could they be induced to use their means in reorganizing society on a more rational, just and philosophic superstructure—making the *temptations*, as it were, to do right, to be honest, to be noble-hearted, and benevolent, instead of having the temptations, as now, all toward dishonesty, hypocrisy and selfishness—what a work would be done. Could there not be *attractive honesty*, as well as “*attractive industry*”, which Fourier advocated ?

There is a poverty which is more to be dreaded than a lack of money, of houses and lands. It is a poverty of soul—a poverty of moral riches—a lack of goodness of heart, of integrity of purpose, of a love of justice, a state of mind, wherein a man has no aspirations for the Ideal, for the True, the Great, or the Beautiful, either with reference to this life, or to the Infinite Hereafter ! *Without* these, a man is poor indeed, though he may be the possessor of untold millions. *With* them, he is rich, though living in his cottage or cabin and dining on the simplest fare.

What would we say of a millionaire, who would build

a store room, and stow away into it, ten thousand *overcoats*, and as many boots and shoes, and keep them there for years, while thousands of men and women around him, were suffering and perishing with cold and hunger ?

I don't know any one who does exactly this. But I do know those who are doing things equally absurd, and which will be no more satisfactory for them to look back to, in the far after-time. They are hoarding up millions of dollars, which they do not, and cannot *use*, any more than they could the ten thousand overcoats.

I once knew an old gentlemen, who would attend nearly every furniture auction he could hear of, and buy up old bedsteads, chairs, &c., until they so accumulated on his hands, that he rented a ware-house in which to store them. On being asked what he expected to do with so much old furniture and traps of all kinds, he replied he "did'nt know exactly, but he thought they might come *handy* sometime." Was he any more of a lunatic, than those wolfish monopolists, of whom Lorenzo Dow once said, that "if one of them owned the whole world, he would want a couple of acres more, outside, for a potato patch."

Jay, in his address to youth, says : "In reference to happiness, a man only *has* what he can *use*. If he possess a thousand pounds which he cannot use, it matters not as to the benefit he derives from it, whether it be in his coffer, or in the bowels of the earth. When his wants are supplied, all that remains, is *his*, only to keep or to give away, but not to enjoy. What is more than

serviceable, is superfluous and needless, and the man is only rich in fancy. Nature is satisfied with little. It is vanity, it is avarice, it is luxury, it is the god of this world, that urges to demand more. And it is vain to think of finding any thing very valuable in the mind of a covetous man. Avarice is generally the vice of abject spirits. Men who have a great talent for making money, commonly have no other ; for the man who began with nothing, and has accumulated wealth, has been too busy to think of improving his mind, or indeed, to think of anything else but property."

"There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid spirit," says Cicero, "than to doat upon riches, nor is any thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality."

Avarice, covetousness, is eating out the heart of the nation. These worshippers at the shrine of Mammon seem in as hot pursuit after money as a pack of hungry wolves after the lost and fleeing traveller. Avarice drives the rich. Necessity drives the poor, and neither are happy. O, for some Heavenly Evangel to lead the nations into a higher and nobler life! Descend! descend, Spirit of Peace and Love, upon this unrighteous world. Sway thy sceptre from the sea to the mountains, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth!

There is but one sovereign panacea. And that is Co-operation, based on simple *justice*, and a respect for each other's rights, each other's needs, each other's tastes and aspirations. This and the ballot is the way out. *A workingman's party is now in order.*

What Can We Hope From Politicians?

TAKING the present attitude of our political affairs, and the *moral status* of our politicians, we have have nothing that is cheering or inspiring. On the contrary, there is much to discourage and depress.

Legislation is almost entirely for the benefit of speculators, monopolists and railroad and government rings. Nine-tenths of the laws are made in favor of the rich, and expressly to give them exclusive privileges.

As indicating how little sympathy is felt by politicians for the working people, one of the members of the State Legislature, at Harrisburg, in the winter of 1873, denounced in his organ, at Beaver, Pa., a resolution adopted by a mass meeting of workingmen, held in Cooper Institute—the resolution being to the effect that ‘no individual should be allowed to hold a sum of money or property greater than three hundred thousand dollars.’ This the honorable gentleman denounced as “a devilish theory.”

It seems to me, that sum is a very liberal allowance for *one* man, especially, when we consider that the entire wealth of the nation, which amounts to about twenty-five billions, would only give three hundred thousand

dollars to less than ten millions of the people, while the remainder more than *thirty millions of the people of the country would have nothing!* Do politicians, generally, endorse such a sentiment as this? If so, is it not high time that farmers, mechanics and laboring men, universally, should join together, and elect somebody to Congress and to the legislative halls of our country, who would legislate for *their* interests, and for the interests of the entire people?

Honesty should come to the front, and political tricksters, greedy monopolists, stock gamblers, salary grabbers, or any of that ungodly crew, who have no interest in the people, further than the securing of their votes, should be invited to retire.

The panic of 1873, precipitated by speculators and stock gamblers, threw thousands upon thousands out of employment, and with want and starvation staring them in the face, the working men of New York called the said mass meeting, and in their *extremity*, may, or may not have said unwise or improper things. But, would our legislators or politicians have given utterance to any wiser or more patient words, had they been in the same straits?

That the reader may realize more fully the condition of things in New York in the winter of 1873-'74, and the terrible destitution and suffering that then prevailed, I will here introduce two or three extracts from the daily papers, out of more than a hundred with which I was furnished by a friend in that city, during that winter. From the New York *Herald*, of February 10, 1874:

Wretchedness in the City.

EVERY great City has its mass of misery at all times. Gathered in the remoter byways are the huddled groups of humanity that have been borne down in the desperate struggle for life—the crippled stragglers out of the great battle, creeping away to die in some wretched corner. Pale mothers and puny children, left penniless by the sudden loss of one whose daily labor earned their only support; little brothers and sisters, orphaned altogether and scarcely removed in age from babyhood, and broken down fathers thrown by illness as a burden on those whom they have barely kept alive for years—such are the classes of the city poor sustaining a flickering vitality by scarcely known devices.

South Fifth avenue is the shadow of the Fifth avenue of the rich. Rags here take the place of flowers in the dooryard, and plate glass windows are supplanted by broken panes in a dingy sash, and by wisps of straw and bundles of rags thrust into the apertures that admit more cold than light. In a rear building at No 69—a building approached by a narrow passageway reeking with filth—lives an aged pair. Their home is a den in a dirty cellar, and you have to bend low as you cross the threshold to enter. Once in this place your first and only anxiety is to get out again, and even the black and fearful court you have to cross, and the foul alley through the winding way of which you must pass, seem inviting, when you have for a moment breathed the deadly gas, miscalled the atmosphere, of this cellar. Grey haired and feeble, these two, a man and a woman, are slowly dying in this fearful place. The worst cell in the city prison is a sanatorium when

compared to such a human sty, and to the hopeless inmates of a place like this "death is kind." They had not tasted food for many hours, but coal and groceries were supplied them, and they are now about as comfortable as a soldier who having finished a hearty dinner, has surrendered himself as a supper for sandflies.

"Twenty thousand is a very small computation for the number of men now idle who usually support themselves and families by their labor; yet this number supposes not less than sixty thousand persons—men, women and children, the workmen and their families, without means and dependent upon charity. And there are probably more workingwomen idle than workingmen, for the occupations which women are engaged or those that are more strictly related to luxurious tastes, occupations, therefore, which are discontinued in times when scarcely any one feels "flush," simply because there is no sale for the products of these industries. It is not assumed that the obligation to care for the poor is anymore binding upon us because especially of the greater number now in want; but there are apparently some persons who are so ignorant of the condition of the city as not to be aware of the present distress, or so heedless and heartless as not to care for it, and it is in reference to their doubts that we outline the clear facts of the misery of a portion of our people. *The destitution in the city is terrible, not only for the need of bread, but for the want of fire and clothing.*"

A correspondent in the same paper, winds up a letter thus:

"Manhattan Island contains only $16\frac{1}{2}$ square miles of land, or about 10,750 acres, with a population, according to the census of 1870, of 952,000, which has since doubt-

less increased to over 1,000,000. Of that 1,000,000 we have 468,492 people living in 14,872 houses, being an average of over 31 persons to each house. It is among these people that the greatest want exists. How severely many of these people suffer, God only knows, and few of their fellow men ever take the trouble to find out. The sufferers are left, for the most part, to friends who are attracted to them by personal appeals, to the chance visits of the police, or to starvation. The vital records of 1873 show a total of over 900 deaths in our city from "marasmus." *Any intelligent and truthful physician will say that in 99 cases out of 100 of these "marasmus" is but another name for starvation.*"

It was in view of this heart-rending state of things, that the workingmen's meetings were called, and which were denounced by the monopolists and their minions, as inflammatory and seditious.

Wendell Phillips says, "The great problems of civilization, are poverty, disease and crime, and the last two are chiefly occasioned by the first."

It is but necessary for the honest Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen, generally, to resolve that they will be befogged and befooled no longer by scheming politicians and their greedy allies, who are running the government to destruction—it is but necessary, I say, for them thus to resolve, and to fix upon a plan and *concert of action*, whereby to rescue the government from those audacious and corrupt rings, and thus to restore it to its original designs of "deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed," and of "securing the greatest good to the greatest number."

As now administered the government is little else than a huge engine for filling the pockets of those avaricious and dishonest men, into whose hands it has most unluckily fallen.

“Will the Liberal party,” asks *The Golden Age*, “meet the demands of the Independents to-day? The number of voters who are actually Independents and who are indifferent to either of the old parties, if not disgusted with both of them, is very great. Were they consolidated in an organization of their own—workingmen and all—they would vastly outnumber either of the old parties of the country.”

The following is the Declaration of Principles and that part of the platform relating to the monetary interests of the country, as adopted by the Independent Party, organized at Cleveland, Ohio, in March, 1875.

Declaration of Principles.

Our Government is founded solely upon the consent of the people, and its powers are subject to their control. The evils we now suffer have resulted from the acts of unfaithful representatives who have set the interest of party above that of the people. These evils are chiefly displayed in our monetary system and the monopolies which it has engendered. This system being monarchical in its principles and subversive of Republican Government, and as experience demonstrates that we can have no hope of reform from existing political parties, it becomes our imperative duty to organize a new party to the end that we may resist the encroachments of the money power upon the rights

of the people, stay the tide of corruption and extravagance which overflows the land, and place the control of the resources and finances of the country in the hands of the people.

We therefore establish the Independent party and declare its principles to be as follows :

1. *It is the duty of the government to establish the monetary system based upon the faith and resources of the nation in harmony with the genius of this government, and adapted to the demands of legitimate business. To this end the circulating notes of all National and State banks, as well as all local currency should be withdrawn from circulation, and a paper money issued by the government directly to the people without the intervention of any system of banking corporations, which money shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, duties on imports included. This money to be interchangeable, at the option of the holders, with registered government bonds, bearing a rate of interest not exceeding 3.65 per cent. per annum.*

2d. *This system of finance will, by stimulating our industries and commerce, soon make the United States the depository of the precious metals of the world.*

3d. *The adoption of this system, by furnishing sufficient money at low interest, will solve the question of cheap transportation, because it will enable the railroads and carrying trades to relieve themselves of their loads of debt, lower their rates, and enable the people to construct additional lines whenever internal commerce may require.* * * *

The above is but a portion of a most excellent platform adopted by a large Convention "composed almost entirely of delegates chosen by Counties, Congressional

Districts or individuals, designated by Central Committees of States and Workingmen's Organizations."

The organ of this party, is *The Indianapolis Sun*, published at Indianapolis, Ind., and is ably and earnestly conducted.

All workingmen and others, who are convinced that we have nothing to hope for from either of the old parties—as now organized—would do well to procure this paper. I give a little extract from one of the *Sun's* editorials, in commenting upon some strictures of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It says :

"But the *Enquirer* does not state the facts. The destruction of the old parties, one or both, is already begun, and instead of 'nearly every man' being committed to either the Democrat or Republican party, hundreds of thousands of voters throughout the States of the northwest have already absolved themselves from all allegiance to either, and have espoused the Independent standard. What does the *Enquirer* say to the 75,000 votes for the Independent ticket in Illinois last fall? What of the 20,000 in Indiana? What of the 150,000 to 200,000 in Iowa and Kansas?

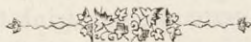
"The people have been too grateful to the party that saved the nation from the grasp of the Rebellion -- have indulged the whims of its party leaders, and pandered to its vicious parasites, until two millions of honest toilers now beg their bread, until bankruptcy and commercial ruin overwhelm us, and the permanent enslavement of labor and the establishment of a monied oligarchy, becomes no idle dream, nor pet delusion. Yet shall the claims of gratitude to the Republican party be urged to the extent of making three-

fourths of our people paupers, to the subversion of all true republicanism, and the establishment of a feudal money despotism, gold oligarchy, that will carry us back five hundred years over the weary track of human progress ? * * * * *

“There is abundant room for a new party. *Ninety-five out of every hundred of the people, are without a party, devoted to their interests.* The ninety-five producers of this country, have no party. The other five—constituting the *usurers and bond holders*, have two parties.”

Let every honest man—every man who contributes to the world’s needs by hand or brain, commit the following noble lines to memory, and act upon them :

“God give us men ! a time like this demands ;
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands ;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
 Men who possess opinions, and a will ;
 Men who have honor ; men who will not lie ;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatterers without winking.
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty and in private-thinking.
 For while the the rabble in their thumb-worm creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds—
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo ! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps !”



No Home.

“**I** HAVE no home. I am a mere renter. I am subject to another. In all this broad land, I have no home, not a foot of land. I only live by permission. And yet I have labored hard and long—toiled industriously and faithfully. O, that I could now, in the evening of my days, throw off this damnable burden of daily toil. But I cannot. I am too old to work; and yet I am too poor to live without.”

Such was the language of one of the most honest, kind hearted of men; but who has felt “the iron of poverty enter his soul,” notwithstanding, as he says, he has toiled hard and long. But in a world of such gross injustice and grinding greed, industry and honesty are no *guarantee* to securing a competence and a home.

“*I have no home.*” Than this there is no expression that sounds more disconsolate—none that sinks deeper into the true man’s heart. Shut out from the soil and the abundance thereof, not a rood they can possess, and without health to labor, their doom is fixed—their hope blighted and they *must* suffer. In the public highway they may breathe pure air, and drink from the cooling fountain, but the brook in the field, the green grove on the farm, the air that fans the leaves beyond the dusty

road, are owned by, and secured to a brother man, whose indulgence must be sought, and whose permit be obtained ere the refreshing water or the cooling shade may be enjoyed.

I can never read, without tearful emotion, the sad history of John Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home." The following touching extract, is from the Boston *Traveler*:

The Author of "Sweet Home."

"It is said that the author of 'Sweet Home,' J. Howard Payne, whose song has been sung all over the world, was himself a wanderer in life, and never had a home. He was at one time Consul to Tunis, and was a man of fine conversational powers. A friend of his records that he gave a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. 'How often,' said he once, 'I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing, 'Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread.' Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. His wish was realized, He died at Tunis."

And here I introduce the following little sketch, from

“*Good Words*,” which is replete with a touching pathos and significance, and enforces the thought that “the light of *good deeds* will still shine on,” when all the pomp, pride and parade of earth will have vanished away as a bubble upon the deep.

“Died Poor.”

“It was a sad funeral to me,” said the speaker; “the saddest I have attended for many years.”

“That of Edmonson?”

“Yes.”

“How did he die?”

“Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined to know no fulfillment.”

“Yet he was patient and enduring,” remarked one of the company.

“Patient as a Christian, enduring as a martyr,” was answered. “Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success.”

“Did he not succeed?” questioned the one who had spoken of his patience and endurance.

“No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise.”

“I was with him in his last moments,” said the other, “and thought he died rich.”

“No, he has left nothing behind,” was replied. “The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate.”

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphant procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brain, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can conquer bravely, in the battle of life, as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no, he did not die poor, but rich, rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections; and his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciations. There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. He dies rich who can take his treasures with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed his affections, dies poor indeed."

A False System.

IT is less from any inherent depravity or selfishness in men, it may be, that such antagonisms prevail, than from the false system on which society is based, and the modes adopted for doing business.

The Boston *Chronotype* once said, "Throw a bucket of swill to a drove of swine, and you have the aptest possible illustration (homely though it be) of the present state of society."

Were it not for the selfish *scramble* in which men engage, where each is determined to get all he can, instead of being willing to live and let live, it would be comparatively easy for all to get along, and have enough. But where a few are *bent* on having "the lion's share," then contention and strife are the results, without any assurance of a competency for the future. Thus men, defeat the very objects at which they aim, by their own selfishness, and by clinging to a system which fosters this selfish spirit.

And the difficulties of obtaining the means of living increase year by year, and the prospects become more and more precarious, in proportion as the population increases, and the wealth centres into the hands of the few.

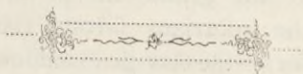
When it becomes necessary as a matter of *self-preservation*, for men to suppress their honest convictions, pander to a corrupt public sentiment, to honor those who are unworthy of honor, to cringe before the power of money, and to shout huzzas to gilded villiany ; when the Angel of Justice forsakes the Ship of State ; when millions ask for "bread, but get a stone" ; when moral honesty becomes a jest and a by-word with those in power, then indeed, are we all *at sea*, without chart, or compass, or rudder, without helmsman, or pilot, or engineer, drifting, drifting toward the rocks ! But, as even the sea is swept around by the horizon of Heaven, so *our* ocean of woe is overbrooded by the love of God !

And may we not hope that America may yet become the Messiah of nations even though it may be through other "Gethsemanes of Agony", or other Seas of sorrow but, leading ultimately, to grander heights of national glory where Justice shall build her shrines, Humanity her homes, Science her temples, and the Religion of Righteousness her altars !

Just think of it ! Here are God's everlasting symphonies vibrating through all nature. Here are the rivers and rivulets that run over the earth rejoicing. Here the grand old mountains, the primeval rocks, the luxuriant forests, the smiling fields and lovely valleys—the star-gemmed heavens glittering and glowing with an unearthly glory—the delicate and dewy flowers, laden with an ethereal sweetness, and with a beauty as if borrowed from the Holy Lands of the Angels ! Yea, here are ten thousand times ten

thousand voices, calling from the great bosom of the ocean—depths—from the mighty pavillions of mountain-gorges—from the infinite multitude of rolling worlds above and around us—calling to man to cease his incessant grasping after fleeting materialities—his paltry grovelling in the dust, and to learn of God's Wisdom, Love, and Truth—by which *alone* can come happiness—either on earth, or in the Starry Homes of the Great Hereafter !

Let those who believe that something better than war want and oppression await the world, reflect seriously upon their responsibility at this eventful hour, and ask themselves if a better state of things *can ever* come upon the earth, so long as the superstructure of Society is based upon selfish rivalry, upon remorseless monopoly, and a contempt of the laboring classes, and of the poor. As well expect "sweet waters from bitter fountains," or look for the Kingdom of Heaven to come into the souls of men, while they were practising the deeds of darkness.



Anti-Monopoly Society.

"For thee, for me, for all."

AN Anti-Monopoly Society, organized for the following objects, would help, among other instrumentalities, to keep within bounds the spirit of greed, which is eating out the heart of the nation, and demoralizing every ramification of society.

The principles of Universal Justice to be the *basis* of this Society. Industry and integrity to be rewarded by securing a *home*, that should be inalienable, and as sacredly protected as life, from the clutching hand of avarice. Land Limitation and Homestead Exemption to be sought to be incorporated in our laws, the latter not as now allowed to be made a dead letter, by the preferred claim of speculators and monopolists.

Of course no millionaire or monopolist can be admitted to membership in this society; nor any man who does not adopt the prayer of Agur, "*Give me neither poverty nor riches;*" neither any man who would act under conditions as the following illustrates:

1. A man, who, being a member of a family of five brothers and sisters, is willing that the four should be kept incessantly at work, while *he* lives in idleness, and by cer-

tain manipulations and manouwerings, manages to appropriate mainly, the products of their toil—this man cannot be a member.

2. The man, who with an enormous appetite; sat down to dine with half a dozen others and by some adroit movement, or flattering device succeeded in transferring all the best things to his own plate—leaving the remaining five—who had *produced all the materials* of the dinner, to fare as best they could—such a man would not be accessible to membership.

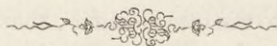
3. If a hundred men became inhabitants of an island of ten thousand acres, and one of the number would join a dozen others, in certain schemes of diplomacy to obtain possession of the entire island, making the remainder subordinate, or in bondage to them, and appropriating the greater portion of all they produced—such a man could not be eligible to membership in this Anti-Monopoly Society.

Hence such “types of mankind” as those who would act on the *principle* of the individual at the dinner-table, the member of the family of five, or the twelve men on the island, who illustrate the politeness of the boor, the greediness of the cormorant, the selfishness of the barbarian, none such could be admitted to a Society having Equity, or Justice for its basis.

In short no individual who rejects the doctrine that the great family of Man are one common Brotherhood and that God is the Universal Father, could be received into a society, which has for its objects, the establishment of Justice and the securing of *Homes for all*.

It is further understood that each member of this

Society, after having secured by honest toil, in any of the varied branches of Industry,—useful artistic, esthetic a comfortable home and a source of moderate income, that he is then to turn his attention more specifically, to helping others and to the cultivation of his intellectual, moral and social nature to the acquirement of knowledge in the Arts and Sciences in Mental Philosophy, in Psychology, in the Laws of Life and Health, and in all that would become a student of Nature, a disciple of Truth, who had a realizing sense that man was created for something more than to be a mere deliver after dirt and dollars, and that his earthly existence is but the beginning of an immortal career an endless voyage of exploration and discovery, throughout God's immeasurable dominions !



Capital and Labor.

He who is always wanting more, is neither rich nor happy—
although owning millions.

THE question is frequently asked: “Can capital and labor be reconciled, and study each the other’s interest?” It is the opinion of some that that they never can, that there is an irreconcilable antagonism, an irrepressible conflict between them—the one representing authority, despotism—the other subordination, bondage—the one affording ease, wealth, comfort, luxury—the other imposing long hours of weary, wearing toil, with poverty, anxiety and gnawing care. And in looking over this subject, questions like these are suggested to the mind: Has money any inherent or superior rights over labor? Which—if either, should be subordinate to the other—*labor*, that produces all the wealth, or *money* that produces nothing? and which, if either, has a right to *dictate terms*? Who are most in the way of human progress and the establishment of *equity* on the earth, and which are the most *responsible*—the rich paupers who produce nothing by hand or brain, or the poor paupers, who produce nothing?

If there is no sympathy, no interest felt on the part

of the capitalist toward the laborer, then there can be no real co-operation or working for mutual interests. This must come from a sense of simple justice between man and man, and a desire to conform to the Divine principles of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is said by some that many workingmen are unreasonable, pugnacious, improvident; that they have no refinement, are coarse and illiterate, care nothing about reading or cultivating their minds; but would prefer to spend their leisure time at beer shops, or to lounge and loaf around. Furthermore, that many of them are just as selfish, and would be just as tyrannical, or overbearing as the most dictatorial and supercilious capitalists or monopolist, if they had the power.

There is too much ground for these remarks in many cases, I have no doubt. Workingmen should endeavor to acquit themselves honorably and fairly, to act a manly part toward all, to do all in their power to become informed upon all the leading questions of the day, that thereby they may be able to act understandingly in all the varied duties of life. They should, as far as possible, try to know their best friends, from mere designing politicians and sycophants, and to know who to entrust with their ballots.

A large majority of the votes are in the hands of the industrial classes, and they have it largely in their power to control governmental affairs and the destinies of the nation. To do this wisely and justly, what an achievement!

Let workingmen seriously ponder upon this, and let

them withhold their votes, except for those of whom they are doubly assured, will faithfully represent their interests, and the interests of *all* the people.

When a politician will say that three hundred thousand dollars is not enough for one man; when there is only enough money in the country to allow that sum to every ten millions out of the forty millions of the people—when such a man asks for your vote, be firm enough to respectfully decline.

Of the Independent or Workingmen's party now organized, the people will not be informed or kept posted, through the newspaper press of the country, as that is to a great extent subsidized and run in the interests of the rings and the money-power.

Our advice to workingmen is to avoid strikes and remember the *ballot*.

Capital and labor can be reconciled and an end put to strikes, and "the irrepressible conflict" which exists, and the innumerable woes resulting therefrom, if capital would but take a lesson from the French millionaire and philanthropist, Hon. Andrien Godin, a very instructive and interesting account of whose Workingmen's Palace may be found on page 16 of this little book, and to which I would call the special attention of the capitalists of the United States.

That there can be any *permanent remedy* for the stupendous evils growing out of the present competitive and antagonistic systems of society, short of co-operations, combinations and communal homes, I do not believe. Every thing else will be but expedients, palliatives, which can afford but temporary relief.

Should the Government Give Work to the Unemployed?

“Two millions of men now out of employment in this country, and asking for work.”

WH Y should it be incompatible with the functions of a republican government, to keep men from starving, by furnishing them with work, while it is entirely within its province to protect their lives in other ways?

That it is so considered, may be predicated on the assumption of an ancient writer that, “It is not the business of governments to promote the interests of *mankind* but to promote their own interests.” It would look as if our government, in these latter days, had been acting largely on this principle.

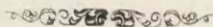
But, is it only important that men and women should be protected from burglars and assassins, while they are left unprotected from the grim hand of *want*, that like a giant monster, throttles them by the thousand, and slowly sucks out their life-blood? Viewed, however, entirely in the light of bringing in a *revenue* to the government—without any reference to its humanity would it not be a profitable operation to send

large Industrial armies (as I have previously intimated might be done by millionaires and heavy capitalists) send them under the supervision of wise and skillful leaders, to guide and direct them with a certain military exactness, in breaking up the wild lands and opening up grand agricultural domains on our extensive Western shores? Would'nt this be better than letting them starve to death, or have them driven to desperate deeds to obtain bread?

If there may be *destructive* armies, and military heroes for carrying devastation and death over the nations, why not *constructive* armies and Industrial heroes, going forth with the implements of peace, to open up magnificent fields of industry and to cause the wilderness and the waste places of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose?

"The remedy I propose" said the Rev. W. H. Channing, in a lecture several years ago, "for the increasing pauperism of the United States, and of New York, in particular, is the location of the poor on the lands of the far west, which would not only afford permanent relief to our unhappy brethren, but would restore that self-respect and honorable principle, inseparable from citizenship."

Jefferson, in his last letter, said, "The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."



Co-Operative Associations, Communal Homes.

THAT Associations, Communities, Society Groups, will be ultimately adopted on this planet, there can be no doubt. The race, at the present rate of increase, could not continue many generations, under the prevailing systems of semi-barbarism.

We see already numerous attempts at Association and Communal life—such as the Economites, located at Economy, Pa., near Pittsburgh—the Ebenezers or Inspirationists, in Iowa—the Zoarites, in Ohio—the Icarians in Iowa the Perfectionists at Oneida in western New York—the Aurora and Bethel Communes, and other Communistic Societies—all of whom may be said to be much in advance, in many respects of the ‘world’s people’.

To show merely what saving of time and labor, the Communal System affords, I will here present a little extract from *The Circular*, the weekly paper of the Oneida Community, in reply to some enquirers :

“And you will see, gentlemen, that in a Community, there is a chance for maintaining a constant protracted meeting, and for personal religious effort, without end. In this respect, it is different from common society. In your system of isolated families, every thing has to be cared for at each separate establishment, at an immense waste of time and labor. To take care of a hundred cattle and twenty horses, separated at twenty farm houses, requires the presence and labor of twenty men ; put them together and four men will do it as well. So, in a village of a hundred houses ; a hundred women are required to light a hundred fires, and to get three hundred separate meals a day, for their little families—when, if united, the meals would be reduced to *three*, and the work would be done much easier and better, by three men and six or eight women.”

Graduated Taxation.

AMONG other remedies against the monopolizing power, is that of Graduated Taxation, as presented in the following petition. This, and especially a *low and uniform rate of interest*, are important questions of the hour :

Petition.

TO THE SENATE AND LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF —

Your petitioners respectfully represent :

That the present unequal distribution of the products of industry, termed *property*, and the *monopoly of the soil*, demand from your body a profound, earnest, and careful consideration, with a view to such legislation as shall in a measure harmonize the present conflicting interests between industry and capital, and thus render them stable and equitable.

With this view, your petitioners would respectfully urge upon your body the adoption of the following beneficent law—a measure of *graduated taxation upon accumulating wealth* :

That whenever a citizen of the State shall be the possessor of five thousand dollars of taxable property, real or personal, to be determined by the returns of the Board of Assessors of the county in which he resides, or where the property exists, there shall be levied and collected annually upon such five thousand dollars (in the usual forms and through the usual channels) a tax of one-half of one per cent.; and upon all estates between five and ten thousand dollars, the sum of one per cent.; upon all estates between ten and

twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent.; upon all estates between twenty and forty thousand dollars, two per cent.; upon all estates between forty and sixty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent.; upon all estates between sixty and one hundred thousand dollars three per cent.; upon all estates between one hundred and two hundred thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent.; upon all estates between two and three hundred thousand dollars, four per cent.; upon all estates between three and five hundred thousand dollars, five per cent.; upon all estates between five hundred thousand and one million dollars, seven per cent.; upon all estates between one and two million dollars, ten per cent.; upon all estates between two and three million dollars, fifteen per cent.; upon all estates between three and five million dollars, twenty per cent.; upon all estates over five million dollars, fifty per cent.

These taxes, when so collected, shall be first applied to the payment of obligations for the maintenance of town, county, municipal, State, and general governments, the payment of the national and State debts, public education, and other legitimate purposes.


2. There shall be a Board of Commissioners formed, under the law, for the purpose of receiving, funding, and distributing the surplus taxes, who shall furnish ample securities for their trusts, with such penal safeguards as to render their ministry acceptable and certain.

This Board of Commissioners shall be empowered, under wise and judicious counsels, to distribute said *surplus taxes* so as to conduce to the well-being and interests of all classes:

By enabling associations of men and women to settle upon the public and State lands of the South and West. To loan funds to co-operative mechanical associations in towns and cities, and agricultural associations who desire to settle upon the soil. To build suburban homes for the industrial classes, at a reasonable rent, with privilege of purchase, with street and steam railways for their cheap transit. To provide proper places of amusement, reading-rooms, and colleges for mechanical and agricultural education. To provide instructive lectures and musical festivals, and, in general, to so diffuse and *redistribute* the products of labor as to ever make wealth administer to the necessities, comforts, and wide-spread happiness of all.

To this end, and conscious of the good results that must accrue from so wise, just, and equitable redistribution of the products of industry, your petitioners would earnestly pray for the passage of this law, to be enforced by proper legislation.

The following is the significant imprint upon letter envelopes, which are furnished by E. M. Davis, Esq., 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa :

 "VOTERS, SEE WHAT INJUSTICE YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR!

You have sanctioned laws by which the National Banks, composed of a *few* of the people, borrow of the Nation, the *whole* people, over three hundred and seventy millions of dollars *without* interest, and are *paid interest*—OUT OF THE TAXES PAID INTO THE PUBLIC TREASURY—on the securities deposited for the loan!

What is the Remedy?

Demand a return of the National Bank notes, and return to the banks their securities.

Create sufficient greenbacks to buy an amount of bonds equal to those returned. Tax-payers will thus save millions of dollars in taxes yearly, and the country still have about the same volume of currency as now.

Have only United States money; issue as much as productive industries may require, on U. S. bonds or real estate as security, charging four per cent interest, and make the money interchangeable with 3.65 per cent. U. S. bonds.

Repeal all laws creating or sustaining banks; let banking be free and conducted under the law of partnerships."

The people deposit with the National Banks an average of about six hundred and seventy millions of dollars, for which they get no interest, and have only a precarious security! With the interchangeable bond system this money will flow into the U. S. Treasury, making it unnecessary to borrow in Europe, and saving a large amount of interest.

If you are in favor of greenback money, join greenback clubs, and take the newspapers that are friendly.

RENT DAY.

The question is not
"Art thou in the nobility?"
This is the question,
"Is the nobility in thee?"

BY L. M. PATTERSON.

"In the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amidst its busy strife,"
Our payments we can meet.
My dear, the landlord called to-day,
And asked me for the rent;
With crimson face, I stammered out,
Truly I've not a cent.
He left me quite dissatisfied,
And looked so cross and sour,
I sighed, when shall I be released,
From landlords' crushing-power?
Again the door bell summoned me
To meet a new demand;
"Your water tax, ma'am, here's the bill,
Ten-twenty madam—and,
Please pay it in, soon as you can,
We're very much in need,
'Twill help us some; our "Water Bonds"
Are badly mixed indeed.
Just then the children came from school,
And out of breath, said Kate,
"My teacher has promoted me,
And said to bring a slate."
"My feet are wet, my boots worn out,
And every step I tread,
The water gushes in and out,"
Said doleful little Ned.

Your brother's coat, our boots and shoes,

The secret may divulge,

That clothing is a luxury

In which we can't indulge.

Another bill, a five this time,

For taxes, I declare ;

Where's the supply for these demands,

Sad echo answers, *Where?*

The grocery bill is still unpaid,

Coal out and flour done ;

God help the poor and send us aid !

Cold winter's just begun.

Wages, you know, have been reduced ;

Men work for little hire ;

But no reduction on our rents,

Nor on our food or fire.

The ladies throw their "sheltering arms"

'Round her who's gone astray.

While women pure unaided toil

Up virtue's rugged way.

With steeples pointing to the sky,

Priests eloquent and great,

"God in the Constitution" placed,—

This is a "Christian" State.

Will legislation bring Him down,

From off His lofty throne,

And help Him hear the orphan's cry,

Or heed the widow's moan ?

Jan. 1, 1874.



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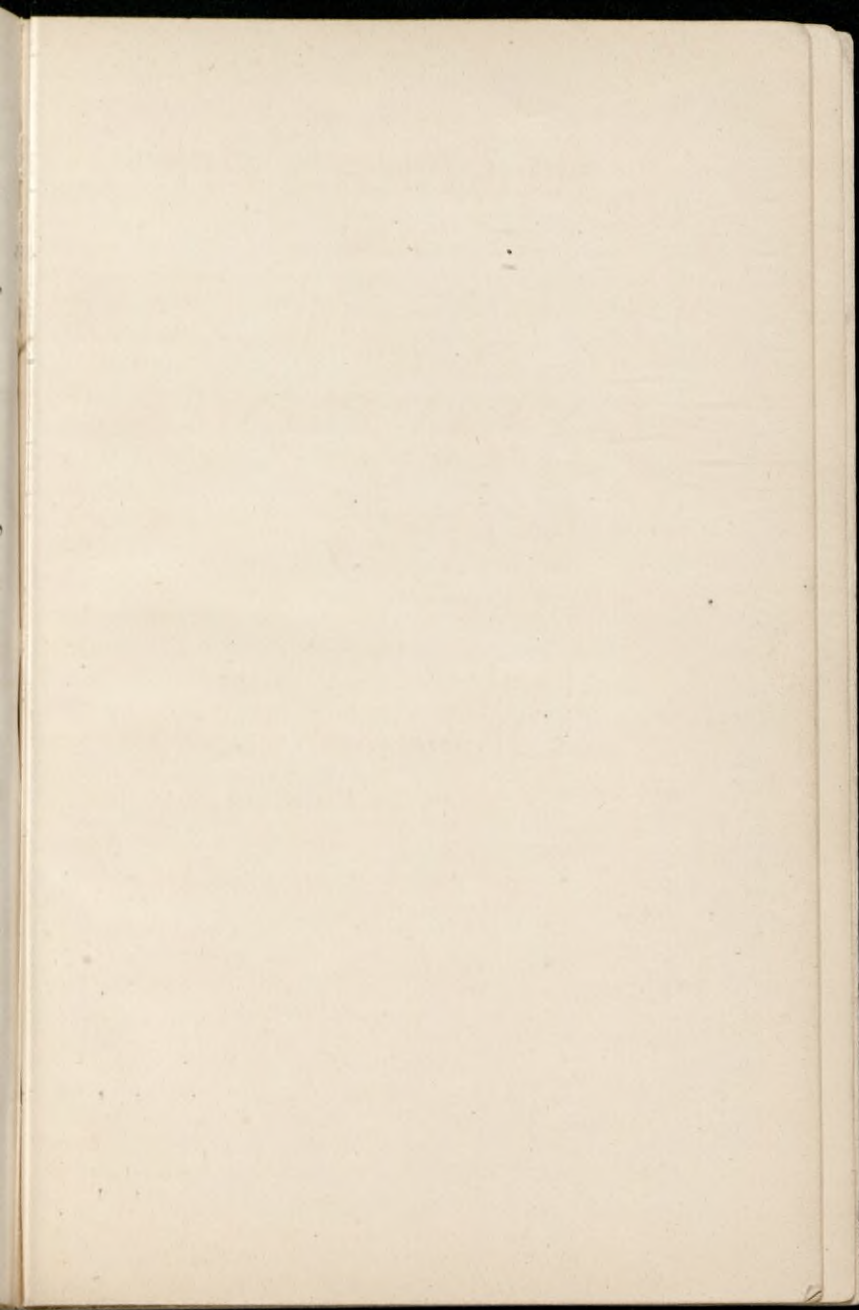
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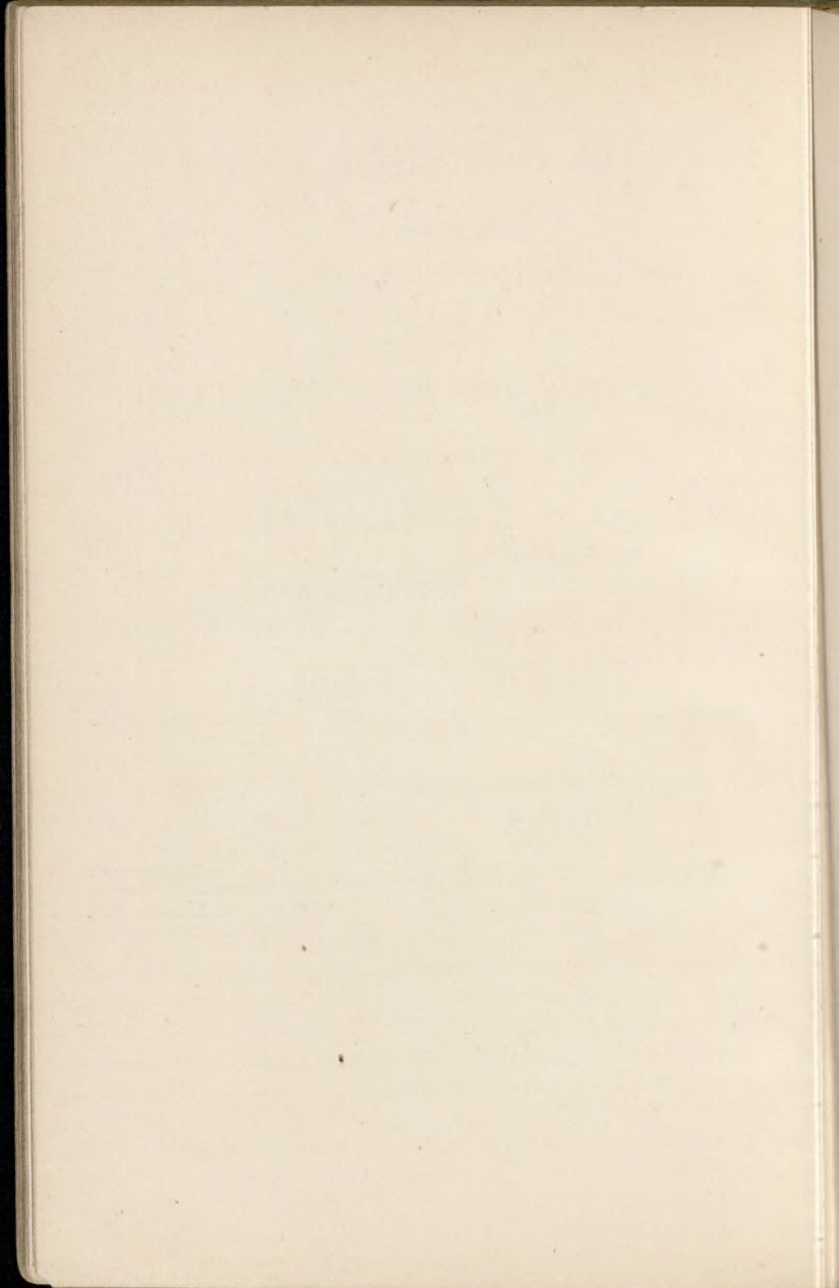
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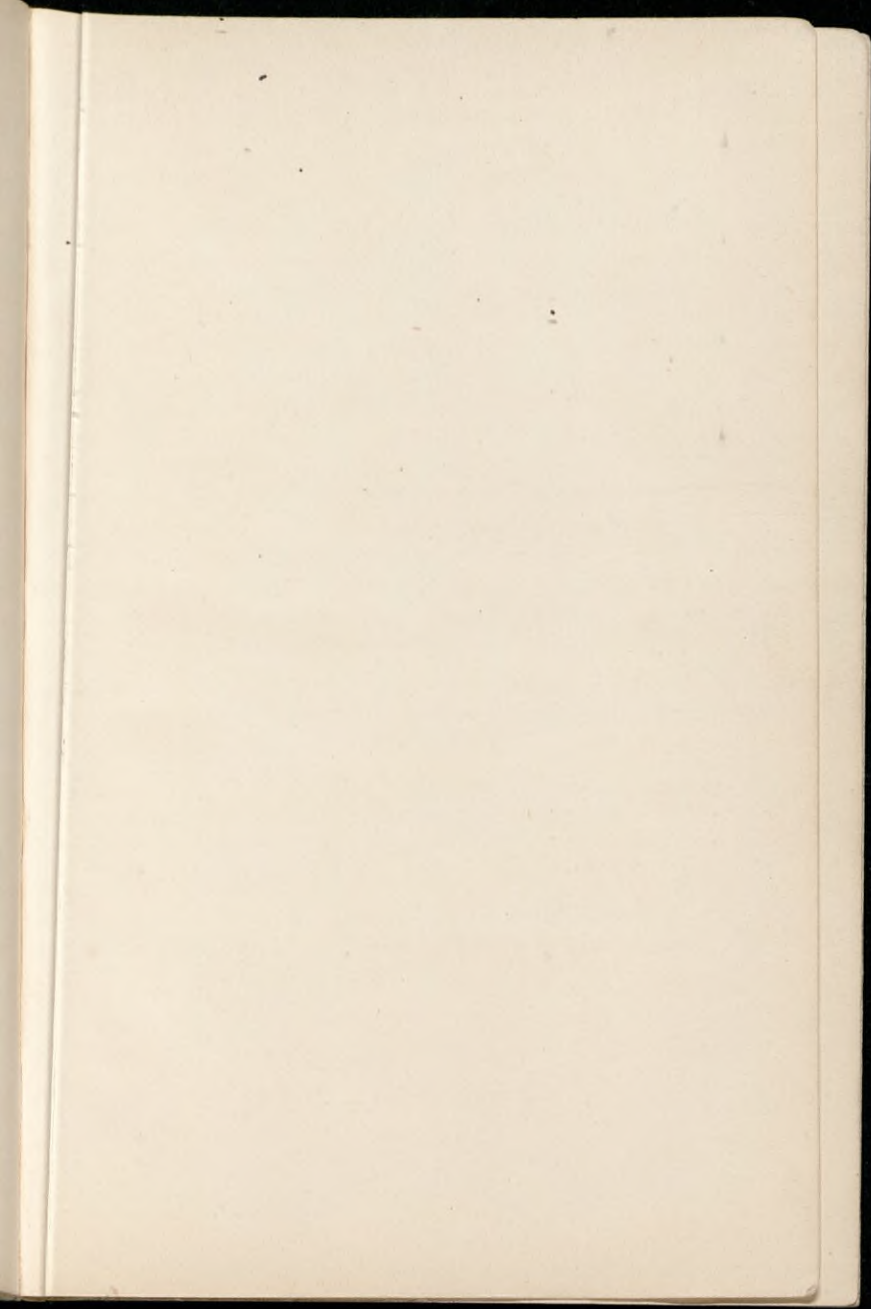
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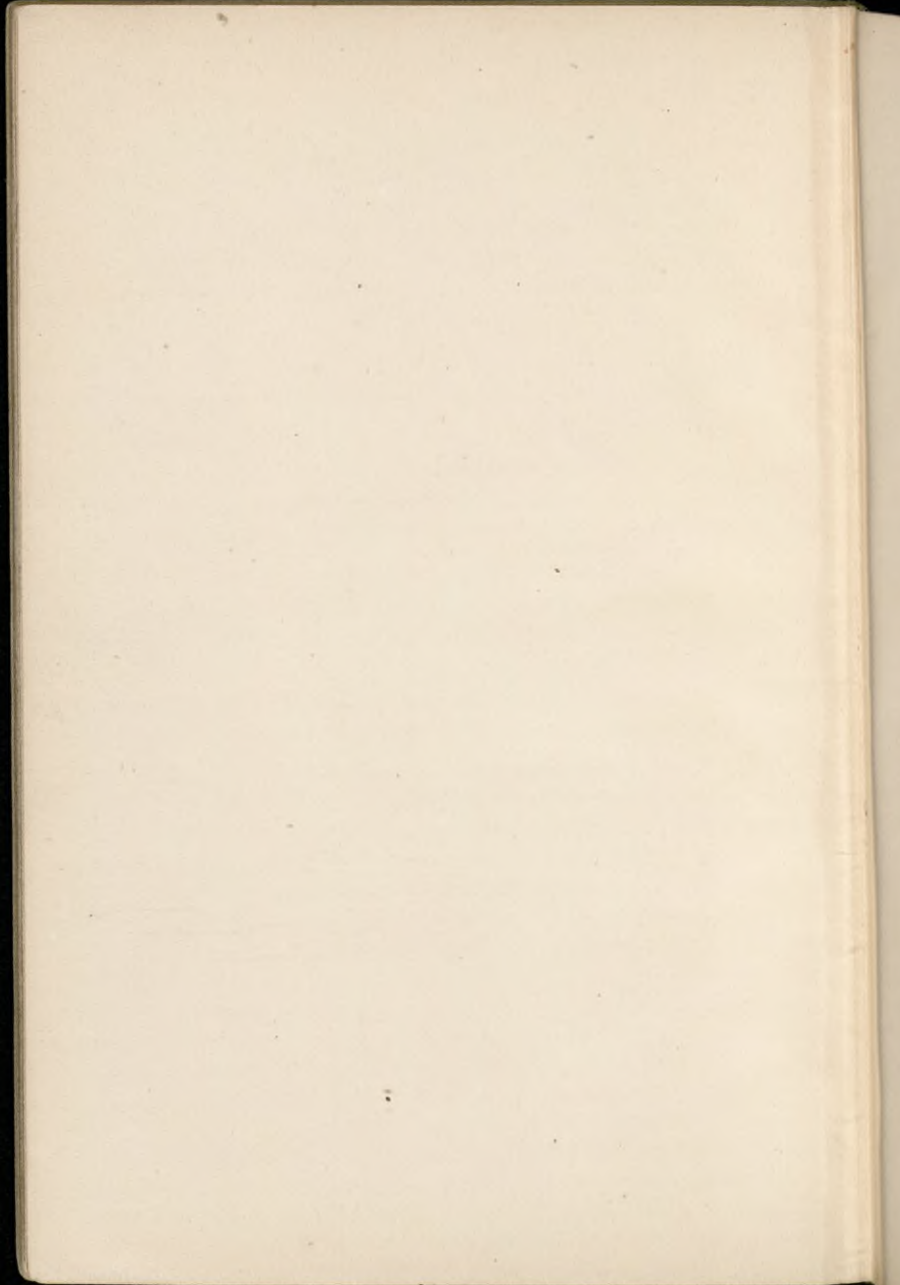
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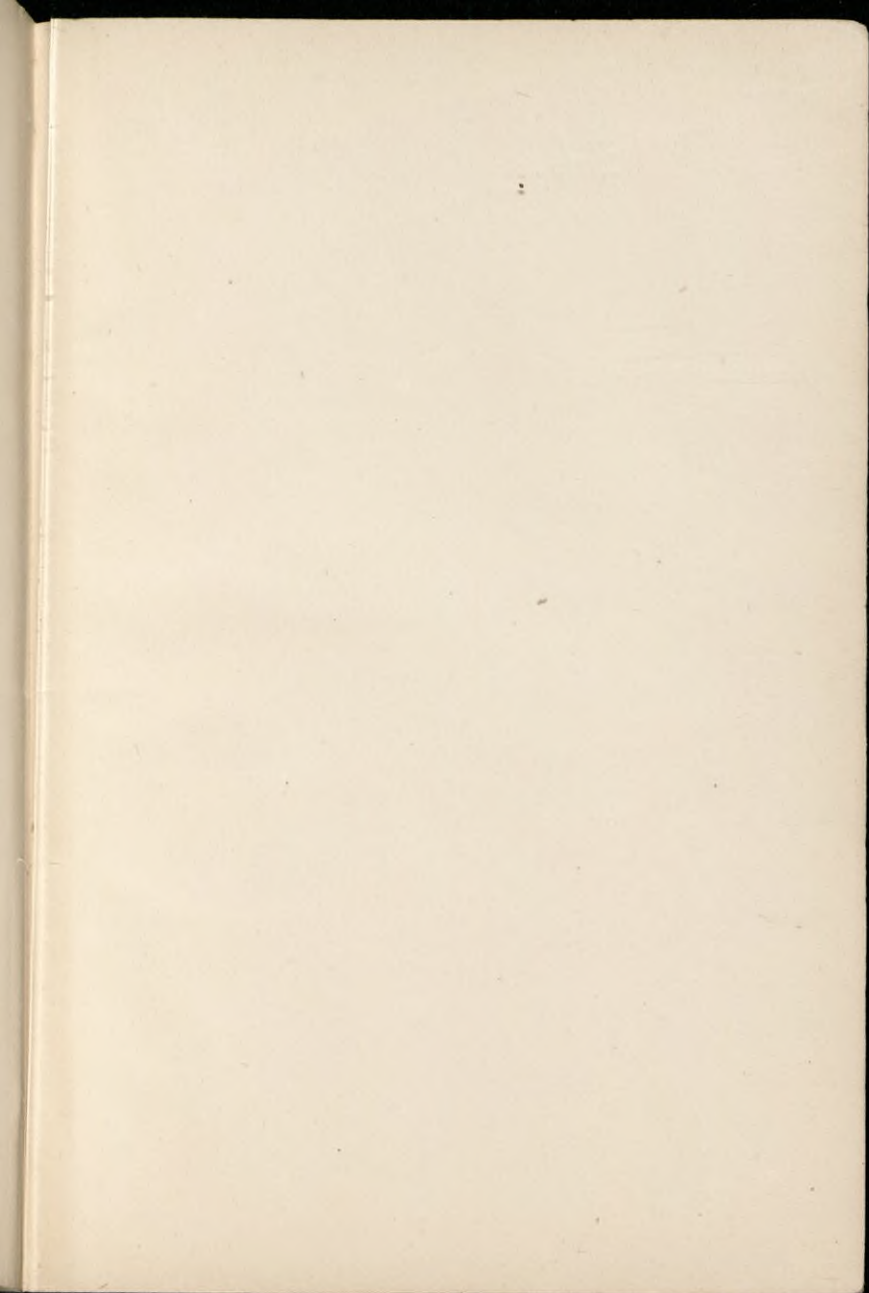
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