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## WHERE TO FIND REST.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, O. C., Nov. 26, 1868.

WHAT is the attitude of faith in reference to work and rest? The common habit is to look for rest in the direction of what is called leisure. Rest is conceived of as a cessation of labor—a state of inactivity, whether of body, or brain, or heart. It is a state in which one wants to lie down and doze—dull, weary passivity. The Turkish siesta represents rest in the ordinary sense. You have repleted yourself, you have had your opium, and now for a doze. I think that is just the opposite of true rest. Indeed, it is the most tiresome state a person can get into. This idea of rest is based on the assumption that our life is turbid and fleshly, and that exertion is wearisome, heavy business. It is based on the assumption that we are bound like the brutes, toward total inaction in death, and the nearer to death, the more rest. That is not the teaching of faith. Faith teaches us that we are not bound for death, but for life, and a totally different kind of life from this dozing, sleepy kind. The life that faith is bound for, is found only in God, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth. If you adopt the brute theory of existence, that we are bound for death, your dozing may be rest; but if you take for the theory of your life that which is true in God, you will find dozing and stupidity to be the opposite of rest. You will find the brute's paradise, no paradise for the sons and daughters of God.

The theory of life that belongs to us as believers in Christ, will lead us to seek rest in just the contrary direction from what the brutes do. What is faith? We have defined it as something that sets its face right up a steep hill, that balks at nothing, but perseveres until it accomplishes whatever it undertakes. We call the opposite of faith, unbelief; but practically it is *laziness*; it is cowardice; it is the spirit that loves this Turkish kind of rest. The soldier spirit is an essential quality of faith, and this is the spirit which secures health and all the benefits of life. Laziness and cowardice are the principles in which all diseases inhere. I believe that laziness is the mother of all diseases. It is itself the worst kind of disease. If a person is possessed with this brute life, which seeks rest in

inaction, he may be apparently in perfect health, and yet he has the very virus of death in him.

We have spoken of two states, the positive and negative, which persons may be in toward disease, one state inviting disease, and the other repelling it. The negative state that invites disease, loves this kind of rest. It loves to sink down into a doze. It feels that exertion is a great bore. It is this superannuated feeling that finally winds up in death. This is a disease that begins to work very early in life. The young feel old very early; that is, just as soon as they feel that leisure is the desirable change to seek. That feeling is the germination of the seeds of old age and death.

Our prosperity is not going to bring us this change. We are never going to retire on wealth, and sink down into a Turkish doze. That is not our destiny. When we come to the end of one great enterprise, God will offer to us another of greater magnitude, that will tax our powers to their utmost again. God has called us to rest in his eternal energy, and I shall seek rest in no other direction. In that course we may expect to escape all diseases, old age and death.

The spirit of laziness can not rest in any circumstances; but the spirit of faith can find rest in all circumstances.

The difference between those who work by faith, and hirelings, will be found perhaps in the fact that the latter have got old age at their hearts; that is, they are deep in the idea that rest is to be found in dozing, or having nothing to do. Faith seeks *more life* and *better* life, the life of God, and expects to outdo itself year by year. I suppose that this Community, with new life, taken in by heroic faith, could do four times as much work as we do now, and get more rest too.

## TALK ABOUT THE SECOND COMING.

NO. IX.

*Circular*.—We will now pursue further our proposed examination of evidence about the "first resurrection." In 1 Cor. 15: 23—24, we find the resurrection divided into several acts, as follows:—"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: *Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at his Coming; then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father.*" How do you understand this?—as making *two* resurrections besides Christ's, or only *one*?

*Inquirer*.—One only, of course. The apos-

tle says expressly, after speaking of the Second Coming, "THEN cometh the end."

*Circular*.—Now I will convince you that you are in a mistake. The word *then*, in the clause you quote, instead of identifying the "end," as you suppose, with the Second Coming, makes a *third* item of it, and carries it forward to an after-period, as distinct from the time of the Second Coming, as that is from the time of Christ's resurrection. To show this, I must call your attention to the Greek words that are translated "*afterward*" and "*then*," in the passage we are considering. They are *epeita* and *eita*; and they occur in several other instances in the New Testament, in precisely similar circumstances, so that by comparing we can make sure of their meaning. For instance, in this same 15th of 1 Cor. (ver. 7), the apostle, in his enumeration of those who saw Christ after his resurrection, mentions the five hundred brethren who saw him at once, and then says—"After that he was seen of James; then of all the apostles." Here we have in the original, *epeita*, translated *after that*, and *eita*, translated *then*, just as they are in the disputed passage. You see that the word *then*, in this case certainly, does not refer to the item mentioned before, but makes a new item. The plain meaning is, that Christ was seen by the five hundred brethren; *after that* by James; and *then at another time*, by all the apostles. So in stating the order of the resurrection, Paul means to name *three* distinct items, viz: *first*, Christ's resurrection; *secondly*, the resurrection at the Second Coming; and *thirdly*, the final or universal resurrection.

Take another example of this same form of enumeration. In the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians, ver. 28, occurs the following:—"God hath set in the church, first, apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; *after that* [*epeita*], miracles; *then* [*eita*] gifts of healing," &c. Here again it is plain that the gifts of healing are distinct from the miracles, and that the word *then* is a term of separation, just like the words *secondarily* and *thirdly* that precede it. No instance can be found in the New Testament where the word *eita* means *then*, in the sense of *at that time*. It always means *afterward* in respect to time, or *next* in respect to order. It is another word [*tote*] that signifies *at that time*. So you see that your old impressions about Paul's statement of the order of the resurrection, must be given up. He does not mean to say that the "end" is at the Second Coming,

when the first resurrection takes place, but that it is a distinct affair, to come afterwards.

The received translation of first Cor 15: 23, 24, is calculated to blind and mislead in several respects. It does not give true force to the antithesis between the first item, and the last. The word translated "first-fruits," is *apárke*, signifying simply "the beginning," which better prepares the ear for "the end." Then the last item, relating to the "end," is separated from the two that precede it by the division of verses, and the word *cometh* is interpolated in it, both of which arrangements tend to remove it from its true place in the series. It is evident that the translators had no clear idea of the distinction between the first resurrection and the second, and consequently made a jumble of Paul's statement, corresponding with their own ignorance. Let Paul speak for himself, without interruption or interpolation, and his statement is this: "All shall be made alive; but every man in his own order: Christ the beginning; after that, they that are Christ's at his coming: then the end." As we supply mentally the words "of the resurrection," after "beginning," so we supply the same words after "the end." The idea is that of a resurrection in three acts—a beginning, a middle, and an end; and the end is as distinct from the middle as the middle is from the beginning; that is to say, the final resurrection is as distinct from the resurrection at the Second Coming, as that is from Christ's resurrection.

*Inquirer.*—This reasoning appears to be conclusive. But do you suppose that Paul foresaw that there was to be a long interval between the resurrection at the Second Coming and the final resurrection? In his language they seem very close together.

*Circular.*—Perhaps the *seeming* is in your habit of thinking, and not in his language. We have seen that Christ instructed his disciples that the "times of the Gentiles" were to be *after* his Second Coming. It is not to be supposed that Paul, the most intelligent of the apostles, was ignorant of this part of Christ's prophetic theory. In fact he too predicted the "times of the Gentiles," and went into a specific exposition of the arrangement by which the Gentiles were finally to give the gospel to the Jews, as the Jews in that dispensation had given the gospel to the Gentiles. This you will see in the 11th chapter of Romans. In Eph. 1: 10, Paul speaks of "*the dispensation of the fullness of times*," evidently alluding to the final manifestation of Christ, after the times of the Gentiles. It is clear, therefore, that in his mind "the end" was quite distant, though the Second Coming was near. In order to fairly represent his whole theory, as indicated by these other passages that I have referred to, we must paraphrase 1 Cor. 15: 23, 24, in this way: "All shall be raised; but every man in his own order; Christ the beginning; after that, at the Second Coming, which is at the end of the times of the Jews, the church of the first resurrection; then, after

*the times of the Gentiles*, the final resurrection of all mankind."

Indeed there is plenty of evidence in immediate connection with this statement of the order of the resurrection, that Paul foresaw the long interval between the Second Coming and "the end." Read on through the 24th, 25th, and 26th verses, and you will see that he did not expect "the end," till the reign of Christ had put down all rule and authority and power, and had overcome all enemies, and abolished even death itself. This consummation he saw afar off, beyond the times of the Gentiles, in the dispensation of the fullness of times; but he saw the Second Coming and the first resurrection at the beginning of that reign and within his own life-time.

### SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

NO. I.

[Old yellow manuscripts, packed away for twenty or thirty years, are sometimes interesting, simply because they are antique. We have a great store of such, chiefly writings of J. H. N., or reports of his talks, which we intend to overhaul for the benefit of the CIRCULAR. Here are some specimens.]

#### Little Fools and Great Ones.

There is good sense as well as good jingle in the following verses from the *Living Age*:

When at the social board you sit,  
And pass around the wine,  
Remember, though abuse is vile,  
That use may be divine:  
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape  
To cheer both great and small;—  
That little fools will drink too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And when, in youth's too fleeting hours,  
You roam the earth alone,  
And have not sought some loving heart,  
That you may make your own:—  
Remember woman's priceless worth,  
And think, when pleasures pall,—  
That little fools will love too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,  
Absolve poor human kind,  
Nor rail against your fellow man  
With malice in your mind:  
But in your daily intercourse,  
Remember lest you fall,—  
That little fools confide too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;  
And in the deepest care  
Be bold and resolute, and shun  
The coward fool Despair.  
Let work and hope go hand in hand;  
And know what'er befall,—  
That little fools may hope too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,  
Your rule be still the same,  
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,  
Your love a steady flame.  
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,  
So shall your joy not pall;  
For little fools enjoy too much,  
But great ones not at all.

I will add one verse, to adapt the song more fully to our spiritual latitude:

Be true to God; believe his word,  
Walk ever in his sight:  
With Bible-truth your spirits gird,  
Be "children of the light:"  
Forget not in your toil or mirth,  
The "godly fear" of Paul;  
For little fools fear God too much,  
But great ones not at all.

Brethren and sisters, let us be neither little fools nor great ones. Let us be free in our

religion and religious in our freedom. Let us neither refuse the world, nor abuse it. Let us neither despise the creatures of God, nor worship them. Let us stand fast in liberty to do whatever is of itself innocent, and let us be careful not to make our liberty a cloak of licentiousness, or an occasion of stumbling. Some among us, of the older and graver sort, are doubtless tempted to take their place with the great fools described in the above song. Others, of the younger and less thoughtful class, incline to the side of the little fools. As the latter sort are the most numerous among us, and most exposed to perverting influences, I feel disposed, at this time, to give them especially a word of caution. Young men and young women, "BE SOBER MINDED." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." Remember eternity and God. Walk worthy of your high calling. Resolve to be happy forever. Bear in mind that the little fools are very liable to become, in the end, great fools. J. H. N.

May, 1845.

#### How I Paid My Toll.

In July, 1837, I was traveling on foot between Poughkeepsie and Rondout, without any money. The river was between me and my destination, and the prospect was that I should not be able to obtain a passage across it without begging, which I was not fond of. But I marched on toward the ferry, trusting that Providence would find a way for me. As I descended the slope of road toward the river, a clever-looking man overtook me in a wagon, and asked me if I were going to cross the river. I said I was, and he asked me to get in and ride with him. I did so, thinking that I should pass on his toll. But after we got into the boat the ferryman inquired if I belonged with the wagon, and finding that I did not, said he would require me to pay. Hereupon I told the man I rode with that I had no money, and that if he would advance my toll, I would refund it as soon as I found my friends at Rondout. He agreed to this, and we appointed the place where I should send him the money. As we crossed the river he drew me into conversation on religious topics. I talked to him the gospel of Salvation from Sin, and he was delighted with my words. When we reached the shore and were about to part, he shook me by the hand and said that I need not send that money, for he had got his pay. 1845. J. H. N.

#### HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY HENRY THACKER.

VII.

DURING the period of my life from the age of sixteen until I was twenty-four, I followed, with little variation, the business of which I spoke in my last chapter; and as the course pursued was rather monotonous, I will pass over the time thus spent, with the mention of one or two incidents which occur to my memory. The conviction that I came under at the time I emerged from my bewilderment in the plow-field, had more or less steadily pursued me for the space of three years, when, at the age of seventeen, I made a profession of religion, joined the Presbyterian church, and tried to lead the life of a Christian. The matter of my good or ill success in religious experience, I do not here propose to discuss; suffice it to say, that from that time until I embraced the doctrines of

Salvation from Sin and the Second Coming of Christ, my experience may be found well defined in the 7th of Romans.

At the age of nineteen, I made a trip to Michigan, then a comparatively new country, and in the process of being settled by people from the Eastern states. The story of my adventures there, have already been given under a different title. (See CIRCULAR, Vol. III, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8.)

At the age of twenty-four I might have been seen still engaged in my favorite occupation, that of chopping cord-wood. The autumn had been a very pleasant one, and the fine weather continued till into December. I had commenced my winter job, with fair prospects of a successful campaign in the forest. One day while thus engaged, a storm suddenly arose, and presently it began to snow in right good earnest. So severe was the gale that I was obliged to leave off work and seek shelter from the inclemency of the weather by the fireside. The storm continued with little abatement for twenty-four hours, during which time the snow had fallen to the depth of two feet. After a day or two, the weather having modified, I again took my ax and started off through the snow to the wood. A marked change had taken place in the aspect of things. Instead of the carpet of soft leaves that lay upon the ground, and rustled through the forest in the autumnal breeze, a thick blanket of snow now covered every thing from sight; no marks even of my previous day's work were to be seen, save the space which the fallen trees had once occupied; and the wind whistled drearily through the naked branches.

A change had also come over me; and my feelings, I imagine, were quite in harmony with the gloominess of my situation. My fair prospects had suddenly become quite unpromising. Could I think of wallowing through two feet of snow during the cold tedious winter which was before me, chopping cord-wood? But then, what else could I do? This was perhaps the only kind of work that I could expect to get at this season of the year, and I must do that or lie idle, and pay for my board besides. These were some of the thoughts that ran through my mind as I stood in the forest, up to my knees in snow, contemplating the prospect before me. The conclusion I arrived at was that I was just then in no mood to decide a question of so much importance, at least to myself; so placing my ax under a log, I left the wood with a heavy heart. Hitherto the weather had been fine and the ground dry, consequently I had neglected to have some repairs made in my boots; but now this could no longer be postponed, and yielding therefore to the necessity, I took my way to the cobbler's. On arriving at the shop the shoemaker remarked that under the circumstances he did not care to see me, because he presumed that I, like every body else, now the foul weather had set in, wanted my boots mended. He said he was so overrun with work, that he should be under the necessity of turning away some of his customers unless he could get more help in the shop. At this juncture an advantage which thus far I had neglected, or at least had been unfortunate in securing, was brought sensibly to mind. "How pleasant," thought I, "to sit here in a warm, comfortable shop in a time like this, and that too with more work on hand than two workmen can do." Whilst thoughts like these were revolving in my mind, I turned to the proprietor and inquired what he would give me to come and work for him.

"I will give you your board," he promptly replied.

My board! Rather low wages, thought I; but perhaps it is as much as he can afford to give a green hand, and then too the chances are that I may do even worse than that. I may have to lie still the greater part of the winter, and pay for my board in the bargain.

"For how long a time?" I continued.

"During the winter, or until the first of April."

Again I asked if he were in earnest in making the offer.

"Yes, as much as you are, I think, in asking the question."

"But," said I, "I have quite a mind to take you at your word."

"Very well," said he, "there is a seat ready for you. Meantime I will speak to my wife about the matter of your board, &c."

At the time I do not know that I had any intention of learning the trade, but rather than lie idle I was willing to work for my board. But the thought uppermost in my mind I think, was this: I already had a smattering of several kinds of businesses, and it would, I thought, be convenient to know something about the shoe-making trade, at least enough to enable me to do my own repairing, which would save me not only the expense of mending, but the time spent in running to the shoemaker. After a few minutes' reflection on the subject, I remarked that we would consider the bargain closed, and within three days from that time, I might have been seen seated on my bench, rattling away at the shoe-making business. I had heretofore looked upon shoe-making as a difficult trade to learn, and supposed that the part I most likely should play would be that of cobbling old boots. But contrary to my expectation, after a short time spent in learning to take the stitch, I was employed on new work; first, that of stitching counters, then of closing boots, and the next thing in order, was putting on the bottoms, &c. I was agreeably surprised at the readiness with which I adapted myself to my new business, and feeling encouraged, I determined to master as much of the trade as I could. Thus for the present the ax was lain aside, and my mind concentrated mainly on the new kind of work before me.

Time passed on, and I daily became more and more skillful and efficient in the business until the time of my engagement expired, when I found I had so far mastered the trade as to be able to make coarse boots or shoes that would (to use the term of the craft) pass the board. Thus, at last, and in the space of less than four months, I accomplished that which I had the greater part of my life sought after—the acquirement of a trade which I felt competent to follow as a business, if in future I chose to do so. However, though it was profitable to work at this trade, my passion for out-door exercise would not permit me to confine myself exclusively to work in the shop; and although for several years I worked more or less steadily at shoe-making during winter, summer usually found me engaged in some out-door employment, especially in haying, and harvest time. Thus I found myself pretty thoroughly master of my situation, with a choice of occupations at my disposal, which would enable me henceforth to work my way through the world in a more successful manner. I seldom engaged as a journeyman at my new trade, but worked, with the exception of one or two seasons, on my own hook in a shop of my own, or with a partner, having generally good success.

I have hitherto purposely given but a passing remark to my religious experience; but in order to continue the narrative, and better show how I got an education, it will perhaps be necessary in this connection to slightly touch upon that subject. As early as 1837, the doctrine of Salvation from Sin was first preached in the neighborhood where I lived; but as I had received warning from my spiritual advisers against the delusion (so called), I did not immediately come in contact with any one who believed in the doctrine. In due time, however, in one way and another, I gained a knowledge of some points held by the heretics, which had the effect not only to increase my desire to hear some one preach on the subject, but to set me to studying the Bible, especially the New Testament, in a manner I never before had done. The more I studied the scriptures in search of light on the subject, the more clearly I saw that they contained truths of which I had little or no knowledge. This served to increase my desire for more light; but although I had a wish to hear some one hold forth, I purposely kept aloof for the aforesaid reason, and also for the reason that the doctrine was extremely unpopular, and those who embraced it, were held in disrepute. Thus matters stood for a time; and although I kept away from

others, and made no open confession, nevertheless I gradually came to feel that I was more or less a heretic at heart—a sort of Nicodemus, if you please. How long I might have pursued that course I do not know, had not a thunderbolt, so to speak, awakened me to a sense of my position, effecting a change in my course, and constraining me to come out and show my colors.

#### THE OLD LOG HUT.

IV.

COOKING over an open fire was a novelty which we indulged in but a few days, because more time and fuel were required to prepare meals, than by a stove; and finding that we had just funds enough remaining to procure a cooking-stove, we made an investment accordingly. This, with the addition of a table and chairs, which the other families of the colony could well spare, made us feel rich. We formed a purpose to keep the number of our external wants as small as possible, and to manufacture the domestic articles we needed when it was possible for us to do so, rather than purchase them. As bedsteads were in demand, we set our wits to work at invention. Basswood boards being cheap and on hand, we applied what little genius we had to producing the required furniture entirely of that article, and we succeeded so well that we were surprised at our own ingenuity. Indeed, it was ironically suggested that we might possibly obtain a patent on our invention. But without giving details, suffice it to say, that the bed-posts were so constructed that they would stand *alone*, each on his own individual base, so that, in case other parts should give way, there would be no general tumble-down of the whole structure, as the posts would maintain their integrity any way. Another advantage of the invention was subsequently perceived in the fact that it was not necessary for the head and foot posts to stand at right angles, as they would admit of quite a divergence from a straight line from head to foot. It was found quite convenient to be able to move one end of the bedstead without moving the other, in availing ourselves of the limited amount of dormitory room.

It required but a few days, however, to put our "log-hut" in good habitable order; and no sooner was that accomplished, than Mrs. Cragin, always alive to her ruling passion (the instruction of children), proposed to Mr. and Mrs. Burt the opening of a school for their children and her own. The moment that the unoccupied shoe-shop caught her eye, she mentally transformed it into a school-house; but she said nothing of her plan till the time arrived for action. The proposition met with a prompt and unanimous response, and the day following, the little 12 by 12 cobbler's house was converted into a comfortable school-room.

The fixtures required for the school-room were soon finished, and without much ceremony the school was inaugurated where Mrs. Cragin, with scarcely a trace of the "school-marm" about her, could have been seen in the center of a group of a dozen or more bright-eyed boys and girls from three to twelve years of age, who listened with breathless attention to her musical voice as she read to them from that book of story and song, as she sometimes playfully called the Bible; illustrating the reading by allusions to things and incidents of such every-day familiarity to her pupils that none could fail to comprehend. She had a fine faculty for conveying instruction to them in the form of simple stories.

But while Mrs. Cragin mothered and taught the children, Mrs. Harriet A. Noyes counselled and led the grown folks by means of her noteworthy example as a doer of the word of truth. So quietly, and so cheerfully did she discharge the duties of her office as mother to the O. C. in its infancy, that, to her influence, its success is largely indebted. Mr. Noyes at this time—the month of March—was busily employed in writing out the "Bible-Argument of our Social Theory," and Mrs. Noyes spent her afternoons in copying the same, in her very legible hand, to be sent to Putney, Vt., where quite a family of Perfectionists were still in camp on the old battle-field.

The men were no less actively employed than the women. The Francis farm of a hundred acres had

been purchased, the possession of which was to be given us on the first of April. The project of erecting upon it a large Community mansion was freely and fully discussed, and a unanimous vote was obtained in favor of its immediate construction, though the funds required for the contemplated edifice were not in hand. The decision to build was announced by letters to our friends in Vt., Mass., Conn., and elsewhere; and the responses, that in due time came back to us, were cheering indeed. Mr. Albert Kinsley and others in Northern Vermont, proved the sincerity of their sympathies by immediately offering their valuable farms for sale. The example of sacrificing property, reputation, and all worldly valuables, for a spiritual principle, had already been set by the Noyes family. Meantime, the old Indian saw-mill, under the management of Mr. Burt, was most vigorously converting logs into lumber. Besides lumber for the new dwelling, the saw-mill was manufacturing ribbon, as it was called, for the Central R. R., a business which Mr. B. had previously prosecuted. From this source the colony realized some income. Finances, however, were by no means easy; so that luxuries, in any sense, were not on our bill of fare.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

### OUR MUCK-HEAP. NO. IV.

AFTER we have got our phenomena fairly before us, we must theorize a little. One wants to know what position these Associative experiments, which started so gaily and failed so soon, occupy in the history of this country and of the world—what relation they have to Christianity—what their meaning is in the great scheme of Providence. Most persons of the thinking order have some theory about their place and significance in the great whole of things. We have also studied them in the circumspensive way, and will devote one number to our theory about them. It will at least correct any impression that we intend to treat them disrespectfully.

And first we keep in mind a clear and wide distinction between the Associations and the movements from which they sprang. The word *movement* is very convenient, though very indefinite. We use it to designate the wide-spread excitements and discussions about Socialism, which led to the experiments we have epitomized. In our first number we incidentally compared the Socialistic movements of the Owen and Fourier epochs, to religious revivals. We might now complete the idea, by comparing the Associations that issued from those movements, to churches that were organized in consequence of the revivals. A vast spiritual and intellectual excitement is one thing; and the *institutions* that rise out of it are another. We must not judge the excitement by the institutions.

We get but a very imperfect idea of the Owen and Fourier movements from the short-lived experiments, whose remains are before us in Macdonald's Collections. In the first place Macdonald never discovered half the experiments that were made during those movements. We know, personally or by report, of many that are not named in his manuscripts. And in the next place, the numbers engaged in the practical attempts were very small, in comparison with the masses that entered into the enthusiasm of the general movements, and abandoned themselves to the idea of an impending Social Revolution. The eight thousand that we found by figuring on Macdonald's list, might safely first be doubled to represent the census of the unknown attempts, and then multiplied by ten to cover the outside multitudes that were converted to Socialism in the Owen and Fourier revivals.

Owen in 1824 stirred the very life of the nation with his appeals to Kings and Congresses, and his vast experiments at New Harmony. Think of his

family of nine hundred members on a farm of thirty thousand acres! A magnificent beginning, that thrilled the world! The general movement was proportionate to this beginning; and though this great Community, and all the little ones that followed it, failed and disappeared in a few years, the movement did not cease. Owen and his followers—especially his son Robert Dale and Frances Wright—continued to agitate the country with newspapers, public lectures, and "Fanny Wright societies," till their ideas actually got foot-hold and influence in the great Democratic party. The special enthusiasm for practical attempts at Association culminated in 1828, and afterwards subsided; but the excitement about Owen's ideas, which was really the Owen movement, reached its height after 1830; and the embers of it are in the heart of the nation to this day.

On the other hand Fourier (by proxy) started another national excitement in 1842. With a young cosmopolitan for its apostle, and a national newspaper, such as the *Tribune* was, for its organ, this movement, like Owen's, could not be otherwise than national in its dimensions. We shall have occasion hereafter to show how vast and deep it was, and how poorly it is represented by the Phalanxes that figure in Macdonald's collections. Meanwhile let the reader consider that several of the men who were leaders in this excitement, were also leaders then and afterwards in the great Whig party; and he will have reason to conclude that Socialism, in its duplex form of Owenism and Fourierism, has touched and modified both of the party-sections and all departments of the national life.

We must not think of the two great Socialist revivals as altogether heterogeneous and separate. Their partisans may maintain theoretical opposition to each other; but after all, the main idea of both was *the enlargement of home—the extension of family union beyond the little man-and-wife circle, to large corporations*. In this idea the two movements were one; and this was the charming idea that caught the attention and stirred the enthusiasm of the American people. Owenism prepared the way for Fourierism. The same men, or at least the same sort of men that took part in the Owen movement, were afterwards carried away by the Fourier enthusiasm. The two movements may, therefore, be regarded as one; and in that view, the period of the great American Socialistic revival extends from 1824, through the final and overwhelming excitement of 1843, to the collapse of Fourierism after 1846.

As a man who has passed through a series of passionate excitements, is never the same being afterward, so we insist that these Socialistic paroxysms have changed the heart of the nation; and that a yearning toward Social reconstruction has become a part of the continuous, permanent, inner experience of the American people. The Communities and Phalanxes died almost as soon as they were born, and are now almost forgotten. But the spirit of Socialism remains in the life of the nation. It was discouraged and cast down by the failures of 1828 and 1846, and so it has learned salutary caution and self-control. But it lives still, as a hope watching for the morning, in thousands and perhaps millions, who never took part in any of the experiments, and who are neither Owenites nor Fourierites, but simply Socialists without theory—believers in the possibility of a scientific and heavenly reconstruction of society.

Our theory harmonizes Owenism with Fourierism, and finds them both working toward the same end in American history. Now we will go a step farther and see if we can not reconcile still greater repugnances.

Since the war of 1812—15, the line of Socialistic excitements lies parallel with the line of religious Revivals. Each had its two great leaders, and its two epochs of enthusiasm. Nettleton and Finney were to Revivals, what Owen and Fourier were to Socialism. Nettleton prepared the way for Finney, though he was opposed to him, as Owen prepared the way for Fourier. The enthusiasm in both movements had the same progression. Nettleton's agitation, like Owen's, was moderate and somewhat local. Finney, like Fourier, swept the nation as with a tempest. The Revival periods were a little in advance

of those of Socialism. Nettleton commenced his labors in 1817, while Owen entered the field in 1824. Finney was at the height of his power in 1831—3, while Fourier was carrying all before him in 1842—3. Thus the movements were to a certain extent alternate. Opposed as they were to each other theologically—one being a movement of Bible men, and the other of infidels and liberals—they could not be expected to hold public attention simultaneously. But looking at the whole period from the end of the war in 1815, to the end of Fourierism after 1846, and allowing Revivals a little precedence over Socialism, we find the two lines of excitement parallel, and their phenomena wonderfully similar.

As we have shown that the Socialist movement was national, so, if it were necessary, we might here show that the Revival movement was national. There was a time between 1831 and 1834 when the American people came as near to a surrender of all to God and the kingdom of heaven, as they came in 1843 to a Socialist revolution. The Millennium seemed as near in 1831, as Fourier's age of Harmony seemed in 1843. And the final effect of Revivals was a hope watching for the morning, which remains in the life of the nation, side and by side—nay identical—with the great hope of Socialism.

And these two movements—Revivalism and Socialism—opposed to each other as they may seem, and as they have been in the creeds of their partisans, are closely related in their essential nature and objects, and manifestly belong together in the great scheme of Providence, as they do in the history of this nation. They are to each other as inner to outer—as soul to body—as life to its surroundings. The Revivalists had for their great idea the regeneration of the soul. The great idea of the Socialists was the regeneration of society, which is the soul's environment. These ideas belong together, and are the complements of each other. Neither can be successfully embodied by men whose minds are not wide enough to accept them both.

In fact these two ideas, which in modern times have got so far apart, were present together in original Christianity. When the Spirit of truth pricked three thousand men to the heart and converted them on the day of Pentecost, its next effect was to resolve them into one family and introduce Communism of property. Thus the greatest of all Revivals was also the great inauguration of Socialism.

Undoubtedly the Socialists will think we make too much of the Revival movement; and the Revivalists will think we make too much of the Socialist movement; and the Politicians will think we make too much of both, in assigning them important places in American history. But we hold that a man's deepest experiences are those of religion and love; and these are just the experiences in respect to which he is most apt to be ashamed, and most inclined to be silent. So the nation says but little, and tries to think that it thinks but little, about its Revivals and its Socialisms; but they are nevertheless the deepest and most interesting passages of its history, and worth more study as determinatives of character and destiny, than all its politics and diplomacies, its money matters and its wars.

Doubtless the Revivalists and Socialists despise each other, and perhaps both will despise us for trying to reconcile them. But we will say what we believe; and that is, that they have both failed in their attempts to bring heaven on earth, *because* they despised each other, and would not put their two great ideas together. The Revivalists failed for want of a regeneration of society, and the Socialists failed for want of regeneration of the heart.

On the one hand the Revivalists needed daily meetings and continuous criticism to save and perfect their converts; and these things they could not have without a thorough reconstruction of domestic life. They tried the expedient of "protracted meetings," which was really a half-way attack on the fashion of the world; but society was too strong for them, and their half-measures broke down, as all half-measures must. What they needed was to convert their churches into unitary families, and put them into unitary homes, where daily meetings and



continuous criticism are possible;—and behold, this is Socialism.

On the other hand the Socialists, as often as they came together in actual attempts to realize their ideals, found that they were too selfish for close organization. The moan of Macdonald was, that after seeing the stern reality of the experiments, he lost hope, and was obliged to confess that he had "imagined mankind better than they are." This was the final confession of the leaders in the Associative experiments generally, from Owen to the last of the Fourierites; and this confession means, that Socialism needed for its complement, regeneration of the heart;—and behold, this is Revivalism.

These discords and failures of the past surely have not been in vain. Perhaps Providence has carried forward its regenerative designs in two lines thus far, for the sake of the advantage of a "division of labor." While the Bible men have worked for the regeneration of the soul, the infidels and liberals have been busy on the problem of the reconstruction of society. Working apart and in enmity, perhaps they have accomplished more for final harmony than they could have done together. Even their failures when rightly interpreted, may turn to good account. They have both helped to plant in the heart of the nation an unflinching hope of the "good time coming." Their lines of labor, though we have called them parallel, must really be convergent; and we may hope that the next phase of national history will be that of Revivalism and Socialism harmonized, and working together for the Kingdom of Heaven.

#### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Oct. 31.]

##### ONEIDA.

—Among our late visitors were two ladies from Providence, who were in pursuit of a missing brother. The man disappeared mysteriously last July. His name is Sprague. He is a Quaker, and has some tendencies to religious excitement. He had been foreman of a scythe shop in Utica, and the ladies learned from the proprietor of the shop, that he had been here once or twice during the year. He was one of our thousand summer visitors, of whom we know nothing only that they come and go. They found his trunk at Utica, packed ready for a journey; are quite discouraged in their search. They had never heard of the O. C. before, but expressed great obligation for the hospitality they received, and interest in an institution so new.—A Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, of Kalamazoo, Mich., spent two days. They are old readers of our paper, and did not seem entire strangers. Mr. F. said they had been journeying two or three weeks and had heard nothing but politics every-where till they came here. Here it seemed to be a forgotten topic.

—Hurrah for inventions! both great and small, A young New Yorker has just invented a machine for telegraphing across lakes and seas without wires or cables; but one of our men has invented a mop-wringer! No more aching wrists, nor dabbling of hands in dirty suds; no more back-bending over steaming pails. Just run your mop through this wringer, and out it will come drier than you could possibly make it by hand. This machine is designed for the latitude of such large rooms as the kitchen, dining-room, and halls. It is a water-tight box, two feet long by fifteen inches wide, mounted on wheels and castors. The box is divided into two compartments; one for suds, the other for clear water, with discharging faucets at the bottom. At one end is a pair of clothes-wringer rollers turned by a crank, and the cover forms a part of a lever press, to one end of which one of the rollers is attached, so that when raised the mop can be inserted, and when down the mop is held in the tightest of squeezes. A neat discovery is this, and when put into somewhat more portable shape will doubtless much lighten the labor of cleansing large floors.

—The O. C. silk is ordered all the time, faster than manufactured. The winders and spoolers at the Tontine keep close on the heels of the W. P. manufacturers, and G. D. A., or some other silk agent, gets it away from the Tontine as fast as it is ready

for him; and still they are a little behind their orders all the time.

—The "adequate tract" was a prophecy, to say the least. A monstrous quarto appeared on the center table of the upper sitting-room last evening, containing over 1600 pages, which is only 400 less than those of the proposed "Hand-book of O. C." Some one has written on the cover, "A faithful perusal of this little volume will give some idea of the doctrines and practices of the O. C." On opening it, you discover it to be the Mt. Tom series of the CIRCULAR, that is, the four volumes published at Wallingford, bound in one.

*Improvements.*—The Tontine, which before might have been taken by an outside observer for one of our dwelling houses, or for a college building, is now labelled by a tall, black, smoke-pipe, ascending from the roof. The idea is to burn coal in the engine.—One of C. J. Shepard's "Superior family Ranges" is being put up in the kitchen.—By lowering the head of water, conducted by aqueduct for use in the family, we have secured a new spring, and an increase of a thousand gallons a day. This is at the loss, we are sorry to say, of its delivery in the new house, but it is the best we can do till Spring. The silk-dyeing in the Tontine requires about one hundred barrels per week.

##### WILLOW PLACE.

—We too (as well as our friends at W. C.), are very much absorbed at the present time in studying history. Our seven o'clock reading of Coneybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" is fully attended, and grows more and more interesting, as we proceed with it. Last evening we were taken, in our imagination, from Berea to Athens, whither St. Paul was hurried by his anxious brethren to be saved from the persecutions of the Jews of Thessalonica.

—One of the girls came across a pile of Mr. J. R. Miller's old letters a while ago, and was much interested in reading them. This afternoon she read them aloud to a few who were sitting in the parlor. Curiosity was much excited, especially among the young folks who are not very well acquainted with the early history of the Community, and the reading is to be continued.

—A very pleasant circle gathers around our parlor stove nearly every afternoon between five and six o'clock. The O. C. bathers, J. H. N., E. H. H., W. H. W., with T., G., and others who live here, have a peculiar enjoyment, we imagine, in the warm atmosphere around the stove, after plunging into the freezing cold pond. Sometimes interesting conversation is started; at other times perfect silence is maintained for perhaps half an hour, and on such occasions we find it easy to pray and "go home." To-day T. R. N. [son of J. H. N.] related an amusing incident connected with Mr. —'s visit. When he conducted the gentleman through the trap and silk-factory he expressed considerable astonishment at the extent of these works, and at our ability to make so many complicated machines, and then remarked, "I suppose your father goes around among these works very often to look after things?" "Oh no," replied T., "he does not. He gives himself up mostly to reflection." "Then you do, don't you," was his next inquiry. T. said he seemed to be quite unable to comprehend how every one of this family could have the same interest in the Community prosperity that his father and himself did.

##### WALLINGFORD.

—The sea-shore party (Mr. Seymour and John Hutchins) returned with the report that there were scarcely any barberries this year where we have been wont to find them.

—G. W. N. spoke in meeting on the cultivation of the heart. He said as the Jews were disciplined in their dispensation, with a view to soften their hearts, so the suffering of the Albigenes and other sects which we are reading about has disciplined the Gentile heart. We have the benefit of the discipline of past generations. He added, that we had had a good time studying history, and a good time in business, and it was time to inquire how our hearts are getting along. Their cultivation is more important

than all other labor. This drew out the experience of the family, and we prayed for soft hearts. Brillancy belongs to the intellect, but power goes with the educated heart. Peter was a powerful man, though unlearned. Mr. — was mentioned as a man of splendid intellect, but he had no weight in the Community because his heart was barren.

—Wallingford Borough (as it is called), appears to be growing. The outside of the new Congregational church is almost finished, and its spire towers up above our eastern horizon. Several new houses are being built. A new Depot is contemplated in the spring, to be built of brick. The Beach mansion is offered for sale. The land belonging to it and lying between it and the Depot village, is being laid out in streets.

—Mr. Seymour called attention to a natural curiosity. He found sixteen eggs in a hole, which had the appearance of turtle's eggs. On opening one he found a snake quite well grown. It was a flat-headed adder. There will be sixteen snakes less, on account of this discovery.

##### TAMPERING WITH COIN.

VARIOUS have been the attempts to get by the obvious meaning of Christ's prediction, when he said, referring to his Second Coming and its signs, "This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." "This generation" has been tortured by some to mean the people of the Jews, and by others, the class of persecutors, whereby it could be extended to an indefinite period in accordance with the exigency of the theory which places the Second Coming still in the future. The *World's Crisis* and the *Prophetic Times* supply two new interpretations to this self-contradictory list. In the *Crisis* we read as follows:

*THIS GENERATION.*—Many have stumbled at Matt. 24: 34, and applied it to the Jews living in the days of the Savior. We think this is a very great mistake. After the Savior had spent some time in answering the question of the disciples: "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" giving them a long chain of events, embracing the period of martyrdom during the Papal persecutions; he brings them down to the signs that were to be seen in the heavens, and then upon the earth, showing as clearly that his coming is near, as the leaves of spring show that summer is approaching, and then says: "Verily I say unto you, *This generation* shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." What generation? Evidently the one that should see the signs. What signs? The ones for which the disciples asked, which would show when Jesus was about to appear the second time. These signs could be of no use to any but those living in the last generation. Had they been seen a thousand years since, they would have been forgotten, and of no force now.

Passing by the assertion in the above that the predictions of Christ on this occasion embraced the period of papal persecution, an assumption entirely without proof, let us examine the logic of this writer's rendering. Christ, it will be remembered, is talking familiarly to his disciples, and a large part of his predictions refer to their personal experience, detailing what they should see, hear, and suffer. We will extract the passages showing this, including the two verses next preceding the one in question, and then append the "This generation" statement paraphrased in the manner which the "*Crisis*" writer proposes.

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you. . . . YE shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled. . . . Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted and shall kill you and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. . . . When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, . . . then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains. . . . But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter. . . . Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo here is Christ, or there, believe it not. . . . Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold he is in the desert! go not forth: behold he is in the secret chambers! believe it not. . . . [Ver. 23]. Now learn a parable of the fig-tree; when his branch is yet [tender], and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: [33]. So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it [viz, the Second Coming] is near, even at

the doors. [34. "Crisis" version]. Verily I say unto you, This generation, two thousand years hence, which shall see all these signs shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled!!

The absurdity of putting such incoherence into the mouth of Christ, is too apparent to need comment. But the writer in the *Crisis* proceeds to fortify his position by suggesting another interpretation, somewhat inconsistent indeed with the first, but equally sound, which he borrows from the *Prophetic Times*. He says:

In the *Prophetic Times*, edited by Dr. Seiss, we find the following rendering of the passage: "Verily, I say unto you that this generation shall not pass away till these things begin to be." If this rendering could be sustained, the passage would then show that the generation living at the time the Savior was upon earth, would not pass away before the chain of events he had mentioned would *begin* to be accomplished; and when we see them "all," then we might "know that he is near, even at the doors."

"In the name of the prophet, figs!" "All these things shall be fulfilled," means according to this modest version, "These things shall *begin* to be." Why not say a year means only six months, or a dollar only fifty cents, and done with it? No: friends, there is no getting by the fact that in this and other declarations, Christ placed the time of his Second Coming within the period of the generation then existing. All believers in the Bible will surely have to come to this in the end. G.

#### CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

[Our evenings with visitors are sometimes quite interesting, and though the conversation always loses by reporting, we are sometimes tempted to reproduce one. Last evening Mr. Lawson, an English gentleman, was present, who entertained us in the following style.]

*Mr. Lawson.*—My business is not that of a lecturer, but simply that of a farmer in the Old Country. As the gentleman has suggested to you, I have been endeavoring to interest my neighbors in the great subject of co-operation. For some years I have taken an interest in that subject. The co-operative question in England has chiefly taken the shape of shop-keeping; it has taken the form of persons banding themselves together to buy provisions and necessities of life for themselves, selling those goods to themselves; dividing the profits among themselves, of course.

I lived until twenty-five years old the son of a rich man, without any ostensible employment. But when I was about that age I took a ride of three hundred miles through England; and during this journey I observed that the agriculture of England differed very much in different parts of the country. I saw that all these systems could not be right, as the difference of climate and soil were not sufficient to justify such great diversity in the management of the land.

When I got to London I heard of Mr. Mechi, a celebrated farmer, and went to see his farm. As I thought, I found there better crops than I had seen in any other part of the country. I saw there was room for the exercise of great ingenuity at least. When I got home I talked about Mr. Mechi and his farm to my father. Finally my father said he had a farm of 260 acres, which I might have and do my worst upon if I liked. I took the farm, and then began to consider how I should occupy it, what I should do with it. My first act was to go over some portions of England, Scotland and Wales to learn more about the different methods of farming. I thought I could learn about as much in six weeks as it had taken others six years to acquire! That was in 1861. I began farming in February, 1862. During the winter of 1861—2 I made my investigations and received different statements, from different farmers, with regard to their practice. I do not know how long I ought to speak?

*Mr. E.*—Speak just as long as you like, Sir.

*Mr. L.*—There is one thing that they were agreed upon, and that was, that the great difficulty of farming is the labor question, as the laborers are so difficult to deal with. I made up my mind that I would soon dispose of that question. I would

make all the laborers on my place partakers in the profits I made. So when I began to lay my plans, one of the first things I saw fit to do was to erect a building. I called my laborers together—at that time about half-a-dozen—and said to them that I would give them all the savings over the estimated cost of this farm building. So little interest was taken in that proposal, that after the building was finished, nobody knew what had been the estimated cost; and whether there would have been anything to divide or not, is to this day unknown.

After a time I called them together again. Their number was ten. I talked to them about co-operation, and told them about co-operative farming as well as I could. I told them my desire was to carry on my farm on the co-operative principle, and I would call on them to vote upon the subject, and appointed a day for the voting. When the day came, I placed one bottle before them, marked "Co-operation," and another marked "Every Man for Himself." I then called upon them to vote; and how do you think they voted? *Nine* voted *every man for himself*, and one for *Co-operation*, or what you in America would call the co-operative ticket. [Laughter.] The thing was evidently looked upon with very little interest, and I did not wish to push it down the people's throats against their will.

Time went on, and we discussed this question again; I do not exactly remember all the steps taken. All over the country co-operative stores were rising, and the people were gradually getting educated to the idea. I used to talk on the subject of co-operation on all opportunities that I had. No division was made of profits from the farm, because no profits were made.

The position I now hold is this: During the present year I have declared to my neighbors that I will take to myself two and one-half per cent of the profits on my declared capital, and give them all the rest that is made. That is the position that I hold at present. I make it for the interest of the public, if they believe I am an honest man, to see that my property is economically managed, that they may be the gainers. Now there is a little feeling in my neighborhood, I think, that profits should be divided upon labor, but I have not made that arrangement; for it has appeared to me that the proper bond of union is not merely money, or the building up of private gain, but that it consists in public good. There is the position in which I stand. I say the public good is the bond of union, and I call upon my neighbors to act upon that principle.

*Mr. H.*—In what part of England is your farm located?

*Mr. L.*—Cumberland.

*Mr. H.*—Is it favorable land for tillage?

*Mr. L.*—Yes, sir.

*Mr. H.*—How large is your farm?

*Mr. L.*—I own three hundred and thirty-three acres, but occupy three hundred and nineteen.

*Mr. W.*—Do you keep stock?

*Mr. L.*—Yes, sir; I have about thirty head of cattle at present. I may tell you about that. I have erected buildings for a large amount of stock, for sheep and for cattle. I was under the impression when I built that it was profitable to keep sheep in the house. Other people had done it and made money, and I thought I might. Many said they had found it profitable. Now I have not only given up this idea of keeping sheep, but I am going to give up keeping stock altogether. I think to-day I have about thirty head of cattle, but probably in the course of four months I shall not have three. I have not found the production of meat a profitable business to me. I did not buy or sell the stock myself, for I did not feel disposed to do so. I did not like to go into the markets; it was not my turn of mind; so I had to employ others, and have not made money by stock-keeping.

But there is another light in which I view this question. I ask myself whether it is for the good of the world that grain should be converted into flesh for human food. I answer that it surely is not an economical process. We can maintain the same life, health and strength, by living on vegetables

fruit, and farinaceous food, that we can by eating flesh. Therefore I say it is not at all my duty to keep stock and manufacture grain into flesh.

*Mr. B.*—How are your efforts looked upon by other farmers in your neighborhood?

*Mr. L.*—It is very difficult for one to tell how one is thought of by one's neighbors. There are some persons who talk to one and say they approve of what one is doing; and yet one is not always sure that these persons actually think what they say. [Laughter.] My impression is that there is a very common opinion among my neighbors that I have what they call in England "a bee in my bonnet."

*Mr. E.*—Interest is growing in the co-operative system, isn't it?

*Mr. L.*—Yes; I think we have nearly a thousand co-operative societies.

*Mr. E.*—Are many of them successful?

*Mr. L.*—Yes, generally so. The co-operative movement, as we have it now in England, began in 1844, in Rochdale. A few persons thought they were not getting their provisions so cheaply or of so good quality as they ought, and so they banded together and subscribed twenty-eight pounds, bought their goods, and started their system. They were laughed at, and their enterprise despised, as every thing new is when it first starts. A man in one of the neighboring shops said he could wheel all their stock away on a wheel-barrow. But they went steadily on; and now in that town of Rochdale, which numbers—I am really unable to state how many inhabitants, but it sends a member to Parliament; I believe that Rochdale society does two-thirds of the business of the whole borough. It does an enormous business. I cannot venture to state how much money it receives, but I think it is about a million pounds sterling per annum. Something like a thousand societies on that principle are now existing in the United Kingdom. The principle that they started on was that dividends should not be declared upon the capital invested, but upon the amount purchased; so that when a person had spent ten pounds during the quarter, if the accounts of the society showed a profit of one shilling in the pound, that person would receive his bonus of ten shillings and if the profits were two shillings in the pound, he would of course receive twenty shillings. Formerly, profits had been divided upon capital, and he who had the largest amount of money invested, received the most profit. Here an interest of five per cent. was declared on all capital; then the expenses of the concern were paid; after which the rest was distributed among the purchasers in proportion to the amount of their purchases.

But there was another point which after a time one of the members suggested; it was that the outside world should have a benefit. They gave such people what they called half bonuses; so that when the member of the society received his shilling on the pound, the outside trading party received his sixpence on the pound. That principle has been generally adopted, though all societies do not give the same bonus. Some give three-fourths, some one-third. They give almost all kinds of fractional parts that can be conceived of. My principle is that these persons should have the whole bonus. I should make all alike: I would have no membership outside of the bond of union on the public good. As I have said before, I do the business for the good of the whole world.

*Mr. Woolworth.*—I understand you are a vegetarian, and I am interested to know how you came to differ so much from the mass of your countrymen in regard to dietetics.

*Mr. Lawson.*—Yes. The way I came to differ from my countrymen was this: Till the 4th of October 1861 I had been a respectable meat eater, like every body else; but on that day there came a gentleman to my father's house who, when we sat down to luncheon, and I, sitting at the head of the table, asked him if he would have a mutton-chop, said, No, he never ate meat. "Well," I said, "do you think it would be good for me never to eat meat?" "Yes," he said. I replied, "Well, then, I will eat one mutton-chop, and then I will give it up."

So I did, and have eaten no meat since. I did this one year, just because I said I would, without reading or speculating upon the subject. But when I found that the system agreed well with me, and that I was better fitted for exercise than I had been previously to that time, I began to read on the subject, and found, as I thought, and as I think now, that theoretically man is not a meat eater, but a fruit and grain eater. I found from my study of comparative anatomy, so far as it went—it did not go very far—that man is more like fruit eaters and grain eaters than he is like those animals which eat flesh. Then I found chemistry taught that all the elements necessary to building up and invigorating the human system are contained in fruits, grains and vegetables. These are some of the considerations that led me to a vegetarian mode of life.

#### EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

##### VII.

THE bells pealed merrily on every Sunday morning as they sounded to all the country round, their hearty welcome from out the ivy-clad tower; and so thickly was the ancient tower covered by the creeping evergreen as to entirely conceal its architectural design, and form a safe retreat for the numerous birds which there nestled and reared their young. The melodious summons went abroad, and from every neat and pretty cottage, by every shady road and flowery foot-path, the cleanly poor may have been seen converging toward that old and honored building. No broadcloth suit was seen unless a rich man wore it. A smock frock, white as snow, was the peasant's dress; and every woman, plainly dressed but clean, carried in her hand the Episcopalian's indispensable book of common prayer, and a neatly folded white pocket-handkerchief. I distinctly remember one old dame who carried on her left arm an umbrella having a long brass ferule on the end so long, so sharp, and so bright, that it used to scare me as it glistened in the summer's sun, because I was once told that she would thrust it into me unless I were good; so whenever I wanted to pass the old lady, I crept close up to her and then made a rush past as if I were running the gauntlet, thinking myself lucky to have escaped a dig. Arrived at the church-door, the laborers would arrange themselves on either side the gravel path to talk over the affairs of each farm till the last bell sounded, when they took free seats on one side of the church, the women occupying seats on the opposite side of the building.

A fine Sunday morning was to me, and to a superficial observer, still is, a most attractive sight; but that which to my boyhood fancy presented so pleasing an exterior, I soon found to be the very system through which oppression and degradation were brought to the British poor. So long as the parsons, who are the petty tyrants of their respective parishes, sought their pleasure in hunting, &c., the poor were comparatively free from the rude intrusions which now they are bound to tolerate at the hands of the reconstructed High Church dignitaries. Americans may well wonder how a man who earns his own living by hard and honest means, can be so stupid as to submit to the intrusions of a parson who may walk into his house at any time without knocking, and commencing to examine his little stock of food, proceed to lecture him upon the economy of his household. In the manufacturing districts of England, as well as in the cities where large masses of people have congregated, the parson loses his influence and such things are unknown; but in the agricultural districts, the poor laborer is too often obliged to put up with such insults, or starve. The supply of labor is so much greater than the demand, that it is considered a favor to allow a man to earn his livelihood; and it is the interest of the land-owner and farmer to keep people out of their parish lest they should be unable to support themselves, and so increase the poor-rate, by becoming a charge upon the parish for the necessities of life. The consequence is, that if a poor man were to incur the displeasure of his pastor, he may, through his influence, lose his employment; and as the cottagers are for the most part connected with farms, the tenants

being only tenants at will, he may be turned out of his house at a week's notice—and finding it difficult to get work or another house in the neighborhood where he is under disgrace with the parson, and next to impossible to get into another parish, he would have to go to the poor-house, of which every English peasant has a wholesome dread.

I had often heard with indifference of the impudent interference of the clergy in the private affairs of the poor; but my indifference was turned into indignation when happening one day in the cottage of a man who was one of the best in my father's employ, I sat down to enjoy with his family their frugal meal of bread and cheese, and was surprised in the midst of it, by the entrance of the parson, who, without knocking, walked into the house and began to upbraid the man with having the previous evening been seen in the public house, treating it not as a matter of immorality (for the man had never been known to be drunk, and in that respect compared favorably with the parson), but simply as a matter of economy.

"A man," said he, "with a wife and family of five children, earning only ten shillings a week, could not possibly spare money to spend in the ale-house; he must sooner or later become a charge to the parish."

My heart was stirred within me at this insolence, and I had the greatest difficulty to restrain the expression of my indignation. I had always accustomed myself to respect the rights of the poor, especially in their own homes, and to treat them with even more consideration than their richer neighbors, lest they might feel the dependence of their situation. We had many friends whose houses I would enter without ceremony; but a laborer's cottage I never thought of entering without first knocking at the door and assuring myself of a welcome. I at once resolved, if possible, to cross this parson's path, and astonished my humble host by telling him to bolt the door next time and not let the parson in. The man was afraid, but upon assuring him that I would see him through, he gladly consented to my plan. I related the circumstance to my father with as much coloring as I thought was safe to throw in, and awaited the result, scarcely venturing to hope that the man would follow my instructions; but he did, to the letter.

Seeing the parson pass through the wicket-gate of his little cottage garden, he at once pulled in the bobbin. They did not have bolts and locks to their cottages in those days, but a piece of string which they called the bobbin was attached to the latch and passed through a hole in the door, so that when the bobbin was pulled inside, the parson could not open the door; he therefore kicked it. "Come in," cried the inmate. "Open the door," imperiously demanded the parson. For two or three minutes he continued knocking, and calling, "Open the door;" but the only answer he could get was, "Come in." Enraged at this insult, he at once repaired to my father's house and demanded the instant dismissal of the man from his employ; but my father, who had been prepared for such a visit and was much amused at recognizing a favorite trick of his youngest son in "barring out" his nurse, respectfully declined the complainant's request.

This little incident affords a fair illustration of the freedom of the English poor, and the means by which it is secured. Many are the couples whom these parsons compel to marry, to hide the disgrace of the woman where it could be proved that not the poor victim, but some rich man was the guilty party; but I will not tire the reader with further tales of this system of tyranny, except to mention the case of a poor house-painter who worked for my father and had to walk three miles to his work every morning, because he was a religious man though not of the established church, and the parson would not tolerate him within his parish. Having succeeded in beating the parson in one instance, I set to work to help the poor painter who had the misfortune to be a Christian man, and whose besetting sin was to hold meetings in his own house, and, so far as he had light, to preach the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ to his fellow men—a heinous crime in the sight of High Church Episco-

palianism. But the cause of such a desperate character I espoused in opposition to the parson, and nearly succeeded in getting him a nice new brick cottage, the best in the whole village, and close to his work. Having gained my father's consent, I called the painter into the office to apprise him of the fact; but my father, having been prompted by the pastor, here interposed a proviso in the arrangement, and told him he should have the cottage if he would give up preaching. I glanced anxiously at the man, for I had schemed so much about the affair and worked at it with such a determination, that I had become deeply interested to carry my point. The man disappointed me, and I was angry with him; but the circumstance has many times since been an example of good before me. Drawing himself erect, and striking a preaching attitude, he replied:

"Most gladly sir, would I obey you in all things wherein my conscience approves me; but when that still small voice whispers within my heart to declare to others the gospel whereby I have been myself snatched as a brand from the burning, I will obey that voice rather than the voice of man, whether it be a cottage or a kingdom that I risk in doing so."

My father ordered him out of his office, threatening to discharge him if he ever talked to him thus again. I ridiculed the man at the time, but was struck with his singular eloquence, and the simple honesty of his religious profession. In after years when I became converted, I was glad to seek his society, and found him to be a simple, earnest character.

One of the first sentiments which the knowledge of Christ brought to me, was that these oppressors of the poor were self-appointed, and without any divine authority, and that the irregularities in the circumstances of the men around me were not necessarily an index of their appreciation in the sight of God, unless, as Lord Bacon remarked, "God showed his appreciation of riches by the fools he gave them to," but that in the future there would be a re-adjustment of all wrongs and a reward for every patient suffering. It also brought to me a sense that through Christ there was some way or other of escape from that abnormal state of things otherwise than by death; but I was always at a loss to form any conception of that way until I learned to know him as he is known in the Oneida Community.

E.

#### AMONG THE AUTOCHTHONS.

OUR "big bell," as we call it, is quite an institution. Seven times a day it rings at regular intervals for meals, meetings and work-hours. But it is used besides for a signal. Reader, imagine, rushing from garret to basement of four large houses for a person you wish to see immediately, and missing him at every turn. Or this is what has happened: Opening the front-hall door, on my way to fulfill some urgent engagement, I come pat upon a stranger, a nurseryman, or some one of that sort, who asks,

"Can I see Mr. Blank?" (our horticulturist.)

"Yes, sir," politely, but with an inward groan. "Where under the sun shall I look?" I say to myself, putting my head inside the library door.

"Mr. Blank here?"

No, of course not, but some one says that he was seen but recently napping in the sitting-room. In haste ascending the stairs, I find that Mr. Blank has flown to other regions.

"He was here only a moment ago," says a friend consolingly, "but he is gone now."

So I see. Where next? To the kitchen, the garret, the Tontine. Not there. So hurrying on, I pursue the fruitless search, until, returning to make apology to the waiting visitor, I discover Mr. Blank in conversation with him, having appeared on the scene by a kind of instinct.

But our bell, as I was saying, is an institution, and now, instead of running half-way across the farm, or canvassing our four houses, just seize the rope, give three sharp strokes of the bell, and the horticulturist, though three-quarters of a mile away, will answer the summons. Other persons whose responsibilities

render their immediate presence often desirable, are also called in the same manner, by a certain number of bell-strokes.

There it goes now—one, two, three, four, five—very quick. It was this signal, and other things in connection, which led me to take my pen. Those five strokes, which you will hear perhaps half-a-dozen times a day, notify Miss K. that some of the neighboring squaws are at the back-door seeking opportunity to exchange their commodities, or to pay in currency, for cold victuals and old clothes. Day after day and year after year these strange beings have come on this same errand, stealing softly in, with a queer, half-shy, half-complacent expression on their brown faces, and seating themselves in the corner of the kitchen, where they make no demonstration until some one, taking notice, sounds the bell and Miss K. appears. Quantity and not quality seems to be their idea of food. Piles of cold pancakes, stale beans, mutilated puddings, and like dishes, they receive with alacrity.

These mysterious people whom we pass almost daily where they sit by the kitchen door, had begun to affect me with a fascinating interest, so that when Mr. W. asked me yesterday to go with him on a tour of investigation to the Indian settlement, I gladly assented, and hastily preparing myself, was soon by his side in the carriage. Our horse was by no means spirited, and to urge her beyond a walk was unwise both for her sake and ours. But the day was pleasant and the distance short, and we were in the mood for minutely observing the houses and people we met; so we let old Dolly take her pace.

Soon coming upon a venerable squaw who sat near the road, amid a pile of corn which she was husking, we drew up at the gate. She was very clever, and though totally blind, presented me with a beautiful red ear, saying,

"It be goot; sweet; make goot bread."

"How do you make bread?" asked we.

"Put a quart of beans with three quarts of meal, and boil-long, long time."

"Do you send the corn to the mill?"

"O, no; grind round there."

Stepping to the other side of the house we found, sure enough, a most unexpected relic of barbarism: A large block, rough-hewn from the trunk of some giant tree; one end scooped out to form a mortar, standing in which and leaning against the side of the house, were two long, irregularly shaped wooden pestles; at the bottom of the excavation, the white powder of many a mess of crunched corn. An Indian lad showed us how the grinding is done. Two men alternately beat the grain with the pestles. It takes two hours of hard labor to make a peck of corn fit for cooking. Even the Jewish women had better conveniences than this. The haggled sides of this time-worn utensil suggested the idea that when not used as a mill it was rolled over and converted into a chopping-block; and the boy said that was so.

The owner of the house looked at us smilingly through the window, and we asked if we might come in.

"O, yes," he answered good-naturedly. Opening the door, we beheld a curious scene. The room was small and—shabby, we white folks would call it; but if these people had been grandees in their palace they could hardly have received us with more complaisance. Not the least apology did they offer, nor did they apparently think one; but regarded us with a calm, benignant expression, as though we, and not they, were the benighted ones. Here is the picture photographed in our memories: Indian weaving bright-colored bits of worsted around the ends of cross-bows; squaw making bead-cushions, mats, and baby-slippers; young man sitting by the stove whittling arrows; grown-up daughter stirring a boiling kettle of hulled-corn; good-natured baby sprawling on a bed in the corner. There was an air of repose and satisfaction about the establishment quite anomalous. Not the least hurry. Time, indeed, seemed of so small account to them, that I was astonished to observe a clock on the wall.

After some pleasant talk, the Indian pointed across

the road saying there was the school-house, and would we like to go in?

"Very much," we said; so off we started, he following us, twisting his worsteds as he went. The young lady teacher—a little woman, earnest and sprightly—said she was always glad to receive visitors. She has taught other schools, but this one calls forth her enthusiasm most completely. There were ten or twelve scholars, from six to ten years old, whose accomplishments she displayed with genuine pride. Some of them read and spelled very well. Noticing that they all had slates on which they were marking very assiduously, I looked over their shoulders and saw that they were drawing—and such funny sketches! One boy had made a rude engine and cars; others had outlined the human figure, much in the style of the old Egyptians. The teacher said it was their greatest delight to amuse themselves thus with their slates.

"Now will you sing?" asked she. Without hesitation, the little black-eyed creatures arranged themselves in a row and sang in their peculiar dialect. Such strange songs as they were for children—wild chants in a minor key! It is astonishing how this race clings to its original language. Though born and brought up in the midst of civilization, by no means isolated, but having their dwellings interspersed among those of their white neighbors, few speak English well, and many not at all, or only monosyllabic words. The children talked among themselves in their native tongue, and the teacher had in some instances to convey her commands through a bright little girl, who interpreted her words with great celerity.

"My pupils," said the young lady, "are generally docile and obedient. I can see that they try to please me. But they won't stand punishment, for they are not used to it. When I first commenced teaching, one of the boys being very mischievous and unruly, I forgot for a moment but that I might correct him as we usually do white children, and laid my hand quite forcibly on his arm, when he turned on me red with anger. He looked as though he would kill me," she added with a shudder. "They don't get any training at home, so I have to be at my wits' ends to instill into their minds moral lessons without arousing their tempers. I tell them that this thing is right and that wrong, and they are really beginning to understand me and respect the distinction."

It is a striking fact that there are but few straight-haired children in that school. Coarse, straight black hair has been one of the representative features of the race, every body knows; but here, fine waving locks, far from black, and complexions scarcely more than tan-brown, plainly betoken that miscegenation is fast extinguishing the Oneida tribe of Indians.

T. C. M.

—All sold, every bottle, every can, every tumbler—all our preserved fruit and vegetables, to the amount of 100,000 quarts and over.

An indignant orator, at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered: "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator!"

Mr. David McCree, a Scotch traveler in America, describing the precocity of American children, relates the following anecdote:

An old doctor of divinity in Canada said that, calling one day at a friend's house, a little girl was sent in to amuse him till her mama was ready. The child told him, among other things, that she had been writing a parody on Kingsley's song of the "Three Fishers;" but, when drying it at the open fire, it dropped from her hand and was burned.

"Burned!" exclaimed the doctor; "If I had been the fire I should have stopped till you had got it out again!"

"O no, doctor," said the child, gravely, "you couldn't have done that. Nature, you know, is nature, and her laws are inviolable!"

It nearly knocked the Doctor off his chair.

—Home Journal.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 689 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the Circular. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

#### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

#### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Sats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

### PUBLICATIONS.

**HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY;** with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$8.50 per dozen.

**SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH;** an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

**THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE;** a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

**MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse.** A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

**BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR,"** unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TURNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.