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THE BIBLE DOING ITS OWN WORK.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., W. O. Sept. 13, 1867.

I HAVE queried how we were going to get at the public mind, so as to bring the great truth of the Second Coming to bear. But I see now that the work is done, and being done, in this way: Most persons have the Bible, and read it from time to time; the more zealous people in religious denominations ponder it; theological students and ministers study it; it is the most common book in the world. We have found and demonstrated the true doctrine in regard to the Second Coming, and the report of our position has gone abroad very widely. It is reported and known quite extensively that *somebody* believes that the Second Coming is past—that it took place within the generation in which Christ lived. After that theory is once circulated, every one who reads the New Testament will stumble upon it; every few steps it will trip people up, and they can't help saying in their hearts, Why, that is the Perfectionist doctrine; that looks as though Christ really did come. They may not believe it; they may be perfectly dead-set against it; and yet that process will go on as long as they read the Bible. That book will all the time buffet them toward our theory. It is so plain and manifest in the language of the New Testament, that they can't help being constantly reminded of it, and compelled to brace themselves against it. So far as they are truthful and honest, our theory will all the time leak into them. Little has been said in the churches since 1834 about a future Second Coming. I am inclined to think that the greater part of the ministers and persons of advanced minds are convinced that the Second Coming is past. Alpheus Crosby, the Dartmouth Professor, wrote a book long ago, which substantially seconded our doctrines.

We may be prepared for a great and sudden disappearance of the common doctrine concerning the Second Coming. It will be like what takes place at the end of winter on the lakes and ponds. The ice holds together until it is perfectly water-soaked, and then some night it suddenly disappears. We shall not have the credit of beating our doctrine into the public mind; the Bible will have it, while we only stand by and catch the ball, as you may say,

and throw it back. It is a great advantage to get into such a relation to the Bible. It is so universally read, that it is worth a great deal to have it in our favor. It is like the flood of population going west. A man sometimes goes a great distance beyond present civilization and selects for himself some favorable spot where he is sure civilization will come. He is in a safe place for making money; the tide will roll on west until it reaches him, and his land will rise in price. We are just in that situation in relation to the Second Coming and many other doctrines. The whole population which reads the Bible, is rolling on toward our position.

SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

Love and no Love.

Animalism in the amative department works in two extremes of action and reaction. On the one hand it is sensual and fiery, and on the other, dead. Both these forms are equally disgusting. The second form of animalism, that of amateness in its reactive state, is considered very excellent in the world. There is a seeming of propriety and continence in it, which is thought exceedingly good. But it is repulsive to purity. It is antagonistic to the spirit that makes truth supreme. An individual under its influence is nervous and touchy when the subject of sexual love is broached. His mind refuses to act in regard to an important branch of human nature, and the Spirit of truth can not be at home with him.

This reactive form of amateness, so much commended, is an insensible disease. A person can not be in health who has lost the natural activity of the passion of amateness. He has begun to grow old. The devil's oxidation is at work in him. * * * *

Fix your attention on animalism, and don't be deceived with regard to the identity of these two forms I have mentioned, but learn to hate it in both forms. I do abhor this kind of touchy virtuosity that the world is so full of, as much as I abhor the sin of harlots. It is the same thing in another form. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." We are apt to think of this passage as referring to our spirits; but in the verse before, Paul beseeches believers to present their *bodies* a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. The trouble yet is that we can not talk on this subject without making the waters all turbid. We must be able to think on this subject and speak of it in a way that is really natural. We can judge what is natural by little children, and by a great many of

the perverse manifestations in the world. This subject must have its due place and scope. It is the soul of the fine arts. It will be foolish for us to undertake to cultivate music or poetry or painting or sculpture, until we get the center and soul of them into its true place. * * *

All our capability of serving God acceptably in anything, depends on our being magnetic. I take it as a universal principle that all our usefulness will be in proportion to our magnetic state; that we are dead and barren except as we are charged with electric life. It is true that we may be charged with life inwardly, and yet be dead outwardly, to a certain extent. The soul may be in one state and the body in another. But still there is action and reaction between the two, and a constant tendency toward identification. Now what precisely is it to be magnetic? It is to be *porous*, so as to admit the infusion of the life of God, and a chemical combination throughout between his life and our life. That implies receptivity. That is what is meant by *softness of heart*. When a heart is spoken of as *hard*, the meaning is that it is *compact*—that cohesion exists between its own particles, so that there is no room for another life to come in. Cohesion in chemistry is opposed to combination or chemical attraction. Cohesive attraction, or the attraction between particles of the same body, is egotism. It is chemical attraction, admitting other particles into the combination, that makes us magnetic, charges us with love and life, and so makes us fruitful.

You will inquire perhaps, What has all this to do with the subject of love between the sexes? It has a great deal to do with it. To be in a condition to be permeated by another spirit, is pretty much the same thing, whether that other spirit is human or divine. A soft heart in relation to the attraction between the sexes, and a soft heart toward God, are so nearly alike that they coalesce and run into each other. And though I should say that a person might be capable, to a certain degree, of love without being inspired, I should say the converse can not be true. A person can not be inspired, i. e., charged with the Spirit of God, without being magnetic toward human beings. In Paul's philosophy, to be without natural affection is as damnable a thing as to have inordinate affection. —Home-Talk, Brooklyn, 1852.

THE SECRET OF NEWNESS.

WHEN a boy, I was a great lover of books. But once after having carefully read a book through, I had no further use for it; because if I re-read it I got no new ideas from it; it was simply the same old story. This being my experience, I was often surprised by hearing certain persons tell with what delight and profit they re-read the Bible. It seemed

to make no difference how many times they read it, they always found something new and interesting. But what puzzled me most was, that I could not discover these new treasures. I was early taught to read the Bible, and I would peruse certain parts of it over and over again, the same as the Catholic counts and recounts his beads; but it always proved to be the same old story, and was done from a sense of duty rather than from interest.

But a time came when a change passed over me. I gave my heart to Christ, and then I re-read certain portions of the New Testament with new interest, discovering in many passages beauty and instruction before unnoticed; and from that time to the present, I have found more or less new truth and encouragement in old familiar passages. But these discoveries were not in exact proportion to the interval of time elapsing between the readings. Some times a long period would intervene, and I would discover but little that was new or instructive; while at other times the interval would be quite short, and yet the new light and beauties of the passages would be great.

I have discovered that Mr. Noyes's writings present this same phenomenon. He gives a Home-Talk in which I am exceedingly interested. After the lapse of perhaps a year I will read that Talk again, and it will seem entirely new, so much instruction do I derive from it.

The question arises, What is the cause of this? What is the peculiarity about the writings of Matthew, Mark, John, Peter, Paul and Mr. Noyes? I have satisfied my own mind in this way: When God's Spirit dictates the writings of such persons, food is furnished that will strengthen, encourage, and build up men in all stages of experience, from the babes in Christ to perfect sons of God. The stomach of a child can only assimilate child's food, and every thing else is rejected; but as the child grows, other food from the table is appropriated with pleasure and profit. So the writings of the Spirit are a great table of provisions, from babe's milk to strong meat; and if we make any spiritual growth, we are sure to discover new food; and the greater the growth, the more abundant the supply. But if there is no growth at all, as was the case with me before giving my heart to Christ, then there are no new discoveries. Uninspired men can not rise above themselves, and hence can give us nothing but what is adapted to their present experience; and if our experience is on a level with theirs, we can get no new life from their writings after passing on to a higher level. So that what first seemed strange, is now quite plain; and by this test we can tell whether or not we are making advancement in grace and the knowledge of the truth: As is our advancement, so will be the new treasures that we discover in inspired writers.

D. E. S.

CULTIVATION OF THE BLACKBERRY.

NOW that the wild blackberry is fast disappearing, the efforts to introduce a variety that will be successful in our more northern climate, is becoming to some extent a necessity. In fact, we can not very well dispense with the blackberry, as the increasing demand for this fruit in its season well proves. Forty cents a quart was readily paid for this berry, in some

markets this season, and in others it sold as high as fifty, and even sixty cents.

It is claimed that we have in the Kittatinny and the Wilson, two varieties of the blackberry that are hardy; but to what extent this is true, is not yet fully proved. That both of these fruits are excellent varieties I have no doubt; and should they on further trial prove sufficiently hardy to withstand the coldest winters, we may yet hope to have an abundance of this fruit, which will in quantity and size, far surpass the wild varieties. The question is sometimes raised, whether the blackberry even in its wild state, is hardy enough to withstand our coldest winters, as there are even frequent failures in the natural crop; and I have noticed in some instances that the cane seemed dead nearly to the ground, and produced little or no fruit. Should it prove not thus hardy, then our only course lies in some method of protection. This hitherto has been thought impracticable to any great extent, on account of the thorns, and inflexibility of the canes. I will, however, venture to suggest a method which will be found simple and easy of practice, and I think effectual.

In the first place, in order to do away with the prejudice that to a considerable extent exists against the system of protection, let me say that I have found from experience in the cultivation of the grape and the raspberry, that a slight protection of even hardy varieties, more than pays in the increase of the crop, for the time spent in performing the operation. In tying some blackberry plants to stakes last spring, a few canes were found which had been accidentally bent down, and thus lay on the ground during winter, but which on being lifted, appeared remarkably fresh and green, while others which had stood erect, though not actually dead, looked brown and lifeless. The difference in the growth of the two was very marked throughout the season. Those which had lain on the ground, blossomed and set fruit freely, whilst those which had remained upright, partially failed, the canes dying down more or less during the summer. In consultation with a horticultural friend, it was suggested that this was a hint that a slight protection was necessary, and the following plan was hit upon, which we thought would prove a cheap and easy method of performing the work.

The blackberry is inclined to be one-sided in its growth. Do not stop the canes, but allow them to grow to their full length; and the latter part of August, while the canes are still soft and flexible, bend them down upon the ground, and in this position allow them to finish their growth. If some of the canes are nicked in bending, no matter, it will do no harm. Late in the fall, before the ground freezes, go through the vines with a spade, place your foot on those canes which are not already flat, press them down and at the same time throw a shovelful or two of earth on them to hold them in that position. In this manner, I have no doubt, that the Lawton even, may be successfully grown in this latitude. In the spring drive a stake between each hill, and raise the canes to the height of two feet from the ground, tie them to the stake, and properly shorten in, with a pair of hedge shears. In this position the crop may be gathered without interfering with the growth

of the new canes which will afford more or less shade to the bearing plant

In fruiting the blackberry, as also the Antwerp varieties of raspberries, no more succors or new canes should be allowed to grow than is necessary for the next year's bearing; as where fruit is the main object, anything more is at the expense of the crop, and frequently in case of rank-growing varieties proves the cause of nearly total failures.

H. T.

THE OLD LOG HUT.

VIII.

AS the short dress worn by the women of the O. C., had its birth in the old log hut, and as it is among the possibilities of the future that it may become the successful rival of all European fashions, we will give some particulars connected with that event.

On the return of Mr. Cragin from his financial tour early in June, the first persons who saluted him, as the team halted in front of the "white house," were Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Cragin, dressed in short frocks and pantalets. The change of their costume, as they came running and skipping from the house to the road, gave them the appearance of very young women—girls in their teens; and as Mr. C. was not anticipating anything of the kind, the oddity of the new style, at first sight, convulsed him with laughter. But on recovering himself, and yielding to his sober judgment and better taste, he declared that his wife had been metamorphosed, during his absence, into a school girl again, and looked very much as she did when he first formed her acquaintance at the age of eighteen. It was not, however, the new uniform alone, that made those women of thirty-eight and forty, appear so young and so girlish. They had taken a new step in faith, by outwardly obeying an inward conviction of right. Hence, a victory had been gained in the field of moral courage; and a victorious spirit is always a youthful one, in any body.

To give credit, however, where it is due, we must go back a few weeks to the time that Mr. Noyes wrote the Bible Argument of our Social Theory. Appended to chapter 7, will be found two notes, which read as follows:

Note 2.—The present dress of women, besides being peculiarly inappropriate to the sex, is immodest. It makes the distinction between the sexes vastly more prominent and obtrusive than nature makes it. In a state of nature, the difference between a man and a woman, could hardly be distinguished at a distance of five hundred yards; but as men and women dress, their sex is telegraphed as far as they can be seen. Woman's dress is a standing lie. It proclaims that she is not a two-legged animal, but something like a churn, standing on castors! Such are the absurdities into which the false principle of shame and sexual isolation betray the world.

Note 3.—When the distinction of the sexes is reduced to the bounds of nature and decency, by the removal of the shame partition, and woman becomes what she ought to be, a *female man* (like the Son in the Godhead,) a dress will be adopted that will be at the same time the most simple and the most beautiful; and it will be the same, or nearly the same, for both sexes. The dress of children—frock and pantalets—is in good taste, i. e. taste not perverted by the dictates of shame, and it is well adapted to the free motion of both sexes. This, or something like it, will be the uniform of vital society.

The foregoing suggestions on what the writer thought would be a suitable dress for women, were so manifestly the dictates of sound common sense, that they made a profound impression at the time they were presented, on the minds of all the women in the colony, especially so, on the two who subsequently took the lead in the dress revolution. The question was now constantly before them, Who will

take the initial steps in adopting a dress that will give us freedom of locomotion; freedom to refute the "standing lie" that we are monstrosities; that we were formed by our Creator in the shape of the old-fashioned pyramidal churns, with a huge base, giving us the appearance of walking monuments, and are so very unlike our brothers in anatomical structure, when the fact is otherwise? The thought that woman's dress is a "standing lie," was a revolting one to their whole moral nature; and thoughts, we know, are busybodies at all times; but when they become invested with the inspiration of heaven, they possess a force that is as powerful in execution, as it is inventive in planning.

As trifling incidents are often employed by a special providence to accelerate the birth of some important epoch or event, we will relate an incident that had, we believe, an agency in urging the two women to take the lead in this movement, when it would have been much more in accordance with their natural inclinations, to have followed others in doing so.

It will be remembered that on the third of April, we chronicled the arrival of Mr. James Baker's family. We will now relate an adventure, of which Mrs. Baker to this day has a vivid recollection. On their arrival at the Oneida depot, not finding any one there, as they had anticipated, to convey them to their new home, Mr. Baker not caring to pay four dollars for a carriage, walked up, leaving his wife meanwhile at Allen's comfortable hotel. As he presented himself to the door of our log hut alone, we understood the situation of things at once, and lost no time in getting under way with our not very swift team. On our return trip with Mrs. B. and child, we were soon overtaken by a darkness that could almost be felt. But as our faithful pony could be trusted to be his own pilot in navigating roads that were a disgrace to any civilized country, we borrowed little anxiety as to our safe arrival, bating a liberal allowance of time.

Having at last arrived within a half-mile or so of the end of our journey, we remarked to Mrs. B. that she would soon have the pleasure of meeting her friends at the "hut." But the words were no sooner spoken, than we came to a sudden halt, one wheel having almost lost itself in a deep rut-pit, which the darkness of the evening had prevented us from avoiding. As the horse was urged to extricate it, one thill gave way, while the wheel remained stationary. To repair damages there in the darkness, was not to be thought of; and, being so near our destined port, we proposed to Mrs. B., that we leave our team in the road (knowing full well that our horse could not be excelled for the quality of *standing still* wherever you left him) and walk the remaining distance. She readily consented to the plan. In helping our friend from the carriage, we mistook a thin sheet of water for a speck of dry land, and handed her gently into a puddle of mud. We were very sorry indeed for the mistake we had made. But alas! what could we say by way of apology for the condition of our highways? That they were an unmitigated *nuisance* nobody could deny. But no time was to be lost in unavailing criticisms of roads, or sentimental condolence, for we perceived at once a task before us, requiring no slight amount of courage to perform. So we pushed on as best we could, with our charge—mother, babe and bundles. Mrs. B. had as much as she could do to manage her long skirts, dripping with mud. But the babe soon manifested her repugnance and opposition to being carried by a stranger, in the usual musical way babies have, of making known their minds and feelings. That demonstration of course, induced the mother to carry the child herself. But to do so, she had to let go the "halliards" as a sailor would say, and consequently her dress and the entire batch of under-skirts that had been held up by her hands, came down to play tricks with her feet, and impede her locomotion. To keep ourselves in the road we needed no other signal than to know that we were half knee-deep in the slimy compound. We discovered, however, that our progress was indeed slow enough. Weighted, as those long skirts very soon were, every step taken by Mrs. B. brought them *flip-perty-flop*, against her

ankles with all their dirty contents, while nearly every other step would be upon the edge of her dress, almost throwing her to the ground.

While thus floundering along, we again took the babe, in spite of her opposition; but her little will being up, she gave us more music than before, and with it came the additional anxieties of the mother—the "child would have fits," "its mother would catch her death of cold," "was exhausted, could not take another step," "Are we in sight of land? Shall we ever get ashore," &c. To all of which add our own perturbations, for fear some serious damage to our charge might occur; and one can readily imagine that our situation, just then, was slightly embarrassing. We had passed the climax, however, as the walking became more tolerable. We could touch bottom, and in a few moments more we were at the door of the hut, which was entered with greater pleasure and more thankfulness than ever filled the hearts of king or queen in entering the most gorgeous palace the world ever saw. Busy hands and loving hearts made a new woman of their sister in a brief space of time.

However distressing, for the time being, that perilous experience, it was overruled for a good end. Those filthy skirts were silent, but powerful advocates of a dress revolution. By the sight of them, fresh fuel was added to a fire already aflame in the hearts of the inmates of the "hut," Mrs. N. and Mrs. C.; and it suffered no abatement in fervor, till they had their revenge, two months later, by *cutting off* the "standing lie" from their long dresses, and adopting a costume befitting a true woman.

A SUCCESSFUL INSTITUTION.

WE learn from an article in the *New York Tribune* that the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in their last report, made the startling announcement that there are no less than thirty thousand children in the city of New York, growing up in ignorance and idleness, who as a matter of course are contracting the most vicious and baleful habits of life conceivable. But our object in calling attention to this subject, is not to lift the veil from hideous dens of vice and corruption, but to point to movements that indicate the dawn of peaceful revolutions, that may ultimately prove to be the forerunners of light, life, and salvation to multitudes who are literally sitting in darkness, in the region and shadow of death.

The House of Refuge on Randall's Island, is under the aforesaid Public Commissioners, and the statistics furnished by the *Tribune* of the successful training of these thirty thousand idlers who find their way into that Asylum, give hopeful assurances that a large proportion of these vagrants may be reclaimed and made useful members of society, provided that they can be rescued in the early stages of their evil ways, subjected to correction and taught the principle of obedience and veneration. Other State Reformatory institutions like the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, are growing in public favor, and are universally acknowledged to be among the most effectual means of saving large cities from meriting the doom that came upon Sodom and Gomorrah. Upon a close inspection it appears that the success of these institutions in reclaiming vagrant, vicious youths, lies in the thoroughness of their organizations. They are organized exclusively for the public good. The teachers and superintendents are selected for that end alone. Indeed, it is in a sense a Community family, so far as the children are concerned. All are supported out of a common fund, and all work for a common interest. Providence, so to speak, appoints the State to act in its stead in looking after the well-being of those forlorn mortals who are ushered into a world where they are not welcomed nor cared for by their parents.

In the Refuge on Randall's Island, the young vagrants have an opportunity to acquire regular habits, and learn a useful trade. The utmost pains are taken to develop and cultivate their minds. They are watched over for good, not for evil. Obedience, good behavior, and noble deeds, are rewarded in a way

to encourage and stimulate all to do likewise. The following extract from a late report of the House of Refuge will give an idea of the industrial training the inmates receive:

There are at present about 800 boys, and 150 girls on the register. The boys' building is divided into two compartments; the first division, in the one, is thus entirely separated from the second division, in the other compartment. The second division is composed of those whose characters are decidedly bad, or whose offense was great. A boy may by good conduct, however, get promoted from the second into the first division. As a rule the second division are much older than the first. Each division is divided into four grades. Every boy on entering the Reformatory is placed in the third grade; if he behaves well he is placed in the second in a week, and a month after to the first grade; if he continues in a satisfactory course for three months he is placed in the grade of honor, and wears a badge on his breast. Every boy in the first division must remain six months, in the second division twelve months in the first grade, before he can be indentured to any trade. These two divisions are under the charge of twenty-five teachers and twenty-five guards. At 6½ o'clock the cells are all unlocked, every one reports himself to the overseer, and then goes to the lavatories; at 7 after parading, they are marched to the school-rooms to join in religious exercises for half an hour; at 7½ they have breakfast, and at 8 are told off to the work-shops, where they remain till 12, when they again parade, previous to going to dinner. For dinner they have a large plate of excellent soup, a small portion of meat, a small loaf of bread, and a mug of water. At one o'clock they return to their work. When they have completed their allotted task they are allowed to play till 4, when they have supper. At 4½ they go to school, where they remain till 8 o'clock, the time for going to bed. Each boy has a separate cell, which is locked and barred at night. The cells are in long, lofty, and well ventilated corridors, each corridor containing one hundred cells. The doors of the cells are all grated, in order that the boys may have light and air, and also be under the direct supervision of the officers, who though very strict, apparently know well how to temper strictness with kindness. Before going to bed, half an hour is again devoted to religious exercises, singing hymns, reading the Bible, &c. There is a large chapel, where the services are conducted on Sunday, the girls having the gallery to themselves.

It appears, also, from the report that although a variety of trades are furnished, the principal work is carried on in the boot and shoe department where nearly six hundred boys are employed, averaging 2500 pairs daily. The girls are employed in manufacturing hoop-skirts, in making clothes for themselves, and the boys, in washing linen, and doing house-work in general. The girls are not managed so easily as the boys, owing in a measure, to their being older.

Among this motley gathering of youth, representing nearly all nations, kindreds, and tongues on the face of the earth, there are not a few who attract considerable attention by their idiosyncrasies. There is a colored lad who is very amusing; possessing a wonderful passion for oratory, he addresses the other boys on all subjects, and is really eloquent. On one occasion, the Principal ventured to ask him whom he adopted as his model, when he grandly replied, "I will have you to know, sir, that I am no servile imitator."

In the year 1867 the institution found homes for 637 boys and 146 girls. No pains are spared to secure the very best possible situation, for these children that can be found. Those who receive them are required to keep up a correspondence with the superintendent for one or more years, that the institution may be made acquainted with their progress. If any prove unmanageable, they are returned to the Refuge. There are many respectable persons in all parts of the civilized world who owe almost every thing to the House of Refuge, and regard it as their *alma mater*. Not a great while ago a gentleman and lady were shown over the premises, who manifested a very lively interest in all the conveniences and improvements they saw. During their investigations the gentleman turned to his lady and said, "Now I will tell you a secret; I was brought up in this place." The lady seemed much surprised; but she astonished all by quietly remarking, "And so was I." Such are some of the romantic incidents of life.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1868.

OUR MUCK-HEAP.

NO. IX.

MACDONALD erects a magniloquent monument over the remains of Nashoba, the experiment of Frances Wright. This woman, little known to the present generation, was really the spiritual helpmate and better-half of the Owens, in the great Socialist revival of 1826. Our impression is, not only that she was the leading woman in the Communistic movement of that period, but that she had a very important agency in starting two other movements, that have had far greater success, and are at this moment strong in public favor; viz., Anti-Slavery and Woman's Rights. If justice were done, we are confident her name would figure high with those of Lundy, Garrison, and John Brown on the one hand, and with those of Abby Kelly, Lucy Stone and Anna Dickinson on the other. She was indeed the pioneer of the "strong-minded women." We copy the most important parts of Macdonald's memoir of

THE NASHOBA COMMUNITY, 1825-8.

This experiment was attempted in Shelby Co., Tenn., by the celebrated Frances Wright. The objects were, to form a Community in which the negro slave should be prepared for freedom—should be educated and upraised to a level with the whites; and to set an example, which, if carried out, would eventually abolish slavery in the Southern States; also to make a home for good and great men and women of all countries, who would there sympathize with each other for humanity's sake. She invited congenial minds from every quarter of the globe to unite with her in the search for truth and the pursuit of happiness.

Frances Wright became imbued with these philanthropic views through a knowledge of the sufferings of a great portion of mankind in many countries, and of the condition of the negro in the United States in particular. She traveled extensively in the Southern States, and explained her views to many of the planters. We are informed that it was during these travels, that she visited the German settlement of Rappites at Harmony on the Wabash river, and after examining the wonderful industry of that Community, especially in the agricultural department, which formed the basis of its wealth and prosperity, she was struck with the appropriateness of their system of co-operation to carry out the object of her desires. She also visited some of the Shaker establishments, five of which were then existing in the United States, but she thought unfavorably of them. She renewed her visits to the Rappites, and was present on the occasion of their removal from Harmony to Economy on the Ohio, where she continued her visits, receiving valuable knowledge from their experience, and, as it were, witnessing a new village, with its fields, orchards, gardens, vineyards, flouring-mills and manufactories, rise out of the earth, beneath the hands of some eight hundred trained laborers.

[Here is another indication of the important part the Rappites played in the early history of Owenism. As they cleared the 30,000 acres and built the village which was the theater of Owen's great experiment, so it is evident from the above account and from other hints, that their Communistic ideas and manner of living were studied by the Owen school, and by Mr. Owen himself, before and after his purchase of New Harmony. Indeed it is more than intimated, in a passage from the *New Moral World* which we quoted two weeks ago, that Owen depended on their assistance in commencing his Community, and attributed his failure to their premature removal. On the whole we may conclude that Owen learned all he really knew about practical Communism, and more than he was able to imitate, from the Rappites. They learned Communism from the New Testament and the day of Pentecost.—Macdonald proceeds:]

In the autumn of 1825 [several months before Owen purchased New Harmony], Frances Wright purchased 2,000 acres of "good and pleasant woodland," lying on both sides of the Wolf river in West Tenn., about thirteen miles above Memphis. She then purchased several negro families, comprising fifteen able hands, and commenced her practical experiment.

[Her plan in brief was, to take slaves in large numbers from time to time (either by purchase, or by inducing benevolent planters to donate their negroes

to the institution), and to prepare them for liberty by education, giving them half of what they produced, and making them pay their way and purchase their emancipation, if necessary, by their labor. The working of the negroes and the general management of the Community was to be in the hands of the philanthropic and wealthy whites associated with the lady-founder. The theory was benevolent, but practically the institution must have been a two-story commonwealth, somewhat like the old Grecian States which founded liberty on Helotism. Or we might define it as a Brook Farm plus a negro basis. The trouble at Brook Farm, according to Hawthorne, was, that the amateurs who took part in that "pic-nic," did not like to serve as "chambermaids to the cows." This difficulty was provided against at Nashoba, as will be seen in a passage which we have italicized below:]

We are informed that F. W. "found in her new occupation intense and ever increasing interest." But ere long she was seized by severe and reiterated sickness, which compelled her to make a voyage to Europe for the recovery of her health. "During her absence," says her biographer, "an intriguing individual had disorganized every thing on the estate, and effected the removal of persons of confidence. All the serious difficulties proceeded from her white assistants, and not from the blacks."

In December of the following year, she made over the Nashoba estate to a board of trustees, by a deed commencing thus:

"I, Frances Wright, do give the lands, after specified, to General Lafayette, William Maclure, Robert Owen, Cadwallader Colden, Richardson Whitby, Robert Jennings, Robert Dale Owen, George Flower, Camilla Wright and James Richardson, to be held by them and their associates and their successors in perpetual trust for the benefit of the negro race."

By another deed she gave the slaves of Nashoba to the before mentioned trustees; and by still another she gave them all her personal property.

In her appeal to the public in connection with this transfer, she explains at length her views of reform, and her reasons for choosing the above-named trustees instead of the Emancipation or Colonization Societies; and in respect to education says: "No difference will be made in the schools between the white children and the children of color, whether in education or any other advantage." After further explanation of her plans she goes on to say:

"It will be seen that this establishment is founded on the principle of community of property and labor; presenting every advantage to those desirous, not of accumulating money, but of enjoying life and rendering services to their fellow-creatures; *these fellow-creatures, that is, the blacks here admitted, requiring these services by services equal or greater, by filling occupations which their habits render easy, and which, to their guides and assistants, might be difficult or unpleasing.*

"No life of idleness, however, is proposed to the whites. Those who can not work must give an equivalent in property. Gardening or other cultivation of the soil, useful trades practiced in the society or taught in the school, the teaching of every branch of knowledge, tending the children, and nursing the sick, will present a choice of employment sufficiently extensive."

In March, 1828, the trustees published a communication in the *Nashoba Gazette*, explaining the difficulties they had to contend with, and the causes why the experience of two years had modified the original plan of Frances Wright. They show the impossibility of a co-operative Community succeeding without the members composing it are superior beings; "for," say they, "if there be introduced into such a society thoughts of evil and unkindness, feelings of intolerance and words of dissension, it can not prosper. That which produces in the world only commonplace jealousies and every-day squabbles, is sufficient to destroy a Community."

The society had admitted some members to labor, and others as boarders from whom no labor was required; and in this they confess their error, and now propose to admit those only who possess the funds for their support.

The trustees go on to say that "they desire to express distinctly that they had deferred, for the present, the attempt to form a society of co-operative labor; and they claim for the association only the title of a preliminary social Community."

After describing the moral qualifications of members who may be admitted without regard to color, they propose that each one shall yearly throw \$100 into the common fund for board alone, to be paid quarterly in advance. Each one was also to build himself or herself a small brick house, with a piazza, according to a regular plan, and upon a spot of ground selected for the purpose, near the centre of the lands of Nashoba.

This communication is signed by Frances Wright, Richardson Whitby, Camilla Wright Whitby, and

Robert Dale Owen, as resident trustees, and is dated Feb. 1, 1828.

It is probable that success did not further attend the experiment, for Frances Wright abandoned it soon after, and in June following removed to New Harmony, where, in conjunction with William Owen, she assumed for a short time the management of the *New Harmony Gazette*, which then had its name altered to the *New Harmony and Nashoba Gazette* or *Free Inquirer*.

Her biographer says that "she abandoned, though not without a struggle, the peaceful shades of Nashoba, leaving the property in the charge of an individual, who was to hold the negroes ready for removal to Hayti the year following. In relinquishing her experiment in favor of the race, she held herself equally pledged to the colored families under her charge, to the southern state in which she had been a resident citizen, and to the American community at large, to remove her dependents to a country free to their color. This she executed a year after."

This Communistic experiment and failure was the immediate antecedent of Frances Wright's famous lecturing-tour. In December 1828 she was raising whirlwinds of excitement by her eloquence in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York; and soon after the *New Harmony Gazette*, under the title of *The Free Inquirer*, was removed to the latter city, where it was ably edited several years by Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen.

REMINISCENCES OF THE COMMUNITY AT YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

[Under the above title, Macdonald furnishes the following pleasant reading, clipped from some newspaper, the name and date of which are missing. It is a model sketch of the life and death of a non-religious Community; and would serve for many others, by changing a few names, as ministers do when they re-preach old funeral sermons. The moral at the close, inferring the impracticability of Communism, may be accepted as sound, if restricted to non-religious experiments. The general career of Owen is sketched correctly, and in rather a masterly manner: and the interesting fact is brought to light, that the beginning of the Owen movement in this country, was signalized by a conjunction with Swedenborgianism. The significance of this fact will appear more fully, when we come to the history of the marriage between Fourierism and Swedenborgianism, which afterwards took place at Brook-Farm.]

"The subsequent article was prepared at the request of a minister who had looked in vain for any account of the Communities established by Robert Owen in this country. It is simply what it pretends to be, reminiscences by one who, while a youth, resided with his parents as a member of the Community at Yellow Springs. But for some years together, since his manhood, the writer has been associated with several of the leading men of that social experiment, and has through them been informed in relation to both its outer and inner history. The article may contain some errors, as of dates and other matters unimportant to a just view of the Community; but the social picture will be correct. With the hope that it may convey a useful lesson, it is submitted to the reader.

"Robert Owen, the projector of the Communities at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and New Harmony, Indiana, was the owner of extensive manufactories at New Lanark, Scotland. He was a man of considerable learning, much observation, and full of the love of his fellow men; though a disbeliever in Christianity. His views concerning the Bible were fully announced in the celebrated debate at Cincinnati, between himself and Dr. Alexander Campbell. But whatever may have been his faith, he proved his philanthropy by a long life of beneficent works. At his manufactories in Scotland he established a system based on community of labor, which was crowned with the happiest effects. But it should be remembered that Owen himself was the owner of the works, and controlled all things by a single mind, for the good of the operatives. The system, therefore, was only a beneficent scheme of government by a manufacturer for the good of himself and his operatives.

"Full of zeal for the improvement of society, Owen conceived that he had discovered the cause of most of its evils in the laws of *meum et tuum*; and that a

state of society where there was nothing *mine* or *thine*, would be a paradise begun. He brooded upon the idea of a community of property, and connected it with schemes for the improvement of society, until he was ready to sacrifice his own property and devote his heart and his life to his fellow men upon this basis. Too discreet to inaugurate the new system among the poorer classes of his own country, whom he found perverted by prejudice and warped by the artificial forms of society there, he resolved to proceed to the United States, and among the comparatively unperverted people, liberal institutions and cheap lands of the West, to establish *Communities*, founded upon common property, social equality, and the equal value of every man's labor.

About the year 1824 Owen arrived in Cincinnati. He brought with him a history of his labors at New Lanark; with glowing, and not unjust accounts of the beneficent effects of his efforts there. He exhibited plans for his proposed Communities here; with model farms, gardens, vineyards, play-grounds, orchards, and all the internal and external appliances of the social paradise. At Cincinnati he soon found many congenial spirits, among the first of whom was Daniel Roe, minister of the "New Jerusalem Church," a society of the followers of Swedenborg. This society was composed of a very superior class of people. They were intelligent, liberal, generous, cultivated men and women—many of them wealthy and highly educated. They were apparently the best possible material to organize and sustain a Community, such as Owen proposed. Mr. Roe and many of his congregation soon became fascinated with Owen and his communism; and together with others in the city and elsewhere, soon organized a Community and furnished the means for purchasing an appropriate site for its location. In the meantime Owen proceeded to Harmony; and, with others, purchased that place, with all its buildings, vineyards, and lands, from Rapp, who emigrated to Pennsylvania and established his people at Economy.

It will only be added of Owen, that after having seen the New Harmonians fairly established, he returned to Scotland. After careful consultation and selection, it was decided by the Cincinnati Community to purchase the Yellow Springs as the most eligible site for their purpose. It was really one of the most delightful regions in the whole West, and well worthy the residence of a people who had resolved to make many sacrifices for what they honestly believed to be a great social and moral reformation.

The Community, as finally organized, consisted of seventy-five or one hundred families; and included professional men, teachers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, and a few common laborers. Its economy was nearly as follows:

The property was held in trust forever, in behalf of the members of the Community, by the original purchasers, and their chosen successors, to be determined from time to time by the voice of the Community. All additional property thereafter to be acquired, by labor, purchase, or otherwise, was to be added to the common stock, for the benefit of each and all.

Schools were to be established, to teach all things useful (but religion):

Opinion upon all subjects was free; and the present good of the whole Community was the standard of morals:

The Sabbath was a day of rest and recreation, to be improved by walks, rides, plays, and pleasing exercises; and by public lectures:

Dancing was instituted as a most valuable means of physical and social culture; and the ten-pin alley and other sources of amusement were open to all.

But although Christianity was wholly ignored in the system, there was no free-loveism or other looseness of morals allowed. In short, this Community began its career under the most favorable auspices; and if any men and women in the world could have succeeded, these should have done so. How they *did* succeed, and how they did not, will be shown.

For the first few weeks, all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day.

Men who seldom or never before labored with their hands, devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanic arts, with a zeal which was at least commendable, though not always according to knowledge. Ministers of the gospel guided the plow; called the swine to their corn, instead of sinners to repentance; and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Merchants exchanged the yardstick for the rake or pitch-fork. And all appeared to labor cheerfully for the common weal. Among the women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Ladies who had seldom seen the inside of their own kitchens, went into that of the common eating-house (formerly a hotel), and made themselves useful among pots and kettles; and refined young ladies, who had all their lives been waited upon, took their turns in waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all parties who chose mingled in the social dance, in the great dining-hall.

But notwithstanding the apparent heartiness and cordiality of this auspicious opening, it was in the social atmosphere of the Community that the first cloud arose. Self-love was a spirit which would not be exorcised. It whispered to the lowly maidens, whose former position in society had cultivated the spirit of meekness—"Thou art as good as the formerly rich and fortunate; insist upon your equality." It reminded the favorites of former society of their lost superiority; and in spite of all rules, tinctured their words and actions with the love of self. Similar thoughts and feelings soon arose among the men; and though not so soon exhibited, they were none the less deep and strong. It is unnecessary to specify: suffice it to say, that at the end of three months—*three months!*—the leading minds in the Community were compelled to acknowledge to each other that the social life of the Community could not be bounded by a single circle. They therefore acquiesced, though reluctantly, in its division into many. But they still hoped, and many of them no doubt, believed, that though social equality was a failure, Community of property was not. But whether the law of *mine and thine* is natural or incidental in human character, it soon began to develop its sway. The industrious, the skillful, and the strong, saw the products of their labor enjoyed by the indolent, the unskilled, and the improvident; and self-love rose against benevolence. A band of musicians insisted that their brassy harmony was as necessary to the common happiness as bread and meat; and declined to enter the harvest field or the work-shop. A lecturer upon natural science insisted upon talking only, while others worked. Mechanics, whose single day's labor brought two dollars into the common stock, insisted that they should, in justice, work only half as long as the agriculturist, whose day's work brought but one.

Of course, for a while these jealousies were only felt; but they soon began to be spoken also. It was useless to remind all parties that the common labor of all ministered to the prosperity of the Community. *Individual* happiness was the law of nature, and it could not be obliterated; and before a single year had passed, this law had scattered the members of that society which had come together so earnestly, and under such favorable circumstances, back into the selfish world from which they came.

The writer of this sketch has since heard the history of that eventful year reviewed with honesty and earnestness by the best men and most intelligent parties of that unfortunate social experiment. They admitted the favorable circumstances which surrounded its commencement; the intelligence, devotion, and earnestness which were brought to the cause by its projectors; and its final, total failure. And they rested ever after in the belief that man, though disposed to philanthropy, is essentially selfish; and a community of social equality and common property impossible.

Thus closed in utter failure, an experiment in social reform, which originated in real philanthropy; and which was conducted by men of high moral character, and of cultivated minds. Their failure followed naturally from the very organization of human character. And though we may deplore the misdirected zeal of those unwise reformers, none

who knew them will doubt their honesty or well-meant philanthropy."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Dec. 5.]

ONEIDA.

The good-nature of our folks was put to some strain Sunday night when we made the stage a looking-glass for various personal peculiarities. "P. P." thinks that Communism is the extinguisher of individuality, and it does certainly discourage individual development in certain directions. There are many idiosyncrasies of selfishness, and there is what is called the "irritability of genius," which Communism does extinguish, and so far it tends to diminish personal variations. Still there is a good deal of chance left for individualization, and we have a number of characters that expose some salient point to the mimic; and withal we have some good mimics. Sunday night the mimics had the stage by full consent, and took off Mr. B's way of reading the *Iliad* to himself, with unconscious gesticulations, Mr. N's posture and expression when thinking, the ways of this one and that in a state of abstraction, Mr. S's moderation, G's vehemence, this one's voice, that one's gait, and another's manner of telling a story, &c., &c. The audience testified their appreciation of each performance by calling out the name of the person characterized, and by unrepressed laughter. Occasionally, of course, the effect was increased by the mimic's license of exaggeration. Some of our W. C. brothers were mocked behind their backs. Finally a lady was ushered on the stage imitating the "Grecian Bend," dressed with *panier*, high heels, trail, &c. Good heavens! what might C—have come to if she had not chosen reproach and disinheritor in the Community, to a home of wealth in the city.

The party of "close communionists," who go about 5 o'clock every day for a plunge in the Willow-Place Pond, is larger than it was, now numbering twenty—which indicates that a revival is in progress this cold weather. Then we have another Baptist order residing at O. C., who hold their daily meetings under the mill, and practice *sprinkling* instead of immersion, which they speak of as a milder form of the ordinance, hoping thereby to make some converts. G. Cragin, is the elder of this persuasion.

The seven o'clock hour in the Hall, is very attractive this winter, and draws almost as full a room as the eight o'clock hour. We have reading two or three evenings, and then a lecture. Have read Dwight's *Life of Jonathan Edwards*, or rather selections from it, the prolixity of the biographer being sometimes unendurable: are now reading Sargent's *Life of Robert Owen*. We only wish that Edwards had had as good a biographer as Owen has. The lectures have been mostly historical. Beginning with *Babylon*, we have had by different lecturers, the history of the Medo-Persian Empire, of Egypt, Greece and Byzantium. Rome will be the next.

WILLOW PLACE.

Mr. Newhouse says that people frequently ask him where all our traps go to? That question was answered quite satisfactorily to-day, by a man who formerly worked in our forge-shop, but has just returned from a trapping expedition out West. This man told Mr. Newhouse that he used to think the world must be full of traps, we made so many, but now he knew what became of them. "Trappers," said he, "on getting far into the woods, and having had good luck catching furs, can not conveniently take away with them both the traps and the furs; so they leave the traps, and when preparing for their next expedition, buy new ones, considering it cheaper to get new traps, than to bring out, clean up, and take care of their old ones."

In a Community a short, odd name, even if it isn't euphonious, is a real prize. Where so many people live together, among whom many duplications of names occur, various methods have to be resorted to for designating the exact individual meant. We have two Mrs. Burnhams—mother-in-law and daughter—the elder of whom we call "Lady" Burnham.

Lorenzo Bolles Jr. has a son Lorenzo who receives the cognomen, Lorenzo 3d. There are so many Georges, Johns, Marys, Helens and Harriets that it is a puzzle sometimes to indicate the one meant without tacking on the surname. The middle name or middle initial has often to be employed. There is a Helen Miller and an Ellen Miller, a Helen Hutchins and an Ellen Hutchins. Countless mirth-provoking misunderstandings have occurred on account of these similitudes. Some men and women get to be uncles and aunts by the whole family, as "Uncle Joseph," "Uncle Horace," "Aunt Julia," "Aunt Jane." Each woman and girl who is able and not too busy in some public service, has the care of one or more of the men's clothes, and she is called that man's "mother." As no particular attention is paid in the matter to consanguinity, some funny relationships are made up. Because Mr. X. is your husband or G. is your son, you do not necessarily take care of his clothes; some other woman is quite as likely to do it. Uncle Joseph by frequent change of residence between here and O. C., lost his mother. Today the women held a caucus, and it was asked, "Who will take care of Uncle Joseph's clothes?" No answer! Finally, one said, "I will take care of his shirts;" another said, "I will take care of his stockings;" and presently he had a mother for his pants and vests; another for his collars, towels and handkerchiefs; and two volunteered to share the responsibility of mending and sponging his coats.

WALLINGFORD.

--We had our Thanksgiving dinner at two o'clock to-day, and a pleasant entertainment in the evening, of music, tableaux, recitations, &c., which closed with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," adapted by J. J. S., to the change in our prospects respecting a grand removal to Oneida. Here are three of the stanzas:

We're ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We hear Oneida's "three times three,"
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Her laurel wreath we fancy now
Already placed upon the brow,
And we all feel gay,
For we all are going home.

But ah! we've got to change our note,
Alas! Alas!
Oneida casts another vote,
Alas! Alas!
She loves Mount Tom too well to lose,
And leaves us nothing else to choose
But to do her say,
And all remain at home.

But still we like this song the best,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We feel for life a newer zest,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We've met Oneida heart to heart,
We know that there we ne'er can part,
So we all feel gay,
For we all can stay at home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PURITAN CRYPT.

Wallingford, Dec. 1, 1868.

DEAR T:—When I was at New Haven a few days ago, I heard that some alterations were making in the Center Church. This Church, you recollect, is situated on the Green a few rods below the State House. In the rear of it are the graves and monuments of the regicides, Whalley and Dixwell. The Church it appears, was built over a part of the old Puritan burying-ground. Attracted by the report that access could be had to its basement, I went there, and was directed to a door opening out of a corner of the vestibule. A low flight of stairs took me down to a sort of cellar, where are the furnaces of the Church. Beyond this cellar, extended the large, dim area, covered by the body of the Church. The space was low, scarcely high enough for a man to stand erect in, with here and there the glimmer

of a narrow cellar window, breaking through the foundation walls. A few gas jets attached to the brick piers of the building, cast an uncertain light into the dusky recesses of the further space. Voices intoning a very rich brogue, indicated that Irishmen were at work in that direction. On going toward the central area, I found myself confronted on every side, by burial monuments; I was in fact, in the midst of the old Pilgrim graveyard. The graves were leveled, but the monuments were in position, some upright, and others horizontal, resting on small pillars. The stones were of brown sandstone; none of marble. Not a vestige of greenness or vegetation was there—every thing was as dusty as a desert. The Irishmen were brooming the tombstones, and throwing sand and rubbish out of one of the narrow windows.

"You have quite a job here," said I to one of them.

"O, the killingest that iver you see. We've been at it all the week."

I learned from them that they were employed by Thomas Trowbridge, Esq., of New Haven; and suppose that the design is to make this crypt accessible hereafter, to the public, by application to the sexton. I copied on the spot the following inscriptions, which may be of antiquarian interest to some in the Community:

Here Lyeth Inter'd the Body of Thomas Trowbridge Esquire*
aged 70 years. Deceased the 22d of
Avgst Anno Domini 1702.
Sarah, wife of above Thomas died
June 15, 1687, aged 46.

Revd Joseph Noyes, a Man of God, Eminent for Prudence, Catholic in Sentiments, Given to Hospitality, Patient in Tribulation & abundant in Labors; having serv'd his Generation by the will of God 5 years a Tutor & 26 a Fellow of Y. College, & 45 Pastor of ye 1st Church in N. Haven, died June 14, 1761, Æ. 73.

Mrs Abigail Noyes Relict of the Revd Joseph Noyes, died at Weathersfield ye 10th of Oct 1768 Æ. 73, and was buried in that place. A Gentlewoman of a Sweet and delicate Temper & of Female Virtue an Example, she greatly excelled in ye knowledge of ye Scriptures, and they were ye guide of her Youth & ye Comfort & Support of her Age; She was a loving dutiful Wife a kind instructive Parent, to ye poor charitable, to ye Family a faithful Reprover, to the cause of Truth a Friend. Her life was diligent and useful. Her Heaven begun on Earth. She saw through a Glass darkly; but now Face to Face.

O Grave Where is thy Sting!

*An ancestor of the late Mrs. P. Noyes.

Such a catalogue of virtues would almost discourage, I fear, later generations. The Puritans knew how to set forth a good standard, whether they lived it or not.

ONCE FOR ALWAYS.

W. C., Nov. 22, 1868.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I find my heart much interested of late in your doctrine of the universal outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. It is one of the grandest truths in the history of Christianity, that what was then done was done for all time, and for all mankind—that the Spirit that then came with tongues of fire, and with the sound of a rushing mighty wind, has ever since been flowing as a river of life, with silent but all-conquering power in the midst of humanity. This is the source of all that is valuable in present and advancing civilization, the secret of that wonderful mystery which has been so conspicuous during the last eighteen hundred years, and about which so much is said now-a-days—human progress. I want to let my faith work on that great truth, till I apprehend all its amazing fullness.

And is it not a correlative truth that through the experience of the generation which was the medium of this outpouring of the Holy Spirit—beginning with the day of Pentecost and ending with the Second Coming—the resurrection was given to all mankind, and for all time? In the deep inner currents of all human life, has there not been ever since the Second Coming, a stream of resurrection power flowing; sending its mighty influences of ascending life through humanity, and preparing the race for a universal resurrection? Every where we see mankind rising and throwing off the evils of the past. Ignorance, slavery, and heathenism are going down to an irreversible doom. Freedom, Science, and a knowledge of the living God, takes the place of the old corruptions. These are results which none but

a resurrection power could effect. They are results to a certain degree analogous to those wrought out in the experience of the Primitive Church. I believe they spring from the same source.

This thought quickens and strengthens my faith. I see that by processes now everywhere going on, mankind is being steadily lifted toward a plane of sinless, victorious life. The ascent is not to stop with the destruction of ignorance, slavery and idolatry, but death itself—the worst ignorance, the cruellest slavery, the darkest heathenism of all—must go down. Its doom comes next in order. The great experience of the Primitive Church; the mighty victory won by them eighteen hundred years ago, was for us, and for all time. I pray that I may apprehend it.

Your loving brother, T. L. PRIT.

THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

MARK ANTONY was Rome's most brilliant general. He carried successful conquest along the north-east shore of the Mediterranean. His valor and intrepidity in battle, were equaled by his clemency and moderation as a conqueror. Appreciating works of art in Greek cities through which he passed, he spared them. Painting, sculpture, architecture and literature, were precious in his eyes. Valor was written on his heart. An artist in the art of war, he managed the Roman legions with consummate ability. No foe could resist him. His wife, Octavia, was a model Roman matron, illustrious and chaste. Rome was justly proud of him. Greek and Roman civilization found a fair representative in him.

Egypt trembled at his approach; her armies dared not go forth to battle. The beautiful queen Cleopatra sailed from the Nile, to meet the conqueror at Tarsus. The silken sails of her festive barge floated lazily in the wind, as the gaily decked sailors plied their oars, inwrought with pearl and gold, to the time of soft music. Egypt's fairest daughters accompanied the queen arrayed as nymphs. Cleopatra as Venus, sparkling with jewels, reclined beneath a silken canopy, as the barge passed up the river Cydnus. She went to meet the conqueror, to subdue and take possession of him and lead him captive. She succeeded. She turned him from his bright military destiny. False to his noble wife, a traitor to his country, he ended his career a suicide.

Many years before, there lived in the same Egypt a slave. The young man was lucky. Whatever he undertook, prospered. The affairs of his master under his supervision, were so well managed that he was finally intrusted with the whole business of Potiphar, captain of Pharaoh's guard. In the same house with him lived an Egyptian woman, the wife of his master, who, attracted by his fine appearance, tried day after day to seduce him. His temptation was as strong as Antony's; but tearing himself from her embrace, he answered her seducing words with, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Here we have a civilization, that far surpasses that of the proudest days of Egypt, Greece or Rome—the civilization of the passions. What is the civilization that produces paintings, statues, aqueducts, temples, pyramids, but is itself conquered by passion, compared with the civilization that conquers passion? The world's greatest hero is seduced by a wicked woman. Egyptian civilization took man as far as his passions, to leave him there in hopeless barbarism. All the motives that the heathen world could offer, were powerless to conquer lust. Family affection, patriotism, love of glory, opposed in vain the barbarous flood of human passion. It was the love of God in Joseph's heart that proved itself stronger than all loves, civilized his passions, and made him the conquering hero of a province that had always held Egypt, Greece and Rome in bondage. "Greater is he that rules his own heart, than he that takes a city."

J. B. H.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.

TEN years ago I was acquainted with a member of one of the leading and most successful business families in Manchester, England. He was then eighty-six years of age, and still an energetic, active, business man; he had been personally acquainted with the Baron Rothschild who was the founder of

the world-renowned banking firm of that name, and knew him before the foundation of his financial greatness had been laid. He is responsible for the following short sketch, which may be considered reliable.

My acquaintance, whom I will call S., was, when a young man, apprenticed in a dry-goods house in Manchester, and on attaining his majority became the junior partner of the firm. It was customary to put upon the junior partner the drudgery of the business, such as seeing the hands in and out, and keeping things generally in order about the establishment; thus S. was at his post early and late, while the other partners attended to the books, finances, &c. Having their country seats in the neighborhood of the city (which, by the way is now all covered with factories, &c.), they left the store at noon on Saturdays, leaving every thing in charge of the junior partner.

It so happened that about this time there appeared in Manchester a Jew, who went about buying small job lots of goods, and speculating, no one knew or cared exactly how.

"Who knows anything about this Rothschild?" one merchant would inquire of another,

"Some dirty Jew or other, who will get trusted for a thousand or two, and then run off," was the usual reply. 'Tis true he was known to be the son of a banker at Frankfort; but a German banker was a very small affair in those days, and the father could probably have found but little more credit in England than his did son. The merchants of Manchester therefore decided not to trust young Rothschild; and it must be supposed that his means were very limited, for he would not otherwise have put up with the inconvenience and vexation of waiting for his goods whenever he made a purchase, until his drafts had been sent to London and returned accepted by an old banker in Lombard-St., an operation which occupied about two weeks, there being as yet no steam or telegraphic communication between those cities.

One Saturday morning the partners of S. gave him particular instructions that if Rothschild bought any goods during their absence he should on no account let them go without the cash, or good notes. On the afternoon of the same day, Rothschild entered the store and purchased goods to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, requiring them to be delivered immediately; but S. explained his position, and said that he was under instructions not to let him have the goods except for cash, or its equivalent, and Rothschild after trying in vain to get the goods, was compelled to let them remain until his drafts for the amount could be sent to London and returned. One among the number of poor customers who did business with the Frankfort banker, was the Hessian prince. I say poor, because German princes are proverbially short of cash, and the most occasion any one of them could have for a banker would be to borrow money from him at large interest. But the Hessian prince struck a rich vein of gold in the pockets of English taxpayers by supplying the British government during their long war, with troops under the color of an ally, but in reality receiving a certain sum per capita, a mitigated form of the coolie trade. The proceeds of these sales accumulated in the hands of the Frankfort banker until they reached the sum of half a million sterling, an almost fabulous amount for one man to possess in those days, especially in Germany, and the Hessian prince soon found that he had an elephant on his hands. "What could he do with half a million sterling?" He could not keep it himself; it would be offering a premium to murder and robbery. If he left it in Rothschild's hands, he would be trusting it all to one man without getting interest for it. He could not invest it in Germany, for there was no security in anything. Bonaparte might overrun and confiscate every thing at any moment, and the prince well knew that his money would be a tempting bait to the great French general. The Prince and the banker were both in a quandary. In order to evade Bonaparte they removed the money from Frankfort to Berlin, and

from Berlin back again to Frankfort. Still the question that perplexed the Prince was, "What shall I do with my half-million sterling? If I could only invest it in English securities!" A happy thought here struck the Frankfort banker. He had a son in England, to whom he could entrust the money for investment. It may seem strange that so large a sum should be entrusted to so obscure an individual as the Jew, who could not get credit in Manchester for two hundred and fifty pounds; but with the Hessian prince it was a great deal like a man throwing his goods out of the window to save them from being destroyed with his burning house; so he took the least risk in sending his money to young Rothschild, who deposited it with the old banker in Lombard-St. This of course gave him immense credit. There was probably not another man in Europe who had at that time half a million at his banker's; and as the British government was about to negotiate a loan of two and a half millions sterling, it was not difficult for Rothschild with his now almost unlimited credit, to contract for that loan.

Having carried this financial operation through successfully, Rothschild thenceforward became a speculator in the government securities of England, and after the close of the war, in the securities of nearly every government in Europe. He was also consulted by the government authorities on matters of finance, and thus had every opportunity of speculating to the best advantage. He took advantage on one occasion of the scarcity of specie, to collect an enormous amount of gold, knowing that the British government must soon require it for paying the troops; and he conjectured rightly, for the government soon came under such a pressure for bullion that they offered a large premium, and when, in consultation with the Premier and Secretary of War, Rothschild offered to produce the required sum within twelve hours, he was in a position to make almost his own terms. Rothschild had now nothing to do but to keep a steady hand at the helm, and drift with the current to the highest pinnacle of financial fame and power. He married the only child of the Lombard-St. banker, and thus inheriting his business and fortune, pursued a rapid course of success.

The unsettled state of Europe immediately before and after the battle of Waterloo, rendered all securities exceedingly variable. It is said that Rothschild had ministers in his pay in every European court, who each kept him informed of every important measure that was brought up in their respective cabinets; and when Bonaparte made his escape from Elba, Rothschild having been forewarned of the attempt, fitted out a fast yacht to cruise around the island, and to make all haste for the nearest European port so soon as Bonaparte had stepped on board a French vessel. He thus became apprised of the escape twelve hours before the British government, and sold stocks to an enormous amount, clearing, probably, by that one operation more than money enough to make several fortunes.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with stock operations, I will explain, that a man requires credit rather than capital to speculate in stocks. It does not necessarily follow because he buys and sells largely, that therefore large sums of money pass through his hands. On the contrary, if he bought gold or stocks at 140 and sold at 140, no money would pass, for he purchased on credit and sold on credit; and on settling day, instead of transferring so much stock, would only pay or receive the difference between the market prices and his purchases and sales. Thus it will be seen that, as all Government securities had gone up with the prospect of peace when Bonaparte was a prisoner, so they would fall to panic prices when he was known to have escaped; and if Rothschild had sold, say two millions of Government securities at 100, and was able to purchase, on the following day, sufficient to make good his sales at 50, he would have cleared exactly one million sterling; and this was the nature of his transaction.

There are many tales told of Rothschild, as untrue as they are ridiculous and uncharacteristic of the man. He was a man true to his word, with a fine

sense of honor, in some respects; but ever wide awake to take advantage of a financial crisis, or to produce one for his own advantage. He was not unmindful of favors nor forgetful of injury. Thirty years after the affair referred to at Manchester, S. had occasion to transmit a sum of money to Paris, and being too late for 'Change, went to Rothschild's office on the bare possibility of being able to prevail upon some of the clerks to transact the business for him. But it was after business hours; and finding them all obdurate was about to leave the office, when Rothschild, who had not seen him during the past thirty years, met him in the door-way, and instantly recognizing him, asked if he could do anything for him; and then ordered his clerks to let Mr. S. have the necessary drafts, refusing to take his checks for them until "settling day."

"Do you remember," asked Rothschild, "when you refused me credit for two hundred and fifty pounds?"

"I do," said S., "but the boot is on the other leg now."

"Oh, no," said R., "you were very courteous to me, and I understood that you were only acting under orders; but there are some of those Manchester people that I will ruin if I ever get a chance."

This remark, together with his treatment of Kennards & Co., a London and Manchester banking house, will show something of his revengeful spirit toward those who opposed him in his early career. Opening an account with Kennards' house, he paid in a very large sum, and kept it there several months. If the Kennards had used it as they did their other funds, in the ordinary course of banking business, it would certainly have ruined them; but, knowing Rothschild's enmity against them, they acted cautiously; and having weighed the bags of gold, sealed them up and placed them in their vaults. Some months after, when the money market was suffering a panic, and every banking house was strained to its utmost, Rothschild sent in his check to Kennards for the exact amount of his deposit; and to his disappointment, instead of dishonoring his check they returned him the identical bags of gold which he had deposited several months previous.

Rothschild had, however, many good qualities. He was possessed of a liberality of mind and soul that was scarcely to be found among his Christian cotemporaries. During his residence at Clapham, his charities were freely distributed to all who needed them; nor was the question once asked as to what sect or religion the applicants belonged. It was enough for Rothschild to know that they were needy and he kept a standing order at his baker's for the supply of bread to all who were hungry. After living at Clapham he resided in a house at Hyde Park corner, adjoining Apsley House, the city residence of the Duke of Wellington. The two gardens were divided only by a wire fence; and it was thought that Rothschild highly appreciated the notice taken of his children by his distinguished neighbor, for they were invariably to be found playing in their garden whenever the "Iron Duke" took an accustomed stroll on his side of the fence. E.

DENTISTRY.

THE art of dentistry, it is claimed, is now prosecuted on the most scientific principles. That great, and many skillful and noteworthy operations have been performed, there is not a shadow of doubt, as I myself can testify. But if also, the improvement in that department, consists in the producing of a great amount of human suffering in a given time, then we agree that the art has very nearly reached perfection.

The process of getting a snag in readiness to receive the filing, the amount of scratching, scraping, and treating there is to be endured, are things with which many, doubtless, are familiar. But this preliminary part of our modern "mallet filling," is not the climax of the operation, by a great sight. Just imagine a patient, sitting for an hour or more, with jaws distended to their fullest capacity; hearing now and then the cry, "Open wider!" his mouth so crammed with wads and napkins, that he is nearly

choked with saliva; whilst the doctor places one end of a ramrod of steel into the cavity, which a second person, holding a leaden mallet weighing less than a pound, strikes intermittingly. Rap! rap! rap! rap! fall the blows in quick succession, and the sufferer scowls as though in the last agonies; while at this juncture, the dentist cries out to the mallet man, "Harder! harder!" O horror! But just as the patient is on the point of springing from his seat in despair, he is released, wishing, perhaps, that there was not another person on the face of the globe with a decayed tooth in his head, and almost envying those who have none at all. This may be thought a mere fancy picture. But try and see, ye who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the delights of what is called mallet filling. H. T.

THAT AWFUL LETTER.

FOR the relief of those simple-minded friends who did not see that the "Intercepted Letter," published in the CIRCULAR some weeks ago, was a playful fiction, we would say that it was written by one of our most faithful members, whose forte or fault is a fondness for funning and punning; and the design of it was to commend the industry of the Community, by playing upon words in such a way as to seem to accuse us of heinous crimes. For instance, he mentioned the spirit of *caste*, the *iron rule*, &c., in connection with the *foundry*, where the business is the casting of iron; and the *winding policy* and *snarling* in connection with the *silk business*, which winds silk and deals with snarls. So in the story about the horrid business of "selling remains," he used the word *dye*—not *die*—and referred to our business of coloring silk, which is carried on in a dark basement of one of our buildings. The "remains" of this dyeing are spools of silk, which are sent off by express and give the Community large profits. Those who mistook the fiction for a real letter of an enemy, will do well to read it again, and see if they cannot enter into the fun of it. At the same time, we will confess that such jests are not altogether to our liking, because they are liable to be mistaken: and it is not pleasant to have to explain them. So we promise not to print any more of them; and we hope the fearful souls that have been troubled by that letter, will forgive the writer, when they learn that he is the same that wrote the "Battle of the Twenty-Sixth," and the funny letter that here follows.—*Ed. Cir.*

FROM A BAKE-ONION STEW-DENT.

O. C., Dec. 3, 1868.

DEAR JOHN:—My duties are, to arise at a quarter before five, or earlier, to rake the fire, open the dampers, light dining-room and kitchen lamps, measure out a quantity of malt for coffee for those who drink it, and break six eggs in it, pour it into the boiler, boil fifteen minutes, take it off, pour in hot water, carry milk, butter, bread, cold water, and apple-sauce to side tables, call two or three women, steam one pail of milk for coffee, often put heavy griddles on the stove, and ring the bells. After breakfast I empty coffee-boiler, rake and replenish fires, take up and sift ashes, bring in wood and coal, get and prepare vegetables—all except potatoes; and for knitting-work, core apples and pick over beans, besides opening cans of fruit, corn, and beans, as well as running after sugar, syrup, and other nice things too numerous to mention and too heavy for women to carry.

But the duty that tasks my talents to the utmost is baking potatoes. Now you need not laugh, for it is so. You must bear in mind that there are certain three or four minutes when a baked potato is in the very *flour* of its potatohood, and if eaten during these minutes it carries a thrill of thankfulness to the center of a man's body. Bear in mind also, that these two hundred people require two hours and upwards for eating their breakfast. These terms of the equation being given, then make an algebraic calculation of the means and methods of bringing in the perfected potatoes at just the right time and place. Then at noon, when the hungry ones all come in nearly at the same time, think of the awful weight of responsibility with which those four heaping pans of po-

tatoes baking in the oven bear down upon my soul! But the mark can be hit exactly; and when I do hit it square in the center, you had better believe that there is a vibration of happiness through my whole being.

Another point that interests me much, is the business of testing things by the sense of taste and smell to know whether they are sufficiently sweet, sour, fresh, salt, or spiced. That is part of "de higher branches," as aunt Chloe has it, to which I have not yet attained; but when I see the one who mixes the tub of cake-dough, or material for mince or pumpkin pies, call all the experienced tasters around it; and when I see the serious, abstracted way with which each one gives her whole mind and soul to the almost spiritual impression which a slight morsel makes upon her tongue, I say to myself, "It is a solemn business and a great weight of responsibility attends it." I get an impression also, that a certain subtle, interior faculty is being trained to the highest pitch of delicacy and usefulness. Mrs. H. says that when the apple-sauce is not sufficiently tempered with sugar, the taste of it makes her eyes draw up at the corners. Now that fact opens an interesting question to physiologists and metaphysicians, as to how far through a person's being, both physical and spiritual, the vibrations of taste extend.

With the hope that you will enlighten me some on these points, I remain,

Yours truly, KITCHEN MAN.

A CERTAIN literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one inquired for him to give an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers. "Did any one call?" "Yis, sur, wan gintleman." "What did he say?" "He axed was yer honor in." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Sure, I gev him a quivvike ansur just." "How was that?" "I asked him was his grandmother a monkey!"

NEWS AND ITEMS.

MOUNT ETNA, in Sicily, is in a state of eruption.

THE great Mont Cenis tunnel is to be finished by 1871, at farthest. It is now three-quarters through.

THE French town of Chatelaillon has gradually crumbled into the sea, and is now an oyster bed, from which certain philosophers claim that the human race sprung.

THE counsel for Jeff. Davis moved, in court, to quash the indictment, on the ground that the 14th amendment provides for the punishment of rebellion by disfranchisement only.

THE London Times thinks the rapid progress of our Pacific railway is a wonder. It notes the extraordinary character of the road, and acknowledges the superior enterprise of the American people.

It appears from the official data that there has been received and credited to the Conscience Fund at the Treasury Department, from November, 1863, to July, 1867, \$48,800, and in the fiscal year closing with June, 1868, \$49,000, in various sums from one cent upwards.

THE Pacific railroad will be completed by next July, and at that time there will be a continuous line of rail from New York to San Francisco—the longest in the world. A European passenger can then leave Liverpool or London and reach Yokohama and Shanghai, via New York, in thirty-five days, while the shortest time in which the trip can now be made, going eastward, is sixty days.

—THE Emperor of Russia has sent to this country two civil engineers, with instructions to make a complete examination of the operations of the Pacific and other great railways in the United States. The Emperor contemplates building a railroad from China across Asia to the capital of Russia, his purpose being to prevent the U. S., with its railroads and steamships, from monopolizing the whole China trade.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L. Q., Oregon.—\$5.00 received.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 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 and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the 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 Rats, 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, N. Y.

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

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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 at 40 cents each. Views, *cart 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, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per 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.

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The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & 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 publications.