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THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., W. C. March 17, 1868.

IN obeying the injunction to *watch*, the interesting question is, *What shall we watch for?* I suppose the difficulty with some persons is that they are watching for their own feelings. That kind of watching may be easily substituted and mistaken for waiting on God. The important things to watch for and observe and record, are the phenomena of the spiritual world, and especially God's will—God's voice to us and his will concerning us. There is a great deal of feeling necessarily concerned in all that, and reciprocal exercise going between us and God—on the one hand, perhaps a great deal of trial, and on the other, pleasure—but we must not be diverted from the main thing, which is to prove, as Paul expressed it, "what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." That is the standard of my faith and purpose. I believe that I can, and I will, learn to distinguish the voice of God in my heart; to distinguish it from my own wishes, my own feelings and the impulses of my own passions; to distinguish it from every other spirit. I believe that I can learn to hear the voice of God alone, and follow it. Christ said, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and a stranger they will not follow." While we are children we may not be able to distinguish between the voice of Christ and our passions, or the will of the devil; but when we are grown, we shall know the voice of Christ, and refuse entirely to be governed by any other; we shall not follow strangers.

I believe that to do the will of God is the most refreshing thing any one can do. It is more refreshing than eating and drinking. The way to get health, and the way to overcome the devil, is, to watch and work inward, until we get where we can hear the voice of God, and distinguish it from all other influences. Stick to it, follow it up, obey it, and it will lead into the path of life. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life;" and the way to find it is to get hold of this clue—the word of God in the heart—and follow it faithfully, fearlessly, endlessly.

—The conclusion of the "Talk on the Second Coming" is crowded out by press of other matter this week.

SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

Constitution No. 2.

[We produced from our time-yellowed papers, last week, a document which we called Constitution No. 1. It was dated Feb. 26, 1844. It provided for no officers or journal, and was recorded only on a loose sheet. It was simply, as it was labelled, "A Contract of Partnership." Constitution No. 2, by which that was displaced, is dated March 9, 1845, and is recorded in a small blank-book, with this title on the fly-leaf—"Record of the Constitution and Proceedings of the Putney Corporation;" the Constitution being headed, "Constitution of the Association of Perfectionists, Putney, Vt." We shall find No. 2 to be No. 1 matured and developed. It is as follows:]

For the purpose of sustaining the publication of the Gospel of Salvation from Sin, and also with a view to the social and economical advantages of union, mutual assistance, and aggregate capital, we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, enter into entire partnership with each other, and agree to be governed by the following Regulations:

Art. 1.—Our Association shall be called, The Putney Corporation.

Art. 2.—The officers of the Corporation shall be a President, Secretary, and three Directors.

Art. 3.—The regular meetings of the Corporation shall be held annually in the month of February, notice of the day of meeting being given by the officers; and other meetings may be called at any time by the officers, or by agreement of a majority of the members.

Art. 4.—Three-fourths of all the members of the Corporation shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Art. 5.—The officers shall be chosen annually at the February meetings, by general ballot.

Art. 6.—The officers shall be chosen from among the stockholders.

Art. 7.—It shall be the duty of the officers to direct the executive affairs of the Corporation, and report their doings at the end of the year.

Art. 8.—The presence and agreement of at least three of the officers shall be necessary to the validity of all executive measures; and if in any case, three can not agree, it shall be the duty of the officers to call a meeting of the Corporation and submit the case to general discussion and vote.

Art. 9.—The Corporation may at any time appoint a committee to examine and report on the proceedings and accounts of the executive officers; and it shall be the duty of those officers to submit their proceedings and accounts to the inspection of such committee.

Art. 10.—The President shall perform the usual duties of Moderator at all meetings of the Corporation, and in his absence a Moderator shall be chosen *pro tempore*.

Art. 11.—The Secretary, in addition to the usual duties of his office, shall keep a journal of all important events in the history of the Corporation, and submit it for examination and alteration to the Corporation at its annual meeting.

Art. 12.—In case of the removal or disability of any of the officers, a meeting shall be called by the remaining officers, and the vacancy shall be filled.

Art. 13.—The unanimous consent of the

members of the Corporation shall be required for the admission of new members.

Art. 14.—Any member may withdraw from the Corporation at any time, by notifying the Board of officers, and assuming his own maintenance.

Art. 15.—Any member may be excluded from the Corporation by a vote of a majority of the members.

Art. 16.—All property which we severally may be possessed of at the time of subscribing this Constitution, or which may at any time while we remain in the Corporation, come into our possession, shall be held as the property of the Corporation, subject to the control of the executive officers.

Art. 17.—Every member thus investing property shall receive a certificate signed by the officers, stating the amount of his investment, the time of his admission, and the resulting obligations of the Corporation as herein-after defined.

Art. 18.—Every member not investing property shall receive a certificate signed by the officers, stating the time of his admission and the resulting obligations of the Corporation as herein-after defined.

Art. 19.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to record in the Book of the Corporation, the name of each member, the time of his admission, and the amount of his investments.

Art. 20.—Every member shall be governed, in the expenses, labors, and domestic arrangements of himself and his dependents, by the direction of the officers.

Art. 21.—The ordinary expenses and the labors of the members with their families and necessary dependents, shall be held as the expenses and labors of the Corporation, and shall not be charged or credited to the individuals.

Art. 22.—The Corporation shall not be liable for any debts of individual members, which were contracted before the admission of such members.

Art. 23.—The Corporation shall not be liable for any debts resulting from securities given, or other liabilities of any kind, incurred by any member before his admission.

Art. 24.—The Corporation shall not be liable for any debts contracted without its consent given by its executive officers.

Art. 25.—All debts of the kind specified in the last three articles, if assumed by the Corporation, shall be deducted from the certified claims of the individuals involved in them.

Art. 26.—If the title of any member to property invested by him shall prove to be unsound, and such property shall be withdrawn from the Corporation, the value of it shall be deducted from his certified claim.

Art. 27.—No property shall be withdrawn from the Corporation by any member, while he remains connected with it; but any member may at any time suspend his connection by notifying the Board of Officers, and assuming his own maintenance; and while his connection remains suspended, he may withdraw from the Corporation, on reasonable notice, any sums not exceeding the amount of his certified claim, which sums shall be deducted from that claim.

Art. 28.—If any member, after receiving his original certificate, shall obtain by inheritance or otherwise in his own right, and invest additional property, the value of it shall be added to his previously certified claim.

Art. 29.—If any of the contingencies men-

tioned in the preceding articles shall increase or diminish the just claim of any member, either with reference to his investments, or his time of membership, it shall be the duty of the Board of officers to recall his certificate and issue a new one, at the same time causing the alteration to be entered on the Secretary's record.

Art. 30.—An annual appraisalment of all the property of the Corporation, taken under the direction of the Board of officers, shall be presented at each annual meeting, and entered on the record.

Art. 31.—In case of a dissolution of the Corporation, an appraisalment of its property shall be taken at the time of dissolution, and the claim of each member shall be determined in the following manner :

1. If the appraisalment shall show that the value of the property of the Corporation is less than the aggregate of all investments certified and recorded, each stockholder shall receive a share of that property proportionate to his investments, as compared with all other investments.

2. If the appraisalment shall show that the property only equals the aggregate of all investments, each stockholder shall receive only the amount of his investments.

3. If the appraisalment shall show that the property exceeds the aggregate of all investments, each stockholder shall receive the amount of his investments, and each member, whether stockholder or not, shall receive a dividend of the surplus, proportioned to his time of service, as certified and recorded; the amount of which dividend shall be ascertained in the case of each member, by dividing the surplus of each year or portion of year during which he was a member, by the number of contemporaneous members.

Art. 32.—In case of the withdrawal or exclusion of any member, his claim shall be determined in like manner; but if he shall withdraw or be excluded at any time between the annual meetings, the Corporation shall not be obligated to ascertain and discharge his claim till the next annual appraisalment shall be taken.

Art. 33.—In case a member shall withdraw at the time of the annual appraisalment, or at any time within three months previous, the Corporation shall be entitled either to three months' notice of his intention to withdraw, or to three months' delay in discharging his claims after his departure.

Art. 34.—In case of the removal of any member by death, his heirs shall be entitled to the same amount of property as he would have been entitled to if he had voluntarily withdrawn.

Art. 35.—This Constitution may be altered or amended, and additional regulations may be enacted, by a vote of two-thirds of the members at any meeting regularly called.

JOHN H. NOYES, JOHN R. MILLER,
JOHN L. SKINNER, GEORGE W. NOYES,
S. R. LEONARD, GEORGE CRAGIN.

[Constitution No. 2., would seem to have been elaborated for perpetuity; but the Journal of Proceedings which follows it, indicates that its period did not much exceed that of Constitution No. 1., though it does not appear to have been regularly displaced as that was. The journal occupies four small pages. It first records the organization (March 9), the signing of the constitution, and election of officers, which was done by ballot. J. R. Miller was chosen President, J. L. Skinner Secretary, and J. H. Noyes, G. Cragin and G. W. Noyes, Directors. The amount of property at this time invested was as follows:

J. H. Noyes (for himself and wife),	... \$15,173
J. R. Miller	7,220
J. L. Skinner	5,420
G. W. Noyes	5,320
G. Cragin	200

The stockholders, it is stated, received certificates of their several investments, and S. R. Leonard, who was not a stockholder, received a certificate of membership.

We next find entered minutes of the second annual meeting of the Putney Corporation, Feb. 20, 1846. The Board of officers of the preceding year were all re-elected. The President made a summary report of the financial condition of the Corporation, but was not prepared to give particulars

as to the income and expenses of the several departments. The amount of property on hand was \$31,393.14, and showed an increase during the year of \$286.66. (The diminution of the original capital, which the mathematical reader will find on comparing this result with the sum of the investments, was owing to deficits in previous years.) The President also reported various business arrangements agreed on for the ensuing year, one of which, as it relates to a fortunate connection made with the present President of the O. C., we will extract :

"Wm. H. Woolworth (wagon maker) of Brookfield, Mass., being on a visit to Putney, and having expressed his desire to come and reside among us, the President reported that he had engaged to find him a shop and work for the next year, and to procure him some convenient place to board, and that Mr. Woolworth had concluded to return to Putney as soon as he could arrange his business at Brookfield."

The minutes conclude as follows :
"It is thought worthy to be recorded here that the members of the Corporation expressed at this time much satisfaction at the state of harmony and good feeling at present existing among themselves; and their increasing confidence in and attachment to the principles on which our partnership is founded. We consider love to God and one another as our most valuable capital: and we feel confident that of this capital there has been a very considerable increase during the past year."

This ends the Journal and all formalities and legislation that we can find any trace of in the Putney epoch. The foregoing will be as new to the majority of the Community as to any of our readers. Next week we shall produce what appearances we can find of Partnership or Constitution, whether extinct or extant, belonging to the Oneida formation.]

THE WALDENSES.

NO. II.

THE enemy that at last pounced upon these poor people, had been kept in check for ages; first, by the resistance of the north of Italy to the claims of the papacy, which continued to the tenth or eleventh century; and after that, Piedmont, proving to be a bone of contention for several hundred years, could not be wielded by Rome to do her work upon her poor victims, until it came into the possession of the dukes of Savoy. As soon as that took place, however, there began (about the year 1400) a series of the most merciless persecutions, wars, and crusades imaginable, which were kept up for more than three hundred years. But think not, dear reader, that during all that time, no voice was raised, no arm stretched out in their defense. No, it is a consoling thought that good comes out of even the direst evil. The awful calamities endured by the people could not fail to electrify the uttermost bounds of Christendom. The efforts of their enemies to exterminate them seem to have culminated about the middle of the seventeenth century. Those arms that were ever at the beck of Rome were brought once more to bear upon the unfortunates, and their persecutors must have thought that no means could be bad enough to resort to, in their fell purpose to make an utter end of the *heretics*. Judge for yourselves, reader, from the following extract from Dr. Blair :

"On the 17th of April, 1655, an army of 15,000 Piedmontese, four regiments of French, a German corps, and 1,200 Irish, entered the valleys under command of the Marquis of Pianessa. * * * Upon a signal being given from the crag of Castellurra, near La Tour, such scenes of blood as this world has not often witnessed in modern times, among nations which pretend to be Christian, began on the twenty-fourth of that month to be enacted. * * * Houses and churches were burned to the ground. Infants were remorselessly torn from the breasts of their mothers and dashed against the walls

or the rocks, or had their brains dashed out against each other; or two soldiers, taking each a leg, rent them asunder, or cut them in two with their swords. The sick were either burned alive, cut in pieces, or thrown down the precipices with their heads tied between their legs. Mothers and daughters were violated in each other's presence, impaled, and either carried naked as ensigns upon pikes at the head of the regiments, or left upon poles by the road-side. Others had their arms and breasts cut off. Men, after being indecently and barbarously mutilated, were cut up limb by limb. They had gunpowder thrust into their mouths and other parts, and then were blown up. Numbers had their noses, fingers and toes amputated, and were then left to perish in the snow. Some, both men and women, were buried alive. Some dragged by their hair on the ground at the tail of a mule. Many were cast into a burning furnace. Young women fled from their pursuers and leaped down precipices and were killed, rather than submit to their brutal violence."

All this was duly attested in the presence of public officers. The effect upon Protestant Europe was quick and tremendous. To the honor of Cromwell be it said, that he went so far as to declare to the Duke of Savoy (who owned the valley) that if he did not stop his persecutions, he would cause a fleet to sail over the Alps to defend the Waldenses. Sir Samuel Morland was his envoy, and he did his errand. Remonstrances from all parts came in quick succession, and the result was that the sufferers were reinstated in nearly all their former possessions. But their loss had been such as to elicit a general subscription. Cromwell even appointed a day of humiliation and prayer, and employed Milton to write in his name to the Protestant potentates of Europe, in their behalf. They responded handsomely to the call. But Cromwell was not immortal. Circumstances once more favored the persecuting party, and they succeeded (1686) in reducing the number of their victims to a few thousand, who were compelled to disperse for a while among their brethren in the Protestant states of Europe. During this war of extermination no less than 11,000 perished in prison, in a few months, from sheer neglect.

Soon, however, arose another star in their horizon, when William, Prince of Orange, put gladness into their hearts by aiding them in their return to their hard-earned and long-cherished firesides and altars. Of that eventful transit across the Alps by a small but undaunted remnant of a suffering race, we have but a few details before us. They actually got back again in spite of the odds against them, and started anew on that very ground which had been steeped in the blood of their forefathers for ages past. But it was not long before an army of French and Savoyards, twenty thousand strong, came upon them, and had been busily at work for some months when, luckily, a rupture occurred between the two powers, and the remnant were saved. And yet Savoy had the effrontery to ask their help against France, and they had the magnanimity to grant it cheerfully! What, then, shall we say for the house of Savoy, when told that, at a subsequent period, oppressive measures were actually resumed toward that noble-minded people? And it was not until long after, when Napoleon took the field, that their grievances were redressed. That man treated them well, for which he will receive his reward. But the enemy took advantage of

the friendly relations existing between them and the French, and on the occasion of the capture of a fort by the latter, charged the Waldenses with treachery. A plot was laid for a general massacre. Eight hundred men were engaged to do the work on a certain night; but, by the energetic interference of two Roman Catholics (to their lasting honor be it known), the plot was defeated.

Upon the downfall of Napoleon, the ancient dynasty brought back all its bigotry, subservience to Rome, and injustice to the men of the valleys; and, though they escaped open persecution, yet oppression, in one form or another, continued to be their lot until the revolution of 1848. Meanwhile Protestant Christians from various parts, especially from England, made visits to the valleys and published the result of their observations; which so interested all Protestants in their behalf that they largely contributed toward the relief of their wants—their need of schools, pastors, &c. R. S. D.

SMITH'S STORY.

II.

I HAVE but little recollection of those first six years of my life; excepting one or two incidents, which made a lasting impression on my mind. The spring after I was two years old mother took me with her one day on a visit to Mrs. Barber, who lived at Java village, two miles from Strikersville. As we were about returning at night, Mrs. B. gave us a pig, and put it in the back part of the buggy. Mother kept watch of it till we were more than half way home, and then, as it made no attempt to escape, she gave it no further thought till we reached home, when she looked for the pig and he was gone. Mother said some one must go right back after him. But father said he had got to go and milk. So mother said she and Edson would go. Charley was turned about and told to run as fast he chose. When we had gone more than half the distance, we espied the pig running as fast as his legs could carry him past Deacon Read's house. Mother called to the deacon's son to "catch that pig," and he and Mr. R. put after, and soon captured him. He was then put under our feet and carried home in triumph. The excitement of the chase engraved the incident upon my memory.

I remember being out one morning sliding down hill back of the barn. While drawing my sled up, a cow came along behind me and stopped right across the path down which I was sliding. On reaching the top of the hill I got on my sled and started down, and did not discover the cow till I was too near her to stop. Drawing myself into as small compass as possible, I shot under her belly, between her legs, without touching a hair. Which was the most astonished, the cow or myself, I can not say.

Another scene was photographed unfadingly on my brain. I was five years old. It was a dark night; and father and mother had gone to prayer-meeting. About eight o'clock I went up stairs to bed; I slept in a room over the kitchen, where the hired girl was then ironing. The pipe from the kitchen stove passed through my room. I had been in bed but a few minutes, when I saw what seemed to be a bright star where the stove-pipe entered the ceiling. I was a little scared, and lay watching it with breathless interest. It grew larger and larger, till presently it broke out into a flame. With a loud cry I sprang out of bed and started to go down stairs. The hired girl had heard my cry, and met me on the stairs. She ran out into the road and screamed fire at the top of her voice. But nearly every body had gone to prayer-meeting. Providentially, however, there was one man—our nearest neighbor—who felt contented to pray at home. He heard the cry, and rushed down to the church. A good brother was in the midst of a prayer, but the messenger didn't

stand on ceremony; he burst in upon the meeting with the cry, "Elder Smith's house is on fire." A meeting never broke up quicker. A general rush was made for our house, and some of the more excited ones ran in, tipped over pans of milk, and wash-tubs of water, jerked down the stove-pipes, and smashed things generally; while two or three others very quietly got upon the roof of the house, and by dexterously applying a few pails of water, entirely extinguished the fire.

One other incident completes my recollections of those childhood days. A few rods back of the house was a little brook. One day mother fitted me out with a thread line and pin hook, and gave me leave to go fishing. I had heard of whales as being the biggest kind of fish, and I was determined to catch one. After several failures, I succeeded in landing a dace some six inches long. It was the largest fish I had ever seen, and I was in ecstasies. Wild with excitement, I threw down rod, tackle and fish, sped home and rushed into the house, shouting at the top of my voice, "Oh mother! I've caught a whale! I've caught a whale!"

I was early taught habits of industry and placed in positions of some responsibility. The winter I was five years old, I arose nearly every morning soon after five o'clock, lighted a candle, dressed myself, and went into father's study and touched off the shavings in the stove, which were always prepared the previous night. I would then go down stairs and light the fire in the kitchen stove, put on the tea-kettle, and if potatoes were to be baked, I would put them into the oven; and by the time mother was dressed, I would have the table partly set. I owe much to the early training of my mother in habits of industry and promptness. Mother was a woman who took time by the forelock. During the winter season she always had breakfast before daylight. At night she would prepare so far as possible all her material for breakfast. The potatoes were washed, the meat sliced off and put in the spider, etc. The last thing before going to bed, was to rake all the fire out of the stove, put in some shavings and dry wood (which she took care to always keep on hand), and thus have every thing in readiness for quick work in the morning. For many years this chore of preparing the fire at night, fell to me. But once in a great while, in my hurry to get to bed, I would not take sufficient pains to remove every little coal, and after I had gone, the shavings would become ignited, and in the morning I would find an empty stove.

The habit of early rising also had a good effect upon me. There are some mothers at the present day who find great difficulty in getting their children up in time for breakfast, and to them it may seem rather incredible that at the age of five I got up so promptly. But it was all owing to my mother's influence on me. Her spirit of energy diffused itself through me, and magnetized me. The reading of one of the Rollo books, "Rollo Learning to Read," also had a great influence on me then, and has had ever since. I can not remember when I could not read. The book which I remember of first possessing, I have still in my possession. It is called the "Child's Instructor," published in 1831. The leaf on which was the date of my receiving it, is torn out and lost. In looking over this book, I find in it several pieces which have influenced my whole life.

At the end of five years' hard labor for the conversion of souls in Strikersville, my parents went on a visit to their friends in New York and Vermont. Another boy had been added to the family; and as he was about old enough to wean, and as mother wished to lay aside all care on this journey, she decided to leave my brother and me at one of mother's sisters, then living at Darien. My uncle chewed tobacco; and one day as he was biting off a piece, I went up and asked him to give me some too, supposing that anything he seemed to relish so well, would surely tickle my palate. He pulled off a small piece and told me to chew it as quickly as possible and swallow it. I obeyed. Of course it made me terribly ill; but it effectually prevented me from ever using tobacco.

When father and mother started on their visit, they expected to return to Strikersville and live and

die there. "But the moment we had leisure," mother writes, "our ears caught the wail of the great West for laborers. We loved our dear church, and they loved us. How could we leave them? But we felt that Christ required the sacrifice. That was a large, strong church; and we must go and help the weak." So in April, 1845, they bade farewell, with many tears, to the people of Strikersville, and started once more for the frontier, which was then removed beyond the Mississippi. They put their household effects, including Charley and a two-seated spring wagon, on board a boat at Buffalo, and sailed round the lakes to Chicago. Then hiring two teams to transport their goods from Chicago to Rock Island, they put Charley before the wagon, and placed two trunks in it. Father and I sat on the front seat, and mother with the baby and a hired girl (whom they had engaged in N. Y. for a series of years), took the back seat, and thus we made the journey from Chicago to the Mississippi. At Davenport, on the Iowa side, opposite Rock Island, father left his family with a Baptist brother, and pushed on into the interior of that then newly settled state; and finally decided to make Iowa City his home. The first white settlement in Iowa was not made till near the close of 1832. On the first of May 1839 a beautiful spot which is now occupied by the "City of Iowa" was selected for the seat of government of the Iowa Territory; but it was not admitted as a state till over a year after father located there. Iowa City is on the left bank of Iowa river, fifty-five miles from Davenport, in the midst of one of the most beautiful and thriving of agricultural regions. At the time father went there the population probably did not exceed two thousand, and every thing was new and rude.

I remember but little of the first few years of my life at Iowa City; only that we lived in a two-story brick house, with the chimney wrong side up, so that most of the smoke came into the room; of finding nasty looking worms on the butter when I went down cellar to get some for dinner; and bread so gritty that I would not shut my teeth tight in eating it. Farmers thrashed their grain with horses, on the ground, and the mills had no smut machines or bolts, so that the bread was not of the best quality. In the course of a year father purchased a house and a lot in the upper part of the city, and we were more comfortable.

The meetings of the Baptists were held in a room of the State House. One Sunday morning I was sent to Sunday-school as usual, but it being rather early when I got there, and several other boys being present who had no awe of Sabbath-breaking before their eyes, we concluded to go down into the basement and have a game of "I spy" before school. This basement was in an unfinished state, and there were several dark avenues in it which made capital places for our game. Some one was chosen to count, and the rest scampered off like rats for their holes. I and another boy ran down one of those dark passages, and turning to the right, I being ahead, darted into what appeared to be a dark recess in the wall; but in an instant I found myself standing on nothing, and going down—down. I brought up at the depth of twenty feet. My companion had instinctively stopped as I made the plunge; and his cries, added to mine, soon brought us assistance; and in a short time, by the help of lights, ropes, and men, I was drawn forth, providentially more scared than hurt. The hole, when completed, was to have been a vault and was forty feet in depth, I having landed on a scaffolding half way down.

The Superintendent gave the whole school a lecture on Sabbath-breaking, using my case to show how God disapproved of children playing on Sunday. But I must confess I could not see why one day was better than another; and besides I found that I got hurt just as much on other days as on Sunday. But my parents and society laid down the law, and I tried to believe it was just; yet it caused sin to abound, and my conscience troubled me terribly. I was not even allowed to whistle or whittle on Sunday, or split a stick of wood; and how I hated the day. At times I would steal away from church, and go with other boys to play ball or swim; and

thus was I taught to deceive; and at the same time suffer a feeling of condemnation.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1868.

OUR MUCK-HEAP.

NO. XI.

THIS number must be devoted to "odds and ends," flung together without much connection, to finish the history of the Owen epoch.

THE VILLAGE OF NEW HARMONY.

It is to be observed that in speaking of the failure of New Harmony, we have referred simply to the Communistic experiment commenced there in 1825. The houses of the settlement and much of the population which Mr. Owen gathered there, remained and have continued to be a flourishing and rather peculiar village till the present time. We have seen that the *debris* of one of Mr. Hunt's Communities made New Harmony its rendezvous. So Macdonald, with the enthusiasm of a true Socialist, on landing in this country in 1842, first sought out New Harmony. There he found Warren, the apostle of Individualism, returned from his wanderings and failures, to set up a "Time Store" in the old seat of Socialism. We remember also, that Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the anthropologist, was at New Harmony in 1842 when he astonished the world with his novel experiments in Mesmerism, which Robert Dale Owen reported in a famous letter to the *Evening Post*, and which gave impetus and respectability to the beginnings of modern Spiritualism. These facts and many others that we can not stop to mention, indicate that New Harmony continued to be a center and haunt of Socialists and innovators long after the failure of the Community. It is probably a semi-socialist village to this day, representing more or less the spirit of Robert Owen.

THE OWEN FAMILY.

Macdonald, writing in 1842, says: "Mr. Owen's family all reside in New Harmony. There are four sons and one daughter, viz., William Owen, who is a merchant and bank director; Robert Dale Owen, a lawyer and politician, who attends to the affairs of the 'Owen Estate'; David Dale Owen, a practical geologist; Richard Owen, a practical farmer; and Mrs. Fauntleroy. The four brothers, with the wives and families of three of them, live together in one large mansion."

Mr. Owen in his published journal says that "his eldest son Robert Dale Owen, after writing much that was excellent, was twice elected member of Congress, and carried the bill for establishing the Smithsonian Institute in Washington; that his second son, David Dale Owen, was professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology, and had been employed by successive American governments as their accredited geologist; that his third son, Major Richard Owen, was a professor in a Kentucky Military College; and that his only daughter living in 1851, was the widow of a distinguished American officer."

ROBERT DALE OWEN

Undoubtedly has been and is, the spiritual as well as natural successor and representative of Robert Owen. Wiser and more moderate than his father, he has risen out of the wreck of New Harmony to high stations and great influence in this country. He was originally associated with Frances Wright in her experiment at Nashoba, her lecturing career, and her editorial labors in New York. At that time he partook of the anti-religious zeal of his father. Opposition to revivals was the speciality of the *Free Enquirer*. In those days also he published his "Moral Physiology," a little book teaching in plain terms a method of controlling propagation—not Male Continence.

This bold issue, attributed by his enemies to licentious proclivities, was really part of the Socialistic movement of the time; and indicated the drift of Owenism toward sexual freedom and the abolition of marriage. We perused it with profit in 1836,

several years before we reached the discovery of Male Continence, and probably received an impulse from it in the direction of that discovery. At all events it set us thinking that if infidels were thus busy with sexual sanctities, it was time that Christians should make themselves free to seek the truth behind the veil of fashion.

Robert Dale Owen originated and carried the law in Indiana giving to married women a right to property distinct from their husbands; and the famous facilities of divorce in that State are attributed to his influence.

He, like his father, turned toward Spiritualism, notwithstanding his non-religious antecedents. His report of Dr. Buchanan's experiments, and his books and magazine-articles demonstrating the reality of a world of spirits, have been the most respectable and influential auxiliaries to the modern system of necromancy. There is an air of respect for religion in many of his publications, and even a happy freedom of Bible quotation, which is not found in his father's writings. Perhaps the variation is due to the blood of his mother, who was the daughter of a Bible-man and a preacher. Not long since *The Independent* averred (on what authority we know not) that he is in some sort a Christian.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Looking back upon Macdonald's memoirs of Owenite experiments, we notice that there is a remarkable agreement among them, so far as they express themselves, as to the cause of their failures. GENERAL DEPRAVITY is the villain, they all say, that broke them up.

In the first place Macdonald himself, after "seeing stern reality," confesses that in his previous hopes of Socialism he "had imagined mankind better than they are."

Then Owen, accounting for the failure at New Harmony, says "he wanted honesty, and he got dishonesty; he wanted temperance, and instead he was continually troubled with the intemperate; he wanted cleanliness, and he found dirt," and so on.

The spokesman of the Haverstraw Community at first attributes their failure to the "dishonesty of the managers;" but afterward settles down into the more general complaint that they lacked "men and women of skillful industry, sober and honest, with a knowledge of themselves and a disposition to command and be commanded," and intimates that "the sole occupation of the men and women they had, was parade and talk."

The trustees of the Nashoba Community, in abandoning Frances Wright's original plan of common property, acknowledge their conviction that such a system can not succeed "without the members composing it are superior beings; for if there be introduced into such a society thoughts of evil and wickedness, feelings of intolerance and words of dissension, it can not prosper. That which produces in the world only common-place jealousies and everyday squabbles, is sufficient to destroy a Community."

The Yellow Spring Community, though composed of "a very superior class," found in the short space of three months, that "self-love was a spirit that 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, tintured 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. * * * 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."

In the case of the "Auxiliary Branch of the Association of all classes of all Nations," some of the members attributed the failure to the bad conduct of one of their leaders; but the more judicious said, "The cause was ignorance on the part of the mem-

bers—ignorance of the laws of their own nature, and the conditions necessary for the happiness of that nature. It is common for parties to blame each other in such cases; but that is only another proof how little they understand themselves."

Macdonald got one of the members of Hunt's experiment of Equality to say that the cause of failure was the fact that "in no one instance were the circumstances of the associates at all to be compared with those they left behind." But a more direct cause is given in Macdonald's own words, viz., "As usual there were many disagreements among the members, which led finally to the dissolution."

Lastly the failure of the "Second Section of the Emigration Society," is attributed to various troubles, the principal of which were "disagreements, and complaints about inequality in the burdens of labor." Macdonald's opinion evidently was, that they undertook Communism before they were morally fit for it. He says, "Their intention at first was not to commence communism of property till they had attained some preparation for it; but during their voyage they fancied themselves good enough to form one family, which they did, and this was the primary cause of their failure."

It is curious that these discouraging representations of human nature come exclusively from the "liberal," non-religious party. The religious Communities, though generally believers in some form of the Bible theory of "total depravity," make no such complaints, and find no such impossibilities in the way of Communism.

For a final moralizing lecture on the failures of the non-religious and the success of the religious Communities, we can not do better than avail ourselves here of the following extracts from Mr. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life." His criticism of Communism in general and of the O. C. in particular need not hinder our being edified by what is pertinent and sensible in his remarks.

HORACE GREELEY ON THE POSSIBILITIES OF COMMUNISM.

"A serious obstacle to the success of any Socialistic experiment must always be confronted. I allude to the kind of persons who are naturally attracted to it. Along with many noble and lofty souls, whose impulses are purely philanthropic, and who are willing to labor and suffer reproach for any cause that promises to benefit mankind, there throng scores of whom the world is quite worthy—the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle, and the good-for-nothing generally; who, finding themselves utterly out of place and at a discount in the world as it is, rashly conclude that they are exactly fitted for the world as it ought to be. These may have failed again and again, and been protested at every bank to which they have been presented; yet they are sure to jump into any new movement as if they had been born expressly to superintend and direct it, though they are morally certain to ruin whatever they lay their hands on. Destitute of means, of practical ability, of prudence, tact and common sense, they have such a wealth of assurance and self-confidence, that they clutch the responsible positions which the capable and worthy modestly shrink from; so responsibilities that would tax the ablest are mistakenly devolved on the blindest and least fit. Many an experiment is thus wrecked, when, engineered by its best members, it might have succeeded. I judge not what may be done and borne by a mature, thoroughly organized Association; but a pioneer, half-fledged experiment—lacking means, experience, edifices, every thing—can bear no extra weight, but needs to be composed of and directed by most efficient, devoted, self-sacrificing men and women.

"That there have been—nay, are—decided successes in practical Socialism, is undeniable; but they all have that Communistic basis which seems to me irrational and calculated to prove fatal. * * *

"I can easily account for the failure of Communism at New Harmony, and in several other experiments; I cannot so easily account for its successes. Yet the fact stares us in the face that, while hundreds of banks and factories, and thousands of mercantile concerns managed by shrewd, strong men, have gone into bankruptcy and perished, Shaker Communities, established more than sixty years ago, upon a basis of little property and less worldly wisdom, are living and prosperous to-day. And their experience has been imitated by the German Communities at Economy, Pa., Zoar, Ohio, the Society of Ebenezer &c., &c., Theory, however plausible, must respect the facts.

"I once visited the Society of Ebenezer when it was located on lands seven miles from Buf-

falo, not long before surrendered by the Tonawanda Indians. They were Prussians, led by a rich nobleman, who invested his all in the common fund, and led his followers to this country, where they first located near Buffalo as aforesaid, but have since sold and migrated to cheaper land, away from any great city, in Iowa. I did not see the 'head centre,' but the second man was from the Zoar Community, and I had a free talk with him, part of which (in substance) is worth recalling:

"What do you do with lazy people?" I inquired. "We have none," he promptly replied. "We have often disciplined members for working too hard and too long; for whatever the world may think of us, we profess to be associated for spiritual edification, not temporal gain; and we do not desire our people to become absorbed in drudgery and money-getting."

"Yes, I understand," I persisted; "but suppose you had a lazy member: how would you treat him? How does your discipline provide for the possible contingency of his attaining to the membership of your body?"

"In this way only: We are a brotherhood and sisterhood for spiritual, not temporal, ends. Our temporal relations are a consequence of our spiritual union. For spiritual growth and improvement, we are divided into four classes, according to our presumed religious advancement respectively. If, then, a member of the fourth (highest) class were to evince a lazy, shirking disposition, he would, after some private admonition, be reported by that class to the next general meeting, as not sufficiently developed, or endued with Divine grace, for that class; and, on that report, he would be reduced to the third class. If, after due probation, he should evince a slothful spirit there, he would be reported by that class, as by the higher; and, on this report, be reduced to the second class; and, on the report of this, in like manner, to the first or lowest class—that which includes young children and all wholly undeveloped natures. Theoretically, this would be our course; we know no farther or other discipline than this: practically, no occasion for such discipline has arisen. We often discipline members for working too much or too persistently; never for working too little."

"I do not believe men naturally lazy; but I judge that they prefer to receive the fair recompense of their labor—to work for themselves and those dear to them, rather than for hundreds if not thousands whom they scarcely know by sight. I believe in Association, or Cooperation, or what ever name may be given to the combination of many heads and hands to achieve a beneficent result which is beyond the means of one or a few of them; for I perceive that vast economies and vastly increased efficiency may thus be secured; I reject Communism, as at war with one of the strongest and most universal instincts—that which impels each worker to produce and save for himself and his own. Yet Religion often makes practicable that which were else impossible, and Divine Love triumphs where Human Science is baffled. Thus I interpret the past successes and failures of Socialism."

"With a firm and deep religious basis, any Socialistic scheme may succeed, though vicious in organization and at war with Human Nature, as I deem Shaker Communism and the antagonist or 'Free Love' Community of Perfectionists at Oneida, N. Y. Without a basis of religious sympathy and religious aspiration, it will always be difficult, though I judge not impossible."

ONE THING MISSING.

There is one remarkable omission in all the memoirs of the Owenite Communities. Not a word is said on the "Woman Question!" Among all the disagreements and complaints, not a hint occurs of any jealousies and quarrels about love matters. In fact women are scarcely mentioned; and the terrible passions connected with distinction of sex, which the Shakers, Rappites, Oneidians, and all the rest of the religious Communities have had so much trouble with, and have taken so much pains to provide for or against, are absolutely ignored. Owen, it is true, named Marriage as one of the Trinity of man's oppressors; and it is generally understood that Owenism gave considerable latitude to affinities and divorces; but this makes it all the more strange that there was no trouble worth mentioning, in any of the Owenite Communities, about crossing love-claims. Can it be, we ask ourselves, that Owen had such conflicts with whisky-tipping, but never a fight with the love-mania? that men and women, young men and maidens, by scores and hundreds were tumbled together into unitary homes, and sometimes into log cabins, seventeen feet by twenty-five, and yet no sexual jostlings of any account disturbed the domestic circle?—We fear these histories are superficial.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Dec. 19.]

ONEIDA.

—Chlorine as an important element in bleaching, was the principal subject discussed in the chemical lecture, to-day. Previous to its discovery in 1774, goods manufactured in England and Scotland had to be transported to the fine climate of Holland for bleaching—that of England being too moist for such purposes, resulting in mildew, &c. The bleaching-yards of Holland covered acres of ground, and the least time required for the process was several months; and sometimes it was a year before goods that were sent there to be bleached, were returned finished to the manufacturers in England—a long and expensive operation. Goods thus served were sent into the market, and known to the trade, as "Hollands;" and thus originated that stamp of goods. But by the discovery and introduction of chlorine into the art, this long process of bleaching was reduced from a work of months to that of a few hours; and now, instead of being confined principally to Holland, can be done wherever the goods are manufactured.

—We had a valuable book—a single copy—which was getting dilapidated, the leaves loose and dog-eared, and we knew we could not get another. It was too good a book to be lost, and besides for some reasons, it was quite desirable to have two copies. Though apparently a somewhat formidable undertaking, it was determined to have the work duplicated in manuscript. About twenty-five of our best chirographers offered their services; and working at it only during spare moments, have, within ten days, transcribed the book, which makes some more than eight hundred pages of foolscap.

—We receive many letters now-a-days from old fruit customers expressing their regrets that we have abandoned fruit-preserving. One of our agents writes that there is quite a lamentation at the west; merchants refuse to be comforted, and say their wives declare they "can not keep house" without our fruit. This causes us some regret. The Community like to be accommodating. But we shall never forget the hurry and worry of last summer, when the fast ripening fruits claimed our time and attention, nor the later exasperation of the fall when the crowding corn and peaches broke up our meetings, and drove our men and engines from early morning close upon midnight.

—Work on the foundations of the Midland railroad bridge near our mill, is pushing with vigor in spite of cold weather and heaps of snow. A force of twenty-four men, with carts and wheelbarrows, are rapidly cutting down the heavy clay bank on the south side of the creek, preparatory to driving piles into the stratum of quicksand, which underlies all the clay banks in that locality. The bridge is to be sixty feet span, and thirty feet high above the surface of the stream. The contractors have also taken advantage of the excellent sleighing, to draw large quantities of stone from the Willow Place quarries. Seventy loads a day, for several days together, have produced quite a change in the looks of our Elm meadow, where they are drawn and piled for use as soon as the weather will permit in the spring.

—As we came through the kitchen to-day, after a beef-steak dinner, one of the women said to us, "How glad I am that we don't have meat every day!" She was "trammelling up the consequences" with soap and sand. The stove, the floor, the tables, the aprons, the dish-water, all showed the marks. Don't think we are more slovenly than other folks; but two hundred steaks to be got on hot, makes something of a muss. Beef-steak will do for a luxury; we enjoy it for a change; but there is no danger it will ever be popular here, as a frequent dish. And the women, as we do our own cooking, have particular reason to be thankful. The disuse of meat saves a world of scrubbing. We have no horrid sausage days, no trying out lard, no making head-cheese and souse. Our children never heard of such things. By the way, in our evening reading last evening Sargent (biographer of Owen) was quite sarcastic.

He says, "the vegetarian system is endurable by men, who like oxen can lie down in the shade and digest their bulky food; but active men require their pabulum in a smaller compass." On this principle, the spirited horse ought to have been carnivorous.

WOMAN'S TRUE FREEDOM.

At a late meeting of the New York Sorosis (an association of women for high purposes of improvement) Mrs. Croly introduced the following resolutions on the subject of dress:

Resolved, That what women want most of all is freedom—freedom to do and to be—that at present they are born slaves to habit, to custom, to prejudice, to fashion, and finally to laws, which are made to govern the woman, but not the human being.

Resolved, That as one step, we advocate freedom in dress, not necessarily a reform, not at all a uniform, but freedom to wear the useful, the convenient, or the beautiful, as taste and inclination dictate, without reference to whether the style, is of yesterday or last year.

Resolved, That we neither condemn fashion nor ignore it, but use it if it suits us, or act independently of it if that suits us better.

Resolved, That a committee be formed to take up the question of dress, discuss it, and prepare a paper upon it, to be read at the next regular club meeting.

Woman's rights are certainly in the throes of birth. There is agony in the earnestness of these resolutions, and they look towards woman's grand emancipation; for freedom from the tyranny of dress involves almost every right she has. It involves her right to cultivate the inward sense, by which she holds communication with God, and that inward adorning by which she makes herself pleasing to him. It involves her right to mental culture and elevation; and her right to the whole arena of trades and professions. It involves her right to health and physical enjoyment. It involves her right to be loved without the arts of a courtesan. What is dress, fashionable dress, but the art of enticing man? One woman employs it as a lure to marriage, another as a lure to a more temporary connection. But any general attempt to escape the thrall of fashion is almost desperate as society is arranged. A woman's beauty is her means of living. She must entice man. Something like Communism will have to come in to remove that necessity, to make her less dependent, before we can hope for much reform.

BARBARIC TASTE.

THOUGH living amid the peace and quiet of a Community home, yet now and then I catch a glimpse of the many fashions of the gay world, and they often impress me as being almost barbaric. Indeed, I have wondered whether these strange, many-changing fashions did not bring their votaries in rapport with the realms where the genius of barbarism is supreme autocrat.

Travelers assert that the fashion of wearing the hair, called "the waterfall," has its counterpart in a similar fashion among the women of some savage African tribe. Certainly the belle who rouges, and uses pearl-powder and French enamel, is not far removed in point of civilization from the Camanche Indian with his coarse war paints; besides, are they not both warriors—men-killers—going forth "conquering and to conquer?"

Vamberg, in his "Travels in Central Asia," gives an interesting description of the Bokhariot bazars; and, in speaking of that department of the bazars which is devoted to "the products of Asiatic soil and native industry," he says: "Manufactures in leather play a pre-eminent part; in this department the skill of the leather-cutters, and still more that of the shoemaker, deserves commendation. Boots, both for male and female wear, are tolerably well made; the former having high heels, terminating in points about the size of a nail's head. * * * * * The clothes, exposed to tempt the eyes of the purchasers, consist of articles of attire of brilliant colors. The Oriental, only here to be met with in his original purity and peculiarity, is fond of the tchakh-tchukh, or rustling tone of the dress. It was always an object of great delight to me to see the seller parading up and down a few paces in the

new tchapan (dress), to ascertain whether it gave out the orthodox tone."

Now look at the grand lady who rustles down the aisle of her fashionable church, or lounges through some gallery of art, her silken train coiling in many a sheeny fold after her; has she not as much life in her dress as these wild Asiatics? And the dainty Saratoga belle, with her passion for "French heels," has she not something in common with the filthy, grasping Afghan, and frouzy Kiptchak?

It might be said that the very essence of barbarism is the spirit that gives attention to the external, to the entire neglect of the internal. This is illustrated by the childish fondness which barbarous and semi-civilized tribes have for external display, as brilliant colors, ornaments, paint, feathers, &c. Who can say that this trait is not as prominent among the so-called enlightened? Even if the sterner sex can claim to have progressed beyond this weakness, their frail sisters can not.

A. E. H.

W. C., Dec. 14, 1868.

SNOW DRIFTS AND WINTER ROADS.

IT is well known to every observer that the cause of obstructed roads, which often become impassable in this latitude in winter, is not the amount of snow that falls on the general level, but because the high winter winds sweep the open fields and pile up the snow in the roads. But we should not have this result were it not for the fences which run parallel with the highways. These fences furnish just the obstruction needed to make the path between them a complete receptacle for the driving snows. They operate practically like a great *seive*, letting the snow sift through freely, but so effectually breaking the wings of the wind that the snow is deposited exactly in the road, where it often accumulates as high as the fences, from three to five feet, involving either the abandonment of the road for the fields, or great labor in "breaking" them. One method sometimes resorted to for preventing this obstruction of the highways is to pull down the contiguous fences at the beginning of winter; but as fences are ordinarily constructed, this method involves so much labor and waste of material that it is of doubtful economy, and not generally practiced. How then are we to have good winter roads, unobstructed by the treacherous, forbidding snow drifts? This is an interesting problem, the solution of which will vastly facilitate business and locomotion in all northern latitudes, not only on common roads but on railroads.

A party, recently riding over a badly drifted road, were studying the situation and thinking of ways and means to prevent such a disagreeable state of things, when they hit upon several plans, which are certainly simple and practicable. One is to construct wire fences where there is a liability to drifts, thus offering so little obstruction to the winds that the snow will not be deposited in the road. Another alternative is to put up portable fences, which may be easily removed in the beginning of winter. But doubtless the best plan of all is to construct an extra line of fence parallel with the road fence, five or six rods from it, and on the side of the prevailing winds. This device would effectually shut up the snow drifts between the two fences, on the windward side, thus giving travel an unimpeded course. This extra fence might be made portable and removed in the spring. Or, to obviate the necessity of a third fence, let the portable one be adopted for the road-side, and in the winter time either laid prostrate on the

ground or removed five or six rods from the road, and left standing; in which case, if drifts accumulated beside the fence, they would not reach the road.

If the above plan is available for keeping common roads unobstructed during the winter months, why should it not be equally available for railroads? Hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended almost every winter on our northern railroads in keeping them clear of drifting snows, when probably one-half or one-fourth the sum, expended in judicious fencing, would give us unobstructed railroads—thus making an end of the untold delays and vexations, and the tremendous wear and tear of machinery incident to railroading during our northern winters.

W. H. W.

HEPWORTH DIXON'S *Spiritual Wives* has been translated into German under the title of "Seelen-Braute," and is creating a great sensation in Prussia, especially in Königsberg, where the extraordinary movement took place to which nearly the whole of the first volume relates. Efforts are making to induce the Prussian government to suppress the book; and one of the leaders of the Königsberg movement has published a reply to Mr. Dixon's narrative.

AN ENGLISH BANKER.

THERE are many instances of rapid accessions to wealth and prominence from out the plebeian ranks in England, only a little less remarkable than that of Rothschild; and it is worthy of note that the majority of such cases seem to have sprung out of the impetus given to commerce by American productions and consumption. Indeed the past history of the world would seem to warrant the conviction that wherever this country carries her commerce, she carries also her peculiar civilization, her irrepressible spirit of progress and enterprise. America has practically invaded England by means of her commercial interchanges, and is more effectually revolutionizing her, than could an army landed on her shores. With the vast trade which within the past century, has sprung up between the two countries, there has steadily increased under the influence of such men as Cobden, Bright and Hughes, a spirit of self-respect among the British operatives, that tells them they need not necessarily be always poor and dependent, nor perforce be led by those whose only claim to superiority is in their noble titles. Manchester and Liverpool have long been the great arteries through which American life has circulated with her commerce in and out of England, and at these points we find the most enterprise and the most rapid increase of wealth and power.

Rothschild is not the only millionaire, by a great many, who started in Manchester, with scarce a pound to pay his way. The banking house of Jones Lloyd, is as well known in England and to every American cotton-dealer as that of Rothschild; and the blind old man, who of late years was known to be one of the wealthiest and proudest men in the city of London, was the founder of the famous banking establishment of Jones Lloyd, before Rothschild was known. This old man in his younger days rejoiced in the simple, unsophisticated name of Jones, and for a living, on week days, taught a school in the neighborhood of Manchester, one of whose pupils furnished me with the facts of the present paper. His profession yielded him scarcely the common necessities of life; but on Sundays young Jones had visions of better things, and claimed the reward of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Presuming upon his position as a teacher, he also took upon himself the office of an itinerant preacher, and took his meals each Sabbath day with that member of his congregation who could the best afford to offer his hospitalities, and who was therefore most likely to provide the best cheer.

Among the number of Jones's hosts was a man named Lloyd, who kept the largest store in Manches-

ter; but when I say the largest, I do not mean to imply that it was therefore a store of any large proportions, or that there were very many shops in the place. Manchester has not long been so large a city as it now is. The whole of her exports at the time to which I refer, did not exceed three hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, while now it is considerably over forty millions; and her annual importations of raw cotton, the manufacture of which then afforded almost the only employment for her population, was only about three million pounds, or fifteen hundred tons, while now it is far in excess of a trillion pounds, or five hundred thousand tons. It will thus be seen that the colossal Manchester of to-day, with its teeming population and mighty political influence, is a city that has grown with the growth of American commerce, and her progress assimilates rather to that of New York or Chicago, than to the usually slow accretion of European cities.

The store kept by Lloyd at Manchester, has been described to me by a man who remembers it as a place where anything could be bought that was within the category of the ordinary necessities of life. Hardware, groceries, dry-goods, and all else was to be had at that store; and from the description, I imagine it must have resembled somewhat our village "corner groceries," but lacking the whisky department, for Lloyd being a religious man, was of course of temperate habits; besides the old English system of inns rendered such a department unnecessary. But one end of Lloyd's counter was devoted to banking business, on a very small scale; so small, that the same man who had sold you a pound of candles would, after wiping his greasy hands on his apron, attend to your bank account. Yet this was at that time the only banking establishment in Manchester.

Jones was frequently the guest of Lloyd on Sundays, who considered it only an act of charity to provide the poor young exhorter with his Sunday meals; but their acquaintance soon ripened into a closer connection. Lloyd was a bachelor and kept house with his only sister, who also helped him to keep the store; and Jones, whose subsequent history may justify the conclusion that he never was without a keen eye to business, made proposals to Lloyd for the hand of his sister in marriage, a proposal which seems to have met with no serious opposition although Lloyd found considerable difficulty in understanding that young Jones was in earnest about the matter; for his sister, besides being much the older, was possessed of so proverbially ugly an appearance, that Lloyd was inclined to regard the idea of any man falling in love with her as an excellent joke, and it is said that he laughed heartily at Jones's proposition. But Jones had the best of the joke, and marrying Miss Lloyd became clerk, then partner, and then proprietor of the store. The business of Manchester now began rapidly to increase, and Jones kept pace with the times. Discarding all other business of the store, he applied himself closely to the banking business; and affixing the name of Lloyd to that of his own he established the banking house of Jones Lloyd, which, with one branch in Manchester and another in London, contrived for a long time to monopolize the banking transactions between those two cities.

There is something so wonderful in the ability displayed by such men as Jones Lloyd and Rothschild, that their mission can be regarded only as a kind of inspiration. We regard with wonder, the simplicity of a hostler developing into the erudition of a Shakespeare; but the rise of the first Manchester banker was no less remarkable than that of Shakespeare, or Cromwell; though their peculiar talents were so widely different. Called from the obscurity of a poor country school-teacher, from a class of people notoriously small-hearted and circumscribed in mind, Jones, in an incredibly short space of time, expanded into the leading financier of his day, possessing so much influence and using it with such admirable skill, that he has been called the father of Manchester; for often when the merchants and manufacturers of that place were running into systems of credit and speculations, incident to a

fast rising, prosperous community, but which the wary banker foresaw would draw upon them a ruinous crisis, he would call them together, and lay down safe lines of policy for them to pursue; he thus guided them through the most difficult financial history of the country—his extraordinary tact and foresight enabling him to hold the merchants in so tight a grasp that when they failed to take his advice he could always enforce his counsel through the medium of their purse strings. Thus did Jones Lloyd build up the fortunes of multitudes, and of Manchester, and make himself a millionaire.

When the British government stood in need of a large sum of money for the Irish poor law commission, and offered to confer the title and honors of a Peer upon any person who would advance the required amount, Jones Lloyd made the required advance in behalf of his son, who was therefore created a Peer with the title of Lord Overstone. I don't know how the family regard their humble origin; but the rising of such men from the ranks to so prominent positions, doubtless forms the most interesting and creditable features in a country's history. The only thing I have ever heard against Jones Lloyd, was his ridiculous, overbearing pride; in other respects he proved himself a man of sound sense and good judgment. Rothschild eclipsed his financial fame not by superior ability, but by the vastness of his enterprise and ambition. E.

THE OLD LOG HUT.

IX.

ON the first of June, our colony numbered fifty-one souls all told; thirteen men, thirteen women and twenty-five children and youths under seventeen years of age. The trades, professions and callings of the men previous to joining the enterprise, were as follows:—one shoemaker; one lead-pipe maker; one mill-right, pail-maker and general jobber; one carpenter and joiner, architect and builder; one merchant, reformer and publisher; two sawyers; one-half blacksmith and half farmer, and good at all work; one printer; one college graduate, member of the literati, ex-minister, etc.; one cabinet-maker; and miller; one stone-mason; and one bovine disciplinarian, teamster, landscape gardener, and good executive agent at anything. It will be seen from the foregoing that very few useless professions were brought in. Our literary and collegiate stores were all packed away in one brain—a very large one, though; but the possessor made no account of those valuables as invested capital to be credited in the inventory to his individual account, but regarded his intellectual wealth as common property, handed down from his ancestors, and from the friends of religion and learning in all past ages.

The building of the new house was the colony's summer and fall work; and as our entire force of men was not large, but little attention could be given to any other business. The heavy job of stone work on the cellar walls, under the charge of Mr. Ruggles, was entered upon enthusiastically. For his assistants Mr. Ruggles had D. P. Nash and J. H. Noyes, who very soon became experts at their new trade. The women, too, dressed in their new uniform, were daily helpers on the wall. Ambitious to render appreciative service, they very soon acquired a knowledge of the art, which enabled them to do so. Especially was this true of Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Cragin, who worked from two to four hours a day, handling the trowel, small stone and mortar, with a dexterity almost equal to the sterner sex. The work to them was not drudgery, but sport—a real pleasure that they ever looked back upon with satisfaction. It was profitable employment, too, in more senses than one. The pure, fresh air, the manual exercise, the mingling of the sexes, and the consciousness of rendering public service aside from their regular household duties (which were by no means neglected), all contributed to make the work attractive.

Later in the summer, additional members arrived from the Putney reserve. But the most noticeable arrival was our old friend the printing-press, with its manager, Mr. S. R. Leonard, about the middle

of July. A board shanty was erected for its accommodation, in the garden of the white house; and as we were somewhat limited at this time for sleeping apartments, the extemporized structure was sufficiently commodious to meet this demand. It was an oblong one-story affair, very much resembling a horse-stable, with stalls on both sides of a central alley. The press occupied a double stall, and men and boys, single ones. But that board tent served our needs well, and we remember that temporary abode with pleasurable emotions.

The colony now fully presented the appearance of a bee-hive. In a few weeks from the time the first shovel-full of dirt was thrown out for our cellar wall, the stone-work was completed, the building framed and raised, and the work of enclosing it progressing with a rapidity almost magical. The inhabitants in the vicinity appeared to look on with bewildered astonishment. The size of the dwelling surprised people much. It was, however, but sixty feet long, thirty-five wide, and four stories high from the ground on the south end, including the attic. In appearance, it resembled a building for manufacturing purposes. Well, it *did* mean business. The object we had in view in putting up so large a building, would hardly have been comprehended had it been known, and is scarcely comprehended now after twenty years' experience: namely, that our new dwelling should serve a three-fold purpose—that the family, the church and the school should be combined; although according to a late speech by Henry Ward Beecher, "a church is a family," and should be conducted on the principles of household familiarity. What the reverend gentleman now preaches (but does not practice), the O. C. have practically verified for the past twenty years.

In alluding to the size of the new dwelling, we are reminded of the following brief dialogue which occurred between our depot agent and the proprietor of a small store in a neighboring village, where the agent made occasional purchases, during the season of our infancy.

Merchant.—Why didn't your people locate their great building on the creek, so that it could be made of some use for manufacturing purposes, when they quarrel, break up and scatter?

Agent.—Possibly we may not "quarrel, and break up," as you seem to anticipate.

Merchant.—They say that such has been the fate of all similar movements.

Agent.—Well, suppose we should break up, would it be any more of a crime in us, than it is for smaller families to do the same? We hear very often of families breaking up and acting very disorderly; and we hear of merchants breaking down, and leaving a wreck of unpaid debts behind them. But we do not believe in doing either.

Merchant.—What is going to keep you from quarreling and scattering?

Agent.—Our religion unites us, and we believe it is sufficiently cohesive to hold us together.

Merchant.—What, have your people got any religion? I thought you were all Sabbath-breakers.

Agent.—No, we haven't got religion, but religion has got us; and it will make us honest, and do honest work, and pay honest debts, and it will make us do so from choice, and not from compulsion: and we do not break the Sabbath, for the simple reason that the Lord has not given us any to keep.

Merchant.—Well, I guess your folks are honest in their business dealings. But persons do say that you hold some queer notions about marriage.

Agent.—Yes, we have some ideas on that subject which differ from the popular theory of marriage. We get our notions, however, from the Bible, especially from the epistles of Paul, and believe our views on the subject entirely harmonize with his teachings, at least with the spirit of them.

Merchant.—Oh! you believe the Bible, do you?

Agent.—I guess you would think so, could you see how much we study it, and feast upon its truths.

Merchant.—Can't I do something more for you?

Agent.—Nothing more, thank you.

The merchant in the foregoing, was no fancy character, but a veritable flesh and blood biped, of the

genus homo, but more bold in speaking out than most of those who entertained similar thoughts respecting the perpetuity of the O. C., in the first six months of her infancy. Some thought we might hold together a year or more, but three years would be the limit of our Community life.

It was early in August, the weather extremely warm, and the demand for labor pressing, and each man doing his best to supply the needed service, when our attention was arrested by the presence of a visitor whose demeanor we did not fancy; and our dislike toward the stranger increased as the object of his visit became apparent. That he had no friendly designs in his unceremonious call, soon became manifest by a demand upon our physical strength. If he had confessed himself a scamp or a beggar, demanding openly, and above board, money, old clothes or cold victuals, although we were not very flush in either commodity, we could have responded to the demand without seriously interfering with our business. But to demand, as he did, that we should servilely and tamely submit to have our abdominal laboratory, so to speak, entered by a Satanic parasite, under the mild cognomen of DYSENTERY, who should there dine upon our very vitals, disturbing the delicate machinery of digestion, causing weakness, fear, distraction and a general disturbance of the "whole house we live in," so that we could not go on with our building enterprise, was a species of audacity, rascality and extortion, which we were bound to resist to the death with all the courage we had at command. Before leaving Putney, we had taken Christ as our physician for both body and soul, and the suggestion arose, Can we maintain our ground in Central New York, keep our integrity, and be faithful to our vow, under all possible circumstances? The affirmative response came with a will not our own. There was to be no faltering.

The enemy had already laid his relentless gripe on Mr. B. for several days before his real character was discovered. But at our evening gathering at the hut, we learned that quite a number were attacked about the same time, though less violently than Mr. B. It became, therefore, very evident to us that it was the policy of his Satanic majesty to concentrate all his strength on B., and make a desperate effort to carry him off, for the purpose, no doubt, of starting a panic among us. It would then be comparatively easy work (doubtless thought the enemy) to decimate the colony, or enough of it to discourage the remainder, and break up the enterprise. But the veterans in the camp who had seen service in the war against the devil's strategies, were not caught napping at this critical moment, but were alert and ready for another fight with disease, if that was the order of the day.

Now there are many methods by which an evil may be resisted, and at this juncture we adopted the novel one of laughing at our foe. The whole colony were suddenly baptized with an unusual amount of good nature and buoyancy of spirits. We soon lost what little respect we had had for the malady, and refused to speak of it by the usual name, dysentery, which practice made us much sport at its expense. Finally the ambiguous name "this" was fastened upon it.

"Have you got 'this,' H?"

"Don't know; have got this or that or something else, so I have come to the hut to enlist." Such is only a meager specimen of the mirth extracted on that occasion.

The men more than the women, seemed to be the target for the devil's sharpshooters. Our line of battle was formed at the log hut, and during the hottest part of the conflict with our nameless foe, nearly all the men, and some of the women, were implicated in the *issues*. Mr. B., however, continued to be the greatest sufferer from the assault, the enemy imagining no doubt, that his labor would all be lost if he failed to carry off our afflicted brother *bodily*, and thus break our lines. For more than a week, therefore, his situation was most critical, requiring on our part great activity of faith, in keeping up the tone of his spirit to the true pitch of cheerful resistance. We remember one day in particular which

we regarded as the turning point on the side of victory. On this occasion it seemed at first, as though the disease were going to have its own way with us, some cases appearing to be greatly aggravated, while the abdominal regions were apparently in commotion throughout the colony. A number who had experienced only slight attacks of the epidemic, paying no attention to it, were now seized so violently as to have their equanimity greatly disturbed. Whereupon they quitted their business and joined the group of laughers at our rendezvous. Advice had previously been given to work moderately, eat sparingly, rest freely, and laugh at and ridicule the devil's maneuvers, to the full capabilities of our dispositions.

Now brother B. was the perfection of modesty, bashfulness and neatness, and possessed, withal, a fund of dry wit. Although much reduced in bodily strength, he would not allow himself to be waited upon if he could possibly avoid it. To exercise control over the internal organs, especially the bowels, we had learned from experience was the privilege of every one, and so we exhorted one another accordingly. But to-day a slight panic had seized some of the novitiates in the war, and consequently, they readily yielded to that kind of seductive persuasion characteristic of this intestine parasitic intruder; and as hospital accommodations were by no means ample for the sudden increase of the log hut family, some degree of patience was required on the part of those whose outgoes were most imperative. B.'s great weakness had been his disposition to yield to his morbid feelings, instead of resisting them. So again losing power over his own will, he staggered off toward the edifice containing the "anxious seats," but finding them occupied by two brothers under concern of mind, he implored them to hurry up.

"Hold on a little longer," said a voice within.

"Can't hold on another second," said B. in a despairing tone. "There! I told you I should let go, and I have. O, dear! What a ridiculous scrape I I have got myself into!" said he, making up a comical face, and striking an attitude which was quite too much for the gravity of those of us who were lying on the grass near by, witnessing this tragi-comic exhibition. The laugh we had at B.'s expense, is as indescribable as it was irrepressible. We had to hold our aching sides for breath, while the perspiration flowed from every pore of our bodies. Mr. B. himself joined so heartily in the merriment, that he got his freedom to rise above the power of disease, and from that hour was himself again.*

From this time onward, we were allowed to prosecute the work given us to do, unmolested by any concerted opposition worthy of notice. Accessions of friends from Vermont, Connecticut and Massachusetts were taking place at short intervals during the entire fall, and in the latter part of November we began to occupy the basement of the new Mansion, vacating the old log hut about the 1st of Dec., 1848.

As these reminiscences were only designed to supply the broken link in the chain of our weekly organ, occasioned by its suspension the previous year in Vermont, till its resumption at O. C., which occurred in August, we may consider our task of writing up the log hut colony, as performed. x.

*We have had some doubts about admitting this story into our columns, but recollecting that it is no worse than some adventures in Don Quixote, we conclude to "let it slide." The moral is good.—Ed. Cir.

THE SOUL'S MATE.

[Wisdom is supposed to show itself in "neglecting of the body," and it is seldom we find this half of human nature treated with the honor and dignity which it receives in the following extract from a very interesting article in the September No. of the *Westminster Review*, entitled, "On the Education of the Imbecile."]

From all that we at present know of man, it appears that the soul can as little exert itself without the body, as the body can exist without the soul. Nor is there between these two wedded mates any such disparity of native rank and lineage as a proud and ignorant spiritualism has been pleased to place. Each is originally beautiful, originally noble; each is

"created free, although born in chains;" each is fallen and perverted from its clear original ideal; each seems capable of utter, even final degradation; each contains within it the hints and rudiments of ultimate perfection, while in each lie wrapped the seeds of death and ruin. It is not in vain that spiritual and natural life and death moral and physical well-being and decay, are so full of affinities, that we can scarcely speak of one without making use of some term that seems more properly to belong to the other. The springs of life, of all life, lie close together, they may be tracked up to the same remote and hidden source, more hard to find than that of Nile or Niger, that "well-spring of life" which remains the secret of God himself—they lead down to one unfathomable sea. Physiology reveals so many marvels, so extends our views of the capabilities of man; it shows us, both in his body and mind, such vast reserves of power, such sheathed and crippled energies; it lays bare such springs of latent ecstasy, dark in their flow, and silent as a subterranean river, that need but a touch to bid them flash and kindle into air and light, to allow the heart or the intellect to believe that either man's body or his soul can perish. Yes! I would say further, that physiology stands in need of Christianity as its complement; it makes sense (to speak familiarly) with the gospel, and with it alone. It requires a commandment that is exceeding broad, and no creed will suit it but that which saves both soul and body, which purifies and exalts and crowns each with an equal honor. Christ is the Savior of the body; the heaven to which He admits us is no blank uncomforted Sheol, of which Job said, "I shall lie down in desolate places among kings and counsellors of old"—no shadowy Elysium to which Achilles and Iphigenia preferred life, be it even that of a slave "toiling among men beneath the light of the cheerful sun." Christ is emphatically the "life;" He is the Lord and the Giver of life in its fullness and entirety, and the resurrection which we obtain through union with Him is the restored perfection of our whole nature, the marriage of the purified soul with the glorified body—a union without which neither can exert its full powers or know its true blessedness, and awaiting which each groans within itself, being burdened, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."

—A correspondent writes that there is an old man who insists that the Bible sustains tobacco-chewing. When asked for the passage, he refers to Revelations 22: 11; "He that is filthy let him be filthy still!"

NEWS AND ITEMS.

CO-OPERATIVE stores are being tried in Indiana.

ON the eastern shore of the Caspian 20,000 petroleum wells, all of them quite small, are now skimmed.

THE *Israelite*, urges the Jews to transfer their Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has begun his winter course of lectures, free to all school teachers, at his museum in Cambridge.

THE National House of Representatives has resolved, by a vote of 123 to 28, that women employed in the departments of the government shall be paid the same wages as the men who do the same amount and quality of work.

THE ultimatum addressed by the Sublime Porte to the Greek Government at Athens, demanded the disbandment of the volunteer forces in Greece within five days, the prohibition of volunteering, the dismantling of vessels used for conveying supplies to the Cretan insurgents, the restoration of Cretan refugees to the island, the punishment of persons who assaulted and wounded a Turkish officer at Syria, and strict conformity with the terms of all treaties. The Government at Athens rejects the summons of the Sultan amid great popular enthusiasm.

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Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 539 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

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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.

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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; \$8.50 per dozen.

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