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## APPETITE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., W. O. May 5, 1865.

THE best idea I have of good health, is that it is a state in which we have a good appetite. We know that a good appetite is a universal accompaniment of good health, and that whenever a person begins to be sick, he begins to lose his appetite. I understand this to be true in regard to the health of the soul as well as the body. A healthy life, whether of the soul or the body, has a good appetite. It has good digestion—a hearty strength to take hold of all materials presented to it, and analyze and digest them; and appropriate the good and cast off the evil. If we want to nourish our life, so that it shall become assimilated to God's life, and partake of God's immortality, we must know how to train ourselves to a universal healthy appetite. We must learn how to love all things that are good. We must have a hearty relish for all truth—not merely for the sciences, so called, of this world—but for all spiritual truth. We must have a good appetite for all active, spiritual experience, as well as for all material good. If we aspire to be immortal, that is, to rise into the realm of divinity, we shall necessarily be related to the whole universe as God is; and we shall be required to have the same interest in the universe that God has, and have the same delight in all that is good in the universe that he has.

We become diseased and fall into evil, and finally into death, by one simple process which can be easily described and understood. Some one or more of our passions obtain the supremacy, and absorb our life and preclude the healthy, natural action of other faculties. We become devoted to some particular thing or things, and lose our appetite for others. A man who loves ardent spirits has a great loss of appetite in other directions. That is a gross instance of perversion; but the same thing takes place in every case of idolatrous affection. If you give your heart to one form of pleasure, so as to lose your appetite for other forms, you become diseased in the same way that the drunkard is. The process of death commences. The loss of all appetite is death. This is a comprehensive view of the nature of health and disease, and we may draw from it practical truth as to the way of seeking

one and overcoming the other. I maintain that a man who is thoroughly healthy both in body and soul, is absolutely omnivorous. He has an eager desire for everything, God included, and God principally. So we can judge how much health we have, by questioning our appetite. If we have lost our appetite for any good, no matter how small, we have lost our health so far. As we lose our appetite for one thing and another, we grow old. That is the very process by which we pass along toward the grave.

Appetite is not merely an attraction inherent in our natural life; it is an inspiration; it is the great spirit of life which breathes through all existence. As long as our desires are natural, the afflatus of the living God inspires us and breathes through us, and makes us love good things; and so far as we lose taste for good things, it is an indication that the machinery of our organization is impaired. God is not pleased with our cultivating even our spiritual natures to the neglect of our external faculties. His will is that we should love all good things, material as well as spiritual, in due proportion.

In playing ball, we used sometimes to give what was called a back-stroke. When the ball was going over us, instead of striking in a way to send it back where it came from, we would whip round and give it a stroke which would send it the same way it was going. So our appetites and passions, being under a natural propulsion from God's inspiration, often get a back-stroke from some evil inflammatory incontinent spirit, which sends them on in the same direction, but much too far.

I shall always hate tobacco because it is an enemy to all natural appetites. It is a tyrant that destroys all competitors. It requires a man to eat his dinner, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the quid that is to follow it. The appetite for it is not natural. Tobacco kills life, instead of nourishing it. Its proper use is to poison vermin. Some physician on being asked when it would do a man good to use tobacco, answered, If any body has too much health, he may use it. I do not know, however, but it reduces life in a profitable way, as the world goes, by checking the tendency to grossness. It belongs with meat-diet. Meat produces an excitement in the stomach that tobacco is adapted to soothe. They correspond to each other, and they went out of the Community together. One false appetite excites another, and the end is the death of all appetite.

The nearer we can keep ourselves to the

standard of appetite we had when we were children and young folks, the better. It is the working of death, if we have lost our appetite for music and dancing. There is no more melancholy object in the world than a man who is sick of every thing, weary of the sun, incapable of pleasure; so that the singing of birds and the beauty of flowers have ceased to charm. He has burned his appetite all out of him with unnatural excitements. He is in a sense dead while he lives, and damned. "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." I take that to mean that we must go back to the natural, pure, simple life that we had in the beginning, before false appetites were generated.

## AMERICAN POSITIVISM.

[This long discourse from the *New York World*, though partly an answer to a previous article in that journal, will be intelligible by itself. Its train of thought connects with our series on American Socialisms, as a general criticism of European sociologies, those of Owen and Fourier among the rest.]

Oneida Community, January 1, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD.

SIR:—As I do not like to appear before your public uninvited, please allow me to state that I received some weeks since a copy of THE WORLD containing the Positivist Creed, with the request that I should give my impressions of it. On this invitation I immediately commenced studying the article; but, before I was ready to write, another paper, a week later, brought Henry Edger's card, saying that this Creed "in no wise represents the mature ideas of Auguste Comte," and that "there does exist quite another sort of Positivism than that enunciated by this anonymous, irresponsible, collective (?), self-appointed apostle—a Positivism with a totally different, if not, indeed, diametrically opposite, order of tendencies."

This was discouraging. I knew something about Henry Edger—that he is the accredited representative of the Parisian Positive Council, one of the ten apostles said to have been appointed by Comte himself for the propagation of his doctrine—and I supposed (till his card came) that the Creed was his production, or at least was sanctioned by him. I had not imagined that Positivists were divided into sects and had already got into the old purgatory of internal ecclesiastical strife. Their positiveness, their absolute certainty in regard to the truth and demonstrability of their system, and their full assurance and promise that they would rescue the world from the dissensions and anarchy of the old religions and bring it to peace and unanimity, had led me to imagine that they were marching upon us in one harmonious column. Indeed, I fancied that the Creed was the opening of the battery which had been ordered by the grand "Council" to commence the final attack on the unscientific religions. I verily supposed that all Positivists, to a man, were behind it, and that I had got to nerve myself for the shock of decisive battle between Comtism and Christianity.

When Edger's card came, I felt a little disappointed, as though I had lost my labor in studying the Creed. My first thought was that I might as well leave Edger to fight it out with his rival apostle, and

not meddle with the matter till Positivism shall present a creed that is reliably official and orthodox. On further reflection, however, my interest in this heretical manifesto has recovered itself, because I have come to regard it as an indication that Positivism in this country is going through an experience similar to that of Swedenborgianism, i. e., is being *Americanized*, and that we are to have a free eclectic sort of Positivism, that will be more popular and comfortable than the authoritative and hierarchical system represented by Edger and his constituents.

We all know that Swedenborgianism exists among us in two quite distinct forms. There is the Swedenborgian Church proper, on the one hand, with its ritual and hierarchy—a reverend and formal body, but rather small; and, on the other hand, there is a Swedenborgian party, comprising all the outside untrammelled readers and lovers of the Swedenborg philosophy. This is a vast body, very indefinitely bounded, having members in nearly all the sects, but developing itself most characteristically in the semi-organic masses of Spiritualism. This party holds Swedenborgianism in the loose, free-thinking way that suits the American genius, caring little for the authority of the man Swedenborg, and not at all for that of his ecclesiastical successors and representatives.

My idea is that Positivism is falling into the hands of a party similar to this, and that the orthodox hierarchy represented by Edger is likely to be eventually an insignificant minority. Positivism modified by the free spirit of Young America must be quite a different thing from the French original, and probably will take another name, or at least will cease to be called Comtism, as Swedenborgianism has become Spiritualism.

It will certainly be very difficult for Mr. Edger to bring any great portion of the American people to such a reverence for human authority that they will take Paris for their sacred city and hub of the universe, and look back to the French revolution of 1789 as the beginning of the millennium. We have plenty of hubs here, and we think a good deal of our own revolution. Americans will read Comte and skim off what they like of his philosophy; but it will go hard to get them down on their knees before him, calling him "our incomparable master," and writing his saint's calendar—Bichat, Guttenberg, and the rest—at the head of their letters, instead of old January and February.

I judge, therefore, that the New York Creed published in THE WORLD, may be a pretty good representation of the popular Positivism that is coming in this country. I see in it symptoms of the Americanizing ferment. It says in so many words that the name *Positivists* "never ought to have been and can no longer be limited to M. Comte and his sect." It claims as fellow-Positivists all the great thinkers and scientists, such as Spencer, Lyell, Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, though some or all of them repudiate both the sect and the name. Above all, it slips into the midst of its descendant on the proper *cultus* for the new religion, the following irreverent and disorganizing parenthesis: "Suggestions for worship may be taken from Comte (*carefully avoiding his complicated organizations and cumbrous details*)." This is the very trick by which Fourierism was decomposed and brought to naught. Verily, "our incomparable masters" over the water are not going to put free Americans under another papacy of forms!

In this view of the Creed—considering it a manifesto of American Positivism, cut loose from Comte and the French hierarchy—I think it deserves study and discussion, notwithstanding Edger's denunciation of it; for the mental independence it represents is the best part of our national birthright. It is surely a good thing that Americans do not swallow the universologies of the Old World whole, but take them in pieces and use only what they can in some sort digest into American flesh and blood.

It would be folly to interfere with "free trade" in ideas and undertake to prohibit or obstruct importation of philosophies from abroad; but I confess I am glad that our people are getting in the way of working over what the "incomparable masters" send us

Swedenborg and Owen, Fourier and Comte, have to take their luck here with Christ and the Bible. The American privilege of decomposition and eclectic reconstruction gives no preference to importation of sacred things from Europe over those from Asia.

This country is evidently an excellent field for the development, or at least the trial, of systems studied out on the other side of the ocean. Owen could do nothing with his Communism in England, but had to come here himself, and send his colonies here for practical experiments. Fourier studied and wrote in France, but his system never got beyond the embryonic stage there; it had to come here to be born. Swedenborg, the Teuton, has found the field of his fame in the United States. And now Comte, another Parisian, is coming over to seed us. Our native stock seem to be excellent breeders; but we have to import our bulls. We are a nation of learners and executives; but we look to Europe for our "incomparable masters."

This state of things is doubtless best for the present; but it cannot be final. The same spirit of freedom that makes this country so excellent a seed-field for the Old-World thinkers, will some time enable it to produce thinkers of its own. And the transition to this desirable consummation is begun, when we are smart enough to pull the systems of the "incomparable masters" in pieces, and take or reject as we please.

Success, then, to the New York City society in its eclecticism. Hail to *American Positivism*. Only let us not hurry the reconstruction. The idea of building religion on the positive certainties of science, is a grand one; but we will make a better thing of it in this free country than Comte ever dreamed of. Several sciences that are needed for the foundation, were not quarried in his time. It was late in life before he had any idea of the importance of love and "sentimentalism" in universology; and these are the things that the whole scientific world leaves till the last, though they must be attended to first, when we begin to build the final palace of truth. And it is only in the free air of America that it is possible to think and experiment on these primaries. It will be time to hope for the vast synthesis of truth which Comte attempted, when the highest professorships in our universities shall be those of the intuitional and sexual philosophies.

The first thing about Parisian Positivism that strikes the Yankee mind, is that it is Frenchy; that it smells of European mouldiness; that its ritual, for instance, indicates a reaction against Popery, and an attempt to rival it. Reaction against a bad thing is very sure to be bad itself. Owen's "Communism" produced Warren's "Individual Sovereignty." Slavery gave us fighting anti-slavery. Chills alternate with fevers. A true thing does not come by reaction from evil, but by diving into good. We know that all men are affected, and the great thinkers as well as the rest, by the religious and political atmosphere which they breathe; and it is to be expected that systems coming from European thinkers, should be tintured with European reactions.

Indeed, the entire quarrel between theology and science, which seems so portentous and fierce even in the New York version of Positivism, is a European affair, with which we have nothing to do, except as it is imported and thrust upon us. New England theology, instead of quarreling with science, has always taken the lead in nursing it and giving it scope. New England ministers and churches have given the world the system of free schools. Yale College, religious as it has been from its foundation, introduced into this country, through *Silliman's Journal*, the whole train of modern physical sciences.

I was bred in the theological seminaries of Andover and New Haven, and I know that Moses Stuart and Edward Robinson taught a system of interpretation for the Bible as thoroughly scientific as that of the German Rationalists; for they imported it directly from German Rationalism; and I know that Dr. Taylor of the New Haven school was as free and fearless in his speculations as Comte, and as sincere in his attempt to found a scientific religion. He taught me to follow the truth, lead where it will and cost what it may; and that I take

to be the first precept of science. Under that precept I have traveled far enough into the regions of free thinking to shake hands with the scouts of Positivism, and yet I have no thought of abandoning Bible religion. I believe in pretty much all the science that the New York Creed parades, and in Christianity too. I have followed Lyell into the geological ages, and Tyndall into the correlation of forces, and even Darwin into his endless genealogies; and yet I am as sure now that Christ is king of the world as I was before science began to swell into infidelity, which, indeed, is within my remembrance.

This, I suppose, is about what the Bible-men of this country generally would say for themselves. They have no such quarrel with science as Positivism arranges for them, nor any idea of giving up their religion because their knowledge of physics is increasing. They look upon German Rationalism and French Atheism as the reaction of Europe against the superstitions of Popery—a far-off affair, with which they have nothing to do on either side. The mistake of Positivism is in trying to import this quarrel, and make us take sides upon it. And this is sure to be the mistake of all imported systems. Hence the necessity of our doing our own supreme thinking—which we shall do by and by.

We have other and better and more positive things than Old-World quarrels to attend to. Our business is to use our freedom from European antagonisms to push science into regions that are not open to European thought and experiment. We have our revivals to study; our free and progressive religious experiences; our mesmerisms and spiritualisms; our sexual philosophies and stirpicultures; our socialisms in all varieties of experiment, religious and non-religious, successful and unsuccessful. These are vast and rich fields for observation and induction, which can only be seen at a distance by European thinkers. This country may be regarded as a great laboratory, in which the facts for the final religious and social sciences are being accumulated. So Europe itself evidently thinks, for it sends all its religious and social theories here to be put through the crucible of experiment. Comte wrote too early and in the wrong place. He will give us an impulse toward the final religion of science; but American Positivism, "carefully avoiding the complicated organizations and cumbrous details" which he built up against European superstitions, will wait patiently till the facts are all in before it attempts the construction of a conclusive universology.

For my part, I see no need of quarreling with the New York Creed about materialism. All our American developments have tended to close up the old gap between mind and matter. Phrenology, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism taught us the substantial identity of soul and body long before Comtism and the correlation of forces were heard of in this country. And I learned nearly the same lesson from the Bible long before I ever heard of Spiritualism, Mesmerism or Phrenology. Twenty-five years ago, when I was almost exclusively a Bible-student, I wrote my creed about spirits thus:

We freely confess that we are so far materialists, that we believe there is no such vast chasm between spirit and matter as is generally imagined, but that the two touch each other, and have properties in common; that caloric, light, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism [or the ethers that these modes of force belong to], are, in some sense, connecting links between the material and spiritual worlds; that spirit is in many respects like these fluids and is as truly substantial as they. We do not ascribe to spirit "length, breadth, and thickness" in the common acceptance of those words, because the nature of all fluids precludes those properties. Whoever thinks of attributing length, breadth, and thickness to the sunlight? One would not know how to measure or which way to go in taking the dimensions of such a substance. Yet, if a specific portion of any fluid is separated from the mass and confined in a solid vessel, that portion of fluid assumes the length, breadth, and thickness of the vessel. So if a specific portion of spirit or life is confined in an animal form, that life assumes the length, breadth, and thickness of that form. In this sense we believe that spirits have length, breadth, and thickness.

Materialism is not the only error men are liable to fall into in their speculations on spiritual science. Every extreme has its opposite. There is a vast amount of morbid *anti-materialism* among religion-

ists and metaphysicians. When the notion that spirit is an "immaterial substance," is carried so far as to deny all substantial qualities to spiritual beings, we call it *etherialism*, or *hyper-spiritualism*, and regard it as an error quite as pernicious as materialism.

The same progress of philosophy that materializes spirit also spiritualizes matter. We lose nothing in giving up the old ideas of immateriality, if we still hold that matter is cunning enough to produce consciousness, thought, affection, and will. Names are of no consequence. If the latest thinkers choose to call the thing that manifests these phenomena "nervous fluid" or "ether" or "force" or "tissue" under the play and vibration of a combination of forces, I do not see in this language any danger of our losing our old-fashioned souls. Matter or dynamic machinery that is capable of personality, is very likely to have also the faculty of immortality.

It is true, the explanation of the mechanism of tissues and forces which produce consciousness, as given in the New York Creed, is not profoundly satisfactory, but sounds to me like the explanation of the motion of a steamboat addressed by a didactic father to his children, as they stood on the upper deck, in view of the walking-beam: "You see, my little dears, the thingumbob here hitches on to the crinkum-crankum, and the crinkum-crankum goes down and takes hold of the jigmoree; then the engineer turns the handle, and the captain gives the orders, and all hands shove, and so the boat goes ahead!" True, I have not the least idea what the Positivist means when he talks about "the pleasant hum of the forces in the consciousness," nor do I think he himself knows any better than the old divines knew what they were talking about. True, I prefer the common confessions of ignorance in these deep matters, as safer and more sensible than the elaborate explanations of the Creed. I suppose Professor Tyndall represents the best part of the scientific world in the following passages from his late address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science:

\*\*\* You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal, is in their eyes a purely mechanical problem, which differs from the problem of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of the masses and the complexity of the processes involved. Here you have one-half of our dual truth; let us now glance at the other half. Associated with this wonderful mechanism of the animal body we have phenomena no less certain than those of physics, viz.: the facts of consciousness, but between which, and the mechanism, we discern no necessary connection. \*\*\* I hardly imagine that any profound scientific thinker who has reflected upon the subject, exists, who would not admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis, that for every act of consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain; that this relation of physics to consciousness is invariable, so that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It is at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. \*\*\* Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one phenomenon to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be, and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of *love*, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of *hate* with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in the other; but the "why?" would still remain unanswered.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the materialist is stated as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will

be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, as the human mind is at present constituted, that he can pass beyond it. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions explain every thing. In reality they explain nothing. \*\*\* The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages. \*\*\* On both sides of the zone assigned to the materialist he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is this "matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science also is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded, and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has the secret been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all.—*World Report*, November, 1868.

These are the views of the working discoverers, who stick close to the facts, and decline the long flights of speculation which are necessary in the system-building of the universologists. I prefer this style of thought to that of the Positivists. I do not think science is half so near "out of the woods" as their hallooing would lead one to suppose.

But, however all this may be, I repeat that I have no quarrel with the materialism or the dynamic machinery of the New York propagandists. They acknowledge the facts of consciousness and personality; and conscious personality is the same good thing, whether it inheres in a spirit, as we have hitherto been taught, or is the result of a combination of forces, "humming through the tissues," as the new Creed explains it. But I do not see any necessary connection between this explanation and the tremendous conclusion which the Creed draws from it in the following paragraph:

It sweeps at once into the limbo of vanity, or mythology, all notions and hopes that the mass of our race, from its earliest history, has hitherto rested upon, as they passed from the womb to the grave. We find ourselves in a new world. Where, under this view, are the "creation," "end of the world," "personal gods," or "God," "the immortal spirit," or "soul" of man, "the heaven," "hell," "devil," "sin," "repentance," "resurrection," "judgment," "angels," "spirits," "ghosts," "witches," "fairies," and "unseen influences," and "the feelings" that have led and held man upward in his rise from the brute? All these vanish. Science shows them all to be but anthropomorphism—the creations of man—the reflection or projection of himself and his various moods and fancies into the world around him.—*Positivist Creed*, Art. 20.

A sweeping *finale*, truly! but not by any means necessary as the result of the materialistic or the dynamic theory. If matter or force, or any combination of them, can be personal organisms at all, I see no reason in the nature of things why they may not be invisible and eternal organisms. Something is eternal; and if we eliminate spirits, then matter and force are eternal. If matter and force can be arranged so as to produce consciousness for a moment or for seventy years, it is impossible to prove that the same arrangement may not be continued forever. If matter and force produce visible personalities, that is no proof that they do not produce invisible personalities, but the contrary, so far as it goes. These materialistic and dynamic explanations do not touch the old questions—whether death is the end of man, whether there is another world, whether there are orders of beings higher than human, &c. These questions are not to be settled by a *priori* argument, but by actual observation. They are not questions of law, but questions of fact.

The Positivists themselves recognize one invisible personality. Their God, Humanity, is as occult a being as the angels and gods of the old religions. Nobody ever saw collective Humanity. Men and women exist separately; but they do not grow together in any visible way, so as to form one enormous being, any more than horses do. Yet the Positivists assert that Humanity is a *living organism*, and Edger calls it *she*, and says expressly that it is a real personality. I can not find the word *consciousness* used by them in connection with it; but personality certainly implies consciousness. Either these men have some esoteric meaning in their language about their God, which plain men outside cannot understand; or they believe in an invisible personality, which is the same thing as a spirit or a ghost. So they themselves

have broken the connection between their premises and their conclusion, and have left the door open for the return of the whole train of invisibles which they sent to limbo. If there is one invisible personal organism, called Humanity, there may be more of the same kind.

The Creed places men in seven categories, viz.: 1, individuality; 2, the family; 3, the Positive Society; 4, the Labor Association; 5, the State; 6, Humanity; 7, the Universe. Why should the sixth of these be a living personality, and not the fifth or the seventh? There is just as much reason to believe that Uncle Sam and John Bull are actual personal beings, as that Humanity is. This brings us back to the Old Testament idea of national angels. On the other hand there is just as much reason to believe that the Universe is a personality as that a subordinate department of it is. This brings us back to the old idea of God, or at least to a supreme being immensely superhuman.

But this is all speculation, and amounts to little on either side. As I said, the questions of the existence of other worlds than this, and of other personalities than the human, are not to be settled by reasoning on the nature of consciousness, but by actual observation. It is impossible to prove the negative. What if the beavers should set up a theory that there is no such being as man, because not one beaver in a million ever saw a man?

We are in the way to get a true and final settlement of these questions in this country. Spirits of some kind are certainly rapping—which is more than collective Humanity has ever done. Spiritualists by the million testify that in one way or another they have positive evidence of the existence of human souls after death. The scientific world has not fully accepted this testimony, nor has it conclusively rejected it. Many scientific men believe it. It is at least the beginning of a true investigation—an appeal from speculation to facts. The trial is likely to go on till we know about the other world (if there is one), as we know about this, by actual intercourse. Meanwhile, we shall not pay much attention to a *priori* arguments against our facts, though they come from the "incomparable masters" over the water.

Comtism comes too late. We are almost unanimous in this country about existence after death. Bible-men always believed in it after a fashion; and now the anti-Bible men have nearly all succumbed to the rappings, and are even stronger in the faith than the Bible-men. Spiritualists claim to have placed the immortality of the soul on a scientific basis, as the Bible never did. So that Christians and anti-Christians are all on one side here against the speculations of the Positivists. Comtism in this country will have to fight, not only the clergy and the Bible, but Andrew Jackson Davis with his revelations, and Robert Dale Owen with his scientific "Footsteps on the Boundaries of Another World."

We are almost unanimous in another notion that will be very unfavorable, if not fatal, to Positivism in this country. We believe in *intuition* and *inspiration*, as well as in the "methods of science." Our revivals and religious experiences, on the one hand, and our spiritualisms on the other, have convinced us, not only that there is a world of spirits, but that we can have sensible communication with that world, and become mediums of its influences. This conviction extends to all classes, and is quite as strong among the "infidels" as among the Bible-men; and it is a conviction of that practical kind which places us clear beyond the reach of mere logic and speculation. In fact, we are developing a new faculty of discovery, which, sooner or later, will have to be recognized as the better half of scientific power. For a definition of this faculty, allow me to quote again from my own lucubrations. Twenty-five years ago, before "modern Spiritualism" was heard of, I wrote as follows:

One spirit can present itself to the perceptions of another, and communicate thoughts and persuasions, without the intervention of any verbal testimony, any process of reasoning, or any impression of the external senses. This kind of belief is liable to be confounded by superficial observers with imaginative belief. It ascertains the truth of its thoughts by none of the processes ordinarily used. It appeals to no external testimony, no train of argument, no sen-

suons evidence. To ordinary apprehension its resources, like those of imaginative belief, are wholly subjective. Doubtless, too, in many cases, pretenders to spiritual belief have mistaken their imaginations for spiritual impressions.

But, in its essential nature, spiritual belief is no more allied to imaginative than any of the kinds that are accepted by the world as rational. It most resembles belief of the senses and testimony. It is, in fact, belief of the internal senses and of testimony conveyed, not by words, but by spiritual impressions. It is not altogether subjective. Its source of evidence is from without the circle of its own thoughts, as truly so as verbal testimony. A man who believes spiritual impressions is no more properly chargeable with believing his own imaginations than one who believes his neighbor's word.

He is liable, however, to be deceived. There are false spirits, as there are lying men; and he who believes the impressions of all sorts of spirits, will be as miserably misled as he who believes every report he hears. And in the infancy of spiritualism there is perhaps more danger of running into this indiscriminate credulity, than there is in ordinary life; because the novice naturally imagines that every impression he receives comes from high authority, and his veneration binds him to believe without questioning.

But assuming that a spiritualist has learned to discriminate between true and false spirits as wisely as persons of common sense discriminate between true and false men, there is no more folly in his belief, founded on spiritual impressions, than there is in theirs, founded on verbal testimony.

The Positivist Creed proposes that "science, since it has dethroned theology, shall be openly accepted and reign in its stead." Young America will hardly accept this proposal without correcting it. We accept TRUTH as sovereign of the world; but science in the largest sense is only a mass of human thoughts about truth, not very consistent yet, or well defined; and in a more limited sense it is one of the means or methods of discovering truth. We insist that Intuition must be installed as the helper and even the elder brother of science in the service of their common sovereign, Truth.

These two, intuition and science, cultivated as they have been hitherto by separate and even hostile classes, are nevertheless working toward each other from the opposite extremities of the domain of thought, one ascending from the visible to the invisible, and the other descending from the invisible to the visible. They are destined to meet. Their scouts are already meeting. God grant that the converging columns may not mistake each other for foes in the twilight of the approach, and fire into each other!

It seems to me that Comte himself, if he had had opportunity to study this country, would have seen that we are practically reversing his idea of the progression of religious theories. What he calls the "anthropomorphic" and infantile theory, is in full and fresh possession of the very nation that is leading the world in civilization. Thus the logic of present events is contradicting him. And looking into the history of the past in the light of the latest discoveries, we may safely say that the logic of antiquity is contradicting him. He died before geologists had ascertained the earliest conditions of man. We now perceive that for countless ages before the first glimmering of history, races of men lived without any religious belief more than that of the wild asses. The earliest infancy of the human race was like the earliest infancy of individuals—a period of blank animalism. As a child a day old does not know that any body is taking care of it, so there is every reason to believe that the bog-trotters of the stone and bronze periods had no theory or idea whatever of superintending invisible personalities. And the transition from this state to the discovery of *Providences*, whether referred to one God or many, was certainly like the advance of the child to the recognition of father and mother—a most momentous and blessed rising, the beginning of all induction and progress. In this view we may be sure that religion of any kind, however heathenish, belongs to a second and advanced stage of human nature, and is infinitely better than none. Instead, therefore, of believing, as Comte's theory requires, that this country in its revivals and spiritualisms is going back to primeval barbarism, I judge that Comtism, in its denial of God and immortality, is a

return to the lowest level of humanity—the flat no-belief of the original prehistoric Troglodytes.

I am, very respectfully yours,

J. H. NOYES.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1869.

### AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

NO. XVII.

OUR notice of the Hopedale Community last week was only introductory. We have since studied Mr. Ballou's book, and in other ways obtained information about his experiment; and are now better prepared to do it justice.

Our judgment in brief is, that it commenced earlier, lasted longer, and was really more scientific and sensible than any of the other experiments of the Fourier epoch.

Brook Farm was talked about in 1840, but we find no evidence of its organization till the fall of 1841. Whereas Mr. Ballou's Community dates its first compact from January 1841; though it did not commence operations at Hopedale till April 1842.

The North American Phalanx is reputed to have outlived all the other Associations of the Fourier epoch; but we find on close examination of dates, that Hopedale not only was born before it, but lived after it. The North American commenced in 1843, and dissolved in 1855. Hopedale commenced in 1841, and lasted certainly till 1856 or 1857. Ballou published his book in the winter of 1854—5, and at that time Hopedale was at its highest point of success and promise. We can not find the exact date of its dissolution, but it is reported to have attained its seventeenth year, which would carry it to 1858. Indeed we are told there is a shell of an organization there now, which has continued from the Community, having a President, Secretary, &c., and holding occasional meetings; but its principal function at present is the care of the village cemetery.

As to the theory and constitutional merits of the Hopedale Community, the reader shall judge for himself. Here is an exposition published in tract-form by Mr. Ballou in 1851, outlining the scheme which was fully elaborated in his subsequent book.

### THE HOPEDALE COMMUNITY.

The Hopedale Community, originally called Fraternal Community, No. 1, was formed at Mendon, Mass., January 28, 1841, by about thirty individuals from different parts of the State. In the course of that year they purchased what was called the "Jones Farm," alias "The Dale," in Milford, their present location. This estate they named HOPEDALE—joining the word "Hope" to its ancient designation, as significant of the great things they hoped for from a very humble and unpropitious beginning. About the first of April, 1842, a part of the Members took possession of their Farm and commenced operations, under as many disadvantages as can well be imagined. Their present Domain (Dec. 1, 1851), including all the lands purchased at different times, contains about 500 acres. Their Village consists of about 30 new dwelling-houses, three mechanic shops, with water-power, carpentering and other machinery, a small chapel, used also for the purposes of education, and the old domicile, with the barns and out-buildings much improved. There are now at Hopedale some thirty-six families, besides single persons, youth and children, making in all a population of about 175 souls.

It is often asked, What are the peculiarities, and what the advantages of The Hopedale Community? Its leading peculiarities are the following:

1. It is a Church of Christ (so far as any human organization of professed Christians, within a particular locality, have the right to claim that title), based on a simple declaration of faith "in the religion of Jesus Christ, as he taught and exemplified it, according to the Scriptures of the New Testament," and of acknowledged subjection to all the moral obligations of that religion. No person can be a member, who does not cordially assent to this comprehensive declaration. Having given sufficient evidence of truthfulness in making such a profession, each individual is left to judge for him or herself, with entire freedom, what abstract doctrines are taught, and also what external religious rites are enjoined in the religion of Christ. No precise theological dogmas, ordinances or ceremonies are prescribed or prohibited. In such matters all the members are free, with mutual love and toleration, to follow their own

highest convictions of truth and religious duty—answerable only to the great Head of the true Church Universal. But in practical Christianity this Church is precise and strict. There its essentials are specific. It insists on supreme love to God and man—that love which "worketh no ill" to friend or foe. It enjoins total abstinence from all God-contemning words and deeds; all unchastity; all intoxicating beverages; all oath-taking; all slave-holding and pro-slavery compromises; all war and preparations for war; all capital and other vindictive punishments; all insurrectionary, seditious, mobocratic and personal violence against any government, society, family or individual. From all voluntary participation in any anti-Christian government, under promise of *unqualified support*—whether by doing military service, commencing actions at law, holding office, voting, petitioning for penal laws, aiding a legal posse by injurious force, or asking public interference for protection which can be given only by *such* force; all resistance of evil *with evil*; in fine, from all things known to be sinful against God or human nature. This is its acknowledged obligatory righteousness. It does not expect immediate and exact perfection of its members, but holds up this practical Christian Standard, that all may do their utmost to reach it, and, at least, be made sensible of their shortcomings. Such are the peculiarities of The Hopedale Community, as a Church.

2. It is a Civil State, a miniature Christian Republic—existing *within*, peaceably subject to, and tolerated by the Governments of Massachusetts and the United States, but otherwise a Commonwealth complete within itself. Those Governments tax and control its property, according to their own laws, returning less to it than they exact from it. It makes them no criminals to punish, no disorders to repress, no paupers to support, no burdens to bear. It asks of them no corporate powers, no military or penal protection. It has its own Constitution, laws, regulations, and municipal police; its own Legislative, Judiciary and Executive authorities; its own Educational system of operations; its own method of aid and relief; its own moral and religious safeguards; its own fire insurance and savings institutions; its own internal arrangements for the holding of property, the management of industry, and the raising of revenue; in fact, all the elements and organic constituents of a Christian Republic, on a miniature scale. There is no Red Republicanism in it, because it eschews blood; yet it is the Seedling of the true Democratic and Social Republic, wherein neither caste, color, sex nor age, stands proscribed, but every human being shares justly in "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Such is The Hopedale Community as a Civil State.

3. It is a universal religious, moral, philanthropic and social reform Association. It is a Missionary Society, for the promulgation of New Testament Christianity, the reformation of the nominal Church, and the conversion of the world. It is a moral suasion Temperance Society on the Teetotal basis. It is a moral power Anti-Slavery Society, radical and without compromise. It is a Peace Society on the only impregnable foundation of Christian Non-Resistance. It is a sound theoretical and practical Woman's Rights Association. It is a Charitable Society for the relief of suffering humanity, to the extent of its humble ability. It is an Educational Society, preparing to act an important part in the training of the young. It is a Socialistic Community, successfully actualizing, as well as promulgating, *Practical Christian Socialism*—the only kind of Socialism likely to establish a true social state on earth. The members of this Community are not under the necessity of importing from abroad any of these valuable reforms, or of keeping up a distinct organization for each of them, or of transporting themselves to other places in search of sympathizers. Their own Newcastle can furnish coal for home-consumption, and some to supply the wants of its neighbors. Such is the Hopedale Community as a Universal Reform Association on Christian principles.

### What are its Advantages?

1. It affords a theoretical and practical illustration of the way whereby all human beings, willing to adopt it, may become individually and socially happy. It clearly sets forth the principles to be received, the righteousness to be exemplified, and the social arrangements to be entered into, in order to this happiness. It is in itself a capital school for self-correction and improvement. No where else on earth is there a more explicit, understandable, practicable system of ways and means for those who *really desire* to enter into usefulness, peace and rational enjoyment. This will one day be seen and acknowledged by multitudes who now know nothing of it, or knowing, despise it, or, conceding its excellence, are unwilling to bow to its wholesome requisitions. "Yet the willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land."

2. It guarantees to all its members and dependents Employment, at least adequate to a comfortable subsistence; relief in want, sickness or distress; decent opportunities for religious, moral and intellectual culture; an orderly, well-regulated neighborhood; fraternal counsel, fellowship and protection under all

circumstances; and a suitable sphere of individual enterprise and responsibility, in which each one may by due self-exertion elevate himself to the highest point of his capabilities.

3. It solves the problem which has so long puzzled socialists, the harmonization of just individual freedom with social co-operation. Here exists a system of arrangements, simple and effective, under which all capital, industry, trade, talent, skill and peculiar gifts may freely operate and co-operate, with no restrictions other than those which Christian morality every where rightfully imposes—constantly to the advantage of each and all. All may thrive together as individuals and as a Community, without degrading or impoverishing any. This excellent system of arrangements in its present completeness is the result of various and wisely improved experiences.

4. It affords a peaceful and congenial home for all conscientious persons, of whatsoever religious sect, class or description heretofore, who now embrace Practical Christianity, substantially as this Community holds it, and can no longer fellowship the popular religionists and politicians. Such need sympathy, co-operation and fraternal association, without undue interference in relation to non-essential peculiarities. Here they may find what they need. Here they may give and receive strength by rational, liberal Christian union.

5. It affords a most desirable opportunity for those who mean to be Practical Christians in the use of property, talent, skill or productive industry, to invest them. Here those goods and gifts may all be so employed as to benefit their possessors to the full extent of justice, while at the same time they afford aid to the less favored, help build up a social state free from the evils of irreligion, ignorance, poverty and vice, promote the regeneration of the race, and thus resolve themselves into treasure laid up where neither moth, nor rust, nor thieves can reach them. Here property is preeminently safe, useful and beneficent. It is Christianized. So, in a good degree, are talent, skill, and productive industry. Who then would be able to say conscientiously, My property, my talent, my skill, my labor—my entire influence, is now bestowed where it injures no human being, suffices for my own real wants, helps my weaker brother, and promotes universal holiness and happiness.

6. It affords small scope, place or encouragement for the unprincipled, corrupt, supremely selfish, proud, ambitious, miserly, sordid, quarrelsome, brutal, violent, lawless, fickle, high-flying, loaferish, idle, vicious, envious and mischief-making. It is no paradise for such; unless they voluntarily make it first a moral penitentiary. Such will hasten to more congenial localities; thus making room for the upright, useful and peaceable.

7. It affords a beginning, a specimen and a presage of a new and glorious *Social Christendom*—a grand confederation of similar Communities—a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized. All this shall be in the forthcoming future.

The Hopedale Community was born in obscurity, cradled in poverty, trained in adversity, and has grown to a promising childhood, under the Divine guardianship, in spite of numberless detriments. The bold predictions of many who despised its puny infancy have proved false. The fears of timid and compassionate friends that it would certainly fail have been put to rest. Even the repeated desertion of professed friends, disheartened by its imperfections, or alienated by too heavy trials of their patience, has scarcely retarded its progress. God willed otherwise. It has still many defects to outgrow, much impurity to put away, and a great deal of improvement to make—moral, intellectual and physical. But it will prevail and triumph. The Most High will be glorified in making it the parent of a numerous progeny of Practical Christian Communities. Write, saith the Spirit, and let this prediction be registered against the time to come, for it shall be fulfilled.

In the large work to which we have referred, Mr. Ballou goes over the whole ground of Socialism in a systematic and masterly manner. If the people of this country were not so bewitched with importations from England, and France that they can not look at home productions in this line, his scheme would command as much attention as Fourier's, and a great deal more than Owen's. The fact of practical failure is nothing against him in the comparison, as it is common to all of them.

For a specimen, take the following: Mr. Ballou finds all man's wants, rights, and duties in seven spheres, viz.: 1, *Individuality*; 2, *Communality*; 3, *Consanguinity*; 4, *Congeniality*; 5, *Federality*; 6, *Humanity*; 7, *Universality*. These correspond very nearly to the series of spheres tabulated by Comtists. On the basis of this general philosophy of human nature, Mr. Ballou proposes, not a mere monotony of Phalanxes or Communities, all alike, but

an ascending series of four distinct kinds of Communities, viz.: 1, *The Parochial Community*, which is nearly the same as a common parish church; 2, *The Rural Community*, which is a colony occupying a distinct territorial domain, but not otherwise consolidated; 3, *The Joint-stock Community*, consolidating capital and labor, and paying dividends and wages; of which Hopedale itself was a specimen; and 4, *The Common-stock Community*, holding property in common and paying no dividends or wages; which is Communism proper. Mr. Ballou provides elaborate Constitutional forms for all of these social states, and shows their harmonious relation to each other. Then he builds them up into larger combinations, viz.: 1, *Communal Municipalities*, consisting of two or more Communities, making a town or city; 2, *Communal States*; 3, *Communal Nations*; and lastly, "the grand Fraternity of Nations, represented by Senators in the *Supreme Unitary Council*." Moreover he embroiders on all this an ascending series of categories for individual character. Citizens of the great Republic are expected to arrange themselves in seven CIRCLES, viz.: 1, *The Adoptive Circle*, consisting of members whose connections with the world preclude their joining any integral Community; 2, *The Unitive Circle*, consisting of those who join in building up Rural and Joint-stock Communities; 3, *The Preceptive Circle*, consisting of persons devoted to teaching in any of its branches; 4, *The Communistic Circle*, consisting of members of common stock Communities; 5, *The Expansive Circle*, consisting of persons devoted to extending the Republic, by founding new Communities; 6, *The Charitative Circle*, consisting of working philanthropists; and 7, *The Parentive Circle*, consisting of the most worthy and reliable counselors—the fathers and mothers in Israel.

This is only a skeleton. In the book all is worked into harmonious beauty. All is founded on religion; all is deduced from the Bible. We confess that if it were our doom to attempt Community-building by paper programme, we should choose Adin Ballou's scheme in preference to anything we have ever been able to find in the lucubrations of Fourier or Owen. We vote for the Practical Christian Yankee.

Let it not be thought that Ballou was a mere theorizer. Unlike Owen and Fourier, he worked as well as wrote. Originally a clergyman and a gentleman, he gave up his salary, and served in the ranks as a common laborer for his cause. In conversation with one who reported to us, he lately said, that oftentimes in the early days of Hopedale, he would get so tired at his work in the ditch or on the mill-dam, that he would go to a neighboring haystack, and lie down on the sunny side of it, wishing that he might go to sleep and never wake again! Then he would recuperate and go back to his work. About all the recreation he had in those days, was to go out occasionally into the neighborhood and preach a funeral sermon!

And here, by the way, is a good place to say that in our opinion there ought to be a law against promulgating or importing socialistic theories, that have not been worked out, as well as written out, by the inventors themselves. It is dreadfully cruel to set vast numbers of simple people agog with Utopian projects that will cost them their all, while the inventors and promulgators do nothing but write and talk. What kind of a theory of chemistry can a man write without a laboratory? What if Napoleon had written out a programme for the battle of Austerlitz, and then left one of his aid-de-camps to superintend the actual fighting? Every bird that lays an egg, ought to be compelled to hatch and rear what comes of it.

It will be noticed that Mr. Ballou in his various expositions, carries his assurance that his system is all right, and his confidence of success, to the verge of self-conceit and presumption. In this he appears to have partaken of a spirit that is common to all the socialist inventors. Fourier, without a laboratory or an experiment, was as dogmatic and infallible as though he were an oracle of God; and Owen after a thousand defeats never doubted the perfection of his scheme, and never squarely confessed a failure. But in the end Ballou rises above these theorizers,

even in this matter. Our informant says he manfully owns that Hopedale was a total failure.

As to the causes of the catastrophe, his account is the old story of General Depravity. The timber he got together was not suitable for building a Community. The men and women that joined him were very enthusiastic and commenced with great zeal; their devotion to the cause seemed to be sincere; but they did not know themselves.

The following details, given by Mr. Ballou, of the actual proceedings which brought Hopedale to its end, are very instructive in regard to the operation of the joint-stock principle.

Mr. Ballou was the first President of the Community; but ultimately was superseded by E. D. Draper. This gentleman came to Hopedale with great enthusiasm for the cause. He was not wealthy, but was a sharp, smart business man; and very soon became the managing spirit of the whole concern. He had a brother associated with him in business, who had no sympathy with the Community enterprise. With this brother Mr. Draper became deeply engaged in outside interests, which were very lucrative. They gained in wealth by these outside interests, while the inside interests were gradually falling into neglect and bad management. The result was that the Community sunk capital from year to year. Meanwhile Draper bought up three-fourths of the joint-stock, and so had the legal control in his own hands. At length he became dissatisfied with the way matters were going, and went to Mr. Ballou and told him that "this thing must not go any further." Mr. Ballou asked him if that meant that the Community must come to an end. He replied, "Yes." "There was no other way," said Mr. Ballou, "but to submit to it." He then said to Mr. Draper that he had one condition to put to him; that was, that he should assume the responsibility of paying the debts. He consented; the debts were paid; and thus terminated the Hopedale Experiment.

We understand that the breaking up of the Community was almost the breaking up of Mr. Ballou's earthly life; but he has recovered his equanimity, and still resides at Hopedale, doing service as a Unitarian clergyman.

## COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Jan. 30.]

### ONEIDA.

—A pleasant reminiscence of Lady Noyes (as she was called in the O. C.) came up in our meeting last evening. H. W. B. in reporting a conversation he had with Rev. Adin Ballou, said that this gentleman told him that he saw the mother of J. H. N. several years ago (it must be twenty-five) at a union meeting in Groton, Mass. "She was a majestic woman," said he, "bore herself like a queen—self-possessed—not afraid to meet any body. She addressed the meeting and preached salvation from sin, and spoke with much spirit on the subject of victory over death. 'I learn,' added Mr. B., 'that she has finally submitted to death herself.' There was a slight implication in the last remark, but we know that Mrs. Noyes never staked the truth of the New Testament doctrine that Christ recovered all that Adam lost, on any appearances in her own case; and we can not but rejoice that she died even, testifying that Christ is a savior from death. That generation whenever it shall be, which believes in and appropriates the whole salvation wrought out by Christ, will see an end of death; and it is not so strange that we should expect this consummation in our day, as that so many professing to believe in the gospel should not expect it at all.

—The book for our seven o'clock reading is "France and England in America," by Francis Parkman. The Wednesday evening lecture was a eulogium of John R. Miller, by J. H. Cragin. The young panegyrist had fallen upon a file of Mr. Miller's letters written in the early days of the O. C., when Mr. M. was our financier, and plenipotentiary in chief to courts of law, and became so interested in the man, that he made him a study and a theme for discourse. Mrs. K. referring to the lecture, says to me (she joined us after Mr. Miller's death), "I can see why

Mr. Miller had to be taken away, you all loved him so much." He is remembered in the Community with special endearment, both for his personal qualities and his works. He bore the brunt of our troubles before the intolerance of the public had been overcome, or the difficulties of self-support conquered. He combined, said the speaker, great business talent and energy with the most subtle, spiritual sensibility. He was as vigilant as a pilot, and at the same time his faith in providence was as simple as a child's. His letters are full of stories of providential deliverances from straits and corners. A bill is due to-morrow—no money in the treasury—none in prospect; but an hour before the time, it comes; the mail brings it from unexpected quarters; the north gives up and the south keeps not back. He was an enthusiast in our enterprise; he believed that God was in it, and he expected good luck. He inaugurated our silk-peddling. It would be interesting to take him round among our industries now and see his pleasure, but he would have still more pleasure in knowing that we had outlived the fear of persecution.

—We have generally harvested ice in the early part of January, but the winter has not ripened it in this region so far. Saws and teams were mustered one day this week, but on examination the ice was found to be only three inches solid, and the rest snow-ice. We shall see what February will do.

—The old flower-garden begins to look quite like a lumber-yard. The stone for the new wing is being drawn.

—The Midlanders have commenced their preparations for the foundation of a bridge across the creek near our mill. A pile-driver was put in operation this morning. The logs, which are twenty feet long, are driven their whole length into the bed of the creek. The height of the derrick is forty-two feet, and the weight of the iron-driver is seventeen hundred pounds. The iron block falls with such tremendous force that the logs have to be hooped to keep them from splitting. It takes a minute and a fraction over two seconds for the block to rise to its place at the top of the derrick, so that about thirty-five of these Titanic blows are given per hour.

—To-night (Jan. 27), the moon rose brilliantly, and we anticipated a fine view of the eclipse. During its first stages the sky was clear; but when we broke up the meeting at half-past eight, to witness the obscuration at its height, the heavens had become somewhat cloudy; so we gathered in the Hall again to listen for a few moments to the club and piano.

#### WILLOW-PLACE.

—The old inspecting and packing-room of the trap-shop has been added to the silk-factory by the removal of a partition. The length of the silk-factory now from end to end, is one hundred and five feet.

#### WALLINGFORD.

—Mr. Allen might have attended his own funeral to-day, that is, if the village news can be relied on. A report of his death has been circulating in town for two or three days. How the story originated, is not very clear, but somebody told somebody that Mr. Caleb Allen was digging a grave, which, in the next one's mouth was a grave for Mr. Allen, and in the course of rehearsal, our Mr. Allen's grave. His non-appearance at the Post-office lately may have given plausibility to the report. He went over to the Post-office yesterday, and was met with congratulation on all sides. As many as a dozen men said they were glad to see him alive; they never expected to again. In the store a lady eyed him very sharply, and then stepped up to the clerk and whispered, "Is not that Mr. Allen?" "Yes," was the reply. "Why, I thought he was dead," said she. To-day at the depot he met a man who exclaimed, "Why, I heard you were to be buried to-day." "I heard so, too" said Mr. A., "but I did n't believe it." Another man made the same exclamation. "I don't believe I shall be ready this afternoon," was Mr. A.'s reply. Speaking of the strangeness with which people regarded him as though he were one risen from the dead, he says, "Well, I desire to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God, through

Jesus Christ." An anecdote was related in our meeting of Lord Brougham who caused it to be reported that he was dead on purpose to see what the papers would say about him, and enjoyed reading the remarks and obituaries that were published.

### THE UPPER SITTING-ROOM.

#### III.

WHEN the children go home at half-past six, the "grown folks" begin to disperse, some for their classes, and others for study by themselves, until gradually the room is quiet, and comparatively empty; but this room can seldom be found empty—of late not even between the hours of eight and nine, when the family are attending the general meeting. Were you to open the door at that time, you would find the room well lighted and warm; books and papers strewn across the table, lying just as they were dropped when the bell rang; chairs standing *dos-à-dos* or *vis-à-vis* as it happens; and such quietness, that each tick of the clock could be distinctly heard. But though quiet not vacant, for there by the stove seated in an arm-chair, you would notice J. H. N. If you were to approach you would see that his eyes are closed, as if in deep thought. Even your presence might not attract him from his reflections. You would feel that questions were inappropriate on this occasion, and conclude to seat yourself in some corner unobserved. But why is he not in meeting? Because, he would tell you, he is learning the last and most important lesson of his life—to hold his tongue, and the meetings are a temptation to him.

But were you to remain till nine o'clock, you would be aroused from the reverie you might have indulged in, first by a low buzz at a distance, but steadily drawing nearer, a bustle and rustle in the hall, then at the very door, and in less time than we can tell it, you would be surrounded on every hand by busy life. And then you might spend a pleasant hour until ten o'clock, either in conversation or listening to others; or, seated by a bright lamp, in a cozy rocking-chair, you might read, unconscious of the time or of the noise around you. But after ten o'clock your companions would one by one slip away, and you would find yourself alone with your book; for this great family are always quiet soon after ten. Promptly at eleven, the watchman would appear with his lantern, prepared to extinguish the lamps unless you engage to take that duty upon yourself.

After all we have said about the sociality of our sitting-room, it is no lounging-room—no place for those who have no purpose but to pass away the time—no place for idlers. It is most congenial to the spirit of improvement, and the young seek it for the good they derive from those whom they meet here. One may choose to read, another to write, another to study or sew, and yet if a topic of interest is introduced, all are ready to listen, or to partake in the discussion. Often at these impromptu gatherings, great plans have been laid for the benefit of the whole Community.

It was at such an informal collection as this, that an indignation meeting was held a few months since, against the fashionable shoe—against high heels, and tight-laced boots; and a unanimous resolve was at once taken by those present, to start a reform. The few who first clubbed together for this improvement, communicated their enthusiasm to the whole body, until a total revolution was wrought.

Here too, was planned the grand after-supper reunion of children with adults, from which all derive so much happiness and good every way. Nothing could have been more conducive to making a home of our upper sitting-room than these meetings. And this reminds us to rehearse a rather original story which Mr. H. told them the other evening. It runs as follows:

"I am going to tell you a story about *pockets* this evening. You all know what a pocket is? [O yes, and the little ones all want to show that they have

one]. I remember my grandmother's pocket: it was stuffed full of nice things for children. [All want to know what was in Mr. H.'s grandmother's pocket.] But that is not my story. My story is not true, every word of it, but there is a meaning to it which is true if you understand it. Once there was a great king who owned a large country: he was very rich, he had gold and silver and jewels and every thing pretty; and he scattered gold and silver and beautiful flowers all over his kingdom. But the people that lived there were very strange. They all had great pockets, and spent their time in gathering up the good things scattered by their king and stuffing them into their pockets, and they quarreled and pushed each other to see which would get the most. Often their pockets grew so big they were a load to carry; they were as big as meal-bags, and the people went dragging along; they could not run or play or take any comfort. When they lay down to sleep their pockets would almost crush them, and sometimes folks actually died they were so weary of their pockets. [The children ask why they did n't throw their pockets away]. They were not wise enough to get rid of them. Well one day the king saw a man with a monstrous large pocket, and sent his servant to catch him, and see what was in it, and what do you think he found? [Children guess a great many things.] The man's *wife* was in his pocket! They had to work a long time to get her out, but after a great deal of trying and pulling they succeeded and she was glad enough they did, for it was a cramped-up place, and besides that it was very cold and dark. But no sooner had they got the woman out than they discovered she had a pocket too, which was stuffed as full as her husband's. What do you suppose was in that? That was full of children. They were poor and sickly and as glad as their mother to get out of the cold dark pocket: but lo and behold every child had a pocket! Full of playthings you guess? That's so, every child had pocketed all its own playthings so that no other child could touch them.

"Well, the king said, This must be stopped. I will put an end to this pocket business. So he called his son and told him to go out and teach these people better. His son saw that those who had strong fingers had full pockets, but there were many weak-handed whose pockets were almost empty. Now he had very strong fingers himself and you would think his pockets would be the fullest of all, but he turned his pockets inside-out and used his strong hands for something else. One time he wanted some money, and though his father had scattered it all over his kingdom, he could not find a penny. The greedy people had gathered up every piece they could see. But he found a piece, at last in a very secret place. Where do you think? In a fish's mouth. Nobody else could find it there.

"Well, you can't imagine what he did to make the people empty their pockets. *He breathed a warm breath into them.* This warm breath softened their hearts, and made them feel generous, and they began to take out the gold and the silver and say, 'This is the king's money; these are not my things;' and they all came together in one place and took all the things out of their pockets, and made a great big pile. Nobody owned it, but all could have what they needed. After they had done that, they were just as happy as they could be; they could run and play, and could lie down and sleep, O so sweetly; they had nothing to trouble them. Then the king's son did not have to look in a fish's mouth for money. He could find it every-where, just as it was scattered by his father."

H. M. L.

#### "THOSE WHITES."

IT WAS Sunday evening. Dinner had just been disposed of, and my father's family sat round an open fire at one end of the old dining-room, while innumerable stars twinkled through the large bay-window at the other end. Brightly and lithely leaped the flames from the consuming cannel coal. We children had not as yet been inducted into the luxuries of late dinners, but were allowed in the

dining-room after having eaten our supper (or "tea," as we were accustomed to call that meal, although there was no tea in it), to join in just so much of the dessert as might be given to us, and no more. This Sunday evening we showed forth our contentment by sitting with nuts and medlars in our laps, and as we ate them watching for various devices formed by the red-hot coals, each endeavoring to make another recognize the forms which his own peculiar fancy had pictured in the fire.

"I wonder what can have happened to those 'Whites,'" said my father, as he took up a brightly polished poker, and plunged it ruthlessly into the middle of a tea-party I had just arranged amid the burning cinders. It was that delightful season of twilight, called "blind man's holiday," in which Englishmen love to sit and talk by firelight. The entrance of the lamps seemed always to break a happy spell, transporting us from the spirit land, back again to cold reality; but as yet, the lamps had not been brought into the room, and the fire thus violently stimulated, seemed to shake itself up and take a fresh start, as I have frequently seen folks at church shake themselves from sleep, rubbing their faces and blowing their noses, as if with a violent determination never again to be caught napping. The room was filled with a lurid glow, and many an old piece of bright mahogany furniture or gilded picture-frame shone with the reflection of the blazing fire, while the decanters of port and sherry stood like monuments amid the relics of fruit and nut-shells. The poking of the fire disturbed our imagery, and now we counted the many fires that danced so fittingly in every part of the old bay-window; and then we tried to count the stars that studded the clear blue sky as with diamonds; then rolled with youthful frolics on the soft Turkey carpet.

"Those Whites," resumed my father, "were the best men on the place. I hope nothing bad has happened to them. The last seen of them was, let me see"—stirring the fire again as if thereby to assist his memory, and resting one end of the poker on the burnished bars while he refreshed his mental powers with a sip of his favorite vintage—"it was the day after the poor old General got here. The silly fellows! to go away just at the time when I intended to have pointed them out to him as old soldiers and faithful, honest men."

"Those Whites," were two old bachelor brothers who occupied a neat little cottage near my father's house. No woman was ever seen to gladden their dwelling. They cooked their own food, washed their own clothes and attended to their own business generally, bearing the character of being the steadiest men in the parish. Old soldiers were the brothers White, as may have been already gathered from my father's remarks about them. They had served under Wellington in his peninsular campaign, and fought at the battle of Waterloo. They were fine-looking old men, each over six feet in height, and of a bearing that commanded the respect of their employers and co-laborers, while they worked for peasants' wages. They appeared to have no relations, and no one knew where they came from, or any thing about them except that they were old soldiers. So they worked on for years, and my great delight was to run off to their cottage of a Sunday afternoon, and sitting on the knee of one of the veterans, hear him recount the wonders of a fight or the stories of a siege, which he illustrated by drawing with a poker, plans of the battle-fields, in the ashes on the hearth. The neighbors wondered if they were old soldiers, why they had no medals, and why they were not in the receipt of good pensions. I tried to find out the reason, but could get no satisfactory solution to my inquiries; but my sympathies were all enlisted in their behalf, and I determined to induce my father to use his influence in obtaining for these old warriors some recognition of their services, which I considered, second only to those of Wellington himself. But my plan was condemned by both of them: "It would be an unkindness to them; they could desire no greater favor than to be allowed to enjoy the privacy of their own plans; and they would never be able to tell me any more fine stories, &c. &c."

My philanthropy being thus held in check, I was content to let them alone, and still enjoyed their romantic tales; but on one occasion being tempted beyond what I was able to bear, I asked one of them "if he ever had a mamma?" a question which did not appear to me so superfluous then as it does now, seeing that heretofore I had been duped into the belief that children were dug from under goose-berry bushes, or from parsnip or carrot beds, according to the color of their hair; and that I had been brought in a bandbox from London by the doctor. I forget what reply was made to my silly question, but I well remember the smile that lighted up the old man's face, and then a big tear coursing down his weather-beaten cheek, told that I had touched some painful chord. I always after avoided asking them such curious questions; but a circumstance at length happened which shed some light upon their history.

One of our neighbors gave a children's party, and among his other guests was a brother from Ireland with a large family. This brother was General Ponsonby, whose distorted sabre-arm and scarred face attested the truth of history, which left him so badly wounded on the field of Waterloo that he was supposed to have been dead. While thus wounded and lying on his face, a French lancer from sheer wantonness stuck his lance into his back, the point breaking off and remaining in him, which the surgeons were afterward unable to extract. Another French soldier soon after wandering over the field, probably in search of some dead or wounded comrade, seeing the General move (he was then only Captain Ponsonby), propped him up with dead bodies, and taking down his knapsack poured some cognac down his throat. This so far revived him that he was enabled to make the best of his position until the next morning, when he was found and cared for by his brother whom he was now visiting. It is due to the character of the brave French soldier to state that although a large reward was offered to find him, and the offer was made so public that the gallant fellow could not have failed to hear of it, he never made himself known, but was content with the reward of a good conscience.

Running from the ball-room where the children's party was being held, into the billiard-room, I found the General and his brother playing; and the former perching me upon the table near the marker showed me how to keep the score of the first game of billiards I ever marked, and the last he ever played. The following morning the General started with his family in their traveling carriage posting towards London, for railroads were as yet scarce in the country. After traveling a few stages they stopped to take dinner at a posting-house called "Murrel Green." The General seated at the head of the table was just commencing the first course, when he leaned back in his chair and died without a groan. The cause of his death was found to be a tumor, which had increased in size till it touched the heart; and in the tumor was found, after a lapse of over thirty years, the point of the Frenchman's lance.

Well! what has all that to do with "those Whites?" "Those Whites" were soldiers, and so was the General. The General appeared and "those Whites" disappeared. Here was foundation enough for a London detective to build a dozen theories upon; but simple-minded country people saw nothing more suggestive in the coincidence than a rat running in a hole, and another running out.

"What can have become of those Whites?" was echoed from mouth to mouth. For years past they had never been away for a single day; but now their little cottage was lone and deserted; the place that had known them, knew them no more; the door was locked, and no one answered to continued rappings. Numerous surmises were indulged in as to the fate of these eccentric brothers. Some of the old folks were at no loss whatever to account for the mysterious disappearance, for they ever regarded people who lived in such close retirement as more or less bewitched, and "the devil had spirited 'em away." This opinion however gained but little credence, for they were religious men and their seats at church were rarely known to be vacant.

It was feared that some catastrophe might have happened to them, so the door was opened with a duplicate key, disclosing no old bachelor's slovenly ways, but as neat a room as was ever arranged by woman's hand. The sun shone through the diamond panes of the cottage window and glistened on the brightly-polished mahogany frame of an old-fashioned Dutch clock that told off each departing second with a tick so decided as seemed to say, "There, I have clinched it, and it's no use you fellows trying to get it back." A round deal table, clean as a new pin, stood in the middle of the room, while on a dresser against the wall, plates and dishes were arranged like a file of soldiers, which standing on edge looked as if on tip-toe, eager to jump on the table, waiting only a command from their old masters. I had spent so many pleasant hours in this cozy little room that every thing around me seemed part and parcel of the old soldiers, and every piece of furniture had become associated in my mind with marching armies and shouts of victory. The two old-fashioned rush-bottomed arm-chairs stood like sentry boxes on each side of the fire-place, while on the hearth, where often had been drawn the plans of battle-fields, remained the cold ashes as of a deserted camp-fire. The veterans had fled. Two weeks had elapsed without any tidings from them, and many besides my father wondered "what had happened to those Whites."

Two weeks more passed by; the writhing smoke was once more seen to leap from their cottage chimney and ascend in the clear frosty atmosphere, a column so dense and high as reminded one of the smoke of an accepted sacrifice. Once again, on either side of the familiar hearth, sat the recluse brothers in their old arm-chairs, and on the knee of one of them perched a little boy, listening with breathless attention to the secret of their seclusion. The fire blazed and crackled with a will, as if doing its very best to fill the room with joy and comfort; the oaken logs rolled and turned and snapped amid the flames, as if firing salutes in honor of the return of the veterans. 'Twas high carnival in that little room; the merry little cricket, too, must join the joyful welcome, and with her two elbows sticking out over her back, looked as if holding her sides to pour forth a lay more lustily; while thus the soldiers told their secret. But I have not space to give their own words; besides, I do not know that I remember them accurately. Their story was briefly as follows:

While as yet scarcely arrived at manhood, leaving a comfortable home and tender parents, they enlisted. After many adventures and a long separation they happened to meet again in a regiment under General Ponsonby; and when that officer was Governor of Malta they both were with him. But one of them being on sentry duty, fell asleep; and while he dreamed of home and happy faces long since buried out of sight, the stern General walked the ramparts in the dead of night, and placing his foot upon the breast of the derelict soldier, shook him till he awoke to a consciousness of his true position and to the terror of a felon's fate. To sleep on such duty was certain death; and if he should be ordered under arrest there would be no reprieve; so seeking out his brother without delay, they both deserted that same night; and had from that time never seen or heard of their General till one of them meeting him a few weeks since, instantly recognized him. The old terror drove them once more from home. But hearing of his sudden death, they returned to their cottage and occupations, no longer in dread of martial law.

#### CATHOLIC DAYS.

##### I.

IN saying any thing concerning the holy days, the fixed and movable fasts, feasts, and festivals which have been instituted by the Roman Catholic church since the beginning of the Christian era, I find myself somewhat bewildered by their number and variety, and almost at a loss where to begin. I shall, however, without making any attempt at

classification or other complicated arrangement, simply treat of them in the order in which they come during the year, beginning with the festival of the

**EPIPHANY.**

This festival is celebrated on the sixth of January, and was instituted in the latter part of the second century. The word *epiphany*, signifies an appearance or manifestation; and by the Greek church this festival is called *Theophany*, or appearance of God. It was claimed by the early fathers to commemorate, 1. The appearance of the star which guided the wise men unto Christ at his birth, and was the *Epiphany* or manifestation of him to the Gentiles. 2. The glorious appearance that was made at his baptism in the river Jordan, when the heavens were opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape, like a dove, and lighted upon him, and a voice came out of heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." 3. The appearance or manifestation of his divinity, when by his first miracle he turned the water into wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee; and indeed, all such manifestations of his divinity; for "on this day," says a Catholic saint, "we celebrate the mystery of God manifesting himself by his miracles."

According to St. Jerome, and many others of equally good authority, the day is chiefly to be celebrated as commemorative of Christ's baptism and the manifestation of him to the world by the voice from heaven. For this reason it was anciently called *Dies Luminum*, day of lights, and also feast of light, because, being commemorative of Christ's baptism, it was considered a day of remission of sins, when the whole world were brought as it were "out of the dark prison of a former life, to a life of light and virtue;" and also because baptism was called in the Greek, Light and Illumination, "from the great and admirable effects consequent upon it."

The eastern church have always held this day in higher esteem than the western, making it one of three solemn times of baptism; whereas the western church would allow of no other solemn times of baptism but Easter and Pentecost, except in cases of sickness and extremity.

Chrysostom in one of his homilies says that Christ by his baptism has so sanctified the nature of water, that during the solemnities of this day, water can be carried home from the church, laid away, and remain as "fresh and uncorrupt for one, two or three years, as if it were immediately drawn from any fountain." He asserts this from personal experience; but why he should limit such a miracle to "one, two or three years," and not extend it to all eternity, is a question. This day was sometimes called the *Second Epiphany* in the early centuries; some maintaining that the day of Christ's birth, being the appearance or manifestation of God in the flesh, was the first Epiphany. Chrysostom, however, stoutly denies that the day on which Christ was born should be called Epiphany, "because," as he says, "Christ was not manifested to all when he was born, but when he was baptized; as appears from those words of John the Baptist, 'There standeth one among you whom ye know not.'"

The ancient church kept the festival of Epiphany with great veneration, as a day of sacred joy, allowing neither courts of law to be open on this day, nor the theaters or shows; and servants were declared to be at liberty to rest from bodily labor, in order to attend to the religious services of the day.

**ST. AGNES DAY.**

This is on January twenty-first. St. Agnes was a Christian martyr of a noble Roman family, who perished in the persecutions of Diocletian. Her uncommon beauty tempted a certain Sempronius, from whose brutality she was saved by a miracle; he was struck blind, and only received his sight by her prayers. St. Agnes had been canonized as early as the reign of Constantine, and a church erected over her remains. The eve of St. Agnes has an old superstition connected with it, which has been very prettily described by Keats.

Here I might say, that the custom of instituting

festivals in honor of martyrs, was introduced into the church as early as the middle of the second century. These festivals were celebrated on what was styled the birth-days of the martyrs, meaning the day of their martyrdom, or, as Tertullian expresses it, "not their natural birth, but their nativity to a glorious crown in the Kingdom of Heaven." Chrysostom, in giving a reason for this custom says, "The death of a martyr is not properly death, but an endless life, for the sake of which all things are to be endured, and death itself to be despised." And Origen writes, that when the memorials of martyrs were celebrated "they kept not their first nativity, as being the inlet of sorrow and temptation, but the day of their death as the period of their miseries, and that which sets them beyond the reach of temptations." These festivals, when possible, were kept at the graves of the martyrs; their acts or passions, were read on the occasion, and panegyric orations delivered upon them. Communion was always administered on these days; and common entertainments were made by the rich for the use of the poor, till abuses caused them to be laid aside.

**SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

The third Sunday before Lent, or before Quadragesima; so called because it is seventy days before Easter.

**ST. PAUL'S DAY.**

January twenty-fifth is marked in the traditions of the Roman Catholic church, as the date of Paul's conversion on his way to Damascus. An old astrologer endeavored to predict the entire weather of the year from this day, saying:

"If St. Paul be fair and clear,  
It promises then a happy year;  
But if it chance to snow or rain,  
Then will be dear all sorts of grain;  
Or if the wind be blown aloft,  
Great stirs will vex the world full oft;  
And if dark clouds do muff the sky,  
Then fowl and cattle oft will die."

**SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

The second Sunday before Lent, and about sixty days before Easter.

**FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.**

This occurs on February second, and is in commemoration of Virgin Mary's visit to the Temple, which, if Christ was born on the twenty-fifth of Dec., would be on this day.

Among the Jews the birth of a son or daughter, rendered the mother ceremonially unclean for a certain period, at the expiration of which, she went into the tabernacle or temple, and offered the accustomed sacrifice of purification, viz., a lamb of a year old, or if her circumstances could not afford this, two turtle doves, or two young pigeons. This day is also called

**CANDLEMAS,**

A name which probably arose from the number of lighted candles used in the processions of the day; or perhaps from the custom in the early centuries of consecrating wax-candles on this day for the rest of the year. As this day occurs about the middle of the cold season of the year, there is an old saying to this effect,

"On Candlemas day,  
Half your wood, and half your hay."

**QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

The Sunday which is about the fiftieth day before Easter; called also *Shrove Sunday*, as being the last Sunday before Lent it was a favorite day for confessing.

**SHROVE TUESDAY.**

This day is the Tuesday following Quinquagesima Sunday, and preceding the first day of Lent; it is so called because the faithful used then to confess and be shaven in preparation for the coming fast.

During the middle ages it was customary in England on this day for the people to confess their sins one by one to their parish priests, after which they dined on fritters and pancakes, and the occasion became one of merriment. The bell rung on this day was vulgarly called *pancake-bell*, and the day itself, *pancake-Tuesday*.

Wallingford, Jan. 25, 1869.

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Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 569 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

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