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POETRY

E. AND A.

earns the solitary soul
into the boundless whole

To find and find again in peace!
The blind desire, the impatient will,
The restless thoughts and plans are still;
We yield ourselves — and wait in bliss.
World-spirit, cease, our spirits sing!
For evermore to thee ascribing,
We but obey thy nature's call.
Good angels feelingly persuade us,
And heavenly light around us lead us
To Him who made and maketh all.
To recreate the old creation,
Which still we work on in fast fashion,
'Till Lust again grow fixed, and change resist;
And what was not shall spring to birth,
As purest sun, or painted earth.
God's universe may know no rest.
It must go on, creating change,
Through endless shapes forever ranging;
And rest will only *seem* to rise.
To reach the goal of our moving;
For all must ever keep dissolving,
A World it continue still to be.

UNIONED IN I

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Aunt Betty had begun to pursue up her hair, and the promise of supper had relaxed her features. "You little rat! knitting a stocking very delicately, rat lying on the table beside her. She sat up with silent watchfulness, as if the prospect of a hot supper had not been in her mind. When she heard consent given, a bright flush ran her cheeks. She was evidently impressed temperately, for good or evil. "Now mind, I don't want you to go home, and see that you keep at it your whole time. If I hear one word of coming you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colored gas was blown away. "I'll answer, 'yes, ma'am,' very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quiet. "None. No switch lay on the table, and no one thinks you're doing it. I'll answer, 'yes, ma'am,' very meekly.

"There, dear, see how carefully you can that up, steady. Why, what a nice hand you got! You're under a great deal of pressure, working like a bee, and so

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"I keep them on purpose to amuse children," Peggy looked down with her finger on her hip, and answered in a condescending voice. "I don't like it like that. I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was animated to her knees, she was startled by the appearance of the old and astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her horse, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky you have such a good girl," she said well. "I told Aunt Hetty," if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper.

But poor Peggy went to sleep that night with a heavy heart, and she knew that since she had been an orphan, her first thought in the morning was whether the new day would bring her any good news. The day, her friends that would be so, soon became devoid of it. Little Hatty, and excited and full of life, and full of love, and full of joy, so easily made herself beloved. Without excusing her, she entered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and courts into a sack, and to take them to the back of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow the sweepings away, and she was told that her impertinence! It charmed that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unaccountably, should have been so kind to her. And Mrs. Fairweather's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the street, and she saw that the girl, who called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how can you go to have this pile of dirt very near my back yard?" and she said it very near my back yard. Make haste and sweep it up. I would have her see, in five or six days, that she had not been so kind to her. And she called the premises. She is so particular here, that she would not have any one else. The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-

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neither was there too much for her patience to
surmount. She was obliged to assist in making the
unhappy. On one of these occasions, she was
confronted by a young man, who had been
faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand rest-
ing on his hip, and the forefinger of the other
making very emphatic motions. "I've put up
with such treatment much longer," said she
"I'll poison that dog!" "What dog?" "The
dog that's in your house," he said. "I can tell
you. What you keep secret as an impediment little
boy, I don't know, without you do it on purpose
to ruin the child."

"I am really sorry," he behaves so?" replied
Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor fellow!"

"What do you mean by calling her poor!"

"What do you mean by telling me that my cat does
me wrong?"

"I have enough to say
about such a thing!" replied Mrs.
Fairweather. "I called her poor, because
Mr. Plagues her, and that she has no
heart life. I grow with my neighbor Tom

it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor Pink, because he belongs to my son; who will take him off to sea. I was in hopes he would leave off quarrelling with the women, but from the next morning he has been barking at the new board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I would like to have Miss Temperney taste of them."

Our crabbed neighbor was helped again, and while she was eating the pie, the old woman edged in many a kind word concerning Tom Podge, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious churl. "I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Sally: "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in my hand."

As the man who was carrying the man

the fool," replied Mrs. Fairweather, "for it would show the poor beast stir, for all master's beating and tugging. But a horse is a sensible creature, and he knows better than to show that they offend, directly be the donkey's nose, and of he set on the trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

"Nonsense," replied Henry, "the horse is a very stupid creature, and the only way to manage it is by the whip. I have heard my aunt say, 'That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to eat.'"

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whip cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stultify, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to see which is the best way to manage the stubborn Turnipsey, since you like my pie so much."

"I pray take one home with you. I am sure they will mould before we can eat them."

that Hetty had come in for a quarrel and was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbor. I thank you for a hundred times." When she reached her own house, she hesitated for an instant before she opened the door, and said, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should have the little creature, seeing he belongs to the mill; try to keep Tab indoors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree to be friends." "I will do my best," said the friendly neighbor. "We will try them a while longer, if they persist in quarreling. I will send the boy into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and graped at a kind mistress patted him on the head, and said, "I shall be glad to see you."

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Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. "I don't care for a pleasant time," she usually said, "until a pleasant time; and when Winter came, she tried to persuade her that what would be excellent for her health and to perhaps keep her from going into a consumption."

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, "and he says he will give me a trial. He has a great deal of great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble for her to hear the notes of the school. I will give it to you, neighbor Turnpenny. It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices!"

The children of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every week to the school, and she heard the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and gladly added the genial influence of the school to the tonic of the school, and disappeared from the table. If Peggy was

to be idle, was only necessary to when you have finished your work, and go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather has any more roses. Miss me, how the poor Aunt Hetty had learned to use instead of the cudgel.

Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied with planting roses and vines. Miss me readily consented that Peggy help her, and even refused to take any roses for herself. But when she heard her own opinion that it was a mere time to cultivate flowers. The cheer- opher never disputed the point; but said sometimes say, "I have no room to my rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, will be willing to let me set it out for the time." The little girl said, "I will need no care." At another

The fo- munity (Ohio), for which re- sponse munity.

In the twelve it blue lake of water was a, b for

[illegible]

to get on with the neighbor-in-law.¹⁷ their
and have a very kind, obliging neighbor.¹⁸ man
Mrs. Fairweather.¹⁹ his sup
This is a miracle!²⁰ exclaimed Mrs. kinder
Nobody but you would have under- a teach
stood that pretty head.²¹ fortunate
it is probably the reason why it was BOKER
thawed," rejoined her friend. the ac
I told you, that not having enough of to soft
the wax was what ailed the world. Make them t
happy, and there will not be half the come.
the good, or a tenth part of the wickedness, purcha
In this gospel of joy preached and prac- land in
casionally derived so much benefit as the
Her nature, which was fast growing coloin
dark knote, under the malign influence followi
strait and fear, straightened up, bound
the same, and in the same turn, of

affection and fidelity were kept in such
a way that the constant likelihood of
losing her slipped through. The young
teacher thought her more than hand-
some, and she was not far from being
in love with him than on others, and love
all things that were dear to him.

When she was ordered to her pleasant
dormitory, on her wedding night, she threw
a look at him, and said, "I am not of
said," "Ah, then dear good Aunt, it
who last night my life Fairweather?"

[From the *London Morning Chronicle*]

THE LANDS MAN OF THE BEAST.

of the creature I have of the horn,
a lake or mountain, and glen;
people go back to city and town,
and the people of my country
would fain be my swift-footed deer,
ground, and not sure, shall be dearest here,
and the people of my country
for my pleasure," said Barn Barrow.

married of the peasant, each Man that goes
forth, and the people of my country
to the City on the hills of the North;
Melville, Sydney, New Zealand, the Cape

[illegible]

and you like the earth's fashions to grow but for the day
 that you slant us from spinning, the air and the dew?
 I would, if you could, my friend Baron Broomer.
 I would as a warning: I think 'twould be wise
 to come from your desert and open your eyes,
 for in the wilderness, small as the boon,
 I think is the right, as you'll know very soon.
 I think the day after that for the corn in the glen,
 the day after that for the corn in the glen,
 it is too narrow for Nimrod, by far—
 cannot allow them, my Lord of Broomer.

Our commerce exactest, were our trade at a stand,
 the merchants be fed growing from the land,
 we were back to the point of a century gone,
 might have your my moves to too shooting upon
 mine in such case, 'twould be worse than mine
 before us a sight of a life after none
 be a while of their time. Look at things as they
 are, you will find their time, my Lord
 Broomer.

THE ZOAIOTES:
 The interesting sketch of the 'Com-
 munitarian' in the Valley of Tuscarawas,
 taken from the New York Tribune,
 says it was written by one of its cor-
 respondents after a personal visit to the Com-
 munitarian settlement.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1847.
 The western portion of Ohio, midway be-
 tween the beautiful River on the South, and the
 Allegheny on the North, on a spot
 of beautiful land in the Valley of the Tuscarawas,
 a number of humble German emigrants have
 for twenty-five or thirty years, been liv-
 ing in a community of property, and

common to us in unity of hope, and by the unity of the world, without the unity of it within to nullify the tenor of and peaceful lives.

Of these people from facts gathered by visit to their village home, will not, as of itself, but still farther as illustrated principle of which this is but an exemplification.

Spring of 1847, about two hundred on Wittenberg, embarked upon the lovely origin, of the sect called Sep-
were about to seek a home in the
to enjoy the religious freedom denied
the land. In August they arrived in
rich, poor in purse, ignorant of the
rich in a more exalted treasure. On

across the Atlantic, one young man, and his veneration and affections for his intelligence, simple manners, and his love for the sick. Originally a weaver, then a cooper, he came to Germany, and now entrusting his life with those of like faith, JOSEPH M. SCHWENKER, on reaching our shores, was welcomed one whose sympathies were such and whose judgment was to guide through the trials and vicissitudes yet to come, but by general consent, as agent, he, for them, on credit, 55000 acres of land in the County of Tuscarawas, to which the removed in December and January 1847.

They fell to work in separate families, and their huts and log shanties and

[illegible]

men were voting as well as males. The men were throwing his name into the new election field, and the college struggled against to save their economy, industry and intellect, then to overcome every obstacle, and to make the college gradually diminished since their arrival, in a week of fifty percent in the year of 1882 by children and kindred dissipation. In the year 1882, the college which prevented the contracting of criminal alliances property is now at near half it.

It consists of one hundred acres of land, one mill, one saw and two mills, two furnaces, one woolen factory, and a large number of other buildings of their domain, and money invested in their village, named Zou, Kung, and other villages, and the village has, however, possessing a power.

This is for me, little for you. The village is, for me, little for you, about twenty-five in number, are substantial, and comfortable, and the village is completely unimpeded. The houses are of various dimensions, and with the rest, are without order, bearing their brown roofs of red tiled roofs above the foliage of the trees. The village is, for me, little for you, the village, the eye is refreshed by the hills that stretch away on either hand.

even a stick or a ship is to be seen
the neatness and beauty of the green
slopes of the horn at day-break calls for
praise. They mostly work in groups,
in a very but systematic manner that accom-
plishes. Their tools are usually coarse,
which is the German *cythe*, short and
wide as a bush-hook, sticks with short
teeth as chisels with a sharp point, the *hack*
and the *hackel*. The females join the
work of the field—hoe, reap, pitch hay, and
clean and wheel out in barrows the
vegetables. Their posture and language is
German. They are seen about the
going to the field with implements or
across the fields, the *Walden*, the *Walden*
of circular-straight huts of straw—or
of timber-rammed huts from their fore

under a coarse blue cap of cot
their heads baskets of apples or
division of labor is a prominent
domestic economy, although
reaching its attainable perfection.
is washed together, and one
them with bread. A general
all the children over three
There these little pocket-editions
well cared for by kind dames,
yellow leaf.

own be promoted. The closest
own in all their operations, for as
man, Kreutzler, the Boniface of
y, once observed in broken En-
erity on a bee line for a decay-
by a heedless stranger into the
g make rich!" Besides acting
dent village-join, this man, Kreutz-
terinary. Asculapian of this Soci-
out the universal economy still
nchising on Homoeopathic princi-
pling are the results of his skill
rmbred patients, who, from rolling
dent acute pains of the abdom-
by the melting on their tongues
of an infant-sized size, lifted into

the peculiarities of their religious life we are unacquainted. But to denominated Christians, there is their creed, if followed, to make us upright, and to justify the hope of future. *Separatists* is a term applied because they separated from the other denominations. They have baptisms, nor sacraments, and, like us, work. Their leg-church is on Wednesdays, and twice on the Sabbath. Their morning service consists of music, and vocal, in which a piano is used with the reading and explanation by one of their number.' The

rieties differ from it in the sublimating from a German work for action.

On account of their propensity to Blinde-
den, and, justly regarded as the
Community. He is their at-
temporal things, their physician to
the soul, and their spiritual guide,
though but as one of them, his su-
perior and excellent moral qual-
ities in commanding influence, and
love and reverence. He returns
to the world, and to the people, as
each a generation has passed away,
he still. He has few thoughts for
himself, and no desire: he returns
to the home of his youth. The
objects of the earthly hopes, are
the green hills of this beautiful
valley.

The Community are strict utilitarians,
and constant development among
themselves is given in winter to the
German and English. They are
unmixed, ardent people, use main

equal political equality, which agitate its
 belated moralism, never has as
 on convicted of going counter to the
 relations of the land. Thus they
 the that they disagree with but purely
 it that fall to the common lot,
 really delightful to behold, with
 reading upon their countenances,
 which is enthralled. Peace
 HENRY HOWE,
 [From the *Albany Patriot*]
 NON-PRODUCERS.
 The primitive granite on which this
 the of the world, is the progress and destiny
 It is the primal interest of society.
 of labor and of capital, if indeed they be
 the of the world. Immense suffering
 upon the collection of labor but to
 ask and if it were to cease for a
 problematical whether the race of
 non become extinct.
 but could not, that was not all
 to year it was created. It is the most
 and industry, which has been
 Our schools, our churches, our
 the industry, the race itself, exist by
 the labor of the non-producers.
 industry is the source of all wealth,
 all progress, the very foundation of
 the progress that makes our house,
 the progress that makes every we live
 and is the one who feeds his bread, not in
 the of the world, but in the of the

of his fellows. And such a criminal as you, who, having a pair of hands, not to feed his own mouth and clothe his back. He is a robber. He consumes to create. He lives from the store produced, but adds nothing to it. How is his existence from the toil of readers no equivalent therefor? In criminal denial of the law, *Thou shalt not work*—*Thou shalt not steal*.—He is a thief. He is a robber. He consumes the world's wealth, and feeds the luxurious existence of the few. Northern States. For example, it is a disgrace for a white man to be a pauper. Under the law, he is a pauper. And of the remainder, who are half are employed as domestic servants, and the body guards of the rich, and, as we, therefore, non-producers in the remainder of the population.

