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IN A SHAKER VILLAGE.

A Visit to a Community Where All Stand Upon a Footing of Equality.

Their Frigid Manners, Dignified Demeanor and Total Lack of Cordiality.

Mode of Life, Religious Worship and General Characteristics of a Queer Sect.

BY MRS. S. C. HAZLETT.

Taking the train at the Court street depot at 9:15 one balmy morning in early autumn, we left Cincinnati for Lebanon, a small village north, thirty miles distant, of perhaps three thousand inhabitants.

Our destination was a Shaker village four miles west of Lebanon, lying between the Big and Little Miami rivers.

The ride from Cincinnati to Lebanon took us through some of the finest country in the Ohio Valley.

At 11:45 we steamed into Lebanon, a quiet, sleepy little place, where we were obliged to wait until 2:30 p. m. for the hack—a stage route lying between Lebanon and Franklin, the latter about ten miles distant.

The day was one of those dreamy days in autumn, that seem somehow to have strayed away from heaven.

The drive from the railroad station at Lebanon to Union Village, the Shaker settlement, was a lovely one.

The sky a hazy blue, the air soft and mild, and replete with the melody of the birds, and fragrant with the perfume of the late flowers. The dew still sparkled upon the wayside grasses, and the leaves upon the grand old trees, through which the smooth white road wound, rustled, and seemed to whisper that the green of their garments must soon be changed to russet and brown.

It was with a feeling of reverence, not unmixed with sadness, and no little curiosity, that we approached the boundary line dividing "Shaker" from "the world."

From earliest recollection we had learned of the perfect lives of these people, and it seemed like sacrilege as the hack-wheels rolled upon the consecrated ground.

"This is the line," said the driver, breaking in suddenly upon our reverie and pointing to the place indicated with his whip.

"And there are five thousand acres of land all in a bunch belonging to this community, besides a fine farm within two or three miles of Cincinnati," he continued.

I looked out upon what appeared to be the garden spot of the world. As far as the eye could reach lay acres and acres of fine timber-land, fields of waving corn and luxuriant vegetation, flocks of sheep, and cattle, and horses "upon a thousand hills."

A turn in the road, and we came suddenly upon the houses and lands of the "South family."

Here were fine orchards and vineyards, and everything, from the white-washed gates and fences to the tall, quaint buildings, with their broad, old-fashioned chimneys, bespoke neatness and thrift.

Upon nearly all the buildings could be seen the date of their erection—1807, 1817, 1822, and 1849.

Looking up the long white road, I could see the village proper entire, with the exception of the "West family" buildings, lying off in that direction, and hidden from view by the trees and undulating ground.

The Community is divided into four families.

The "Center," called the "First" family—and if there is any distinction made it is here—and the "North," "South," and "West" families.

The houses are all built after one pattern, having a large square front, with very long wing or L attached, and each family has its stables and sheds for stock and farm implements.

I grew deeply interested as we rolled along, noting everything.

There was an air of peace surrounding us. Except for the sound of the carriage wheels and horses' hoofs upon

the road, a Sabbath stillness reigned. A sort of hush rested on everything.

There was very little sign of human life.

Here and there in the distance out in the fields could be seen a solitary figure, recognizing it to be a "Shaker" by his broad-brimmed hat and slow movements.

In passing along, a piece of ground, neatly fenced in and smoothly leveled off, containing, to all appearances, naught but struggling grass, attracted my attention, and I asked:

"What is this used for?"

The driver, with a light laugh, answered:

"That's the 'Shakers'' buryin' ground."

"Where are the tombstones?' I questioned; "and the graves—I see none?"

"Oh, that's their way, ma'am. They don't believe in mounds and stones and the like."

Then shifting his position he turned and looked at me, as I thought a little curiously, saying, in a pathetic sort of tone:

"I don't think I would like to be a Shaker, though some of 'em are mighty nice sort of people, for it always seems to me lookin' at that piece of ground yonder, as though they wanted to forget their dead just as soon as possible and a body kind o' hates that, you know." And he sighed tremendously, and I caught myself echoing it.

A few moments later, in a full, cheery voice that sounded strange after the pathos and sigh, he shouted: "Well, here we are!" and drove up to a rude stone step by the roadside, and, springing out, assisted me to alight. A medium-sized frame building, painted a light drab or gray, seemed to frown upon me as I looked up at it and noticed, over the front door, the word "office."

The hack driver secured his mail pouch, and going up the path to the house, I followed him into the long, wide hall, which appeared to extend the length of the house.

Its brightly polished floor, with strips of gay "store carpet" down its center, the glittering windows with their dainty white curtains, were very inviting.

No one came to meet us; there seemed to be no one about.

"Go right in there." The driver pointed to a door to my right.

I did so, not a little dismayed, and found myself in a long, narrow room,

with low ceiling, a matting of oil cloth upon the floor and a number of splint-bottomed chairs, containing home made cushions and a clean white towel each back, in a prim row all around the room.

A small table, with a prim lamp, stood in one corner of the room; also a register, for visitor's names, and a volume on "Mother Ann."

A splint-bottomed rocking chair, the only luxury (if it could be called so) in the room, stood before the table, and into this I sank and waited.

I could hear the murmur of voices from somewhere, and soon after the hack and driver departed. I heard footsteps approaching. Looking up I beheld in the doorway a large, fine-looking woman, a brunette of apparently thirty-five years of age.

She was dressed in the straight, full, clinging dress of the Shakers, with a cape of the same material upon her shoulders, and upon her head she wore a close-fitting, neat white bobbinet cap.

She did not appear very cordial at first, but afterward this wore away.

She introduced herself by giving me her given name, "Matilda," and asked mine, and while I remained among them I was called by it.

In a little while Matilda said she would call the eldress, and left me while she did so.

Soon after the eldress highest in authority came in, and I found her to be a very well-informed woman, with the air of a supreme judge; and still later half a dozen of the sisters came in and seated themselves in the straight-backed, splint-bottomed chairs, and sat with folded hands and spoke in monosyllables.

Most of their countenances were very pale, and wore a weary, hopeless sort of an expression.

There was such a lack of cordiality and such a frigid demeanor that it struck a chill to my heart, and was suggestive of death and open graves.

Later I was presented to one of the elders, a delicate little man, an old gentleman with snowy hair and the air of a Lord Chesterfield.

I was surprised when he took off his hat and bowed to me with such a courtly grace, as I had been told the Shakers never remove their hats or bow to a woman, and learned afterward that this was true; that Elder Charles Clapp was the exception, and I have always admired the snowy-haired little gentleman ever since.

Of him I heard much of the life and ways of the Shaker.

The first building erected at this settlement was in 1805, and at that time and later the community became large and flourishing.

At present there are about one hundred members in the community.

Very few of the genuine Shakers are living. Those who come to them now do so mostly for a home and freedom from responsibility, rather than a conviction of faith in the celibate life.

The office is at the Center, and in this building all business with the world people is transacted; here the hired men partake of their meals, as well as all outsiders, and in this building is also the postoffice, a county office, of course.

A building erected for holding services called the meeting house is just opposite the office, but rarely used now.

The heads of the community are called the ministry, consisting of two aged elders and eldresses, and all have to obey the will and mandate of the woman highest in authority, Eldress Louisa Farnham.

The Center House is the best building at "Shaker." Three stories in height, made of brick of their own manufacture, and erected in 1814, it has the appearance of a new structure at the present time.

The houses are all large, roomy, and airy, with long halls running the entire length, and are kept scrupulously neat.

At the Center House is also the meeting-room, and situated in the center of the building. The "Shaker" Sabbath commences Saturday evening and continues until Sunday evening.

The services consist of short speeches by the brothers and sisters and singing and marching, keeping time to the time with both feet and hands.

The sexes have no communication except on strictly business matters, and keep on their own side of the house in meeting as well as at meals, and the latter are partaken of in silence.

On entering the dining-room the brothers enter one door, the sisters another, and all enter quietly and kneel a few moments at their low-backed chairs, then rise, eat, kneel again, rise, and leave the room, fifteen minutes being given for this.

"The world" people frequently attend the "home services," but it is much against the "Shaker" desire.

There are no servants at a Shaker village. All must work, and any one seeming respectable, with a desire to lead a celibate life, is usually taken among them, on probation at first, by signing an agreement that for any and all services rendered they shall not be given more than board, lodging, and clothing. They do this as a protection to themselves.

If one having property or money comes among them, the wealth goes into the common fund, and is equally distributed to each alike as they need it, for living; but if the person desires to leave them, his property is wholly restored to him, although nothing added to it.

It is thus with their school. The school is a county one, and if one of the Shakers is its teacher, the money is drawn and placed in the common fund for all.

The Shakers are no respecters of persons. All stand on an equality—the rich, the poor, the educated, ignorant, refined, coarse.

Books are not their highest idea of obtaining knowledge; "and it makes the people dissatisfied, too much reading and writing," the elders said to me.

I found the Shakers to be very narrow in many of their views, as they could not well be otherwise, living in the isolated, non-progressive way they do.

Many of the olden-time industries are done away with, broom-making, corn-drying, and a few Shaker medical remedies among the most prominent, together with stock-raising, etc.

The community is entirely self-supporting, and not an eleemosynary institution as many suppose. Therefore, it is not desirable to receive as a member any one who is not able to "pay his way" by his labor, unless he has means to live upon without.

The women and girls of this community, I found to be, to a great extent, superior to the male portion, although there were exceptions.

They are a credulous people, and frequently imposed upon.

Nearly all are in favor of woman suffrage, and most of them strong spiritualists.

The head of the Community is a Mormon, and she informed me that they preferred to take women, as no woman ever came to them without having a change of garments, and always made herself useful, while in many instances men came who did not have a change of clothing, the garments upon them hanging in rags; and after supplying their needs they were frequently too lazy to work.

Corporal punishment is prohibited. If a child cannot be gotten along with without this, he is turned over to some other authority.

No one is permitted to leave the premises while a member without permission.

Once a year all are given what is called "a harvest ride." This is looked forward to with a good deal of pleasure. The great wagons are loaded with old and young, and hampers and baskets are filled with the choicest viands in their store, and then a day is made of it, either off to the woods, or, more frequently, to a neighboring village, where there are unusual sights to be seen.

A few of the elders and eldresses sometimes come to the city and visit relatives and friends.

No one is permitted to go alone, only in very rare cases.

The rules of the Community are less rigid than in former years.

I was delightfully surprised to come upon a group of beautiful girls, all in their neat white caps and straight, full gowns, with the uniform cape pinned prim'y across the shoulders, playing croquet, the gayly colored balls flying over the velvety grass with the accuracy of accomplished players, as indeed they were: yet many of the old Shakers consider it a grave sin, and were shocked when I took "a hand," and wore a rose at my throat, and laughed, and talked to the girls.

In this game the boys were not allowed to take part.

When one becomes ill, aged, or infirm, and unable to work, he is sent to the "Nurse House," a building at the "Center," erected for this purpose, where there are those in attendance to care for them.

The "Shakers" do not believe that every one should become a "Shaker;" only those "to whom it is given," and able to live this celibate life, feeling convinced that it is the only "true life." To these they offer a home, with simple, primitive comforts—no luxury—and a life that is a continual self-denial.

While it has certain inducements, there are many grave drawbacks, especially to an impulsive, active, progressive nature, who must be all restraint, repression and non-expressive. All ambition is laid low in the dust here. It has much to remind one of a monastery.

It is in a "Shaker community" as with any other life—none are perfect. "There is good in all, and none all good," and the monotony is wearisome.

As a visitor, for the time being, I enjoyed myself with them, under the novelty, and was treated more than kind; but it was with a decided feeling of relief that I left them, having become convinced that either one has nothing to look forward to but death, or is a *hero*, to become a "Shaker."

The Pope's Ready Wit.

From Perugia, Pecci, the present Pope, was sent as nuncio to Brussels, where he won golden opinions from everybody. He used to attend the evening parties of Charles Lever, and met among others the late Archbishop Whately, "with whom," according to Mr. Oldcastle, "he made great friends." Mr. Oldcastle also gives an example of the nuncio's ready wit. At a dinner party a nobleman asked him to admire "a very lovely Venus" on the lid of a snuff box, expecting to amuse the company at the expense of the nuncio. "Charming!" said Mgr. Pecci, quietly returning the box, "is it a portrait of Madame la Marquise?"—*London Athenæum.*

Wild Turkeys in Germany.

The hunting society of Konitz has imported wild turkeys, with which to stock the forests of that region. It is supposed that this game will readily acclimatize, and in order to facilitate the acclimatization, it has been agreed by the members of the society that for the next three years the animals are not to be disturbed. The recent trial in Lower Austria has been most successful. Five wild turkeys imported in 1882 had increased to 250 up to June 1886.—*Paris American Register.*

Her Father's Boot.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

She was fair as ##### poet's dream, ##### and her eyes ##### were heavenly ##### blue, and they ##### flashed a ten- ##### der beam ##### which pierced my soul right through. Her father struck it rich, in oil, or wheat, or stocks, I don't remember which, enough, he had the rocks. I was but a clerk in a down-town dry goods store, and made, with extra work, ten dollars, nothing more. To meet was but to love, to love was to propose; we vowed by heaven above to share our weal and woe. The weeks flew by in bliss, but why repeat a tale that to many long ere this is wearisome and stale, one night I bravely went to get it I never can to ask the kind consent of that dear, good old man! Oh, let me draw the veil upon my dire distress; weak words would only fail, but you can surely guess. This much I'll say: he made my heart full sore, in his rough and boisterous way. He—in the boot he wore.

Wonderful Mirages.

A great deal has been written upon the subject of mirages. For a long time Swedish sailors went in search for a magic island that seemed to rise between Aland and Upland. At last they discovered that the supposed isle was an optical illusion. In 1817 M. Grellois was traveling with a friend one hot day in Southern France. They were suddenly halted at a turn of the road by the appearance, upon what they knew to be a sandy plain, of a vast and beautiful city, adorned with monuments, domes, and steeples. The illusion was so complete that for a time reason refused to believe that the scene was not real. The most wonderful part of the phenomenon was that the city resembled none in that whole region. A beautiful mirage was seen in Paris in 1869, when the whole city was beheld inverted in the atmosphere above.

Scoresby relates that in one of his Arctic expeditions he beheld the mirage of a vessel, which was below the horizon, and, of course, was not visible. Through a glass he discovered that this vessel belonged to his father, and it was afterwards ascertained that they were then thirty-four miles apart. The mirage often reveals objects vast distances, so distant as to render the stories told almost incredible.

While in the mountains of Thuringia, Hiem beheld the peaks, usually hidden by intervening eminences, suddenly rise into view, and everything was so clearly defined that he was enabled to distinguish with a glass tufts of grass which were over eighteen English miles away. Cranz, while in Greenland, saw the shores of the Kokernen Islands, while it is claimed that the Allegheny Mountains have been made visible in this way from the peak of the Teneriffe. This latter story, however, is not generally credited. While on the shores of Orinoco, Humboldt beheld the mirage of a mountain chain situated three or four leagues away, and also the beautiful spectacle of a herd of cattle apparently feeding in the air.

Senator Ingalls is said to be the only man in the upper house of congress who pronounces the word finance correctly. The Washington correspondent who made this startling and interesting discovery is suffering at present from nervous prostration, caused by overwork.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless prompt warning be heeded, lifelong, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

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(If the weather is warm)
Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

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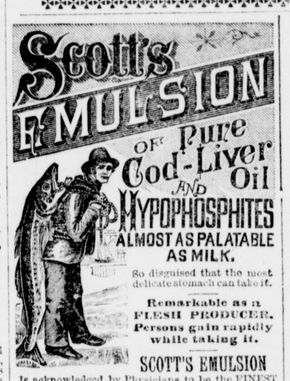

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

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SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and mild, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT. If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root.* As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause.* The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and syphilitic taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES. The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is *permanent.*

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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SIZE OF PELLETS.

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. As a laxative, one of these pellets is equal to a dose of other remedies, while its power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

BEING PURELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or active purgative, they give the most perfect satisfaction.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.