

Oneida Circular.

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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. *Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.*

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. *Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.*

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. *Number of members, 45. Land, 228 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are *families*, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

The lips of Earth, the Mother, were black;
They gasped through fissure, and crevice, and crack:
Oh, for the fall of the rain!
And the life of the flowers paused; and the wheat
That was rushing up seemed to droop in the heat.
And its green grass-blades, they yearned for the sweet,
The sweet, sweet kiss of the rain!

The secular cypress, solemn and still,
The sentinel pine on the edge of the hill,
Watched, but they watched in vain;
And the glare on the land, the glare on the sea,
The glare on terrace, and tower, and tree,
Grew fiercer and fiercer, mercilessly:
Oh, for the fall of the rain!

The streams were silent, the wells were dry,
The pitiless clouds passed slowly by,
With never a drop of rain.
The priests in the town exhumed a saint,
They passed in procession with prayers and plaint,
But the heavens were cruel, or faith was faint:
Came never a drop of rain:
Oh, for the fall of the rain!

One night the sky grew ragged and wild;
With the sound like the hiss and the laugh of a child,
Fell the first sweet drops of the rain!
Moist lips of the mist the mountain kissed,
And cooled the hot breath of the plain.
The emerald wheat leapt gayly to meet
The welcome kiss of the rain!
And the roses around, as they woke at the sound,
Broke into blossoms again:
O beautiful, beautiful rain!

[Exchange.]

COMPOUND ACTION.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

I HAVE described the state of heart produced by conversion as one that is sensitive, sympathetic, loving. But we must distinguish between the soft heart thus described and mere indiscriminate benevolence. The right state of the heart undoubtedly is one in which extremes meet—in which there is unutterable delicacy, sympathy and benevolence, combined with ability to endure and to inflict suffering far beyond that shown by surgeons and soldiers. In other words, there is a perfect combination of softness and hardness. And if any one asks how such opposites can be found together, I answer that the hardness which is necessary to qualify a person to be thoroughly and cruelly faithful, is the very means of giving effect to the pity and benevolence of a soft heart. You love your child, and your heart yearns over it with unutterable longing for its good; yet if you are wise in your longing, you will be ready to inflict on it any amount of temporary suffering which will do it good. Benevolence short of this is cruelty.

Christ teaches us the practice of hard-hearted faithfulness to ourselves in the most tremendous terms. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out. . . . If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." "He that loveth his life shall lose it." A sublime cruelty to ourselves is made the indispensable condition of faithfulness and benevolence to ourselves. Certainly the same principle defines our duty to our

children, and to all those on whom we turn our benevolence.

Softness of heart, which comes by true conversion to God, does not disqualify us either for suffering criticism ourselves or for inflicting it upon others. On the contrary it is the best possible qualification for those very things. In God the two attributes of pity and sternness are perfectly combined. God is love; but he is also light; and for the reason that he is light, his love knows when to assume the form of maternal kindness, and when to assume the form of sacrificial execution. It is love in one case as much as in the other. It is the soft heart using the necessary steel.

In the work of salvation there are always two spirits to be regarded, viz., the spirit of the person who is to be saved and the evil spirit that he is to be saved from. In many cases these are intimately blended. We want to know how God faces that combination—what kind of feelings he has toward it. We want to know how Jesus Christ felt when he encountered the maniac. How did he cast out devils? What was the attitude of his spirit toward evil in humanity? How can we become mediums of God's power of ejection? We see men's souls and bodies all around us in possession of the devil by sin and disease; and we know the possession is fraudulent and unrighteous. The devil has no right to these bodies and souls. It is certainly a righteous thing that ejection should take place, and that we should assist in it. But it takes a skillful lawyer to carry through an action of ejection; and so the work of salvation is an intricate affair. It won't do to look at the combination of man and devil with merely natural mercy and kindness; for the devil in it does not appreciate kindness, and would only abuse it; you will not cast out the devil by mere mercy. And, on the other hand, it will not do to face that combination with mere combativeness. In that attitude you are treating the whole combination as though it were the devil, and ignoring the human part, which is to be saved, and to which mercy is appropriate.

How are we to treat the case? What is to be the state of our hearts? We must learn *compound action*. There must be most intense love and hatred acting together. God's method is to let loose love and wrath at once—to send bread and bombshells into the same citadel. That is the art we are to learn of him.

The art of casting out devils seems to have been lost to the world since the time of Christ and the Primitive Church, from a mistake about this matter. You see plenty of action in one or the other of these modes. There is a great deal of soft, sentimental benevolence at work on the one hand, and a great deal of

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wrath and sharpness on the other; but their true combination is rarely seen. It is easy to fight on one of these lines at one time, and on the other at another time; but what is wanted, in order to knock the devil out of a man at one stroke, as Christ did, is the compound action that will love and hate at once.

HOW I CAME INTO THE TRUE PATH.

BY JAMES BURTON HERRICK.

I WAS born November 3, 1837, in the city of New York. My father was a successful merchant, a religious man, and a member of the Episcopal church. My ancestors on my father's side were Puritans, who settled in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629. My mother was a zealous church-woman, who devoted herself assiduously to the religious education of her children. Though watched over with care during childhood, I received an education from companions in the street as well as from teachers in the schools, and grew up with the views and habits common among city boys.

In 1853 I entered Columbia College. In the midst of a life of boyish frivolity, I had many seasons of serious reflection; and in the third year of my course I determined to study for the ministry. I had had no conversion nor any marked religious experience, though I belonged to the Episcopal church, having been admitted by baptism when an infant. I was confirmed when I was about fourteen years old; and when anxious for spiritual strength in my conflicts with temptation, I attended the Lord's Supper as an open profession of Christianity. A younger sister died while I was at school, and I ardently hoped sometime to see her in heaven; but my conscience told me that I was unfit for the society of God and the saved. I thought that by studying for the ministry I might find a way to improve my character, find God and save my own soul, even though I never preached to others.

In the autumn of 1857 I went to Virginia and entered the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, expecting to find it a sort of Paradise Regained where all were most anxious to live true lives. In this expectation I was somewhat disappointed. The professional aspect of their future work seemed to fill the minds of the students more than devotion to their personal spiritual improvement.

My faith in the efficacy of prayer for temporal as well as spiritual things was established by reading "A Narrative of the Dealings of the Lord with George Müller," of Bristol, England. I, too, found by experience that I could get money by praying for it. There were other books which materially influenced my subsequent views and experience. I read all that I could find on the subject of sanctification with great interest. "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," by Scougal; "The Higher Christian Life," by Boardman; "Wesley's Christian Perfection;" "The Life of Madam Guyon;" Edwards on the "Religious Affections;" "Matthew Henry's Commentaries;" the writings of Thomas Upham; Caesar Malan's tract, "Faith and Assurance." These all helped me in my struggle for a higher Christian life.

A revival was in progress in the Seminary during my second year there. This revival sprung from a determination which a dozen of us students made, that we would strive to attain present salvation. Instead of looking off to the heaven or hell of the future state, our attention was turned toward the conquest of sin now and here in the flesh. We all believed in justification by faith, and practically in sanctification by works; but the idea of present sanctification by faith was new and startling. The more we studied the subject, the more reasonable it appeared that God should save men from sin in this life. We argued thus: You expect that Christ will save you after death. Why not then let him save you before you die? His power is equal to the task, and his promises in the New Testament quite cover the case. When no other answer could be made to our argument we were met with railery; called Perfectionists, heretics, unsound and dangerous men, and shunned by very many.

It was during this time of excitement that I made an unreserved consecration of myself to God. I gave my heart to him in a solemn and effectual way, and from that hour I began to get acquainted with him. The new sense I had of Christ's love often kept me awake all night; and when I walked out, the fields and woods revealed loveliness hitherto unnoticed. One day that spring, when walking in the wood, I turned aside some dead leaves with my foot and beheld a beautiful and fragrant flower, which was quite unknown to me. I afterward found that it was the Trailing Arbutus; but at that moment it seemed to be a direct gift of God, a sort of love token from him to me, and I was conscious of his presence in my heart. I had been in the habit of making long prayers in private, and went to God every day full of the same wants; but now no wants presented themselves to me, my prayers were answered, and I had nothing to say to God but words of thanksgiving. His providence was manifest in so many ways as to make me feel modest about asking him to change that providence in my behalf. I learned to trust his love without importuning him.

(To be continued.)

THE UNIVERSAL GAME.

II.

BY HENRY J. SEYMOUR.

IN playing whist, as well as many other games of skill and chance, it is customary for the company that engages in it to divide itself into two parties who play against each other, so that each individual has his partner as well as his opponents in the game. The understanding is, that each one in favoring or helping his partner is helping himself. In this battle of opposing interests there is a kind of temporary communism between the individuals composing each party.

To apply the illustration: in the great property game which prevails all over the world, a man and woman form a partnership for life, called marriage; children usually join this company afterwards; and thus a party is made up that plays against all mankind, as well as against the natural world, with a view of se-

curing for itself all possible means of happiness and desirable goods of every description. Assuming that the system of gaming must prevail, this certainly is a fair and merciful arrangement, for it is universally admitted that woman is now the weaker vessel; and it is therefore far better that she should have at least one stronger arm to help her than that she should attempt to play a game single-handed against the whole world. But when we come to inquire into the practical working of this apparently merciful disposal of the parties, we find that it is subject to manifold and outrageous abuses. There has a cry of late gone up from the length and breadth of the land, that woman is most cruelly abused, oppressed, and dwarfed by her stronger partner. It is claimed that instead of making his own strength the complement of her weakness, and cherishing and developing her powers as if she were a part of himself, he has in many cases cruelly maltreated and abused her, in other cases made a mere doll and pet of her for his own amusement, and in no case has permitted her to rise to the position that she is capable of filling.

Far be it from me to deny the truth of these allegations. It certainly appears that in many cases the same spirit of competition that exists between the great parties in the game works between the individual partners, and in many cases produces untold misery, especially to the weaker ones.

But the great problem that is now before the world for solution is, How shall these evils be remedied? It is a question fraught with difficulties. One scheme for solving it might be, to release woman entirely from the system of partnership with man, giving her liberty to play for herself alone; but this plan would now be so manifestly unfair, considering her weakness, and her additional burden of bearing and rearing children, that the idea has never been proposed or thought of in civilized countries so far as I know. But if this manifestly unfeasible scheme has not been openly broached, some of the remedies proposed partake very much of the character of it. One plan that looks somewhat in this direction proposes that whenever serious difficulties shall arise in a partnership the persons composing it shall be allowed to separate, with liberty to form new and more congenial partnerships. One of the difficulties likely to attend this proposed remedy is the uncertainty that invariably attends the selection of partners. Persons who appear to be never so well adapted to please each other as partners almost invariably discover after a little experience in that capacity that their first impressions were mistaken ones, and that they have made a bad bargain. The very living together in this close partnership seems to develop discord. Then comes the heart sorrow, the pecuniary loss, and the trouble and worry of separation, with perhaps no better chance of making a happy selection than at first. Affinity hunters who have tried this plan have, as a rule, become thoroughly sick of it.

But by far the larger party that is seeking to reform the marriage-game laws is one that propounds no very direct remedy for the evils

referred to, but advocates with much earnestness and success, the plan of giving woman an equal right with man in making the laws, an equal right in choosing her occupation, and equal facilities for education. The idea is, to increase woman's power and skill in playing this great game, and also to enable her to share in making and administering the laws which are designed to secure fair play. The object of this party appears to be to place woman as the weaker party in a position where she will stand in a more favorable position for winning in the game.

There is a ghostly specter of failure that haunts all these schemes of reform. It appears to be an inexorable law governing all competitive games, that when one party wins the other loses. Here are two men playing a game of chess. One is much more skillful than the other, and always beats. We pity the poor man who has the bad luck, and advise him to give his whole mind to the study of the game. He follows our advice, and finally attains to such skill that he invariably beats his formerly victorious adversary. Our pity is then transferred to the other party. Now, shall we help at all towards doing away with the distress of defeat by inducing the first party to increase his skill? We have tried that plan once and failed. We have found that wherever such games are played, some one must suffer defeat.

It may be said, however, that if all parties will attain to equal skill we may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that one party will fail no oftener than the other. That is very true, and that view may be satisfactory enough when applied to the small games of whist, chess, dominoes, etc.; but when we consider that the whole of people's prospects of happiness in this life are at stake, our sympathies are involuntarily enlisted on the side of the losing party, and we are disposed to look for some better remedy for this dreadful condition of things, in which some are sure to lose.

After looking at the problem from all sides, I do not see but that we must, however reluctantly, go back to the consideration of the doctrine of that fanatical party in the German city which declared that the whole system of gaming is a diabolical abomination and ought to be pitched into that lower world of wickedness whence it came. This sounds like a very summary disposal of the matter, and it is evident enough that it can never be made among people who have hard and selfish hearts. It is only among people who have soft and loving hearts that all gaming can be abolished, and all can resolve themselves into one party, banishing competition and the inevitable woes that attend it.

With this all-prevailing system of gambling will go the system of partnership called marriage, which is only an appendage to it; and in the place of all these little separate dual parties there will be but one great party, in which the prosperity and the adversity of one will be the prosperity and adversity of all.

People who have been born and reared amid the thousand and one forms of the competition game will of course find numerous objections to this doctrine. I think however,

that these objections may be in all cases traced to the prejudices of a false education, and to lack of appreciation of the fact that hard and wicked hearts can of necessity never find a place in this new party. It is true, that the introduction of the new state of things involves a change that is extremely radical. Well, it was just so with that German city that lived entirely by gambling, and yet in this case it seemed to be the only course that would do away with the untold miseries that invariably attend a dependence on these accursed games of chance. Moreover these objectors ought to reflect that this is the state of things that is expressly predicted in the Bible. It is what is meant by the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven." It is what John meant when he said, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." Do not the six thousand or more years of distress and misery that the race has experienced under the gambling regime, imply that any really successful reform must be an exceedingly radical and thorough going one? Then why not let us all have done with this puttering with half-way measures, and strike for the Kingdom of God.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

IV.

SPACE will not permit us to follow our gardener through each week of his summer campaign. It is pleasant to know that his labors with bugs, weeds and the like, were crowned at last, for we find him at his table one day, rejoicing at the sight of vegetables and fruits of his own raising. But even here pleasure has its alloy, for at the other side of the table sits Mistress Polly—"smiling," he says, "on the green corn, and the new potatoes, as cool as the cucumbers which lay sliced in ice before her. You would have thought she had raised them all herself. Such quiet, vegetable airs, such gracious appropriation! I saw at once that the day of my destiny was over. John Stuart Mill was right when he said, 'We do not know anything about women;' six thousand years is as one day with them." With comical vexation he takes occasion to express his mind on the "woman question." He is convinced that women, "the ablest and most cunning creatures that ever mingled in human affairs," want power, but not responsibility. "Here I sit at the table, armed with the ballot, but powerless among my own vegetables."

So the summer weeks pass on; one of them made golden by a visit from the President, the relation of which furnishes opportunity for many a witty hit at office-seekers and hangers-on after greatness generally.

We come at last to the ripe September days; and in his garden musing, with a face expressive of serene content, sits the gardener. We sit down beside him and learn—though from the dilapidated appearance of the garden you would not suspect it—that there is yet a large crop of moral reflections in the garden which any one who passes that way is welcome to gather:

I have tried (he tells us) to get in everything that offered temptation to sin. There would be no thieves if there were nothing to steal; and I suppose, in the thieves' catechism, the provider is as bad as the thief; and probably I am to blame for leaving out a few winter-pears, which some predatory boy carried off last Sunday. At first I was angry, and said I should like to have caught the urchin in the act; but, on second thought, I was glad I did not. The interview could not have been pleasant. I should'n't have known what to do with

him. The chances are, that he would have escaped with his pockets full, and jibed at me from a safe distance. And, if I had got my hands on him, I should have been still more embarrassed. If I had flogged him he would have got over it a good deal sooner than I should. That sort of boy does not mind castigation any more than he does tearing his trowsers in the briers. If I had treated him with kindness, and conciliated him with grapes, showing him the enormity of his offense, I suppose he would have come the next night, and taken the remainder of the grapes. The truth is, that the public morality is lax on the subject of fruit. If anybody puts arsenic or gunpowder into his water-melons, he is universally denounced as a stingy old murderer by the community. A great many people regard growing fruit as lawful prey, who would not think of breaking into your cellar to take it. I found a man once in my raspberry-bushes, early in the season, when we were waiting for a dishful to ripen. Upon inquiring what he was about, he said he was only eating some; and the operation seemed to be so natural and simple, that I disliked to disturb him. As for children (and it sometimes looks as if the chief products of my garden were small boys and hens), it is admitted that they are barbarians. There is no exception among them to this condition of barbarism. This is not to say that they are not attractive, for they have the virtues as well as the vices of a primitive people. It is held by some naturalists that the child is only a zoöphyte, with a stomach, and feelers radiating from it in search of something to fill it. It is true that a child is always hungry all over; but he is also curious all over; and his curiosity is excited about as early as his hunger. He immediately begins to put out his moral feelers into the unknown and the infinite to discover what sort of an existence this is into which he has come. His imagination is quite as hungry as his stomach. And again and again it is stronger than his other appetites. You can easily engage his imagination in a story which will make him forget his dinner. It occurs to me that, if I should paper the outside of my high board fence with the leaves of "The Arabian Nights," it would afford me a good deal of protection—more, in fact, than spikes in the top, which tear trowsers and encourage profanity, but do not save much fruit. A spiked fence is a challenge to any boy of spirit. But if the fence were papered with fairy-tales, would he not stop to read them until it was too late for him to climb into the garden? I don't know. Human nature is vicious. The boy might regard the picture of the garden of the Hesperides only as an advertisement of what was over the fence. I begin to find that the problem of raising fruit is nothing to that of getting it after it has matured. So long as the law, just in many respects, is in force against shooting birds and small boys, the gardener may sow in tears and reap in vain.

The power of a boy is, to me, something fearful. Consider what he can do. You buy and set out a choice pear-tree; you enrich the earth for it; you train and trim it, and vanquish the borer, and watch its slow growth. At length it rewards your care by producing two or three pears, which you cut up and divide in the family, declaring the flavor of the fruit to be something extraordinary. The next year, the little tree blossoms full, and sets well; and in the autumn has on its slender, drooping limbs half a bushel of fruit, daily growing more delicious in the sun. You show it to your friends, reading to them the French name, which you can never remember, on the label; and you take an honest pride in the successful fruit of long care. That night your pears shall be required of you by a boy! Along comes an irresponsible urchin, who has not been growing much longer than the tree, with not twenty-five cents' worth of clothing on him, and in five minutes takes off every pear, and retires into safe obscurity. In five minutes the remorseless boy has undone your work of years, and with the easy nonchalance, I doubt not, of any agent of fate, in whose path nothing is sacred or safe. And it is not of much consequence. The boy goes on his way—to Congress, or to State Prison: in either place he will be accused of stealing, perhaps wrongfully. You learn in time that it is better to have had pears and lost them than not to have had pears at all. You come to know that the least (and rarest) part of the pleasure of raising fruit is the vulgar eating it. You recall your delight in conversing with the nurseryman, and looking at his illustrated catalogues, where all the pears are drawn perfect in form, and of extra size, and at that exact moment between ripeness and decay which it is so impossible to hit in practice. Fruit cannot be raised on this earth to taste

as you imagine those pears would taste. For years you have this pleasure, unalloyed by any disenchanting reality. How you watch the tender twigs in spring, and the freshly forming bark, hovering about the healthy growing tree with your pruning-knife many a sunny morning! That is happiness. Then, if you knew it, you are drinking the very wine of life; and, when the sweet juices of the earth mount the limbs, and flow down the tender stem, ripening and reddening the pendant fruit, you feel that you somehow stand at the source of things, and have no unimportant share in the processes of Nature. Enter at this moment boy the destroyer, whose office is that of perserver as well; for, though he removes the fruit from your sight, it remains in your memory immortally ripe and desirable. The gardener needs all these consolations of a high philosophy.

DUET.

Wallingford Community.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1872.

NOT FOR G.

IN a late number of the CIRCULAR we said that Horace Greeley was and is the real father of Socialism in this country, and that our History of American Socialisms ought to be a "Campaign book" in the coming Presidential canvass, because it contains the only full and authentic account of Mr. Greeley's career as a Socialist. Several very respectable papers, as *The New York World*, *The Nation*, etc., have seen fit to copy this article in a good-natured way, for which they have our thanks. We trust their notices will help the sale of our book, and we are sure that the sale of our book will help the nation to form a true estimate of Mr. Greeley. But the *Cleveland Leader*, after copying a part of our article, goes on to ventilate its zeal for Grant and against Greeley, by representing us as rejoicing over the Cincinnati nomination, and "urging the brethren to accord Greeley a hearty and unanimous support;" as though we regarded him as at present an active friend and representative of Socialism, and were hastening to take our places as advocates for his election.

This is carrying the matter a little too far. We beg to be excused. We take no part in Presidential or other elections, and have no "brethren" that take any. We happen to have a book in the market which gives a full account of the famous Fourier revival which swept over the country thirty years ago, and of Mr. Greeley's labors in that revival. That book has been pronounced by many good judges a "very creditable piece of work," though it was bitterly denounced and derided by *The Tribune* at its first appearance in 1870—which fact, by the way, would seem to indicate that its bearings on Mr. Greeley's reputation were not regarded as very favorable by his friends. That book we wish to sell, and we think it will be for the interest of the truth and of the country that it should be sold. That is the simple drift and meaning of our article, as appears even from *The Leader's* quotation. We repeat what we said in that article, that we are not sure whether our book "would work for Mr. Greeley's election or against it."

As to our personal choice among the candidates for the Presidency, we are simply "on the fence"—entirely non-committal—certainly not in favor of Mr. Greeley, unless he should be successful; in which case we should cheerfully submit to Providence. We did indeed say that "the nomination of Mr. Greeley brings Socialism to the front;" but all we meant by this was, that his nomination would of course bring into national discussion his whole past career, and among other things the fact that he

was, by his labors for Fourierism thirty years ago, the real father of Socialism in this country. We have no idea that he is now a Socialist. On the contrary, we have reason to believe that he is at this moment a little ashamed of his early enthusiasm for Fourierism, and certainly quite unfriendly to our social principles. But the fact that a man is ashamed of an illegitimate child—or of one that he regards as illegitimate—does not annul his paternity, or excuse him from a discussion of it when he comes to be candidate for the Presidency; and certainly should not deprive him of any credit which he is justly entitled to for the good traits which he may have transmitted to his child.

Our book tells the truth about Mr. Greeley. For this reason, and for others more private, we wish to have it circulated. That is all *The Leader* ought to lay up against us or against Mr. Greeley on our account.

We trust our political position is now sufficiently defined. J. H. N.

We note one indication of progress among the Spiritualists: they are growing critical toward Hadean communications. Fifteen years ago the Spiritualistic masses were apparently ready to swallow everything of a supernatural origin without serious questioning. They have learned that "spirits out of the body are wise or foolish, truthful or untruthful, just the same as spirits in the body;" that, in fact, "there is no more uniformity in the next world than in this one." Good thus far; but they need to learn the more important truth that the invisible world is divided into two distinct parts—Hades and the Resurrection; the latter including Christ, the Primitive Church and all who have passed the judgment, and from whom no abused and contradictory communications can be received; while Hades is the resting place of the mixed multitude who have surrendered to death since the Second Coming, many of whom are only too willing to impose upon the credulity of people in this world. Let the Spiritualists push through into communication with the redeemed spirits who surround Christ and the Father, and they will become mediums of life and truth to the world.

MAMMOTH CONCERTS.

IN regard to the approaching Jubilee Concerts of Boston, the question arises whether music on such a mammoth scale as is contemplated can be made effectual as music; or, on the contrary, whether it will not result in a mere jumble of sounds. Formerly it was supposed that there were certain laws in the science of acoustics which would confine music as such within comparatively narrow limits; but the successful experiments of later years have pretty much dispelled this theory. It is true that there may be limits in this matter, but it would seem that they have not yet been reached; and it may even be a question whether Mr. Gilmore's present great undertaking is destined to reach those limits. William Gardiner says in his "Music of Nature," that even as far back as 1791 the composition of the Abbey Band was four hundred and ninety-five stringed and wind instruments, eight drums, one organ, and five hundred and sixty-three mixed voices, and that he noticed two circumstances worthy of remark: "first, the great softness with which the songs were executed; although three hundred and seventy-seven stringed instruments accompanied the single voice, such was the lightness of the effect that they did not overpower or incommode it; second, from the great extent of the surface from which the sounds emanated, they were diffused through the atmosphere so as completely to fill it. No single instrument was heard, but all were blended together in the softest showers of harmony." The above ex-

tract is clipped from the *Boston Traveler* of January, 1869, to which paper I am also indebted for some of the following facts.

If music is to be executed on a grand scale, of course the buildings for it must be made on a corresponding scale. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, is a building approximating at least to the requisite character. In July, 1861, the annual choral meeting of the "Tonic-sol-fa-Association" was held in this building, at which there was a choir of 3,500 children and 1,000 tenors and basses. Choruses, hymns, part-songs, glees and other melodies, were sung on the occasion with fine effect. Similar concerts were subsequently given, and with the same excellent results. But the best use that has been made of the Sydenham Palace for musical purposes was in the Handel Festivals, several of which have been held there since 1857. The first consisted of two thousand voices and four hundred instruments combined, under the direction of Costa. This was considered an experiment; but so admirable was the success that in 1859, two years later, the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death was celebrated with an addition of seven hundred singers. So satisfactory were the results in this case that it was resolved to hold Triennial Festivals, the first of which took place in June, 1862. Here the singers numbered four thousand, with a band of four hundred. Choruses from Handel's Oratorios were performed, and were pronounced "magnificent in the extreme." In 1865 the second festival was held with augmented musical forces. In 1868 the last of the series occurred, when the voices and instruments combined numbered five thousand. The *London News*, speaking of its success, said: "No bounds can now be set to the magnitude and power of musical sounds; and after what we heard last week we do not see why we may not have ten thousand voices at the next festival."

The practicability of mammoth concerts in England was shown, and meanwhile some attempts were made in this country. The first, it seems, was by Mr. Gilmore in New Orleans, March 4, 1864. The occasion was the inauguration of Gov. Hahn of Louisiana. The chorus consisted of over six thousand voices, "selected from the public schools, an orchestra of about five hundred musicians, with artillery, etc." The New Orleans papers went into ecstasies over this affair. Speaking of the effect of the music, the *Era* said: "Language fails us, but we would be willing to live a thousand years in this wicked world were we sure that at the end of that long period of waiting another musical feast, such as we enjoyed yesterday, awaited us."

This New Orleans concert was undoubtedly the seed which germinated in Mr. Gilmore's mind and produced the great Peace Jubilee of 1869 at Boston. It remains to say a few words about that performance. The grand total of singers at the Jubilee was 10,370; divided as follows:

Soprano,	3,201
Alto,	2,546
Tenor,	1,971
Bass,	2,652

The grand orchestra numbered 1,094. Of this number there were 122 First Violins and 117 Second. The other instruments necessary to complete the organization were in due proportion, and need not be mentioned in detail. Ole Bull stood at the head of the First Violins and Carle Rosa of the Second.

The general results of that great gathering are pretty well known, and need only be touched upon at this time. They were, in a word, all that was expected, and this is saying much. A merchant in Worcester, Mass., told me that one admission for himself and wife cost him twenty dollars, but that he had not for a moment regretted the outlay. His description of the scene inside the Coliseum, to-

gether with the music, was graphic indeed, and was given with tears in his eyes.

From all the accounts that I have had of the effect of the music on that occasion, it was in a high degree sublime: anything but "a confused jumble of sounds;" and this, remember, with full fifty thousand auditors exclusive of the eleven thousand musicians inside the building. (One account says there were just three and one half acres of faces). The solos, too, were rendered with great distinctness. Parepa Rosa's voice, matchless for strength, in Rossini's *Inflammatus* ("To Thy holy care") rang out high and clear above the combined chorus, orchestra and organ, and filled the remotest part of the building. It has been remarked that never before did Parepa sing to an audience equal to her power.

Ole Bull also played violin solos with excellent effect. He played on Saturday, the last regular day of the Jubilee concerts, to an audience numbering full thirty thousand. One would suppose that a violin solo attempted before such an audience would be simply an absurdity; but such was not the case. The *Boston Morning Journal* of June 21, 1869, speaking of this concert, says:

Ole Bull now appeared on the stage and played a solo, "The Mother's Prayer," a well known composition of his own, with the accompaniment of the select orchestra. . . . The great violinist was received with the greatest favor by the audience, and his beautiful and artistic performance elicited great applause from both sections of the house. The magic notes of his violin were heard in all parts of the vast interior with distinctness, although the noise made by persons in the lobbies and about the promenade marred the enjoyment of those who desired to listen.

At the sacred concert, on the following Sunday evening, the audience numbered about twelve thousand with five thousand musicians, making seventeen thousand in all. Of Ole Bull's performance on this occasion the same Journal says:

His violin was heard with distinctness in all parts of the vast auditorium, a fact that is certainly very remarkable as showing better perhaps than anything else the fine acoustic properties of the building.

It might be added that Ole Bull's playing in this instance was without orchestral accompaniment.

The foregoing facts would seem to prove that the limits as to the number of musicians and the size of concert-rooms, in the effort to produce grand musical effects, have not yet been passed; and, so far as they go, they also strengthen the assurance that the Great World's Jubilee of next month will also be crowned with success. B.

The Methodist General Conference continues its sessions, and for the most part its discussions are characterized by dignity and decorum; but when the question of frauds in the management of the Book-Concern is touched upon, a scene is sure to ensue reminding one of acrimonious Congressional debates. That of Monday last was positively disgraceful. For more than a year the charges of fraudulent management have been repeated until the very words, "Book Concern," have become repugnant to the eye and ear, and the cry is everywhere heard for an examination of its affairs which shall forever settle the dispute between those who insist that horrible corruption has been practiced and those who aver that every thing has been rightly managed. It should be a matter of universal congratulation that the Conference has appointed a special Committee of Investigation, although it is not constituted according to the wishes of those who desire a thorough investigation. In the mean time partial reports of book-experts have appeared, which seems to show conclusively that that portion of the Methodist denomination employed in the "Book Concern"

has "fallen from the grace" of accurate accounting, to say the least.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Mr. Pitt, who has been absent for some time on a business trip South, returned Friday morning, looking considerably browner for his exposure to the weather. He found two hundred smiling faces happy to welcome him home again.

—The lawn is looking finely, and the foliage of the trees seems more lovely than ever. Not least to be mentioned are the apple-blossoms, which are out now in all their splendor, beautifying the landscape, and filling the air with their freshest perfume. The florists are daily improving the gardens, and the children are enthusiastic over the ground given them to cultivate. The rain we have had during the last week has rejoiced the heart of every living thing. The Lord be praised.

—There never was a time when all departments of business in the O. C. were carried on so harmoniously and with so little worry as now; and still we have more to do than ever before. There is an increasing trap-trade, urgent demands for silk, extensive plans for building, farm and garden work, beside the numerous cares incident to a great household; and yet no one is anxious or worn out. After supper most of our folks are at home. The orchestra meets for private practice, a quartet meets to sing, a lively company have a "bee" to improve the grounds, the children romp on the lawns; and so the time is filled up until meeting at 8 o'clock. Interesting reading and conversation ensue, and when meeting closes we all feel refreshed. The talk of late, though not very reportable, has been edifying. We have strengthened our faith by renewing our testimony touching the resurrection. The other evening we all acknowledged our belief that not only the things of the spirit are of more importance than those of the flesh; but that we ourselves are spirits; not bodies with souls attached, but souls with bodies attached.

—One of our young women relates the following:

"Until within a day or two, I have remained in entire ignorance of our farm statistics. My province is so entirely separated from the farm, and the outdoor interests are so well managed by the men, that I have never taken pains to inform myself concerning such details, and so have remained most inexcusably unacquainted with all these matters. On several occasions, while showing strangers about our grounds, I have been very much embarrassed with the perplexing question, 'How many acres do your people own?' or, 'How many cows do you keep?' Feeling obliged to answer something, I generally reply, 'Well, really, I do not know, but I presume we have five hundred acres or more; and as to the cows, I should guess between fifty and sixty.' But now I am better informed. I took a stroll down to the barn the other morning, and there I met our head-farmer; from him I obtained the following reliable statistics:

We have 654 acres of land; 3 acres of raspberries, 2 acres of strawberries, 3-4 of an acre of currants, 1 acre of grapes, 20 acres of barley, 6 of sweet corn, 6 of potatoes, 3 of turnips, 4 of beets, 1 acre of carrots, 1 and 1-4 of onions, 1 and 1-2 of tomatoes; 100 head of cattle, including 24 pure-blood Ayrshires, 60 grade Ayrshires, 4 pure-blood Holsteins—50 being milch cows; 160 sheep and 150 lambs, of which 6 are Cotswold, 50 Leicesters, and the rest a cross between the two; 1500 apple-trees, 500 pear-trees; 3 Community dwelling-houses, 24 tenant-houses, and 33 other buildings including barns and out-houses.

Sixteen hired laborers are employed on the farm and in the garden and horticultural departments.

"I intend to have a card printed containing these statistics, so that every man, woman and child in the O. C. can have one ready for every emergency."

—That curious building down by the barn, that soars forty feet into the air, and which is designed for a general Preservatory, has been named "The Keep." It looks like a "keep" or something queer; but it is Fisher's Patent Refrigerator, and its beauty is going to be in its wonderful utility. We shall learn to admire it, no doubt. In justification of its name, our antiquary, who suggested it, gives us the following note:

"In old feudal castles there was generally a large central building; high, square, and tower-like, with a few loop-holes for windows, into which a beleaguered garrison could retreat when driven from the other defences. This was called the 'Donjon Keep,' or more familiarly the 'Keep.' Vide Scott's Novels &c."

If the frog will peep,
Let him peep if he will.

[J. Woodruff.]

The shrill cry of the spring frog has been heard nightly for weeks. Spring would not be spring without it. We are not one of the dwellers in cities; so the very idea of spring—the starting blades of grass, the leaving, blossoming trees—is associated in our minds with extraordinary vocal serenades, in which the performers (ye frogs) sing their "jiggling, jerking melody," each to his own tune and time. What a curious "humming in the tissues" such a concert produces! Its very discord and confusion make a "strange and not unpleasing harmony" which is fascinating. Though coming from the inhabitants of a pool a quarter of a mile away, the outlandish serenade penetrates to every corner of the house, and reaches you even in your bedroom. You start and listen and listen; doze, and start and listen again; doze and listen; and finally fall asleep and dream a curious medley, in which ye frog, persistent, ubiquitous, salutes you at every turn. Surely, in the words of the poet—

Of all the funny things that live
In wood and marsh and bog,
That creep the ground, that fly the air,
The funniest thing 's a frog;
The frog, the scientificest
Of Nature's handiwork,
The frog that neither runs nor walks,
But goes it with a jerk.
Oh, the funniest thing 's a frog,
The funniest thing 's a frog,
Of all the funny things that live,
The funniest thing 's a frog.

In coat and pants of bottle green
And yellow fancy vest
He plunges into mud and mire
All in his Sunday's best.
When he sits down he's standing up,
As Pat O'Kim once said:
And for conveyance sake
He wears his eyes on top of his head.
O the funniest thing 's, etc.

You see him sitting on a log,
Above the vasty deep,
You feel like saying, "Now, old chap,
Just look before you leap!"
You raise your cane to hit him,
O'er his ugly looking mug
Before your cane can reach him
Down he goes—ker-chug.
Oh, the funniest thing 's a frog, etc.

[Gorf.]

—The handsome building across the road east of the house, which we now designate as "The Seminary," was for many years our "Children's House;" but it has been so remodeled and improved, and its locality so changed, that it is difficult to identify it as the roughment of our childhood. When, however, we see many familiar sp

niches and angles, that are the surest reminders of the time when we juveniles all lived there together. The attic especially retains many primitive features, the very sight of which carry us back to those halcyon days, and we recall legions of interesting incidents which are indelibly stamped on our minds. Not long since we picked up an essay entitled "Recollections of an Old Garret," which proved to be recollections of the identical garret we are all so familiar with. The writer evidently never intended it for the public eye, but we take the liberty to cull a small portion of it:

"RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD GARRET.

"Ascending these rickety stairs, which creak and groan at every tread of human foot, we arrive at the top, and find ourselves standing in the center of a long, low room, lighted only by three small east windows and one somewhat larger in the west. The floor is rough with unkind slivers, ever ready to obtrude their painful presence into naked little feet. The ceiling of beams and rafters do their best to make good the absence of smoothly plastered and papered walls. Some eight or ten years ago this room was filled with little beds of trundle-box and cord, of all sizes, styles and colors. None were too homely or hard for the peaceful slumbers of their many youthful occupants. On an early July evening, warm and summery, this garret became the place of lively scenes. Here were some twenty happy-faced, wide-awake children bounding up the stairs, though for sleep they had no idea. They crowd their busy heads to the open windows, to give good-night to the gorgeously setting sun, or to watch the many people as they pass to and fro. On a bleak December night, however, the scene is entirely changed. The attic is without warmth of stove or furnace, and the fading daylight gives place to the dimmest of dim oil lamps, set in an old-fashioned square tin lantern, with only two lights of glass. The children come running up the stairs as in summer, but it is to escape the cold and dark, not to enjoy the fading sunset, and scamper about the room. 'Tis dreary now—each one jumps quickly into bed, hardly daring to look about him, fearing lest some imaginary hobgoblin might pounce on his defenceless head. The darkness of each nook and cranny holds its bugbear. Oftentimes when the wind whistled its shrillest notes, and screamed through every crack, the whole house rocked most frightfully; then these little ones cuddled themselves six in a bed, fearful that at some unlucky moment their only light might be extinguished, and they left to the black darkness, the howling wind, and the rats that held carousals overhead. Many times their fears could not be calmed until some grown person had comforted and reassured them by relating Bible-stories, showing them how God looks out and cares for little children. Such stories never failed to restore their feelings of safety, and at last, forgetful of their troubles, they dropped to sleep, and dreamed of joy and comfort. Morning come, they waked and laughed at what then seemed their idle fears, and wondered how these innocent-looking corners could have seemed so terrible to them the previous night.

"Could one of these rafters speak it might tell, too, of the happy hours spent here in broad sunlight by these gleeful children. Here they held their mock theatricals, read their story books, and played their childish plays."

WILLOW PLACE.

The job of transferring our goods and chattels from the "Willow Place House" to the large white house on the hill has occupied us pretty busily the last week. The former building has been transformed into a store and general place of business. We are pleased with the change, and the new dwelling preferable in respect to its location as well as general arrangement of the

house. The question before the family at O. C., as well as here, is, "What shall be the name of our new home?" Shall it be "Willow Place," "Kilmarnock," or "The Manse?" We have not decided yet.

WALLINGFORD.

—We Wallingfordians must express how much we enjoy cutting and trimming the gay fruit-labels for O. C. It is a pleasure and a pastime. The men in particular take the job for their evening "knitting work."

—Four of our family unacquainted hereabouts had quite an adventure the other day while on the road to Meriden. They started off gaily on what they supposed to be the right road; but imagine their consternation when, after riding quite a way, they came suddenly into the barnyard of an Irishman—said barn-yard containing dogs, old wagons, several white-haired children, etc. A woman came out and told them to go back and take either of two roads which were there. They did so, choosing after some deliberation the one which appeared the most romantic. They went on, stopping every now and then to say, "What a beautiful road this must be in the summer time." All at once the road ended before a farm-house. A little boy, highly amused at the idea of their getting lost, told them at last the right road, and they went on safely, having occupied two hours in going to Meriden, a distance of six miles. The consequence was, they were laughed at when they got home.

—At the wheel-pit the wall is progressing quite well. The arches are completed, and the wall leveled up above them; and on the side through which the water is to be admitted from the pond all is ready for the tubing. Nothing more can be done there until it is put in. In fact, the whole wall is so far advanced that the masons expect to get it entirely above water, and also to finish pumping at the wheel-pit in one day more.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

New York, May 23, 1872.

This afternoon amid the green lawns and trees, the walks and waters, and the blooming flowers of Central Park, New York gave its noblest honor, to the greatest of modern poets—Shakespeare. A bronze statue, modeled by one of America's foremost sculptors, John Quincy Adams Ward, was unveiled and dedicated in the presence of the assembled beauty and intellect of the city and its environs. Music, oratory, dramatic elocution, and floral adornment, contributed to the interest of the occasion. The day was all that could be wished, full of the magnetic warmth of early summer. About noon a gentle shower had laid all the dust, and washed the lush, green foliage clean. A veil of thin cloud covered most of the sky, and softened the sunlight till it touched the eye most sweetly. The spot selected for the statue was probably the best in the Park, situated near the southern end of the Mall, in an open space in the lawn, surrounded with fine trees, on the right of the grand Mall walk. A raised platform for the orchestra and vocalists, and two side galleries of seats for invited guests, formed a semicircle half inclosing a parquet, in the center of which was the statue veiled with American flags. In front of the statue was a platform for the Committee who originated and carried through the project of the statue and its placement. On either side were stands for the Orator and the Reader of the Poem. Around the parquet and in front of the platform and galleries was a splendid profusion of evergreens, flowers and exotic plants. Altogether, the day, the place and the arrangement, seemed perfect; and when the great audience gathered into the galleries, the parquet, and out on the grounds, in front,

densely packed and filling a wide stretch of lawn, the scene was magnificent. The programme was as follows:

Inauguration of the Monument to Shakespeare in the Central Park.

Thursday, May 23d, 1872, at 3 P. M.

- OVERTURE, "King Lear," Berlioz.
Introductory Address and Presentation of the Statue to the Park Commissioners by Chief Justice DALY, Chairman of the Executive Committee.
UNVEILING OF THE STATUE BY J. Q. A. WARD, Esq., the Sculptor, and J. Wrey Mould, Esq., the Architect of the Pedestal.
SCHILLER'S INVOCATION TO THE ARTISTS, "An die Künstler," Liszt.
By the Arion Society. Conductor Dr. Leopold Damrosch.
Acceptance of the Statue by the Hon. HENRY G. STEBBINS, President of the Department of Public Parks.
OVERTURE, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai.
SHAKESPEARE'S GLEE, "Tell me where is Fancy bred," By the Arion Society. An arrangement by Dr. Damrosch.
Oration by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
OVERTURE, *Notturmo; Scherzo; and Wedding March.* Mendelssohn.
Poem of R. H. STODDARD, "Shakespeare," By EDWIN BOOTH.
OVERTURE, "Julius Caesar," Schumann.
MR. THEO. THOMAS will conduct the Orchestra of over 100 Performers.
Executive Committee.
William Cullen Bryant, Sheppard Gandy, Charles P. Daly, J. Lester Wallack, William B. Duncan, William T. Blodgett, William H. Appleton, Edwin Booth, Lucius Tuckerman, Samuel L. M. Barlow, Edmund H. Miller, George Griswold, Le Grand Cannon, William Wheatly, C. E. Detmold, John E. Williams, Theo. Moss.

Of the performance of the various parts of the programme we can only now say that it was quite successful. The music by the great orchestra was rendered with exquisite taste and power, and to one who had never heard the *Notturmo*, *Scherzo*, and *Wedding March* of Mendelssohn interpreted by a hundred performers never to be forgotten. The singing by the Arion Society was very finely done, the speeches were brief and the recitation by Booth very happily performed.

After the last overture was played and the great concourse had broken up, the evening sun looked through the veil of cloud and shone as it went down in all its wondrous splendor, on landscape and city, on park and palace, on tree and flower, on moving men and women, and on the silent, beautiful statue like a peaceful, heavenly benediction.

The movement for the erection of this statue began in 1864, the three hundredth anniversary year of Shakespeare's birth. The leading spirits of the project were the men whose names appear in the programme as the Executive Committee. How well their work has all been performed, including their sagacious selection of the artist, the completed result now placed before the public attests.

A word as to the statue. It is a masterly conception, and produces that thrill which comes upon all sensitive spectators when in the presence of a work of true art and genius. It is an attempt to embody in form all that we know of Shakespeare from the three best authentic portraits we have of him, and to fill out from this basis of approximate fact an ideal of full manhood worthy of a mind and soul so great as his. The result is a form full of manly beauty, and which, if not exactly like the actual Shakespeare who lived and wrote and loved three hundred years ago, is very like what our minds fondly shape him after seeing his portraits and sympathetically studying his works.

T. L. P.

APPLE-TREE CATERPILLAR, (*Clisio-campa Americana*.)

THE season has again arrived for the appearance of this pest; and I notice that the insect, though quite diminutive, is already actively engaged in devouring the tender foliage and blossom-buds of the fruit-trees. It would seem, from the slight effort that is made to check its ravages,

that farmers have come to the conclusion that it is useless to wage war with the insect tribes; that they are bound to have their way, checked only occasionally by the working of natural laws. Consequently, it is not uncommon in passing apple orchards to see trees and sometimes whole orchards stripped of their foliage. We do not believe it is necessary to submit to such a condition of things as an unavoidable evil. Several years ago our orchards were attacked vigorously by the apple-tree caterpillar, and for two or three years the battle was sharp and unremitting; but the result is that we have conquered, so far at least that at the present time we are not seriously troubled with the pest. The insect has gradually diminished in our orchards from the average of several nests to a tree to that of perhaps one to twenty-five or fifty trees; and the time required for two men to look over our orchards of two thousand trees and destroy the caterpillars does not exceed one day during the season. The work of destroying the caterpillar should commence soon after the insect is hatched, and before the leaves are much expanded; as then the nests though small can readily be seen; and, armed with a light ladder and a pair of India-rubber gloves, the worms are quickly crushed with the hand, and if taken at a time of day when the caterpillars are all in the nest their destruction is complete. The orchard should be passed over twice during the hatching season, as the worms do not all make their appearance at the same time; besides some nests are liable to be overlooked on the first round. H. T.

SIGN-SLAVERY.

Black Creek, N. C., May 18, 1872.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY:

Dear Friends:—I hope you will give this letter your attentive perusal, as I am sadly in need of counsel; and I think, dear friends, that I should derive more benefit from a good sound criticism from you than I should from the suggestions of any other people to whom I could appeal for advice. To tell my story truly (and, God helping me, I intend to be candid and make a clean breast of that which has been to me my greatest source of annoyance for the last ten years) I will commence with the first beginnings of my affliction, and follow them up till I became bound hand and foot, a slave to the tyrant, superstition. About ten years since, as nearly as I can recollect, it commenced preying on me in this manner: strange to you as it may seem, it would not allow me to enter a house nor climb a wall unless I put my right foot foremost. If I entered a house with my left foot first, I would have to go out and come in again. In walking the road I would be suddenly seized with a desire to catch at a broom-straw, leaf, or other object growing near, which, if I succeeded in getting, I regarded as a good omen; and in case I did not obtain it I was persuaded to walk back sometimes eight or ten paces to pluck or touch it as the case might be. Soon after these symptoms showed themselves came others which were worse perhaps than the first. In drinking water, if when I took my last swallow I was thinking of a person dead, or of anything to be feared, as fire, hell, death, etc., I would take another swallow and keep it up until I have sometimes been pained by the quantity of water I have drunk. Again, on going to bed, I would always contrive to keep up the conversation until I managed to have the last word spoken before going to sleep something like "yes," "may," "can," "good," and the like. I could not be at ease if it were such a word as "die," "no," "shot," "tired," "uneasy," etc. In reading, when I laid away my book, the class of words which I have enumerated were equally significant; i. e., the last word I saw in the book must be a word to suit me. In reading the New Testament the last verse was the one which I regarded with awe or favor; for instance, I could not stop with reading the 12th chapter of 2d Corinthians or 1st chapter of Romans, but would feel all right if it were the 7th chapter of 2d Corinthians or 3d chapter of Ephesians.

I have not half told, nor can I, how superstitious I am; but I hope the above will give you an idea of my case. Superstition governs all my actions as much or more than it does the Mohammedan;

and though I know it is foolishness I cannot avoid it. I trust, dear friends, you will show me what to do; how to get rid of this curse. Criticise me as severely as you please; probably you may thereby help me. You may think that I am a fit subject for the Luuatic Asylum, and I don't know but that I am; at least I would willingly consent to go there if I knew it could help me; yet I think I am sane and that my friends consider me so. I don't think that they know I am superstitious. If they do I never hear anything said about it. Some of them have asked me several times why I did certain things, but I merely passed it off as a joke.

You can answer me through the CIRCULAR if you wish. Any advice will be gladly received by
Your sincere friend, H. L.

This is only an extreme specimen of a mental disease that is very common in lighter forms. I once knew a very distinguished lawyer, one of the wisest of men, who was possessed with the fancy that putting the right foot foremost was the only lucky way of entering a house; and who would never pay out money on Monday—not even his fare at a tavern—because, he said, if he did he would have to be paying out money every day of the week afterward. Probably most persons are haunted with some faint impression that it is better to see the new moon over the right shoulder than over the left. I confess that this impression got possession of me in childhood, and followed me, till I invented the following formula, and persisted in repeating it whenever I happened to see the new moon over the wrong shoulder:

Over the right means good luck to me:
Over the left bad luck to the D—.

With this counter-spell I took the liberty to watch carefully the facts from month to month; and soon satisfied myself that the sign lied as often as it told the truth.

If I were in Mr. L.'s case I would face right about and defy the superstitious spirit; that is, I would take particular pains to enter houses with the left foot foremost, and in like manner to trample on the other injunctions that are fooling him. He evidently knows that they are fooling him; and his best way is to act according to his knowledge, instead of acting according to his feelings. This indeed is the way to all sorts of spiritual victory.
J. H. N.

THE NES SILICON STEEL.

CONSIDERABLE interest has lately been excited by the announcement that a new manner of making steel has been discovered, which, on account of its cheapness and simplicity is likely to cause some great changes in the steel and iron business of this country. The new article is called "Silicon Steel;" and it is claimed for it, that it is an entirely new product, differing very materially from any steel heretofore known to commerce. Dr. Charles M. Nes is the discoverer of the remarkable properties of the silicon ore used in the manufacture of this new steel, and the circumstances of his discovery are so romantic that we quote the following account from the *Rome Sentinel* of Jan. 9th:

Dr. Chas. M. Nes, a prominent practicing physician of York, Pa., being called to see a lady who had been struck by lightning, was led to investigate the cause of the attraction of electricity to that particular spot, and found by examination that the electricity had passed down the chimney, thence to a corner of the room where stood a double-barreled shot-gun, which it had melted down, thence out in the yard to the dog-kennel, striking and melting the iron chains with which the dog was secured, and killing him. On examining the melted metal, the doctor was astonished to see the perfect purification and crystallization which had taken place, and conceived the idea of making steel by subjecting the iron while in a molten state to currents of electricity. While thus experimenting, with good results, he was one day hunting on a range of rounded, sloping hills on the Codorous creek. He shot a pheasant, and stooping to pick it up discovered a small piece of ore resembling in appearance the melted gun-barrel and chain, having the same crys-

tallization and purification. The similarity was so marked that he was led to examine and test its qualities, which he found highly magnetic. He melted some of the ore in a crucible, and run out a button of very fine steel, which, on being analyzed, was found to be silicon steel; an entirely new product in the steel line, from which the ore derived its name of "Silicon Steel Ore." This led to other and more important experiments, among which was the puddling of 15 or 20 per cent. of this ore with common pig iron, in an ordinary puddling furnace. It was surprising to find as the result, an excellent quality of silicon steel. From that time to the present, he, together with several other scientific and practical men, have thoroughly investigated the whole subject, until it has become clearly and unmistakably established that the mixture of this silicon ore with common iron will produce a quality of steel superior to any in the known world, and at an expense only a trifle above ordinary iron.

Having read the above and some other accounts of the discovery of Dr. Nes, we went a few days ago, to Rome, N. Y., where "The Nes Silicon Steel Co." have established the manufacture of the steel for the express purpose of exhibiting the process, and spent several hours in examining the works and methods. Mr. E. Gulick, the manager, extended to us every facility in his power for informing ourselves, and gave us samples of the ore and manufactured products.

The process of working is briefly this: The silicon ore is first crushed into a coarse powder, then put through a refining furnace, where it is melted and run off into plates of hard metal an inch or two in thickness. Then certain proportions of this hard metal are put into an ordinary puddling furnace with common pig-iron, and the whole melted. The silicon makes a very excellent flux in itself, and when this mixture has cooked long enough it "balls up," and is hammered into short square "blooms" under a steam-hammer. By using from 3 to 8 per cent. of silicon ore with common pig, the iron is merely purified, but if the Silicon ore is increased to 15 or 20 per cent. the product is found to be steel of good quality. The "blooms" from the steam-hammer can be rolled or hammered into any desired shape. The simplicity of the process is really astonishing. You have but to melt up your materials in certain proportions in any furnace, crucible, or pot you choose, and hammer out a good steel product. None of the expensive special fixtures required in making other steels are needed in making the "Silicon."

We brought home a sample of the refined iron made by this process, and also a piece of the steel. The iron (1 in. diameter round) we bent double when cold without making a crack on the outside of the bend. It has a fine grain and finishes nicely. Of the steel we made a "cold chisel." It tempered well, and holds its edge very well indeed. We shall test it further as to its fitness for springs, fine tools, etc. One peculiar property claimed for this steel is, that when polished it will not rust. The silicon steel has already been tried as a cap to rails. There are said to be now ten thousand tons of these rails in use on the Erie railway, and thus far with good results. Although the discovery and its consequent enterprises are too young yet to have determined their real worth compared with the old methods, still we are favorably impressed by it and have considerable faith that it will help us in the future.
F. W. S.

There is a similarity between the Indian tribes of New Mexico and the Inos or aborigines of Japan that is attracting the attention of the curious, and an arrangement has been made with some of the Japanese Embassy for an exchange through the Smithsonian Institution of information in regard to the habits, manners and customs of these races.

It seems that the nomination of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull to the Presidency was effected by a fraction of the Convention of the Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee held in Steinway Hall, New York City, who

withdrew from the Convention with Mrs. Woodhull, after an unsuccessful attempt on her part to displace Mrs. Stanton in its control, and held an independent meeting in Apollo Hall.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

The dry weather has greatly injured the strawberries in Delaware.

A bill to abolish the "iron-clad oath" has been reported in the United States Senate.

The strawberry crop of southern Illinois is excellent, and car-loads of the fruit are daily shipped to Chicago.

A reinforcement of 550 troops has arrived in Cuba from Spain, and also a new Governor of Havana, General Sabalza.

From various parts of the country we hear that the rains of the past week have been effectual in quenching the forest fires.

A rupture in the International Society has occurred both in this country and in England, and several sections have withdrawn.

The U. S. treasury has lately received four thousand dollars conscience-money from a naturalized citizen who has returned to Europe.

A bill has passed the Iowa House of Representatives to abolish the death-penalty, by a vote of 66 yeas to 22 nays, and has become a law of the State.

On the first Sunday in May one hundred and twenty-four members were added to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, ninety-six by profession and twenty-eight by letter.

The Common Council of Boston, by a vote of 32 yeas to 22 nays, has requested the trustees of the Public Library to open the reading-room to the public on Sundays.

The Fulton-street prayer-meetings in New York city, which were commenced some ten years ago, are still continued, and many interesting scenes are witnessed during the sessions.

The master-masons of Chicago have "resolved" to sign no more contracts for buildings without a clause exempting them from damages in case of a general strike of the workmen.

The *N. Y. Tribune* has been exposing the adulteration of milk used in the city of New York, showing that 75,000 quarts are sold daily more than are received, and that \$7,500 is paid for the adulteration.

Governor Hoffman has signed two of the bills to secure rapid transit in New York city that have lately been passed by the Legislature; one called the Vanderbilt, the other the Swain Three-Tier scheme.

The supplementary article to the Washington treaty is opposed by Senator Sumner, who made a strong speech against it in secret session May 23d. The passage of the bill by the Senate is considered very doubtful.

Congress has passed an amnesty bill which it is thought will relieve 150,000 persons in the Southern States from the consequences of their rebellion; but quite a number of conspicuous politicians of the South are not included.

The Legislature of Kentucky has enacted a law by which any man who renders himself, by the excessive use of opium or other drugs, incompetent to manage himself or his estate, may be placed in an asylum or under guardianship.

The authorities of Hayti are considerably excited because a boat's crew and a howitzer were landed on the Island from the United States war-steamer Nantucket, and demand "satisfaction." The captain of the steamer says the landing was made merely for target-practice.

Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the case of the appointment of Doctor Newman to the chaplaincy of the U. S. Senate, has decided that he has power to appoint chaplains to "reformatory institutions," which covers this case. Some think this rather hard on Congress.

From statistics lately published, it appears that California has thirty million grape-vines now growing, one-half of them in full bearing; and that the quantity of wine produced last year was about six million gallons;

the damage by grasshoppers and sun-blast having reduced it one-fourth.

A quite general "labor strike" is in progress in New York city, including carpenters, cabinet-makers, carvers, gilders, stair-builders, sash and blind-makers, etc., etc. The strikers demand a reduction to eight hours for a day's work, without diminution of wages, and seem likely to carry their point.

Certain Government reports as to the operation of the eight-hour system show that in work done on buildings the men do not accomplish any more per hour than others who labor ten hours per day, and that when the men work over time they perform just as much per hour during the extra two hours.

The jury, in an action-at-law of Henry Peck against the New York Central railroad, brought to secure damages for being put off from a drawing-room car for refusing to pay extra fare when the ordinary cars of the train were full, has returned a verdict of eight thousand dollars for plaintiff.

The Internal Revenue Collector at Buffalo, N. Y., has received orders from the head of his department to demand payment of the special tax of \$460,720 assessed on the scrip dividend of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, and if not paid to distrain upon the property of the Company.

A bill is before Congress to incorporate a National Pneumatic Tube Company, with authority to lay pneumatic tubes from New York to New Orleans. It proposes to convey freight in hollow balls, which are to be blown through the tubes. The nominal capital of the company is to be one hundred million dollars.

A tornado of great fury, about one-fourth mile wide, passed over the country near Cincinnati, May 22d, demolishing several houses and barns, and carrying one farm house several rods with the family in it, who were all injured, but not fatally. The same day another tornado starting near Fortress Monroe went seaward.

Preparations are making for a grand excursion to the Yellowstone region. It is proposed that the party, starting in two steamers from Sioux City, Iowa, ascend the Missouri 1500 miles to Fort Buford, then go up the Yellowstone to Powder river; and thence complete the excursion by land under military escort with Sioux guides.

The Legislature of New York has proposed, by resolution, to amend the State Constitution so as to prohibit the appropriation of any public money or property by the Legislature or any corporate or municipal authorities, to or in aid or favor of any association, institution or object which is under ecclesiastical or sectarian management.

The Universal Peace Union has held its sixth anniversary at Cooper Institute, New York city, and "resolved" that peace is possible by the removal of the causes of war; which are the death-penalty, military training and taxes, the army and navy, oppression in every form, inequality of rights, and intemperance. It advocates disarmament of the nations, and arbitration in case difficulties arise, and an Indian Peace Policy.

Another ocean steamer, the North German Lloyd's steamship Baltimore, has been wrecked. On her return trip from this country to Bremen, she collided with an unknown vessel, and was run on to a rock on the coast of England, near Hastings, where the passengers were saved by the assistance of the coast guards. It is expected that the ship and cargo will be wholly lost.

FOREIGN.

The Spanish Cortes has passed a bill to increase the regular army to 80,000 men.

Twenty thousand persons were under the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the occasion of the late royal thanksgiving.

The steamship Tripoli, of the Cunard line, has been wrecked on the Irish coast. The passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel and most of the cargo will be lost.

Henri Rochefort and several others of the convicted Communists of France were to sail for New Caledonia May 24th, to which island their sentence condemned them.

At a late Convocation of the English Church in London some controversy arose about the "Athanasian

Creed," but it was voted by 62 to 7 to retain the Creed entire.

The Spanish Ministry has resigned because of the "publicity given to documents relative to the secret funds," which funds the Ministry had used for election-eering purposes.

The latest dispatches from Biscay, Spain, report the Carlist organization entirely abandoned, five thousand of the insurgents having surrendered to the Government forces. Biscay was the stronghold of the Carlist movement.

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