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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.

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The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system 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.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came:
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered. Not a word He spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then:
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er:
I drank and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof:
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
Laid Him on my own couch to rest:
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed—
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Savior stood before mine eyes,
He spake; and my poor name he named—
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not! thou didst them unto Me."

QUENCHING SPIRITS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

“**Q**UENCH not the Spirit.” Every one should seek to understand the various ways in which the Spirit may be quenched, that he may avoid them. I will mention one way in which the Spirit is often quenched. Christ says, “What I tell you in darkness that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear that preach ye upon the house-tops.” From this and other scriptures, and from many experiences and observations, I conclude that God in general wishes those he deals with to be outspoken and have no secrets. What he communicates to us is with the understanding that we shall not hide it in our hearts, but give it ex-

pression. What we hear we must speak. If a person for any reason does not like to utter what God says to him in his heart—if he does not like to confess the truth about himself, and speak the truth to others, he is in a state to quench the Spirit. In order to please the Spirit of Truth, which is daylight, we must have a readiness to utter its thoughts and obey its impulses. If we allow fear or shame or sensitiveness of any kind to make it difficult for us to confess the words of God as they come to us, we shall grieve the Spirit, and it will stop communicating with us.

A habit of silence must be opposed to the free circulation of the Spirit. A person may get into a habit of talking too much; but that is no reason why we should justify a silent habit. God's words in our hearts require to be uttered and brought to light. If we desire to learn to walk in the Spirit we must educate ourselves in habits of free speech and to very thorough sincerity and truthfulness. We must get our freedom from fear and shame and everything that hinders utterance. I watch my own heart and listen for God's words in it, and I count it very essential that I be prompt to utter what I hear when there is occasion for it; that I keep in swift sympathy with God about the matter, so as not to suppress the word, but let it have free course. If I give it free course it will come freely into me. If God finds that I will be sincere, and will speak his words, and will not forbear, he will give me his words to speak. The waters will flow in if they are free to flow out.

Paul says to the Thessalonians, “Despise not prophesyings,” and another of his injunctions upon them was, to become “the oracles of God,” that is, to watch their own hearts, and, as God spoke to them, to let him speak through them, making them mediums of his word. The first requisite for becoming a medium of the word of God is very thorough sincerity and honesty. We must have just as much policy as God has and no more. In many cases we shall find that what would generally be called policy is foolishness, and that deep sincerity is the best policy in the world. If I were to educate a class of law students, in order to bring them to the very highest degree of sharpness and diplomacy I should enjoin on them to be very truthful and simple, and not have any more policy about them than God has. Go straight to the gist of the matter, and speak the truth right out, bluntly and plainly—that is the best policy for lawyers and everybody else.

But while we are thus to avoid quenching the Spirit of God, on the other hand we are positively enjoined to quench the fire-brands of evil. Paul says, “Above all, taking the shield

of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to *quench* all the fiery darts of the wicked." There are spiritual ideas and words coming in upon us from God on the one side, which we are told not to quench; and then there are suggestions from the Wicked One on the other side, which we must quench as fast as we can. We must find out how to quench spirits as well as how not to quench them. I suppose in quenching we shall apply the same rule that I have given for not quenching, only in an inverse way. Not to quench the Spirit is to give it circulation, be ready and quick to report what we hear; and, on the other side, to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one is to suppress them and give them no vent. Faithfulness to the truth is the rule of action in both cases. Truth is to have vent and lies are to be smothered. The more one thinks about evil and talks about it, the more he encourages the father of it. If you love the truth you will smother what the devil says, and not let him speak through you. The devil has his prophets and mediums, and you will have to know how to stop their mouths and quench their spirits.

Many people think that free speech is something sacred by itself, and extends to the words of the devil as well as the words of God. That philosophy will not stand the final test. In the end God will have the floor and do the talking, and stop the mouths of all wicked spirits. Whether this is American doctrine or not, it is the doctrine of the Bible, and I am satisfied it is favorable to the most perfect liberty.

THE SPIRIT OF PLEASURE.

[Selected from G. W. N.'s Writings.]

THERE are two theories about pleasure; or rather there is a true theory, which traces all good to its source and finds it organized in God; and a *no-theory*, which simply takes it as it comes, and enjoys the surface of things without inquiring further. This *no-theory* is purely acted out by the animals; the horse, for instance, which goes from oats to grass and from pasture to pasture, enjoying his present mouthful and knowing or caring for nothing more. There is no organization in his pleasures; he takes things as simple individualities, suited to his present appetite, and sees no deeper connection, nothing of *universal* good. This, on a somewhat larger scale, is the general mode and theory of enjoyment of worldly men. They pass from object to object in the search after pleasure, fancying that a certain fixed quantity is contained in each which they can possess and consume. An apple is an apple and nothing more; a clean, definite quantity—disconnected and consumable. So of all good things. This dealing with things as individualities, and not tracing them through to the universal, we call the animal theory of pleasure. It is the ground on which selfish men seek to get possession of all the goods they can—the ground of exclusive property.

But there is a better theory than that of the animals. We may rightly conceive of all pleasure as a unit—not a scattered diversity of things, but one thing—a pervading spirit. Or we may conceive of the world of visible

objects as a shell surrounding and inclosing an ocean of life and love, and all the different forms by which we get access to pleasure as so many apertures opening into this one ocean. Or yet again, the soul of pleasure and the life of all things is God; and the truly disciplined heart finds God through all the avenues of outward enjoyment. And in this theory the whole circle of pleasures is organized—they not only lead back individually into the great center of being, but they are found united and organized in themselves, each after its kind.

I have, for instance, a peach. According to the *no-theory*—the swinish and merely carnal view—it is an individual lump of fibre and juice, appealing to my sense of taste, an atom of pleasure which I am to consume, and that is to be the end of it. But the true theory which is suggested to a considerate man, is that there is something more. If my mind and taste are in a simple state, unperverted by devilish influences, I inevitably discern in the delight of eating it a connection running back into the deep and illimitable spirit of pleasure. My heart finds itself in the presence of God; and draws nourishment from his love. Thus the peach itself which I consume is but the shell and occasion of an interior pleasure which is eternal. The individual is the appropriate sacrifice to introduce me to the universal.

But there is another sense in which the enjoyment of this peach may lead me into a perception of the universal. Tracing the essence of its beauty to an interior, universal spirit I there see a principle of *unity* connecting all fruit of that kind. All peaches are manifestations fed from that same fountain. They are therefore one in essence; and the pleasure which I have with any particular specimen really links me to the whole. In a sense, all peachdom is present contributing to my enjoyment—pouring itself into the union which I form with the one.

This theory is applicable to every form of pleasure: to eating and drinking, to music, the enjoyment of pleasant sights and sounds, the intercourse of friends and sexual love. We are bound in all these things to rise from the special to the universal. Music should be a door through which we enter into the interior harmonies. The love of an individual should introduce us to God and bring us into rapport with the universal spirit of the sex, so that we taste the concentrated love and blessing of the whole. Anything short of this, any love of pleasure which stops in forms and individualities and fails to pursue it up to the universal, is blind; it is the sensuality of the brutes and inevitably tends to death.

The truth is, God made man to enjoy, not a part, but the *whole* of things, and this universality is necessary to his life. In order to thrive he must have free access to all the life-streams of the universe; and wherever he touches he must be able to drink the infinite essence of the thing. Cut him off from this, reduce him to half-fare, so that he derives only a partial, outward enjoyment here and there, and he starves and dies. The first our theory teaches him to do; the second is according to the false, sensual theory of the

world. Men are sensual, and destroyed by matter, not because they love pleasure too well, but because they do not love it enough. They take up with a part, and that the barren outside of things, when God meant that they should have the whole.

The property system of the world falls in with the animal theory of pleasure, just as Communism harmonizes with the true theory. The two grow naturally out of these opposite views. The social system of the world gives a man a wife and a certain number of relations, and surrounds him with a certain amount of property which it calls his. It partitions off the good things of the earth into little separate quantities—builds narrow feeding-stalls as they do for swine, and gives to every man a little exclusive pen of his own, which he is allowed to enlarge just according to his selfishness and skill. The doctrine being that pleasure is consumable, the object of course is for every one to crowd his neighbor and get the largest place at the trough. But the best of them, on this system, get only a meager pittance—a mere fragment of the broad bounty which was intended for them. The richest man has but a stingy access to the sources of pleasure—his property is everywhere limited and partial; he nowhere touches the universal, except in the enjoyment of light, air, water and those few blessed elements which God has reserved beyond the power of man to sequester. No wonder that people die under such a system. They are legitimately starved to death in the midst of abundance.

Communism, on the other hand, teaches a man to look upon *everything* as his; which is the firm truth when the gospel introduces him to unity with God and his neighbor. It teaches him that pleasure is an interior spirit, and therefore indestructible—that the only use of things is to introduce him to that spirit; and that God has secured an everlasting supply of material for this purpose. Hence he has no occasion to appropriate and seclude anything to himself, but is free simply to worship and enjoy. Communism reveals man in his true, universal character as the image of God—the constituted head and sovereign of creation, and all things ministering to his joy. The universal man which results from unity is reflected in every member, and hence each one may have the consciousness of an illimitable inheritance in persons and things to be enjoyed without incumbrance and with the sympathy of all. This is the doctrine of Communism. It means Community with the Father and Son, the angels and human brotherhood, in all happiness and immortality. Can any one object to such Communism?

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

VI.

THE letter from J., published in the fifth number of "Backward Glancings"—so full of Christian faith and triumph—was, as I have said, for a time a complete antidote in our family circle to the malignant slanders in circulation, but as weeks rolled on, the scandal spread everywhere, and increased in virulence tenfold. Suspense and sorrow darkened our

faith. It was just at this moment of depression, in the latter part of June, 1834, that J. suddenly came home. Our joy at seeing him was inexpressible. In the following letter to his brother H. at Yale, he describes the state of the family, their transition from grief and distrust to confidence, and the reception he met from old friends and neighbors:

Putney, July 2, 1834.

DEAR BROTHER: My arrival at home, as you may well suppose, was a pleasant event to the family. Rumors of my fantastic performances in New York had preceded me, and father had given up all hope of me; the rest of the family were in great suspense and tribulation, and the good people of our neighborhood had begun to avoid mentioning my name in their presence, for fear of hurting their feelings, &c. At first I found some difficulty in regaining the confidence even of my kindred; for a day or two some of them hid their faces from me, but at length the Lord gave me favor in their sight, and now everything is pleasantly adjusted. Our sisters are yet unbelievers, but they have ceased to quarrel with the truth; and I think the Lord is showing them its beauty. H. has just returned from school. Her mind is evidently greatly exercised on the subject, and she proposes to devote the day to a solemn and earnest search for the truth. I am happy to say, mother believes herself delivered from sin and rejoices in the Lord; yet I think she is in some sense a captive still. I have asked the Lord earnestly to take the veil from before her eyes, and believe he will soon. Her health is unusually good. Father is much interested in the views of truth which I present, and makes few objections. He manifests no hostility to it; on the contrary, I think he is in a yielding frame. The gospel we have received accords better with his habits of thought and practice, than any of the creed-built systems; and I am by no means without hope that he will at last in his old age enter the kingdom of heaven, without taking the circuitous route through Judaism.

I have but little intercourse with the people of the village. They seem to have entered into a combination to avoid conversation with me. I have not seen Mr. F. or M. L. Mrs. B. has utterly ceased flattering me, and gives ominous indications of a wish for non-intercourse, &c. On the whole, I am at present living under an embargo. Mother and J. are somewhat unwilling that I should make declaration of independence and commence offensive operations. I tell them Mr. F. is not proprietor of the souls of his church-members; and ere long if I remain here the Lord's gospel must be preached. They have a right to the glad tidings which I bring, and I may not hold my peace. However, I am very pleasantly situated and occupied, and shall not "strive nor cry, nor utter my voice in the street." The Lord will soon "send forth judgment unto victory." The leaven of the kingdom is at work; I have no desire to hasten its fermentation.

Dr. R. is spending a few days with us. I have had much conversation with him; and although he is somewhat skeptical, our fellowship is pleasant, and I trust I shall find a way into his heart. His boy is a precious specimen of God's workmanship. D. would kiss him I doubt not, till a fair foundation would be laid for another story about breathing the Holy Ghost into him. The Doctor will leave in a few days for Ohio, where he proposes to settle. E. will follow him in Autumn. I tell them they are going into the garden of the Lord, and I shall follow them ere long.

I went to C—the first day after my arrival, and quieted M's fears. Mr. M. and his rosy-cheeked boys are prospering. G. W. N. is with them, gaining in knowledge and stature. As I passed through B—, I called upon W. H. and his wife; they treated me as your account of them led me to expect.

If I had not counted the cost, and by the grace of God consented to suffer the loss of all things for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, I should grieve under the frowns of those who once loved me; but now I can only praise the Lord, and in meekness and patience wait the time of his compassion on those who through blindness despise his salvation. I saw Rev. Mr. B., [J.'s old tutor] a few days ago. After an hour's conversation, he said he looked upon my doctrine as a chaos of darkness, &c. He charged me with Unitarianism, Restorationism, &c., yet there was trouble in his looks, and he said he wished to talk a whole day with me. I understand the association of

ministers of this vicinity have held a council on the subject of Perfection, and Mr. S. is appointed to write a dissertation on the subject. His kinsman G. at New Haven has volunteered to collect what information he can on the subject. I may remain here several weeks; yet as there is no special reason for doing so, I shall return to New Haven as soon as Mr. B. desires. I wish the paper (*The Perfectionist*) may not be delayed on my account. As I am in good condition for writing here, perhaps it will be as well for me to send by mail as to write on the spot. Ask him to suggest any plan he thinks best, and what of my services he desires. When I speak of returning to New Haven father tells me, "Paul would have made a blundering business of preaching, if he had not gone into Arabia three years before he commenced." He advises me to stay here through the summer, and *visit ministers!* But he says I must not shake my fist at them.

I trust the Lord is employing D. about that paper in New Haven; if not, Amen. My ears ring yet with, "And we'll shout, and sing, and praise him, and give glory to the Lamb." The Lord be with you all. J.

SEVEN REASONS

FOR BELIEVING THE PRIMITIVE GOSPEL SAVED ITS SUBJECTS FROM SIN.

1. An angel promised Joseph that Jesus should save his people from their sins. Matt. 1: 21.
2. Christ led a sinless life on earth (1. Pet. 2: 22), and commanded his disciples to do the same. Matt. 5: 48.
3. Paul was another example of a man saved from sin in this world. He says of himself, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2: 20. See also Gal. 1: 15, 16; Phil. 1: 21; Ep. 5: 30; 1 Cor. 2: 16; 1 Thess. 2: 10.
4. Paul preached entire salvation from sin. 2 Cor. 13: 9, 11.
5. He recognized a class of believers as perfect. 1 Cor. 2: 6.
6. John wrote his Epistle at the close of the apostolic age, when the darkness was past and the true light shone. He describes mature Christian experience in plain terms: "Whosoever abideth in Christ sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." 1 John 3.
7. Jesus Christ is come in the flesh (1 John 4: 2), and has poured out his Spirit upon the whole human race. Acts 2: 17.

THREE OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

1st Objection: The saints of the Old Testament committed sin. *Answer:* They lived before Christ came into the world.

2d Objection: Christ's disciples sinned during his personal ministry. *Answer:* Those sins were committed before the death and resurrection of Christ and the effusion of the Holy Spirit.

3d Objection: Many in the Primitive Church after the Day of Pentecost committed sin. *Answer:* Their sins cannot be adduced to frustrate our hope, since they were committed before the truth concerning Christ's death and resurrection was fully developed and applied.

SEVEN PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES fairly deduced from the New Testament theory of salvation.

1. Mature Christianity secures present salvation from sin.
2. If men were saved from sin centuries ago, men can by the same power be saved now.

3. If Christ is in "all flesh" he is in me.
4. If Christ is in me his death and resurrection are in me.
5. If Christ is in me, his victory over sin is mine.
6. Belief in the heart and confession by the mouth of the truth that Christ is in us, will bring a realization of the fact, and put the question of whether full salvation is possible in this life beyond controversy, by revealing the truth in our consciousness.
7. By conforming our lives and testimony to this truth, we shall become identified with Christ and be saved. J. B. H.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

O. C., July 28, 1872.

DEAR A—: We have had several talks about the way to attain true happiness. Some thoughts that occurred to me lately may interest you. You probably have many times a consciousness of perfect peace and rest in your heart and a hope that they will never pass away. Presently some disturbing element comes in that seems at first only to ruffle the surface of your life, but after awhile finds its way to the bottom, and for the time being you see everything as through a cloud—darkly. Then comes the longing to get back again to the state of contentment you had before.

We believe that God arranges all our circumstances, "and that all things work together for good;" so that dark clouds have their value as well as sunshine. Probably some of the most valuable lessons we learn are taught us by such transitions. Then it is well for us to find out occasionally that present attainments, however good, cannot be said to be really well established in our hearts until they are able by their strength to resist all the batteries that can be brought against them, and that our dependence for strength to withstand temptation is on Christ only.

We are perhaps naturally very tenacious in our attachment both to persons and things, and enjoy present happiness intensely. It is difficult for us to be thoroughly reconciled to change. Our faith is sure to help us out at last, but at first the trial is a hard one. Now is not this rather small-hearted? Why should we cling to the happiness we have had, and feel as if there were nothing equal to that? We limit the goodness of God as well as forget that all our joys are his gifts. Because he has given us a good thing for a time is no reason why we should require it of him forever. Besides, there are a good many things in creation for us to enjoy that we should never see if our view were limited to one small vista, however glorious. Life is a great panorama, and if we watch it closely we shall find something to enjoy in all its scenes. As it rolls on, our capacity for understanding and appreciating it increases, and we shall learn to look forward to what is in store for us with the same feeling that Paul had when he said: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The joys that have passed were good at the time, and no doubt just what we needed, but faith in the Giver will make us feel that the withdrawal of them is as great a blessing as the gift. If we enjoy everything in a quiet spirit and with constant reference to God's goodness, we shall not notice so much what particular blessing we have or what we lack, but "be careful for nothing," and "rejoice in the Lord always."

True happiness does not consist in present pos-

sessions of any kind, but in the spirit that makes it easy for us to say, The past was good, the present is better, the future contains more joy than we can conceive of. With this view we can be always happy and contented with all of God's dealings with us, glorying even in tribulation, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience; and experience hope."

Yours in the rest and peace of faith, S. L. N.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1872.

TOLERATION.

TOLERATION is the product of civilization. It marks the progress that is made in civil and religious liberty and in free thought. It keeps pace with intelligence and moral culture. Good and wise men are naturally liberal, because they trust in truth and education to leaven and guide humanity. They are not indifferent toward evil, but believe that society is gaining a power of healthy discrimination which causes it on the great scale to choose the good and reject the evil.

Liberality grows out of the faith that good is stronger than evil. When our fathers hung suspected witches and banished Quakers and Baptists, no doubt they had a zeal for righteousness. They were intolerant because they feared the devil more than they trusted God. Toleration to them was an unknown and dangerous path in which they feared to walk.

Congregationalism was the "standing order" in Connecticut till nearly the end of the first quarter of the present century, and controlled the government. Even then it relinquished its hold of the sword of power with great reluctance. Dr. Beecher, at that time the most prominent champion of orthodoxy, stoutly defended the old system by logic and wit. He satirized the cry of toleration raised by the liberals:

"Some tolerate virtue, some tolerate vice,
Some tolerate truth, some tolerate lies,
Some tolerate religion, some tolerate none,
And the test of all faith is this toleration."

One of his children relates the following anecdote:

The next day after the election, which decided the fate of the "standing order," I remember seeing father sitting on one of the old-fashioned, rush-bottomed kitchen chairs; his head drooping on his breast, and his arms hanging down. "Father," said I, "What are you thinking of?" He answered solemnly, "The church of God."

Said the Doctor in his autobiography:

It was as dark a day as ever I saw. The odium thrown on the ministry was inconceivable. The injury done to the cause of Christ, as we then supposed, was irreparable. For several days I suffered what no tongue can tell, for the *best thing that ever happened to the State of Connecticut*.

We need not lament over the intolerance of the times when religious prejudices had more influence than Christian charity. We do a great many things better than our fathers did, and we understand the principles of religious liberty better than they did. Liberality has come to be recognized as the glory of a government, and public sentiment in this respect is not likely to go back on itself. It has declared in favor of toleration, and will no more be led by the old methods of coercion and persecution than will philosophers accept the theory of the ancients that the earth is a vast flat plane.

But still the idea expressed in the term toleration does not cover the whole ground of righteousness. Toleration is only a state of sus-

pending judgment; and neither conservatives nor progressives desire to be always on trial at the tribunal of public opinion. An earnest man, whose fortune it is to be the servant and apostle of new truth, though struggling against storms of prejudice and reproach, does not want evil cherished. He looks forward to a judgment-day of rewards and punishments, when a final verdict will be rendered and a just settlement be made. Nor is this a mere theological idea; it is a universal instinct in the hearts of men. In one way and another the world is reminded that the heavens do rule. Honest men are divided in opinion about a great many things; and in these circumstances there is a better way than to fall to accusing one another. In the long run all things must stand on their merits, and in the mean time the complement of toleration is *fair play*.

E. H. H.

PASSIONAL RESTRICTIONS.

AN editor who lately visited the Community with a company of excursionists, in a good-natured and on the whole quite flattering article about the O. C., introduced a little sarcasm in commenting on its social principles, characterizing them as "free-love with certain restrictions."

Sarcasm aside, we accept the gentleman's definition; our liberty is modified by "certain restrictions;" and so has been all liberty which has produced desirable results. Some such formula lies at the foundation of all good government; it was enunciated, according to the best accounts, as long ago as when the garden of Eden was planted, and our first parents placed therein. They were allowed great freedom in respect to the affections and all other things, but "certain restrictions" were added, the violation of which caused all the trouble that has since cursed the world.

The solution of the grand problems of social reform, and of reform in general, is found in this nutshell: *freedom with certain restrictions*. All the passions of mankind were organized under this law of restrictions, and the observance of the law results in harmony and blessedness just as surely as the violation of it produces anarchy and untold misery. The passion of alimentiveness forcibly illustrates the operation of this law: incontinence in the exercise of this passion entails severe penalties, which usually have to be quickly paid. But the miseries resulting from the abuse of the passions are only the measure of the blessings that result from their normal, organized action. Alimentiveness and amativeness, master passions that they are, crown all life beneficently when they become civilized enough to obey the necessary restrictions. The final test of civilization in the passions is this: that they accept the limitations and are governed by them. Hence the great desideratum of successful reform is *moral power*—the power of limitation; this is a resurrection force, coming down from God out of heaven; and if the O. C. has any mission, it is to exemplify the results of this force and distribute it to a world groaning under the curse of unrestricted passion.

W. H. W.

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

IT is a significant fact that the social system of the Oneida Community intensifies the love of children. They are looked upon as among the brightest joys of life; they are desired with surpassing desire. We say this is significant, because, if we may believe the testimony of the times, many a woman in society, exhausted by excessive, undesired child-bearing, looks upon her children with sorrow, and upon her pregnancy with a despair which casts about for unnatural modes of relief. The anguish of Rachel was, "Give me children or I die," but the silent anguish of too many an American woman

is the reverse of this: "Save me from undesired children or I die," is a cry which, through fear of public opinion, is yet but feebly heard, but it threatens to become exceeding great and bitter. The impulse to it is shown in the terrible prevalence of feticide and in the well-known horrors of "baby-farming." The public conscience cannot cast off these things, and they are becoming too heavy to bear.

It is certainly to the credit of Bible Communism that it guarantees to woman the possession of her own person; that it holds that it is her undoubted right to choose when and how often she shall bear children. This right is inviolable in the Community, and it is only upon the freest consultation that children are begotten. It is to this freedom that we attribute much of the attraction for children which exists in the Community. Freedom and attraction go hand in hand, and children are chosen with pleasure, and loved with a mother's love and with a Community's love.

We do not take credit to ourselves for this happy state of society. To us it is nothing less than a miracle; a miracle wrought by Christ and one of the indubitable signs that his kingdom has come. We could not reproduce it in our own strength. We do not believe that any man in society can repeat it by his will. But society is beginning to acknowledge that the social fruits of the Community are good, and it may be that in its dire necessity it will sometime not disdain to learn of Bible Communism.

G.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Canned fruits and vegetables are not likely soon to become a drug in the market. As an indication of the growing estimation in which they are held, we may mention a letter received last week from a firm in Chicago desiring us to quote prices on some more than two thousand dozen cans of the different kinds of fruits and vegetables.

—"Come and see the 'northern lights,'" was the enthusiastic call which rang through hall and corridor just after meeting on Saturday evening. "They're unusually splendid," said those who had caught the first sight and hastened back to arouse the house. Throwing down our books we were soon amid a group of upturned, wondering faces. The entire heavens were lighted up by the shimmering zones of light, which, starting from the horizon, flashed higher and higher, converging in one vast focus of light at the zenith, and forming an immense hollow cone of fire. At intervals huge openings appeared as the sheets of light were flung apart to be filled the next instant by quivering masses of red flames.

—A very pleasant call from Mr. S. J. Barrows, of Cambridge, Mass., and Dr. Bella C. Barrows, his wife, of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Mr. Barrows served two years as private phonographic secretary to W. H. Seward, while he was in the cabinet as Secretary of State. He is a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *Sacramento Record*, and is also studying theology at Cambridge. Dr. Barrows is a bright, vivacious woman, entertaining in conversation, and has traveled over the greater part of Europe. They both spoke in high terms of Mr. Seward's private character—relating incidents of his kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness of others. At one time when Mr. Barrows was sick his wife supplied his place as reporter. Though Mr. Seward was greatly burdened with affairs of state, our foreign relations, etc., he never failed to inquire after Mr. Barrows's health each day or to send him some delicacy. Mr. Seward dictates his letters with great rapidity, making no pauses between letters. One day he had been dictating an important docu-

ment, requiring great care and diplomacy in its composition. He called off six versions of it before satisfying himself; but the instant it was finished, and his amanuensis had taken a fresh sheet of paper, she was surprised to hear him say: "MY DEAR LITTLE KITTY:—Who feeds the chickens now?" He had turned instantaneously from the mighty affairs of nations to the innocent amusements of his little grandchild.

—H. T. wishes a good word said in commendation of "Isaacsen's Catch 'Em Alive O" fly-paper. "It does not," he says, "simply poison the insect and allow it to drop into your food or anywhere else, but fastens it at once to the paper by means of an adhesive substance spread thereon. Try it, O fly-afflicted ones!"

—Does everybody know the pleasure there is in self-denial—the happiness to be found in turning from a thing when you most enjoy it? Our life is one series of discoveries in this line. Croquet has been a favorite amusement all summer; but this week we laid away mallets and balls and left the ground to the birds and babies. We make the move voluntarily and unanimously for the sake of promoting the growth of interior life at this time when outward allurements are at the highest tide.

A Hint for the Scientific.—Our Boiler-Man naturally has some curious mental ebullitions in hot weather. We heard him, at the dinner-table the other day, propounding the query whether the unusual prevalence of bats this season was not in some way connected with the spots on the sun. Here is a hint for the scientific. The number of engaging theories about the spots on the sun need not prevent sun-students from making one wholly new and probable out of this suggestion. Mr. Pickwick was made famous by his celebrated observations on the Tittlebat theory. Shall we not have a sun-bat theory? The Boiler-Man, with the magnanimity of a great mind, throws this little hint out to whoever may choose to follow it up.

—Among the many good things which have been imported from the old countries there are some bad ones, such as Swedenborgianism, cholera, and the currant-worm. The first two of these evils we had a brush with in former years, but with the last one we are still obliged to contend. It is certainly a most uncivilized enemy, coming out of the earth four times in the course of the warm season in the shape of a harmless-appearing yellow fly, which lays its eggs on the under side of a currant leaf; and it is astonishing to observe how soon the bush is covered with worms. Such marauding is worse than the barbarous way of beginning war. Even savage nations prelude their warfare with a hostile declaration; but the currant-worm is sure to steal a march upon us if possible. True, the little rascal claims that he never comes without asking leave; but then the leaves he asks are always currant leaves, and if we were to give him all he demands, it is doubtful whether he would ever take a final leave, unless it might be the final currant leaf. Years ago we had a serious encounter with him, and he triumphed, leaving nothing but a field of brush where once had been a flourishing field of currants. Since then, however, we have learned how to meet him. We pepper him with hellebore. He appears to consider this the most unendurable bore which this world produces. We have tried carbolate of lime, and although it has a diabolical name and odor, he showed scarcely any signs of annoyance. Last year we appointed "Woodcraft," one of our chief Nimrods, to investigate the matter and see what he could do toward extinguishing this noxious parasite. Having armed himself with the fatal hellebore, deposited in a pepper-box fastened to the end of a stick, he waged a long and thorough-going war. Considering the time it took, it appeared doubtful which would gain the victory; but the hellebore

triumphed at last, and this year the reward of victory is upwards of ninety-six bushels of currants. The enemy is not, however, quite vanquished. Many hours are still spent in fighting him, which adds somewhat to the current expenses of the horticultural department; but this kind of labor is comparatively attractive when the good fruits of it are so manifest and abundant. This deserving little fruit seems likely to become a favorite. It already brings a much higher price than formerly; and it is probably owing to its scarcity, that the current is setting toward it. It has always been much thought of in the Community, and as we have long been in the habit of stemming the popular current we have found no trouble in stemming and bottling a large part of this great crop. H. J. S.

In the conversation in last week's CIRCULAR we perhaps showed that the aspect of criticism was stern and severe. Its application caused a man to sweat, and it was as difficult for him to hold still as it is for a soldier who is under the surgeon's knife. But criticism has another side, and one that it loves to show most often. If it is sometimes severe, it is more often gentle. If it pulls down the old life, it delights to heap praise upon the new. It is quick to spy out good, even where the subject does not suspect it, and this it magnifies and enlarges with a will. Sometimes it is as soothing as a mother's touch and as comforting as a mother's love. At such times it literally "heals the broken hearted and bindeth up their wounds." It justifies one who is condemned; it builds up one who is cast down; it exalts the lowly minded. As an example of this last phase, we reproduce a chance criticism given a few evenings ago:—

CITICISM OF MR. ENOS KELLOGG.

At the Villa, Aug. 6, 1872.

H. W. B.—I have always respected Mr. Kellogg very much. He is a man of genuine faith and thorough loyalty to our cause. I have very vivid recollections of the bold-hearted way in which he joined us.

E. S. B.—I think of him as a model of loyalty and faithfulness. I always like to hear him speak in our meetings; his expressions seem to come from the heart.

C. A. B.—I have often thought of him and others of the same class, as worthy examples for the young men, in stability and faith. I have great respect for him.

W. A. H.—Mr. Kellogg does not say much himself, but I have sometimes thought a big book might be written about him. The circumstances of his joining the Community were very interesting. He did not join us because he was old—he was just in his prime; nor because he was poor and miserable and wanted a home—he had a fine farm and a happy family around him. His three children were just at the age when children are most interesting. He had the respect and love of his friends and neighbors. But he heard a voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" and he left the world with all its attractions, and connected himself with the Community—putting in his property and himself without any reserve. He has since devoted himself faithfully and modestly to its interests, apparently without a thought of any special personal reward. No one would learn from his manner or speech that he ever contributed a single dime to the Community fund. He has never been troubled with discontent; when we touch his heart we find it filled with faith and contentment.

The fault I should find with him is that he takes life too seriously. If he sees the joyous side of it he don't say much about it. Mr. Kellogg has great cause to be joyful, but we do not often hear him laugh; he is too sober; he should consider it his duty to be joyous himself and to make others so.

E. H.—Mr. K. is a man of great worth. I think he has more happiness in his heart than we see expressed in his manner. In talking with him I always find him contented and happy.

A. S. H.—I have many times wanted in some way to express my appreciation of Mr. Kellogg. I have seen a great many things in him to love and respect. His unswerving adherence to the truth, his genuine faith in Mr. Noyes and Communism, his freedom from any spirit that seeks place, his humility and meekness to serve in any way, are some of the things that have drawn out my admiration of his character. So far as I know he is universally good-natured and cheerful and diffuses a bright faith-spirit.

G. A. C.—Mr. K. should have more assurance of heart—should learn to rejoice in the Lord. He is a great worker, and his life may have expressed itself so much in manual labor as to dim his perception of the enjoyable in God. David says, "In thy presence is fullness of joy." A man like Mr. Kellogg should ponder on the fact that in God's presence is fullness of joy—joy that is founded on righteousness and not on the pleasures of the senses. He works faithfully, and it is his privilege to enjoy God's goodness.

G. V. M.—I felt last evening when he offered himself for criticism some as a man would who had been fishing and had a good bite. I was thinking when he related his experience here a few evenings since, that I wished I might have a chance to say something about him. I have a great deal of love and respect for him. I regard him as one of the founders of the Community. He has always been to me an example of a man who is poor in spirit, and when I think of him I think of the passage, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He is classed in my mind with men like Mr. Kinsley and others who left all and have been faithful followers of Mr. Noyes, and never have turned back or given him any trouble. If we were in the habit of giving testimonials or outward marks of honor I don't know of anything I should think too good for him.

G. C.—When I was traveling about among believers I used to occasionally call on Mr. Kellogg. I was at his house when he gave himself to God and the truth, and I knew that he could be relied upon; so when we were ready to start this Community he was invited to join in the enterprise. He at once offered his place for sale. He was a man respected by all the people of the town in which he lived; but no one endeavored to turn him from his purpose; for all knew that when his mind was made up they might as well try to remove the Green Mountains to the other side of the Connecticut river as to try to change it.

W. A. H.—It might be interesting and profitable to study the founders of the Community as a class, and form some generalizations respecting them. Here is one generalization that I am confident will stand: they were and are men of substance rather than of show—men of deeds rather than of words. Mr. Thacker is a good illustration of the whole class. There is nothing in his every-day appearance indicating his great worth and wisdom. He takes off his coat and goes quietly at work in the vineyard or orchard; but things prosper under his hand, and speak for him—his works praise him. Mr. Allen was an example of the same sort, and so is Mr. Bristol, Mr. Kinsley, Burt, Thayer, and in fact the Community founders in general. The men of show and glitter and sensation withdrew from our movement when they found they could not control it—leaving behind just the right kind of men to achieve success. May the young men now coming into prominent positions be also known as men of substance rather than show.

THE "SECOND GENERATION."

WE print below some free-will testimony given us by a few of the young men of the Community. It expresses the Spirit which animates the "second generation." The love of loyalty, organization and Bible Communism is more intense among us than ever before, and it is growing day by day. To us this testimony is interesting as an assurance of our internal strength and security. To our friends it will be interesting as an earnest of the continuance of the Community in the spirit with which it was begun. As for our enemies, (and we really do not know why we have any), it will relieve them of any anxiety about the perpetuity of the Community by its "second generation." If the spirit of Bible Communism could not inspire the love and devotion of its young people it might well despair of a foothold in the world; but it does inspire their love; it attracts their enthusiastic devotion, and all is safe.

COMMUNICATIONS.

I have lived in the Oneida Community including its branches at Willow Place and Wallingford over six years, beginning a few months after I became of age; and I have no hesitation in saying that my character has been much improved in every respect by Community life. It has made me more manly, more large-hearted and charitable, and better fitted me every way for being useful and making those around me happy. I feel younger and am more healthy than I was six years ago. I am more cheerful and happy. I have a stronger ambition for personal improvement and growth in faith and in the knowledge of God.

Knowing this to be my experience and seeing daily even greater improvement in others, I am lead to thank God for the union of church and family in Community life. I regard it as the best atmosphere for cherishing and promoting the work of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men. The advantages of the Community for bringing up children to be useful Christian men and women are incalculable.

I cannot but regard the founder of such a Community as a man of God. That Mr. Noyes is a devoted follower of the truth I have no doubt, and every year of my acquaintance with him greatly strengthens my love for him.

JOHN S. FREEMAN.

I am thirty-two years of age, and have been a member of the Community for 26 years—from its beginning to the present time.

Inheriting a strong natural tendency to self-will and disobedience, I realize that Community discipline has been the means of saving me from spiritual and moral shipwreck. I know that my character has undergone a complete and total change—a change only possible in Community life and under Community discipline. My love for and appreciation of Community life is steadily increasing. Instead of Communism being the "grave of liberty," I believe that it is only through Communism that we shall attain to all liberty—liberty to strengthen and develop every gift and faculty, liberty to become true men in the largest sense of the word, and above all liberty to love God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

Words can convey but a faint idea of my love for Mr. Noyes and of my confidence in him as a man inspired of God. To serve him in any way is my greatest pleasure, and God only can reward him for his untiring labor and care in bringing me into the knowledge of eternal salvation through Jesus Christ.

GEORGE E. CRAGIN.

I have lived over twenty years or two-thirds of my life in the O. C., and the more I know of Community life the greater its advantages seem to

me. I am sure my character is more evenly and truly developed than it could have been in outside life. I have had advantages for education in business and in some of the arts which I could not have had elsewhere. There is an element of growth and improvement in the Community which encourages persons to develop their faculties and make the most of themselves. I am conscious that my whole being expands year by year, and I certainly grow happy as I grow old. My acquaintance with Mr. Noyes has made me respect and love him. He has been more than a father to me. He has done more than any other person to help me on to a better life—has lifted me up when I have fallen, and held me when I should have failed. He studies continually how he may do good to others, and is faithful in the work given him to do. I believe that I have every reason to thank God that he has ordered my life in this way, and I do thank him.

F. WAYLAND SMITH.

I am twenty-seven years old, have lived in the Community from its beginning at Oneida, consequently I am indebted to the Community for what education and discipline I have received. Of the comparative effect of our school upon individual character, I am perhaps unable to form as correct an estimate as those who have lived but a part of their lives within the Community; but while at College in New Haven, where I have been sent by the Community, I have had ample means of associating with young men who have grown up under the influences of the world. I can say sincerely, that I have yet to find one virtue in those with whom I have thus associated which is not taught in the Community. I have been taught from childhood humility, obedience to the voice of God, and the knowledge that all true liberty comes from being a slave to Christ; and to me these things are more precious than gold. We do not perhaps acquire in the Community that address and general suavity of manner which is met with outside, simply because we consider inward adorning of greater worth than outward show. I feel a freshness of life and ambition which exceeds all expression; fields of usefulness and pleasure are continually opening themselves, affording scope for my highest ambition.

Recognizing Mr. Noyes as the inspired agent by whom this Community has been established, I can but think of him as a great benefactor, a man who is striving for the general good of others, who is carrying on gigantic schemes for the advancement of the race, whose life-purpose is perfection. He has endeared himself to me as a true friend and father.

CHARLES A. BURT.

The discipline that I have received in the eleven years that I have lived in the Community has been I believe every way beneficial to me. It has toned down a naturally very quick temper, and greatly improved and elevated my moral and spiritual character. I believe and know that life in the community is vastly superior and very much happier than it is anywhere else in the world. It is a life in which the love of God is the inspirer of action, and in which many live together in peace and harmony; each one looking out for the good of those around him, and trusting God for his own happiness. It is a life in which faith in God is entire. Such a life cannot be otherwise than pure, simple and holy. I would not exchange my life and home in the Community for all the riches and kingdoms in the earth. Mr. Noyes, the leader and founder of the Community, I believe to be a man inspired of God, and that by him God is now establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth. He is a man who is very kind and loving to all, yet sincere and searching in eradicating all evil wherever it is found. I feel toward him as a soldier to his com-

mander, ready to follow wherever he leads. To him I owe the glorious home which I enjoy, and for which I feel very thankful to God.

ARTHUR H. BLOOM.

IN THE SUN.

BY A VALETUDINARIAN.

"YES," said the doctor, leaning back in his chair, as he concluded his diagnosis and prescription, "yes, you must be turned out to grass. Go and sit in the sun an hour or two a day, and as soon as you are able exercise a little."

This was the first of June. Since then the sun and I have been like lovers. I have felt, and listened, and looked, under his influence. What have I seen, heard, and felt? This, and much more:

I.

O Sun, bright and golden!
Beaming upon me as I lie with eyes shut on the sweet-smelling earth,
Shining on, shining on, penetrating, permeating,
Until the atoms of my being are like the golden notes that float in the rosy haze of a mid-summer sunset,
Until I am melted with thy heat, and every fiber of my body tingles, quivers, and vibrates.
Until, O mystery of mysteries, I become like an Æolian harp played upon by thy ardent breath, sighing,
"O Sun, let us be one forever!"

II.

I listen as the waves of sound come rippling toward me,
To the voices from the house,
Voices strong and manly,
Voices tender and womanly,
And the prattling voices of childhood;
To the tread of feet on the grass, the tapping of feet on the walk,
And the tramp of workmen as they pass, a jug of water in their hand, a spade or hoe on their shoulder;
To a lawn-mower's noisy rattle,
To the bobolink down in the meadow—a rippling brook of laughter,
To two sparrows in playful, amatory quarrel,
To the scolding of the cat-bird and the sweet song of the purple-finch,
To the cry of the greedy robin and the liquid note of the orchard oriole,
To the buzzing of the bees among the flowers,
To the sougling of the wind in the tree-tops,
To the rattle of wagons on the road, distant and dusty,
To the rush and roar of the cars and the shrill cry of the steam-whistle,
To the bleating of sheep from the orchard,
To the lowing of the "milky herd" by the river and the hungry "blat" of their calves,
To a carpenter's hammer striking quick and sure,
To sounds internal as well as external,
And, striking the balance between, finding as ever I shall,
The unspeakable, the "still, small voice" within,
Is the strongest, sweetest, and purest.

III.

Silent, alert, watchful, I behold, as in a gay panorama,
A garden bright, fragrant, many-hued, blooming in the sun,
Scarlet-throated humming-birds probing honey-throated flowers,
Bumble-bees too, sucking the sweets of columbine and pansy,
Yellow butterflies, gregarious, volatile, like autumn leaves blown by gentle zephyrs,
Ants, industrious, active, laying up store for the winter,
A little bird sipping water from a leaky faucet

where the gardener waters his plants,
 An eagle flying high in the air, swiftly eastward,
 A railroad train with long white plume coming
 down the trestle,
 A little sparrow busily feeding a young cow-bird
 larger than itself and greedily importunate,
 A group of babies playing upon the lawn burying
 one another in the sweet rowen,
 Misty glimpses of distant hills between the boles
 of trees, smooth or lichen-covered,
 A clear, blue sky, and on the horizon cumulous
 clouds piled mountain high with sweetly
 shaded ravines between,
 And lo! in the midst of all, garden, lawn, hill
 and sky,
 A stately edifice, winged, towered, inhabited,
 From "ivy-mantled" windows peeping happiest
 faces.

O burning Cyclops' eye,
 O dazzled two eyes of mine,
 Ever sawest thou panorama more beauteous ?

IV.

Tired heart, beat quick ;
 Weary limbs, be strong ;
 Languid frame, arise !

Nature exults,
 Soul exalts,
 In the sun.

A "SPELL OF WEATHER."

JUPITER and his heavenly hosts sit in grave council seeking to devise some new and efficacious method of punishing refractory mortals. At length a plan is hit upon which all agree will be capital if well executed. Midsummer is the time selected for testing the practicality of their designs. Earth has nearly reached its annual culmination of beauty. Lights and shades are most intensely contrasted. The tapering boles of field and lawn engrave their luxuriant foliage upon the sunlit grass; the sky maintains its untarnished blue, touched at evening with burning flashes of gold and crimson; flowers and ripening harvests tint the landscape with their endless hues; birds and insects attune their songs with the theme of praise, and mortals tread the soil in harmony with the grateful exuberance of nature.

Jupiter marshals his forces for action. First, he sends Sirius in advance to dim the lustre of the sun and deaden the atmosphere with oppressive heat and moisture which no breezes come to assuage. Then he lets loose his thunderbolts and raises high the gates of his floods. Fitful Juno tears for an instant the mists from the face of the sun, tantalizing with false hopes. For weeks the elements maintain the most non-committal uncertainty. Occasionally at early dawn the sun ventures forth with his quiver of golden arrows, but soon retires disconsolate behind the dripping clouds. The rain ceasing for awhile at evening, the watchful stars hang out their festal lights; but in the morning the perpetual "drizzle" is unabated.

Social interchange among the nations of the earth is greatly obstructed. Picnics, balls and boating excursions are planned, deferred and abandoned because of the unpropitious heavens. Men, fortified with umbrellas and India-rubber boots, go to their places of business. Young ladies are unwilling prisoners in their own homes. Miss Filkins cannot even cross the pavement to see her most intimate friend, Miss Twedlebug, and both are sighing in the agonies of *ennui*. There are no beaux, no parties, no promenades, no society.

While all the world is thus made miserable, Communism holds high its triumphant banner. Whatever may be said against its claims for superiority over the usual form of society in other re-

spects, no one can deny that it possesses rare advantages for mitigating what are termed the horrors of a "spell of weather." Sirius may rage and Jupiter may deluge the country, we who live in a Community can pursue with unruffled serenity a great variety of indoor employments and amusements. Do we wish society? Beneath the same roof which covers us we have as many friends as an ordinary young lady of the town can boast in her entire list of acquaintances. Our meetings are uninterrupted, and the children can continue their sports untrammelled by sensitive-nerved adults. The social interchange of a Community is promoted rather than obstructed by a dispensation of clouds and vapor, for then we are thrown more closely together, and the refining process of harmonious association progresses more rapidly.

Mounting our hippogriff once more, we behold mankind no longer the servant, but, in an important sense, the master of the elements. Progressive Communism has scattered its outposts over peninsula and continent. Its votaries, having become the possessors of wealth and wisdom and the consequent ability to realize a high ideal, have placed themselves beyond the reach of weather-freaks. Those situated in the temperate zones enjoy the climatic delights of the tropics during the rigors of winter, while those who dwell in warmer regions can reach at will the invigorating breezes of cooler climes. Miss Filkins thus, according to her own sweet will, exists in a nightmare of fogs and suffusion or in the soft tranquility of perennial summer. M. C. T.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The following paragraphs from an article in the *Country Gentleman* on the English Sparrow apparently give a fair, unbiased estimate of this bird as an insect-destroyer and of its general habits and character. What the writer of the article says in regard to its pugnacity is confirmed by my own observation, and should be well considered by those who may entertain the idea of introducing it into their neighborhoods. If the English Sparrows are as combative and merciless toward other birds as they are toward one another we may rest assured that few of our peaceably disposed warblers can remain where these little pugilists have taken possession. [H. T.]

Thus far my observation leads me to believe that the Sparrows are not insectivorous birds. In New York they feed chiefly upon grain which they find in the droppings of the horses. In Great Britain they are known as the most mischievous of grain destroyers, and so far they bid fair to sustain the same character here. I have watched them by the hour, and killed and dissected numbers of them, and could never find that they fed on anything but vegetable matter. If therefore they should multiply and spread through the rural districts to the same extent that they have done in the cities, they would prove very destructive to our grain-fields. But of this I have little fear. Their peculiar habits, and especially that of roosting in their nests at night whether they have eggs or not, will expose them to their enemies that will soon thin them off.

We do not grudge them a little grain, however, if they would only take it and behave themselves. The grain that they pick up in the streets is worthless under any circumstances, and we would not grudge them some from our grain-fields. But their pugnacity is insufferable; wherever they abound, good-bye to our native song-birds. A few years ago the city of Paterson, N. J., and its neighborhood, abounded in blue-birds, orioles, and wrens. A box put up in any yard or garden was sure to have a pair of blue-birds or wrens for its occupants. In an evil hour, however, a wealthy Irishman imported a number of sparrows, put up thatch covering on the end of a house and did everything to make it comfortable. They took to their new quarters with great relish, multiplied until the city is alive with them, and now there is not a blue-bird, wren, or oriole to be seen! Gardens

in which three or four bird boxes always were inhabited by as many pairs of blue-birds, are now deserted, and the worst of it is, *we have not got rid of the insects*. Indeed, the latter are quite as numerous as ever, and for the loss of our beautiful song-birds we have nothing to show except a lot of screeching, pert, mischief-making sparrows.

"FOUL IN THE FOOT," OR "ROTTEN HOOF."

The superintendent of the O. C. farm tells us he has found a remedy for this disease in cattle, which he has used for the past year. It was recommended by a gentleman visiting the Community. It is this:

Cut a longitudinal gash about one-half inch deep and three-quarters inch long between the hough and hoof, insert a slice of the root of the plant variously named Soko, Pigeon-Berry and Garget (*Phytolacca decandra*), and bind it up.

The inflammation and diseased matter seem to be drawn from the hoof and concentrated about the wound. When this heals, which takes seven or eight days, the hoof is found to be in a good condition.

There have been eleven cases of this disease within the year in our herd of 112 cattle, and in all of them this treatment has effected a cure. In one instance the first trial did not take effect, and the process had to be repeated. J. S. F.

THE BULLHEAD.—(Genus *Cottus*.)

THERE are several species of this fish; some of which are very good for the table. We are told that the family of Cottoids appeared on the earth sometime during the last period of the cretaceous epoch, the genus *Cottus* appearing in the tertiary. But I don't know as it makes much difference when or where the Bullhead was born, as long as he is good to fry. His mouth is his most prominent feature, except two horns that stick out each side of him. These horns are so sharp that many an urchin, just as he thinks he is going to catch a Bullhead, catches a "Tartar." He can lower his horns and use them for fins like a civilized fish if he chooses; but "there's the rub," as they say; he never chooses when there is anything to prick. At first sight you would think his faculties placid, or tranquil enough, but you cannot avoid the reflection that his original disposition has been soured in some of the earlier periods of his development, and "natural selection" has not quite sweetened him.

His mouth is enormously large, as I hinted before, and when he opens and shuts it he makes a noise some like a man smoking a pipe. Hence he sometimes goes by the name of Horn-pout or Bull-pout. These are not very euphonious names, but it does not matter as long as he is good to fry.

He deals destruction and scatters terror among all fry but the small fry. They get the bait in spite of him. The only way to catch him, when there are five hundred small fry to one Bull-pout, is to put a small fry's head on your hook so big that the rest of the small fry will notice their comrade's head dangling in mid-water, take warning and flee away abruptly; and when the Bullhead comes round to your hook again he may or may not conclude to eat it; it will depend upon circumstances.

Among the Bullhead's many short-comings, there is one very commendable trait in his character. He (that is the collective Bullhead) cares for his offspring. He don't leave his eggs around among the stones, where every contemptible minnow or unscrupulous shiner can eat them, but puts them in a bunch under a stick or stone or something else where he can watch them. Then if a sharky-shiner oomes prowling around, Bull-pout lights on him "like a hawk on a biddy."

When the young Bullheads first hatch they look like little tadpoles. Then they are not left to the

hordes of devourers that infest the waters; but are cuddled together by the mother Bullhead and directed near the shore or on some mossy shoal where they can lie and bask in the sunlight and wiggle their tails in security. Thus they are protected until their horns begin to develop, when if a shiner eats them he does it at his own peril. There is a brood in my fish-pond which I am studying with profit. GLKZ.

AMERICAN WONDERS.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions on the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and very deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific railroad, over three thousands miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually.—*Exchange.*

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago have voted to admit men and women to membership on the same terms.

C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory at Clinton, announces the discovery of two new planets—the 122 and 123 asteroids.

The Boston Theological Seminary has received a large donation for the erection of a building for married students and their families.

The complete census returns of the United States show the total population to be 38,558,371, of which 19,493,565 are males and 19,064,806 females.

The election in North Carolina resulted in favor of the Republican ticket, but the defeated party threaten to contest it on account of the evidences of fraud.

According to the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for July the present season is an unusual one in respect to frequency and force of storms: which is certainly true of this locality.

The acting President of Mexico, Tejado, has granted amnesty to all political prisoners, except the Lieutenant-Generals under Maximilian. At the funeral of Juarez 70,000 marched in procession and all the streets of the capital were draped in mourning.

The principal performers in the musical jubilee at Boston have been paid for their services as follows: Strauss, \$20,000 and all expenses of himself and wife; Mme. Peschka-Leutner, \$7,500; the English band, including expenses, \$18,000; the Prussian band leader, \$1,000 in gold, and each of his players \$100, their traveling expenses and hotel bills; the French band received about \$12,000 and their expenses; Bendel received \$1,000 and his traveling expenses and his wife's; Wehli got \$1,250; the Emperor's cornet quartette was paid \$1,000; Gilmore, the projector of the jubilee, gets nothing, since the receipts are now ascertained to be less by \$150,000 than the expenditures.

The number of miles of railroad now constructed in

the United States is nearly 65,000. Of this, there are in Illinois 6,000 miles, Pennsylvania, 5,300, New York 4,500, Ohio 4,000, Indiana 3,800, Iowa 3,400, Missouri 3,000, Michigan 2,300, Georgia 2,000, Wisconsin 2,000, Kansas 1,900. Then come Massachusetts, Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Minnesota, about 1,600 each, while the rest of the States and Territories have each 1,200 and 1,000 miles and less. In 1871 nearly 7,000 miles of new road were constructed. To keep these roads in repair requires 400,000 tons of rail per year, of which three parts are re-rolled rail, and 100,000 tons new iron; but as there are yearly some 7,000 miles of new road made, it requires over 1,000,000 tons of new rail, in fact, we are short of iron, as the demand for this article exceeds the production.

The following section of the new postal law is attracting considerable attention:

Small packages of merchandise not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, composed of dry material not calculated to damage the mails, may be mailed to one address for 2 cents for each two ounces, prepaid by postage stamps, if not connected with any written matter, except the address.

Business men will at once appreciate this, and allow Uncle Sam to take charge of many small packages which would otherwise be intrusted to the express companies. It is agreeable to hear that the latter organizations are already reducing their charges on small parcels. By the U. S. mail six ounces of merchandise, for instance, can be sent anywhere in the Union for 12 cts., while the express companies increase their charge of twenty-five cents or more according to the number of railroads over which it passes.

The Treasury Department is considering the propriety of urging upon Congress at its next session the importance of some general enactment in regard to the adoption by the merchant marine of the international code of signals now used by the merchant vessels of most foreign nations. This code is being published by the Navy Department for use in the navy, and when completed will be on sale at its cost of publication, which will be less than \$3 per volume. The system is very complete, and by the use of the books communication can be established as well between vessels of nations speaking different languages as between those of the same nation. At present communication between American vessels is very different, owing to several systems being in use, and it is almost impracticable for an American merchant vessel to communicate with a vessel of a nation speaking a foreign language, or with vessels of the United States Navy, by which the new code has been adopted.

FOREIGN.

It is reported that gold has been discovered near the town of Kinsale, Ireland.

There were thanksgiving services in the churches of Paris, Aug. 4th, for the great success of the new loan.

The King of Spain has signed a decree providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico.

The meeting of the Emperors of Austria, Germany and Russia is regarded as a guaranty of the peace of Europe.

Owing to the prevalence of rinderpest in Germany and Russia, the Belgian government has issued an order prohibiting the importation of cattle from these countries.

A great fire has occurred at Nizhnee-Novgorod, and in the portion of the city where fairs are held, at which hundreds of thousands of people congregate from all parts of Europe and Asia.

That Stanley, the *Herald* correspondent, did see Dr. Livingstone, and that the letters recently published bearing his name are genuine, seems now to be definitely and affirmatively settled; and Stanley has been duly honored both in Paris and London. At the dinner given him in the latter city there were present General Sherman, Minister Curtin, Mr. Moran, Secretary of the American legation, and many representatives of the English and American press.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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PUBLICATIONS.

Salvation from Sin, the End of Christian Faith: an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages. By J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

History of American Socialisms. By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$2.00.

Dixon and His Copyists; a Criticism of the Accounts of the Oneida Community in "New America," "Spiritual wives," and kindred publications. By John Humphrey Noyes. Price, 25 cts.

Hand-Book of The Oneida Community; Containing a Brief Sketch of its Present Condition, Internal Economy and Leading Principles. Price, 25 cts.

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