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OUR CONTRIBUTION.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Oct. 18, 1867.

WE are making a great present to the world at great cost to ourselves, and that present is, the liberty to think and speak about marriage as about other subjects. Hitherto marriage has been considered beyond the reach of discussion; it has not been allowable to think that there could be any radical wrong in it. There has been the same kind of feeling about it that there is in the old countries about kings. And what is curious, this idea of the unapproachable sacredness of marriage is kept up in full force among people who practically pay no attention to it. How many do we know that are fighting behind the fortifications of that institution, firing away at us with ammunition belonging to it, and yet practically, are utterly disloyal to marriage—more so than we are.

The really good object of marriage may be stated as the production of family blessings. There is a certain amount of courting, kissing, embracing, amatory conversation, sexual intercourse, begetting, bearing, nursing and educating children, in short family blessings, to be produced. I will accept it as the natural, legitimate business of human nature to produce these blessings. But the question is, how to produce them of the very best quality, and in the greatest quantity. Can they be best produced by families in pairs, or by larger partnerships? We will assume that in each case the object is the same, and that the estimation and appreciation of the object is the same; and then the simple, practical question remains, which is the best way to secure this object; by dotting the world over with little families consisting of pairs, or by larger associations?

Perhaps there has not been experiment enough in larger associations to settle the question; but people assume that it is to be done in pairs. I consider that as silly as it would be to say that all the business in New York City must be done in firms of two. As human happiness depends in a great measure on those family blessings, I believe that a vastly greater amount of happiness could be produced by large corporations, than by individual pairs. The world must have liberty to test this question; it must have liberty to try

all sorts of families, and not be confined to what may be called the one-horse family. It is just such a problem as that of the railroads. We have got beyond thinking that a one-horse wagon is all we can ride in; we have conveyances now-a-days which will carry six or seven hundred people at once; and the world must certainly have liberty to find out which combinations are best for producing family blessings.

We are presenting the world with that liberty at our own cost—the liberty to think, try experiments, and discuss this great subject of the production of family blessings, without any holy horror of new inventions. We shall have to stand and take the thrashing of the whole world on that subject, until we get that liberty and can present it to mankind. Every malicious whipster can get up and give us a castigation for heresy, corruption, licentiousness and all that sort of thing. But we will not be discouraged; we shall have this liberty, and shall give it to the world. It cost Paul a great deal more than we shall lose, to present to the Gentile world the liberty of the gospel, and of being saved from Judaism. He had to be whipped and stoned for daring to give the world the liberty to believe in Christ.

THE ISSUE OF THE HOUR.

THE word every-where preached by the apostles was, "Jesus and the Resurrection."

"The Resurrection;" said their hearers; "what is that?"

"Why, the rising again of Jesus who was crucified, from the dead."

"Impossible! a dead man come to life again? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," replied the apostles, "such is the fact which we announce. Jesus of Nazareth, who spent his life in doing good, and who by his countrymen was persecuted to death, was the third day raised from the dead. This fact confirmed by many witnesses, proves him to be the Son of God, the head and judge of mankind. Believe it and you will partake of his power and be saved. Disbelieve and you will be damned."

The tremendous fact of a single resurrection, thus proclaimed, staggering as it was to observers of the mere course of nature, was nevertheless believed by some, and became to them, as the apostles declared it would become, a medium of astonishing results. They seemed to partake of the spirit of the event which they affirmed. Miracles broke out among them. Some spoke in foreign tongues; others healed

the sick; others prophesied; all were transformed in character; and if we believe the record, they expected before the close of that generation to be raised completely and *en masse* to the resurrection condition in which Jesus their leader was. Such was the effect of standing out on the simple fact of Christ's resurrection. It was the thing to believe—the faith-issue of that age; and the supreme reward which God offers to faith, accompanied its acceptance.

Eighteen hundred years have since passed on, and we ask ourselves, What is *now* the issue which is given to summon faith? What the deep, tremendous thing to be believed, whose acceptance strains the heart and brings salvation? Is it the old issue or a new one?

The answer is, It is different and yet the same. It is different because a new fact is to be believed; it is the same because resurrection is still the theme.

The gospel word is not as formerly, "Jesus and the resurrection of one," but "Jesus and the Second Coming—Jesus and the resurrection of his corporate body, the Primitive Church."

The question of the single resurrection of Christ is gone by; it is in a certain sense a dead issue. Every body believes it, formally at least; its acceptance costs nothing, and nothing special follows it.

But turn to the question of the Second Coming, and the old incredulity at once starts up.

"What! Christ's Second Coming taken place! What! the day of judgment and resurrection which were to accompany it, already in the past! Impossible! Who has seen them? Where is the historical record?" &c., &c.

You see the same spirit that ignored the resurrection of *Christ* in the apostolic age, now, by ignoring his Second Coming, denies the resurrection of *his followers*. The issue has moved on one stage. Instead of a *single* resurrection as formerly, it is now a *corporate* resurrection that is in question; and unbelief gives up the old issue only to plant itself squarely in the face of the new.

Here then is the battle-field of faith and infidelity at this hour, around the question of the Second Coming of Christ. Did he come as he predicted, at the close of the Jewish age, and raise his followers living and dead to the resurrection world? This to us is virtually what the question of "Jesus and the Resurrection" was to the cotemporaries of the apostles. Its affirmative is urged by the same kind of evidence; it is combatted by the same unbel-

lief. The powers of light and darkness are ranged against each other on this issue, and the hour of decisively taking sides on it must be to all men now the fixed crisis of their fate.

G.

PRINCIPIA.—NO. 19.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH
THE O. C. ORIGINATED.[From the Spiritual Magazine, June 15, 1847.]
FINANCIAL HERESY.

THE greatest sin that a man can commit against the god and the law of this world, is to disregard the prevailing fashions in relation to property, and refuse to sell body and soul for money. If a man makes it manifest that he has any other object in view than to get all he can and keep all he gets, he is forthwith set down as a mutinous nuisance in the empire of Mammon. His movements are watched like those of a traitor. Loyal money-worshippers prophesy all manner of evil of him. It is whispered about far and near, that he is spending his property; that he is not capable of taking care of it; that he will come to poverty. Every body is busy in looking into his accounts, and reporting his losses. The great many-headed public constitutes itself a sort of unofficial guardian over him, and it is well if he escapes being put under a legal guardian.

The anxiety of some about the financial affairs of Perfectionists, is probably tinged by the wishes of those who entertain it. When one prophesies that we shall soon break down and come to want, it may generally be understood that the prediction is inspired partly by the hope that it will prove true. We have a sample of this kind of prophesying in the Bible. "It came to pass," says Nehemiah, "that when Sanballat heard that we builded the wall, he was wroth and took great indignation, and mocked the Jews. And he spake before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said, What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burnt? Now Tobiah the Ammonite was by him and he said, Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall." Yet the wall was built, and a fox did not break it down.

God's care over us has been proved sufficient for safety, and the prophecies of busy-bodies have been repeatedly proved false. We shall prove them false again.

[From the Spiritual Magazine, July 1, 1847.]

"NIL MEDIUM"

This was the motto of the Marquis of Montrose, a famous Scottish chieftain, who fought and flourished two hundred years ago. It means, No half-way; the whole or nothing. Whether it was not his adherence to this principle in the stormy civil commotions of those days that finally brought his head to the block, we cannot say. Probably it is not a safe guide for politicians and warriors. But for those who enter the spiritual arena, the sooner they inscribe it on their banners and on their hearts, the better.

Half way spirituality, though it may be unavoidable in the first stages of experience, yet involves many peculiar liabilities to disaster. A person who has subjected his interior to the management of God, but who thinks to go along with his external affairs in accordance with the routine and spirit of the world, will find himself in difficulty at every step. We state it boldly, and from experience, that Perfectionists can not compete in business with the world, on the same level. It is a vain attempt; they will fail. The policy and routine of the world, in business as in every thing else, is an expression of their

hearts. Their hearts are in it, and adapted to it. The spiritual life of believers is radically different, and must have a different outward expression, or nature and all elements of success will be against them. With an atmosphere tinctured with goodness, predisposed to spirituality, their business will lose the patronage of the devil. And without full subjection to the reformation of faith, it will not gain the patronage of God.

So of every interest with which we are connected. The temptation will be to reserve those of an external nature, on the supposition that they need not be affected by the new relation of our hearts to God and the world. The supposition will prove erroneous; and the longer the complete chemical change which the heaven of Christ is fitted to produce, is delayed, the longer will be the annoyance and friction arising from the contact of two uncongenial elements. We say in respect to every personal and social interest, health, property, business, honor, reputation, life, "Nil medium." We have put the dearest jewels of our souls into the crucible of God, to be spiritualized, or consumed. We will not be divided against ourselves, or serve two masters. And having staked every fraction of our existence on the cause to which we are called, we know the measure of our success and our reward will be "Nil medium."

NEW PROBLEMS IN POLITICS.

The kingdom of God is an absolute monarchy. It is a government not of compact between people and sovereign; not limited by constitutional forms and provisos. God takes the entire responsibility of the State; and the only compact in the case, is the very one-sided one called by the prophet the "new covenant." It is summed up in these words: "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." The "patronage" and appointing power of course remain with the responsible party; and all forms of popular representation are dispensed with.

So far as there is a true church on earth, it is a frontier department of this kingdom; and will possess the great characteristics of heaven's government, viz., central executive power, and subordination. It will manifest in all its operations perfect unity of design, and true harmonious effort. To secure this, it includes a gradation of authority; officers, not self-elected, not popularly elected, but appointed by God; whose credentials, if truly received of him, need no secondary influence to secure their respect. In fact, the credential of authority through all God's kingdom, from the Supreme himself, down, is not a matter of parchment, or a voice from heaven merely, but the possession of actual ability. Carlyle's doctrine is true, that "mights in this just universe, do, in the long run, mean rights." God's appointment to office confers on the individual ability corresponding to his commission; and it is certain that his ability will make his office recognized by those with whom he has to do, as it is that in a mixture of fluids the heaviest will sink to the bottom. Equivocal pretensions to superiority, based on diplomas of divinity schools, or musty apostolic commissions, and which make submission to the clerical authority a merely nominal, gratuitous thing—a matter of custom—have no place in Christ's church. On the contrary, in that organic body, as we said before, superiority of every degree is a gift of power from God, which vindicates itself by an irresistible ascendancy over that which is inferior. It is this reality of power developed in a medium of love, that finally constitutes the church an organized corporation, well compared to the human body; which causes each member to gravitate toward his true place and office, bringing the "different gifts" of the church into order and symmetry which is visibly expressed in the human form.

In this construction of the church, the autocratic principle of the kingdom of God is seen throughout. The distribution of gifts—the ap-

pointment of "apostles, prophets, evangelists," &c., is far removed from human dictation: and as these offices are not merely nominal, but the channels of God's will, every Christian finds himself under a despotism extending far beyond any earthly rule. In short, wherever we come in contact with this spiritual government, we find it working with a strength which makes it wholly independent of human volitions. Whether in the direct application of the new covenant to our souls, or in the organization of intermediate agencies of his will, the same despotic purpose is manifest, the same disregard of democratic forms and privileges. The question now arises, What is the effect of this tremendous, irresponsible government upon individual liberty? Can freedom exist under it?

There are two classes of subjects, who will experience differently the operation of God's spiritual dominion. It is inevitable, in the first stages of intercourse with God, while evil influences still exist in the character, that his will should come into constant collision with those influences, and the wills growing out of them. The inner and better part of our nature is even then free and happy; and it is only the selfish, egotistical part which loves darkness, and loves to do as it pleases at all cost, that experiences the effect of collision with a superior will. The effect is suffering; a bitter sense of bondage; coercion of the soul. No prison can realize the idea of helpless constraint that the soul experiences, when conscious of a hostile contact with the will of God. Yet even then it is not God's purpose to bring the offending part into bondage, but to destroy it. Every spirit opposed to him, is destined not to slavery, but to destruction. The carnal mind is not to be subdued, but crucified. He will have no drudges about him, no unwilling subjects. He will reign in natures like his own, not as a lawgiver and tyrant, but as a helper. For all others is decreed tribulation, wrath, perdition. The whole process which causes the imperfect believer to feel unpleasantly the force of God's will, is not to take away his liberty, but to make him free—to free the better part of him from an unnatural, selfish disposition; thereby putting an end to the war which exists in every enlightened person between the spirit and the flesh, which is itself (as described in the 7th of Romans) the very essence of bondage. Then, with one undisturbed principle within, coinciding with the will of God, we have perfect liberty. Not so with the willing adherents of Satan; they find themselves in a completely inverted order—at war with all nature and the constitution of things. God made the universe after the pattern of his own heart, and adapted it to a state of love. The whole machinery of it runs directly across selfishness; and for that reason evil men can never be free.

We would say to those who consider democratic institutions the palladium of individual liberty, that this very blessing is enjoyed to an infinitely greater degree, under the monarchy of God. We believe that only those who have passed the quarantine of judgment and become naturalized citizens of the kingdom of heaven, know what is the glorious sensation of unshackled freedom of will. The highest experience and most glowing conceptions of liberty in the world, are but meagre shadows of the liberty which we achieve when we become perfect men. Our wills act under the attraction of a superior spirit, it is true. But what creature in the universe does not? There is no such thing for men, and there never can be, as willing independently of the great authors of good and evil. Our advantage consists in having escaped the exclusive dominion of the evil spirit, which would have entailed on us an eternal war of impossibilities; in having ended the "joint occupation" of two hostile influences in ourselves, which is incompatible with any sense of freedom; and in having come under the exclusive attraction of God, the author of all peace, harmony and beauty. All men are in one of

these three predicaments; and to all purposes of enjoyment the latter offers us perfect freedom.

It offers us more. Suppose we have a desire to travel in distant countries. Liberty to do so would simply require that we should have leisure, money, conveyance, &c. But suppose a gentleman, a man exactly after our own heart, should come and say to us—"You want to go to Europe for purposes of pleasure and improvement. Let me go with you, and take the care and trouble of your journey on myself. I will pay your bills and see to all your affairs. I am familiar with all the countries which you will visit, will be your companion, and so direct your journey that you need do nothing but enjoy yourself." Would not the acceptance of this offer, confer upon us something better than mere individual liberty? True, we give up the direction of our affairs to another; but it is to one perfectly worthy of the trust, and we gain in exchange an exemption from the vexations and dangers of the undertaking. The more care we could thus transfer judiciously, the more liberty we should have, and the more completely would the object of our travels be gained. Precisely like this is the relation between God and his people, in making the tour of the universe. We may suppose that we might go alone; but it would be better to have an intelligent power to direct and forward us, and to find all our purposes backed up by Jehovah himself.

It is necessary and right that this supreme unity of will should run through every department of the creation. It is the gravitation that will finally bring human nature, and every member of it, into the harmony of the starry system; so that each in his orbit shall be necessary to all, and the combined effect shall be worthy of God.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE NATURAL.

THE apostle John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." The idea received from the above, is, that this hope is purifying all who are the sons of God. Just as fast as, under the discipline of the Holy Spirit, we discover any foreign element which has attached itself to our life, we can by disclaiming any connection with it, and avowing our connection with Christ, separate ourselves from this foreign substance and thus purify ourselves. Salvation, thus becomes simply a matter of discovery and not of works. If we are suffering from any evil, we can straighten ourselves up and say, "We are sons of God. This evil is no part of us. It is some parasite that has hooked itself upon us. Our business is to discover and make manifest the difference between us and it."

Darwin has a theory about plants which well illustrates this subject. The following occurs in a letter which he wrote to Mr. D. Beaton:

"The position and habitats [of wild plants] are more often the result of necessity and not of choice. A plant that would thrive and be luxuriant on the sea-coast, on the plains, or in valleys, in beds of alluvium, or in the shelter of high ridges, or precipitous rocks, can find no foot-room in such luxury, from the natural competition of more powerful neighbors, as was the case not many ages since among ourselves in the midst of civilized life; and from this competition the weaker plants must always go where they can vegetate and live a quiet life without rank or luxury—in the highways and byways of the

savage wilderness, and in time they become the alpine and sub-alpine species of that part of the world, from sheer necessity. They may even become sterile from a long course of the starving principle. But now recover one from impending fate, give it to a florist or a fancy gardener, who is above the vulgar prejudice in his belief that all plants in a wild state must, of necessity, occupy the places best suited to their natures, and he will soon tell a different version, how the matter really stands, and might have stood in the wilds, if the plant could get admission to those parts which its constitution was formed to enjoy. The plant is found to be a luxuriant grower, not at all like a mountain plant, or a rock plant, or ridge or bare-places-of-the-earth-kind-of-looking plant one might expect from the description of its habitat. After a round of cultivation, he has brought it to that point from which it fell, in consequence of competition in foreign parts. It begins to seed; and if it, or any of its seedlings, sport for joy, why, a new race is born into the world, as has been the case at every revolution of the order of things since the world began to be clothed as it is now; or if it comes true from seeds, another flower of the same kind which has already been civilized, as it were, may cross with it, and a generation of gentry is forthwith on the stage of the florists or of that of the competition tent."

It is interesting to think that the salvation of plants, so to speak, is a matter of discovery as well as the salvation of men. The work of the gardener consists simply in the discovery of the Eden glory which is hidden within the plant and which has been overlaid and concealed by ages of hard usage. Just so the mark of the Holy Spirit consists in delivering the Sons of God from the manifold wrappings in which six thousand years of sinful experience have enshrouded them. This philosophy also shows how foolish it is to look among savages for the natural condition of man. If it is true, as Darwin says, that even plants left to the rude exposure and competition of a savage life are farthest removed from a natural condition, much more is it true that man must look into a future of high cultivation to find his natural state rather than among the red men of the forest.

In the light of these notions the rationality of our late raid on the weeds becomes apparent. It must be that at the fall when the earth was cursed, an insubordinate, rampant spirit entered into vegetation and these savage heathenish weeds which torment us so, began to crowd the more useful vegetation until that was obliged to assume something of the weed character, and in some cases to even "flee to the mountains" in sheer self-defense. It is noticeable that these wild plants are unsocial isolated things. It is only after considerable civilization that they begin to cross, and mix up with their neighbors, and thus become capable of producing an endless variety of improvements upon themselves. It is clear that whatever subdues and makes life subordinate tends directly toward the original, natural state. In the case of our little strawberry-seedling bed which we made from the bottoms of burnt brush-heaps, the soil had to be purified by fire to kill the weed-seed that was in it, and make the life subordinate so that the bed would raise nothing but what we wanted to have it do. All life that is to be saved must in some way or other be made subordinate.

H. J. S.

—A daily prayer meeting is commenced in Greene Street church, New York, and the centers

of vice and impiety are strongly assailed. The lower wards are likely to give birth to a kind of Washingtonian movement of Christianity, and to a somewhat modified type of Christianity itself.

—Utica Herald.

THE OLD LOG HUT.

I.

WE lack just one picture—the "log hut" in which the O. C. was born and cribbed for a season. But we can't have that picture, since the original disappeared long before we thought of having photographs taken of our grounds and buildings. We were reminded however, a few days since of our great loss while looking at a huge pile of dirt thrown up for the track of the Midland R. R. within a few feet of where the old Indian cabin once stood. But regrets are useless. That cradle of Communism can not be replaced in our imaginations, and the best we can do now is to treasure up its reminiscences. As the "log hut" was ours when we took possession of it, on the second day of March 1848, the reader may wish to know how or by what means it became so? To that end I may as well go back to the previous fall and relate some incidents of the interval between our expulsion from Putney and our adoption of the log hut at Oneida.

After a fortnight of adventures and perils in Connecticut (which will be told sometime but not now), J. H. Noyes and G. Cragin met in New York city. The first thing, of course, with J. H. N. was to find a quiet lodging house where he could lie down and reflect. Accordingly the daily and weekly papers were examined, but nothing could be found to our minds. In the course of the day we remembered that a Perfectionist brother who had formerly resided for a while in the Putney Corporation, now lived in the city; but not knowing his present attitude toward us we had some hesitation in calling upon him. "But nothing venture nothing have," and yielding to an impression that good and not evil would result, we were soon at his residence receiving a hearty welcome. Mr. S. invited us to accompany him in making a call upon an acquaintance of his, a Miss W. who resided with a married sister on the other side of the city. We complied with the invitation and soon learned that in Miss W. we had another sympathizing friend. In the course of the interview we revealed to them the business in hand. Miss W. soon left the room and in a few moments returned with the intelligence that if the parlor in which we were seated would answer our purpose it was at our disposal at our own price. We felt some like exclaiming as did Dr. Beecher's friend, "All this and heaven too?" The husband of the married sister was a carman with a large family of small children and business dull; a few additional dollars a week therefore for the use of a spare room, would not come amiss. The offer was thankfully accepted on our part and the day following found us quietly and cozily seated by a coal fire in the neatly furnished parlor with a large bed in one corner and a sofa in another, and ample accommodations for all our needs. We took our meals at eating-houses just far enough from our temporary home to give us refreshing walks. We could hardly find language to express the gratitude of our hearts to him who "withholds no good thing from them who walk uprightly." Here were just the arrangements we wished for, but hardly dared expect to find; a private house, a quiet street, a respectable modest family, and a sympathizing friend to look after our wants.

Early in January Mr. Noyes received a letter from Jonathan Burt, who was located at this place in the Oneida valley, and owned what was called the Indian saw-mill. Associated with Mr. B. were Messrs. Nash and Ackley, and one or two others, all of whom were Perfectionists, and subscribers to the Putney publications. The letter was a brotherly invitation to Mr. N. to visit them. These few champions for the truth had come together as a preliminary step toward association. They had heard of the disturbance in Putney, but their confidence in Mr. N. as an inspired expounder of Bible truths remained unshak-

en. After due deliberation Mr. Noyes accepted the invitation. Before leaving the city, however, he thought it advisable to divide the funds we had in our possession, not knowing what need for them might occur at other points. To do so it was necessary to exchange a thousand-dollar U. S. bond for gold or city funds. With our bond in hand and trust in our hearts, we sallied forth, and a walk of twenty minutes brought us into the money mart of Wall-st. Remembering that the Bank of New York was a reliable institution, we called there and offered our bond, but the bankers there not dealing in that species of currency, recommended us to a broker in the basement. In making known our wishes, the sharp-eyed dealer in bonds and bullion took the document, looked at it closely, and then as closely and sharply eyed the living vignettes confronting him. Was he suspicious of us? Without saying a word he retired to an inner sanctum and was absent some little time, but for what purpose we could not conceive, unless it was to consult upon the expediency of arresting us, on suspicion that we were not the rightful owners of the property in our possession. Little did he imagine however, that the small sum we were trying to make available, was to be the *germ* of a business corporation whose credit in a few years would stand among the "A No. 1s" on the book of the Commercial Agency of his city. Finally he returned our bond, and coolly remarked that it must be certified by the collector of the port or deputy at the Custom House. We breathed more freely as we entered the street again. The air of those money mongers, from some cause or other, seemed to be exceedingly oppressive to us.

At the Custom House, after running hither and thither and making many inquiries, we found ourselves in the presence of his collectorship. Here again we were scrutinized, but less suspiciously. Assuring himself that the bond was all right, the collector informed us that he had not the pleasure of our acquaintance, and before certifying the bond, we must find some one who was acquainted with both parties. We looked at each other with some amazement and then at the collector, rather imploringly. To find some one acquainted with us, and at the same time known to this high functionary—the idea was appalling to us! Being informed that we were strangers in the city, our situation may have excited in him some commiseration, for he then kindly inquired if we had any acquaintances in the post-office department? In an instant light flashed upon my bewildered mind. I remembered my experience as publisher of the *Advocate of Moral Reform*, and the business acquaintance I had formed with the head clerk, Mr. Taylor, whose name I at once mentioned.

"A line from him," said the collector, "will be sufficient."

We were not long in measuring the distance between the Custom House and the old Dutch Church now owned and used by Uncle Sam, for daily dispensing letters to tens of thousands of Gothamites.

Mr. Taylor recognized us at once and certified us without hesitation, saying as he did so, "I am glad to serve you." On returning, the collector seemed as much pleased as ourselves at our good luck. The bond was then certified and we returned to the broker's office, and he gave us a check on the bank for the amount. As the check was made payable to our order, we signed it and handed it to the paying Teller, who instantly returned it, saying it must be certified. A feeling of profound despair seized us for a moment. But recovering our equanimity our friend said to us, "Perhaps you have an old acquaintance in the bank?" An inspired suggestion; for as we turned around the first person our eyes met was Mr. G., an old revival-times acquaintance.

"Here," I exclaimed to the Teller, "is friend G. whom you probably know, being a broker."

We were certified without delay as all right, and thus ended our gauntlet-running among Bankers and Brokers. The devil may have known better than we did what cause this money was going to build up. Hence these obstructions.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1868.

COMMUNITY CHILDREN.

NO. II.

THE critics of Communism have to admit that in money matters and material surroundings, either the blessing of God is upon us, or we are obeying some great law of nature that brings prosperity; but they say or insinuate that in the deeper and more important matters of propagation and training of children, Communism shows signs of failure. We take issue with them on this point. After mature investigation and reflection, our belief and affirmation is, that the same blessing of God and prosperous obedience, that is at work in our material enterprises, is manifest in the life and growth of our children.

In our last number we stated some facts in relation to the results of the entire administration of our children's house for twenty years—that there have been but two deaths there in all that time, and that the graduates of that department are now strong men and women, acquitting themselves well in the business of the Community and in institutions of learning abroad. We have much more to say, and some good stories to tell, about the general career of the children's house and its graduates; but for the present number we will confine ourselves to a survey of that department as it now stands—a look at the present generation of Community children.

As the main dispute between us and the critics is about the vital and intellectual condition of our children, we have thought it best to take an inventory of the health and brains of those now at the children's house. The following are the results of careful inquiries and measurements by T. R. Noyes, M. D.

REPORT OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATION.

The children's house takes children at about the age of sixteen months and keeps them to the age of eleven or twelve years. Nursing infants are otherwise provided for. The present number of inmates is twenty-five, of whom ten are boys and fifteen are girls.

The following tables give the age, height, weight, size of head, and size of chest, of each boy and girl, by which physiologists and others who choose to compare these statistics with average measurements, may form some judgment of the physical condition of these children.

Boys.

	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Size of head.	Size of chest.
Clarence...	12 yrs.	76½ lbs.	4 ft. 10 in.	21 in.	29½ in.
Harley....	7 "	47½ "	3 " 11 "	21 "	24½ "
Wilfred....	7 "	46½ "	3 " 10 "	22 "	23½ "
George....	6 "	43½ "	3 " 7½ "	21 "	23½ "
Harold....	6 "	36½ "	3 " 0½ "	19½ "	21½ "
Temple....	5 "	36½ "	3 " 5½ "	20½ "	21½ "
Ormond....	4 "	42½ "	3 " 6 "	21 "	22½ "
Ransom....	3 "	35½ "	3 " 1½ "	20½ "	22½ "
Horace....	2 "	29½ "	2 " 10½ "	19½ "	21½ "
Eugene....	2 "	28½ "	2 " 9 "	20 "	21½ "

Girls.

	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Size of head.	Size of chest.
Lily.....	11 yrs.	71 lbs.	4 ft. 6 in.	20½ in.	26½ in.
Rose.....	11 "	39½ "	3 " 8 "	20½ "	21½ "
Edith....	10 "	65½ "	4 " 6½ "	21½ "	26 "
Leonora..	9 "	55 " "	4 " 2½ "	19½ "	24 "
Marion...	9 "	55½ "	3 " 11½ "	21½ "	25 "
Mabel....	9 "	64½ "	4 " 2½ "	21½ "	26½ "
Emily....	7 "	42 " "	3 " 7½ "	19 "	23½ "
Theodora..	7 "	45 " "	3 " 9½ "	20½ "	22 "
Anna.....	6 "	43½ "	3 " 7½ "	19½ "	22 "
Fanny....	5 "	39½ "	3 " 7 "	19½ "	22½ "
Cosette...	5 "	34½ "	3 " 6½ "	19½ "	22½ "
Lucy.....	5 "	37½ "	3 " 4½ "	20½ "	22½ "
May.....	4 "	31½ "	3 " 1 "	19½ "	21 "
Virginia..	4 "	31½ "	3 " 2½ "	20 "	21½ "
Maud.....	3 "	31½ "	2 " 11½ "	19½ "	22 "

Seventeen of these children have been always healthy, or only subject to the ordinary slight illnesses of young persons. Several had the scarlet fever when it was prevalent in the neighborhood; but the sequelae have been slight.

Five were quite delicate in infancy, but have steadily improved under the care of the department, and are now, in the ordinary sense of the term, healthy children. One of them has a habit of constipation, brought on by bad management soon after birth, but is likely to outgrow it.

Two, that are sisters, inherit diseased tendencies, their mother's family having been very scrofulous. The elder (Rose, in the table) was deformed by

rachitis (rickets) at five years of age, but is now otherwise in good health. The younger has exhibited a tendency to the same disease, but appears to be safely passing the crisis of danger.

One boy (Wilfred in the table) was the offspring of parents who were both deficient in physical stamina, but bright intellectually. He has shown some tendency to hydrocephalus, but is outgrowing it. He is very ingenious and bids fair to be a strong healthy man.

None of these children show any signs of imbecility. The only abnormal brain is that of Wilfred, which is a little too large. The only deformity is that of Rose. There are no "sore eyes" * among them, or other chronic local diseases.

T. R. NOYES.

It would be easy here to go into discriminations that would prove that what little there is in the above showing that is unfavorable, is not chargeable to Communism. But we ask no favors. Let the critics make the most of the weaknesses reported. There is nothing at all resembling the degeneracy which they wish to make out. It is a cleaner bill of health and brains than they can find in any common neighborhood. And now to complete the testimony, two school-teachers shall say what they think of the Community children.

TESTIMONY OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

Having noticed that several obscure, not to say foolish and prejudiced writers for the press, have undertaken to disparage the Community, by representing that its children are low-strung and idiotic, I beg to offer testimony that has never been in place until now.

1. I have taught in the common schools of Vermont, North Carolina, Michigan, and also in the schools of the Community, both at Wallingford and Oneida, and having, besides, some smattering of Phrenology, it is reasonable to suppose that I should have some inducements to take the measure of our children by the standards of a schoolmaster.

2. There is not an idiot nor underwit in the Community: and none such was ever born here. And this is more than I can say of any neighborhood in which I have lived previously to joining this Association. There was idiocy in the school-district in which I was born, and there were cases of idiocy and imbecility in every single neighborhood in which it was my fortune to teach.

3. I have always found that a class of scholars born in the Community, was fifty per cent brighter and more studious than any school I have taught in the world. In my zeal and satisfaction, I have often said to myself, "These scholars are a hundred per cent better than any I ever knew in the common schools."

4. I am confident that the spirit and discipline of the Community, including as it does, a hearty and intelligent confession of Christ as an indwelling Savior, has, in the end, an effect to quiet the passions and clear the head, and can not, if allowed a fair chance, fail to rear children of the most happy temperaments.

ALFRED BARRON.

TESTIMONY OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

One of the pleasantest occupations of my Community life has been that of school-teacher. With a previous experience of about four years in the common schools of the world, I could not but contrast the children of the Community with those I had formerly taught. The majority of my former scholars have ranged from the ages of five to twelve, and among children here of the same age, I quickly discovered that they were more easily governed; that they had been taught to watch within for the little seeds of discord that spring up, and cause unhappiness among themselves; to love study, not for the sake of emulation and competition, but that they might come more into sympathy with God, who knows all things.

For mental ability, I have found them to be rather above the average, particularly those born in the Community. Many of them possess a knowledge of Geography that older persons might envy. The location of places; the points of interest about Nineveh, Babylon, Rome and other places; the noted mountains and rivers; and the ocean with its capes and islands, are known to the Community children not in a dry mechanical way, but as exciting realities. They will tell you about them, with a brightness of expression and earnestness, that makes you almost feel they have been there themselves. Living together, they stimulate each other, and create an enthusiasm that makes them studious, and desirous of acquiring knowledge. This is caught by the little ones, who very early show a love for books. They learn their letters among themselves, and on coming to school, need restraining rather than urging. The wide range of thought in the Community, is felt by the children. In general knowledge they are superior to those in the world. Their memories are excellent; a little girl of ten recited a long chapter of "Hawa-

* This was the symptom which a leading Spiritualist reported of our children.

tha" without being prompted a word. They frequently get up little entertainments of music, tableaux and plays, that are original, and both amusing and edifying.

Teaching here has improved me more than any previous experience. PORTIA M. UNDERHILL.

All you can say now, Messrs. Critics, is, that this is *ex parte* testimony. Well, if you don't believe it, send on your phrenologists and physiologists and school-teachers, to examine and report for your side. They shall have all possible opportunity to ascertain the whole truth about the matter.

P. S. It has just occurred to us what the trouble is with our children. It must be that the critical inspectors conclude the youngsters are not smart, because they are deficient in squalling and fighting! We own up. If that is a bad symptom, Communism is certainly failing in its rising generation. Alas! Alas!

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Sept. 19.]

ONEIDA.

—The event of the week has been one of the sudden changes of policy to which the Community is accustomed. The Community is like an army and free at any time to "change base." The preserving-fruit business, although mainly successful this season, has drawn heavily on our time and attention to the detriment of other and more important interests. Delay in getting fresh fruit to us by express, causes sudden and disorganizing calls for help at the fruit house, to preserve what would otherwise spoil or deteriorate so much as to hurt our reputation. The business has been a great help to us in times when we lacked profitable occupations; but now the increasing sale of our other goods warns us to concentrate our energies upon fewer concerns, and it has been decided to go out of the fruit-preserving. Another powerful argument with us is that foreign fruit frequently comes just at night, requiring immediate attention, and breaking up our evening meetings which are more precious to us than gold. After the decision the following bulletin from J. H. N. was read in the evening meeting:

Now let all hands take hold heartily, and finish off what remains of the fruit business, so as to make the most of it for this final year; and it seems to me we shall on the whole have reason to be thankful and satisfied with what we have accomplished. We have led the world in the preserving business; we have taught the farmers of central New York how to raise fruit; we have gained experience which will always enable us to supply our own table with the best of luxuries. Mr. Burt has beat the world with his omnijust adjustable corn-cutter; and Mr. Thacker has produced a triumphant rake-hoe; how many more good things we have achieved in connection with fruit-preserving, let others say. Certainly we have put our powers of execution and endurance and harmony to a crucial test; and on the whole have stood the test well, and are coming out, according to all accounts, in a general resolution of all discords, and a diapason of harmony on the final cadence. So I think we can bid good bye to the fruit business as a grand overture, with rather too much of the rattle-ty bang for our advancing taste, but excellent music for its time.

Perhaps the corn-cutter and the rake-hoe will be something more than mere mementoes of our fruit career. Who knows but that they may occupy our machine-shop and our foundry with a business as profitable and more comfortable than that from which they sprung?

The following Circular has been printed to be enclosed in invoices of fruit sent off this fall:

TO OUR FRUIT-PATRONS.

On account of the increasing demands upon our attention of our other branches of manufacture, the difficulties and vexations connected with freighting fruits, and for other reasons, we have decided to withdraw from the business of packing and marketing fruits and vegetables, at the close of this season.

With thanks for past favors, we remain,

Very respectfully,

ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Oneida N. Y., Sept. 15, 1868.

—We have no Home Talks now, and were glad to get the following note from J. H. N., written on the back of one he had received and sent to be read in the meeting: "W's testimony is very cheering to me. I wish that all may be able to say with him that they

have found Christ in their hearts, and are learning to receive electrical communications from him. Contact with the living God in our hearts is the prime fact of our religion, our organization and our prosperity."

A large hanging map of South America in the entrance hall has suddenly become an object of attraction. Some one has pinned on to it a paper on which is written the names of the provinces and cities destroyed by the great earthquake—and added this item: "In the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 there perished 60,000."

—We have but just escaped a frost this week. Twice the night has shut over us with the most threatening aspect, but relented before morning and dropped tears of mercy. The grapes thereat took breath, asking only a few days to get out of the way.

—Last night our meeting was one of unusual interest. Mr. Joshua Phelps, of Owasco being present, he was invited to speak to the family. His reference to the past drew from E. H. H. the question, "Were you at the Genoa Convention?" "Yes sir, I was, and I fully indorsed the resolutions then taken." "If some one will get the *Spiritual Magazine*," said E. H. H. (who was also a member of that Convention), "we will read the resolutions Mr. P. refers to." The book being brought, after noticing as a coincidence that the twenty-first anniversary of that meeting occurred yesterday, he read the account written by J. H. N., of both the Lairdsville and Genoa Conventions, showing how the eastern and western believers became united, and how the germ was started from which this Community sprung. Then Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Nash and Mr. Phelps recalled incidents of that occasion which were full of entertainment to us all, and removed in great measure the almost legendary character which has clothed those past events in the minds of some of us young folks. The resolutions voted at Genoa were as follows; they were new to some of us, and their effect was thrilling:

1. *Resolved*, That we will devote ourselves exclusively to the establishment of the kingdom of God; and as that kingdom includes and provides for all interests, religious, political, social and physical, that we will not join or cooperate with any other association.

2. *Resolved*, That as the kingdom of God is to have an external manifestation, and as that manifestation must be in some form of Association, we will acquaint ourselves with the principles of heavenly Association, and train ourselves to conformity to them as fast as possible.

3. *Resolved*, That one of the leading principles of heavenly Association, is the renunciation of exclusive claim to private property.

4. *Resolved*, That it is expedient immediately to take measures for forming a heavenly Association in central New York.

After the reading E. H. H. said: "God gave me faith and grace to indorse those resolutions and never to turn aside from that time to this."

—An article about the O. C. in a Brooklyn paper, was read last evening, the writer of which stating that he visited here in August, gives a flattering description of our grounds and dwellings, our factories and dinner-table, but (how natural it is to find a *but* in these accounts of the O. C.), winds up with disparaging our children as few and unfortunate, and with the insinuation that the women are unhappy because "their demeanor is serious and reserved." In speaking of the "sumptuous repast" he enjoyed, he says, "The attendants were young women of sixteen to eighteen years of age, comely and modest in deportment, but (!) remarkably quiet." One of our young folks wondered if there were any such thing as pleasing such difficult folks. What would be said for instance if our women were frivolous and bold, or if our children were a few too many? T. R. N. gave his imagination way in the following letter from a supposed visitor, which came into the hands of our evening reader and entertained us this evening:

B—, Aug. 18, 1868.

EDITOR OF THE —:—A party of ladies and gentlemen, myself among the number, have been spending a week or two of this August weather at this charming place in Central New York. The

notorious Oneida Community is not forty miles from here, and, prompted by a desire to see the results of organized licentiousness I paid them a visit last week. I was accompanied only by the gentlemen of our party, for well knowing the character of the place, of course the ladies remained at B—. As we approached the spot, after a refreshing drive through the rich farming lands of this center of the Empire State, evidences of the shiffliness and neglect so sure to follow the disorganization of existing society began to show themselves. Stumps, briars, and tumble-down fences appeared on every hand. The farm of the Community is on the former Indian reservation and appears to have experienced only a melancholy change since it left the hands of the red men. The buildings which soon appeared at a turn in the road, are a huge pile of weather beaten wooden structures looking much like a county poor-house. The most noticeable feature as we drove up before a group of loungers at the front door, was the great quantities of children; children swarmed at every window of the building devoted to them, and ill-natured squallings resounded on every hand. What else could be expected when every man is the husband of every woman? We succeeded at length in gaining the attention of one of the loungers and called for dinner. We were served a very ill-cooked country dinner, and were waited on by some young women. It was melancholy to see the absence of that delicate reserve which the ordinary family relation is so sure to inculcate. Where was the quiet demeanor so beautiful in well-trained young women? It was evident that the presence of total strangers placed no restraint upon their behavior. Why should it when taught to look upon all men alike? We did not care to inspect the children's department for we had seen enough of that already. We drove away with a deep feeling of sadness, convinced more than ever before that thrift and bad morals never go together, and that error always meets its just reward.

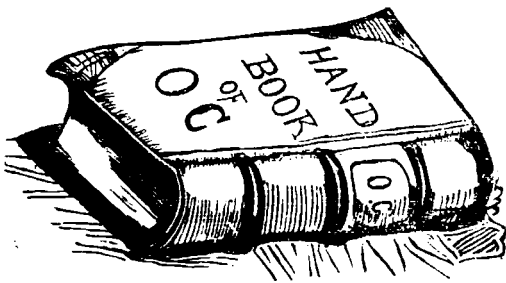
WALLINGFORD.

—We have been troubled this year by the swarms of hornets which infest this neighborhood. To be sure they make themselves useful catching flies, but as some unlucky person gets stung every once in a while, they have been voted a nuisance, and measures have been taken to destroy their nests, when found. One nest was destroyed by pouring ether into the passage by which the hornets went in and out. At the first application of the ether, there was a terrible buzzing heard, then all was quiet, and on tearing open the nest, nearly a double handful of hornets were found lying in a heap, completely stupefied. These were taken to the house, exhibited, and then carefully deposited in the kitchen stove. This evening a grand party of attack was organized against another hornet's nest north of the house. G. W. N. headed the party while J. P. H. brought up the rear, having in his hand a stick, on one end of which was fastened a bunch of rags well saturated with kerosene oil. It was so dark, we could hardly find the nest. When John struck a match igniting his instrument of torture, it blazed up furiously, and threw a glare on all surrounding objects producing quite a tragical effect. After putting the burning torch under the nest, and treating the hornets to a little private tophet on their own account, we wended our way homeward, John holding the torch high over his head to light us.

—The grape vines which are trained to run up the south side of the house, have yielded remarkably well this year. As the gardener wished the clusters might be preserved uncut until ripe enough to be picked, all have conscientiously left them untouched, although the temptation to do differently has been great. The rich, purple bunches have claimed our admiration so much, seeming almost ready to drop into our mouths of their own accord, that many a wistful glance has been cast at them. This morning we saw one of the kitchen girls standing under the grape-vine, leaning in a striking attitude on her broom, while with nose in air, she snuffed vigorously at a handsome cluster above her. "Smellin' aint touchin'," said she. We all laughed, and indeed, she made such a comical picture, that we wished our special artist had been on the spot to see.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Somebody unknown thus heads the subscription list for the



Buffalo Sept., 12, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I was pleased to learn in your issue of August 24th, that you contemplate publishing, at no distant day, a "Hand-Book" or exhaustive "tract" of what the Oneida Community is. It will, I assure you, be welcome in this vicinity, especially if you send free of charge—as of course you do. I find sometimes in conversing with ordinary people, who are over-communicative about themselves, that there is a limit to the interest which their strictly personal history has for me. But not so you. How you eat, sleep, talk, walk and dress, are subjects that employ my waking thoughts—intrude into my sleep, and suggest endless inquiry and speculation. Now that you propose to satisfy—think of it! satisfy this all-absorbing curiosity, I am only afraid that I shan't live till you publish. For I am aware that what you contemplate is a work of time as well as space.

Let me see, have I any standard of size by which to measure the probable dimensions of your forthcoming tract? I remember when I first went to housekeeping, that my husband—who was a minister—brought home among his other "effects" two enormous commentaries—Brobdingnag volumes, which I knew could never lie on any shelf, and must inevitably take up the room of a chair if not a table in our small study. Nobody ever looked into the ponderous tomes, that I know of, or would be paid for their trouble if they did, so after a year of dusting and endurance, as they were about to repair our country church, I joyfully tendered them to the deacon to be used as steps! The deacon laughed as deacons do, but I always thought that in his mind my piety suffered at the hands of my generosity. Now I really can't say whether I shouldn't stand aghast at receiving through a gift enterprise, or such way, a book of that size; but coming to me from the O. Ceans as an exhaustive treatise upon their habits, manners, modes of life, et. cet, I should welcome it even if I had to hire another loft in which to store it. But now, dear Caterers, don't disappoint my prurient curiosity. Be *minute* in the *personalities*. Never mind so much about your religion. Say as little as you care to, or please, about your strange unconquerable, invincible, but united and living faith; leave out the more than spherical *harmony* in which you live and move; but tell us how you lodge! Beliefs and dogmas don't interest us so much as your dormitories; science is no great object—tell us how you sleep!

Hoping that these few hints may serve some purpose in the construction of your work so as to make it both popular and instructive, I close by ordering an early copy, sent per express, prepaid of course, direct to my number.

Having discharged what to me has been a pleasant duty, allow me to subscribe myself an earnest seeker after the "terewth,"

S. C. C.

EXPERIENCE.

[Perhaps our readers who remember a paragraph in a recent Wallingford Journal relating to a victory which "J. P. H." reported himself to have had in regard to the hiring spirit about labor, may be interested in the following private note from that brother:]

Wallingford, August 2, 1868.

DEAR A:—My work is out of doors, either in the farming or horticultural department, as the

urgency of the case requires; and as to my attachment to this hill-side home, there seems to be a little uncertainty about it. "I sometimes think so, then agin I don't know," as the old lady said. The fact is, Alfred, Connecticut is, in some respects, a very nice place to live in, but when one considers that nearly every thing that grows here for the benefit and happiness of mankind, is being devoured by countless hordes of vile insects; man being obliged to content himself with their leavings; and furthermore, that, in order to get fruit and vegetation into presentable shape for these devourers, man must wage an everlasting warfare with a great variety of weeds of the vilest and rankest kind; why, I say, when one considers these trifling drawbacks, it eases off his ardor, and casts something of a shadow over the romance. But this you know is taking an external view of things. I assure you that internally I am as sound as a brick; that is, with God almighty working in me. I can enjoy *all* things as long as I know that I am laying up treasures in heaven.

Now I think of it, I will tell you of some thoughts and feelings that came upon me only yesterday. I was at work with Frederick, removing the old canes from a patch of raspberry vines (pretty wearing and tearing business perhaps you know), when the old feeling of discouragement and unbelief came upon me; it seemed to go clear down to the bottom of my existence, and there whisper that life was a drudge, and always would be; that even God would not save me from it if he could. It seemed to be the last gasp of that old spirit of unbelief about labor, and a terrible struggle it was. But by some good providence I caught sight of the devil in the midst of his plausibility. Now you know that if a man is in the dark and fighting an enemy that he can not see, he stands a bad chance, and will be very likely to come off second best; but let him see his enemy and know where to aim his blow and there soon comes an end to the fight.

Well, so it was in this case. I saw the same old devil that I had fought and vanquished in other contests, and why not in this? I did not stop to argue the point, I assure you. I seized my old, and well-tried weapon, and to use a pugilistic phrase, "hit straight out at him." Following close on this, I dealt another and another. I told him he was a damned liar—the very spawn of a lie, and if he should tell me of things that I had formerly considered true, I should never believe them again, I should know they were lies. He could not stand this; I had at last attacked and worsted him on his strongest point. He left me master of the field muttering as he went, that this was a terrible rebellion; he had thought there was long since a clear understanding about this matter. After the fight, while I was yet weary, but exceedingly peaceful, a flood of light and faith, such as I have seldom ever experienced, came upon me, and with it some shining angels came to me in the field of briars, and took up their abode, and supped with me. My heart was now very soft, and when I told them of what a bad way I had been in—how I had mistrusted the Lord in the matter of work, sometimes thinking him a hard master, and not caring to help me, not remembering what he had so kindly told me, that, when I was weary and heavy laden, to come unto him, and I should find rest—when I told them this, my heart weeping, they smiled on me as though nothing had happened, and said I must trust the Lord; he loved me and would care for me. My heart is full of faith and hope. I feel as though I want nothing henceforth but to do the Lord's business and trust him to smooth the way for me.

Your loving brother, J. P. H.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

I.

A THATCHED cottage only one story high, so completely covered with roses or clematis that the lattice windows can scarcely be seen or opened, with a rustic portico appearing more like an accidental excrescence of roses, than any architectural intention; a little flower garden filled with the most fragrant, and oldest fashioned of flowers, supplying a field of

industry to the bees, whose neat basket hive stands upon a stool in one corner of the patch, and also a fund of satisfaction to the old granddame, who sits amid the wilderness of creepers, snuffing the sweet perfumes as she busily knits on her long worsted stockings. The habitation seems as much for birds as for man; for the sparrows have nests innumerable, both in the thatch and in the creepers; nor do they heed the presence of the old lady, but hopping past her, pick up what few crumbs her scrupulous neatness may have overlooked upon the bright red brick floor. Such is the phase of English cottage life, around which cling my earliest recollections and affections. Can it be wondered at, if I should often have been found disobeying the wishes of my parents in seeking my playmates and games among such lovely little nooks? The large house in which we lived, where every one in the family could have a room or two to himself, and then not fill it, had no attractions for me beside the little cottage, where a family perhaps of eight or ten, all lived in two or three small apartments. Our bountiful table or well-stocked larder, could not compare with the frugal meal of the humble cottager. I can not begin to express the pleasure I used to enjoy in yielding to the pressing invitation of some old cottage queen, to sit down and have a cup of tea with her family. How they all enjoyed their meal! No wine nor piquant sauce was there, yet they devoured their huge pieces of bread-and-butter, with a relish that a king might crave, and all seemed happy and contented while the nicest cup of tea and a slice of brown bread covered with the most delicious honey, gathered perhaps from the same little flower garden, on which we looked as we ate it, seemed to excel anything I had ever tasted in my father's house, and I often asked in my childish simplicity "why papa didn't take us to live in a cottage? it would be so much cheaper and so nice."

Being a very sickly child, I was a long time under the care of an old nurse, who used to take me visiting around at the cottagers, and I became quite a favorite with many a kind old dame, who was as pleased to have "one of the young masters" sit at her table, as I was to eat her bread and honey and to suck in all the praises and flattery which did me so little good in after years.

I have often thought what a happy country old England would be if every thing were as they appeared on the surface, or as seen through the eyes of my childhood! But what an absurd ideal such rustic happiness becomes, when viewed in the spirit of truth. If the contentment and comfort of the English cottager were the result of knowledge and religious influence, the cottager would be happy indeed, and far better off than the millionaire; but for the very lack of knowledge he is contented with his lot and the grossest ignorance keeps him still a cottager.

Since my childhood, great changes have taken place; public schools have been established in every parish, and every one has a chance to learn; but at that time it was rare to find one in a family of laborers who could read or write, and in some of the mining districts, notwithstanding the whole country was parceled out into rich dioceses and bishoprics, there were to be found people who had scarcely heard of the gospel of Christ. I was told by a cousin of mine who married a parson and settled in one of these districts, that having set to work in the parish with a great deal of zeal, reading the Bible from house to house, and otherwise helping her husband in his parochial duties, she found among her parishioners one old woman who really knew nothing at all about the Bible. She had actually brought up children and grandchildren in a country sending missionaries over the whole earth, and remained in total ignorance of the details of Christ's history. When the story of his crucifixion was read to her, and my cousin seeing tears gather in the old lady's eyes was encouraged to grow warm upon the subject of Christ's sufferings, she inquired, "Where all that ere happened?" and "how long were it ago?" and upon being assured that it was not of late occurrence, and that it didn't take place in England, she tried to sooth my cousin's grief and her own by saying,

"There, don't ee take on so child. 'Twas so far away, and so long ago, do let's hope it ain't true," and all labor was in vain to induce the old lady to understand that she had any interest whatever in the truth of the story.

It was in the superstition of these people, that I found the most amusement. If I could slip away unnoticed and get either with the servants or into one of the cottages, and start some exciting story, there was sure to be one attentive listener, and many were the tales often told of ghosts and hobgoblins, to which I listened with breathless interest. They were none of your "Arabian Nights" or such things that happened so far away that there would be difficulty in proving them, but real genuine ghosts that might be seen any night at twelve o'clock, right close at home. The old church-yard was full of them, to say nothing of an old sow with a litter of young pigs, that ran out of an old holly bush at twelve o'clock every night, for she had been seen so many times that the occurrence ceased to be a novelty, and no one dreamed of doubting it. She had a large gold chain set with big diamonds, round her neck, and although the oldest inhabitants could remember her, from their earliest childhood, yet the sow grew no older, nor her pigs any larger. 'Twas very wonderful! yet I implicitly believed the story, as did also those poor people who related it to me a hundred times over, each time with increasing interest, and I always found myself whistling very loud whenever I passed the holly bush or the old church-yard; and that too, after I had grown old enough to know better.

It is a matter of continual comfort to me that my children are in this Community, far removed from such silly superstitions and from the exceedingly evil influence of ignorant servants to which I had the misfortune, in common with the children of all who employ such help, to be exposed.

E.

HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY HENRY THACKER.

V.

UP to this time my physical development seemed to have been retarded. I was rather small in stature for my age, but compact, strong and muscular. A change now took place, and I commenced to grow in height, but my strength did not increase with bodily development, and for several years subsequently, hard labor, though I saw no way out of it, was looked upon and endured, rather as a necessity, than otherwise. However, as I attained my full stature early in life, I recovered my strength, and for years seemed to possess greater endurance than ever.

During my two year's stay, I became very much attached to the place and to my home, and I rather regretted when the time was up, and still continued to make it my home for a year or two longer, when not elsewhere engaged. Although I had all kinds of work to perform that pertained to the farm, my chief delight was in following the plow. I also became very much attached to my team; one horse especially I fairly petted, and would as soon think of going without my own dinner, as of neglecting him at the usual hour of feeding. The horse was also a favorite with the family, especially the female part, and as it was fashionable for young ladies to ride horseback, and I having broken the horse to a short gallop, the women seemed pleased to ride him, which proved a great annoyance to me. Although a single horse was kept for the purpose, still when the women wanted to ride on horseback, my favorite had to go, and I was obliged to take a substitute which did not perform the business near as well. Then too, the saddle was unsuitable, and the horse invariably came home with a sore back, chafed by the saddle. This tended to make him very sensitive, so that I had a great deal of trouble to get the harness on him. This state of things I concluded would not answer, and I set my wits at work to study how to put a stop to it. I made complaint to the son, but he could not prevent it. The majority overruled; consequently I was thrown on my own resources to devise some method to screen the horse. I began by training him to kick up when mounted, by tickling

the sore on his back, at the same time thrusting my heels into his flanks. He soon learned what I wanted of him, and the proper amount of training became an easy matter. It was not long before another ride was concocted by a party of youngsters, when as usual, my favorite was called for by one of the young ladies of the house. I of course demurred, telling her that the sore on the horse's back had been the means of his becoming vicious, and I thought she would not be able to ride him. This was only considered as an excuse to screen the horse, therefore I was obliged to bring him forth all saddled and equipped ready for the rider. In assisting the young lady to mount, and when seated ready for a start, I touched the old gelding in the flank. He understood the signal, and making a bound or two, unseated his fair rider, giving her a gentle toss, and without harm landing her in my arms. She was surprised and somewhat frightened; but the rest of the company persuaded her to try again, only to be a second time unhorsed, and I had the satisfaction of triumphantly leading my charger back to the stable, and replacing him with another animal. In thus gaining my object, however, I very nearly overdid the matter for myself, as an offset perhaps, to my wickedness. In attending gatherings of the young folk, and having a young lady perhaps to dispose of, I now found it difficult to persuade my horse to carry double. None but the most resolute would venture to mount him, and then I was under the necessity of teaching her the all-important task, of keeping her heels clear of the animal's flank, in order to keep him pacified.

At the end of my engagement on the farm, as my mother still manifested more or less solicitude about my trade, I again turned my thoughts in that direction. Not finding an opening for continuing my former trade, and learning the wants of a wheelwright, I at once made an engagement with him to work three years, for a certain sum to be annually increased during the period, provided that on trial I liked the business, and we gave mutual satisfaction. I immediately commenced, and worked steadily at the business. For three or four months every thing seemed to go all right, to the satisfaction of both parties, when an unforeseen event took place which resulted in the finishing up of my business, as a wheelwright.

I had for a room-mate a journeyman workman, a clever young man, who seemed to be on very good terms with the family—at least with the mistress. During the latter part of summer I, from some cause, became restless nights, my sleep being very much disturbed. The annoyance continued to increase until I seriously felt the loss of my usual rest. Somehow, after a time, I began to suspect the cause of my difficulty. Consequently, on rising one morning, I lingered behind, and having the room to myself I commenced to search for a certain bug that I had heard tell sometimes infested beds, but with whose appearance, until then, I was entirely unacquainted. My hunt was not in vain, and I was astonished that I had endured the torment so long. My body, too, on examination, I found was as spotted as an adder's, from the bites of the intruder. I suppose I was pretty thoroughly disgusted by the discovery, and unwittingly let drop some remarks to that effect, to my room-mate. Why I was made the subject of attack instead of my partner, who made no serious complaint, was a mystery. However, as the matter turned out, he evidently did me the kindness to repeat my remarks to the lady of the house, as I soon found that my porridge-dish was up-side-down. I saw the mistake I had made, and that my "cake was dough," as the saying goes, and was not long in deciding what course to take. I could not endure to be eaten alive, and as the mistress had become my enemy, I at once decided to depart. So, packing up my bundle early one morning, and leaving the workman to inform the master of my decision and my reason for it, I left without further ceremony.

I never considered the time lost, spent thus in a fruitless effort to obtain a trade, as I deemed the knowledge I had gained of the different branches of business, fully compensated me for my time and labor. In my recent engagement especially, I had gained an insight into the business and a practical

use of tools, in a manner which proved useful to me in after life.

During the time I was engaged at this place I was drawn into a piece of mischief, of which I afterwards repented, as the act, besides meddling with things with which I had no business, caused more or less damage to property; and had it been found out, would not, most likely, have ended in mere fun. The corporation had purchased a cannon, for the purpose of celebrating the fourth of July, and the piece was brought to our shop to be mounted. The carriage having been finished, it was taken to a shop a few doors below to have some iron-work done on it. While there the boys squibbed it one night, which stirred up the "dander" of the Major, who had the gun in charge. The old fellow was not popular with the boys, and he bustled about and made so much fuss about the matter, that some half-dozen boys clubbed together, and determined to give him another crack. I was induced to take part this time, and by letting the clerks of some of the stores into the secret, we were furnished with what powder we wanted. The cannon was called a twelve-pounder, and we decided to give it a full charge, which would require three pounds of ammunition. The old gunner had taken the precaution to remove the gun to a place of security, as he supposed. But by diligent search we found it drawn into a back yard, in the very center of the town. Our preparations having been completed, at about midnight we approached, rammed home the charge, and filling the calibre nearly full of green grass-wads, primed the piece; trailing a slow match we hastened away with all speed. We had scarcely proceeded ten rods when suddenly the darkness was lifted as by a flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous concussion which shook every building in the vicinity, shivering the glass of the windows, and awakening the whole population around. We had no idea of making such a great noise, having never before witnessed the firing of a cannon of anything like the weight of this. Of course the Major was on hand at early dawn in search of the miscreants, and on entering the shop, demanded to know who fired that gun during the night. No body knew, or at least no one chose to tell. The master said it could not have been his boys, as they retired early in the evening, which was true, but they turned out again unbeknown to him. I left the shop to avoid being questioned, and though the artillery continued his investigation for a day or two it availed him nothing; the affair remained a secret.

Correspondence of the Onondaga Standard.

A VISIT TO THE "ONEIDA COMMUNITY."

THEIR LOCATION, CUSTOMS, DOCTRINES, INDUSTRY, WEALTH, &C., &C.

Three or four miles from the thrifty little village of Oneida, live a class of people calling themselves the Oneida Community. Their leader, Mr. J. H. Noyes, with a small band of followers, some twenty years since, founded their present home of beauty, in the fertile valley, and besides a meandering stream called Oneida Creek. This beautiful valley is famous as the old play ground and former haunt of the Indian. The immense old butternuts yet cast their hoary shade where once the pipe of peace was smoked, and the red man came for his alms. The vale is fraught with historical reminiscences, besides presenting a feature of industry and pleasing beauty. The grounds around the mansion are artistically improved; shaded with evergreens, threaded with gravel walks, interspersed with rustic seats and vine-clad arbors, surrounded by beautiful flowers, the whole presenting a scene of natural and artistic loveliness.

The mansion is three stories high and of brick, accompanied by five other large buildings used for their various industries. The location is most beautiful, and embraces over 500 acres under the highest state of cultivation, comprising vast fields of strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits; large orchards of pears and apples, and vineyards by the acre. There are also numerous manufacturing establishments, including a saw-mill, a planing-mill, and sewing-silk and trap factories. They have made half a million of traps during the last ten years, and turned out \$35,000 worth of satchels yearly. They have furnaces, a printing-office, and a steam-kitchen. In fact, they are fully up to the times, if not in advance, in all of the arts and sciences. Their work and produce has a ready

market and is greatly sought after, being considered very superior. They possess a fine library, and have a good school. In their reading room are to be found several of the leading daily papers, weekly journals, magazines, &c. They even publish a weekly paper of their own. I have one before me. It is ably edited, the contributions are scholarly written, instructive and interesting. They savor mostly of their own peculiar religious spices, and open many channels of thought.

This Community numbers three hundred persons, and is the head and center of all this order. Three off-shoots have branched off elsewhere. One, called the Willow Place Community, of 35 members, has settled down near the mother Community, another in New York City, numbering less, and still one other, a mile from Wallingford, Conn., comprising forty members, and called the "Wallingford Community." These societies are at present full, and are very cautious in admitting new members. They have many applications, but few are chosen. Applicants must first divest themselves of all inordinate and selfish desires, become fully conversant with the laws and character of the society, proving by their deeds and life that they are worthy and conscientious in their protestations and able to carry out the creed and doctrines of the order of which they are about to become members. Upon being received, the applicant surrenders up all his worldly goods to the common treasury of the Community. If he be poor, he then becomes rich; if he be rich, he then becomes as poor as the other members. These people neither marry nor are they given in marriage, neither do they claim to be "free lovers," in the fleshly sense of the word; yet they claim to be free and unincircumscribed in the love of the spirit. They classify human life into two component parts, the spiritual and the physical. The former they seek to cultivate into a supremacy over the latter; the one they encourage, the other they suppress. In spirit they commune, and in flesh they cohabit in accordance with physical and physiological laws. The latter they enjoy as a very important branch of earthly education; in fact, they claim it to be a science most important in fleshly culture, as the soil wherein the soul takes root and blooms.

They do not mate indiscriminately for offspring, as it is alleged, but consult the wisdom of their wise fathers and mothers. The subject is debated at their evening meeting, the analysis of each temperament considered, the chemical affinity of each compound compared, according to their science of such things. They disclaim relationship to the "Shakers," and to the class called "Free Lovers," and call themselves "Christian Perfectionists." They found their social platform upon the Bible and prove their doctrines thereby. The best feature of their creed is their practice of self-renunciation. This is certainly a beautiful Christian virtue in any community. They empty their selfishness into one cauldron of common interest. They exhibit political and spiritual economy worth the patronage of other societies, while at the same time they have forms that seem repugnant to our customs and laws.

They are seldom sick, for they follow the laws of health. They are peaceful and good, and need no preacher, for they claim to be perfect. They observe Sunday, but do not call it a sacred day. They neither baptize nor partake of the sacrament, and they live in perennial worship. They emerged from the Orthodox churches of New England and accept the whole Bible. They are well informed, and many of them finely educated. Three of their number are constantly being educated at Yale College, and they contemplate forming a university of their own. The profits of their labors are over eighteen thousand dollars yearly, proving that strength lies in unity and that labor and skill harmoniously combined must result in riches.

The women wear costumes of their own invention, and very similar to those called bloomers. The men dress well and like the rest of the civilized world. A child, upon being born, is assigned a nurse, and the mother permitted to give it her time and care until it is weaned, and then it is placed in the nursery, where the mother can visit it as often as she chooses. Every child in this institution, as elsewhere, loves and recognizes its mother. Great care is exercised in the training and educating of their children, especially in character and good morals. In this Community woman has equal rights with man. We would advise Mrs. Stanton and a host of others who raise their banners for woman's rights, to send in their application for membership to this industrious band of levellers. EDWARDTON.

GRAMMATICAL EXERCISE.

AT THE PACKING-HOUSE.

Teacher.—George, parse *Community*.

George.—Community is a proper noun, composite number, possessive case, and governed by Bees.

Teacher.—James, you may parse *Bees*.

James.—Bees is a very common noun, first, second, and third person, universal tense and multiple number.

Teacher.—Emma, you may point out the *substantives* in the discourse.

Emma.—They are corn, tomatoes, peaches, plums, pears, huckleberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, and string-beans.

Teacher.—Very well. Cornelia, you may name the *participles*, and tell what they govern.

Cornelia.—They are husking, cutting, paring, peeling, halving and coring, and govern corn, tomatoes, peaches, plums, and all the substantives Emma mentioned.

Teacher.—That will do. Now you may study your arithmetic lesson.

BLESSED DREAMS.

The sunset's smile had left the sky,

The moon rose calm and fair,

As low a little maiden knelt

To breathe her nightly prayer;

And thus her brief petition rose,

In simple words and few:

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

CHORUS.—And thus her brief petition rose,

In simple words and few:

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

O, I have stood in temples grand

Where in the rainbowed gloom

Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,

Thro' clouds of dense perfume;

But never one has seemed to me

So guileless, pure, and new—

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

CHO.—But never one has seemed to me

So guileless, pure and new—

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,

Beneath the sunset skies,

What need have we of other prayer

Than yours, so sweet and wise?

Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,

But bow and pray with you—

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

CHO.—Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,

But bow and pray with you—

"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,

And let them all come true."

—*Song Messenger of the North-West.*

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

THE principal news of the week is an account of one of most destructive earthquakes that has ever occurred. The coasts of Ecuador and Peru were most severely shaken. Many cities with their inhabitants were almost blotted from the earth. Some of the later accounts say that Cuzco has not one stone left upon another. The same is said to be true of Arequipa, a city containing from 80,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. The shock was felt through a distance of forty degrees of latitude, and was accompanied by a tidal wave forty feet high, which rolled inland from the sea, carrying with it large vessels on the shore. The United States steamer *Waterloo* was carried a distance of a mile and one-half from the shore and three miles from her anchorage. Where the city of Catacachi stood there is now a lake. Some of the cities destroyed were situated over the great silver mines in that region and the earthquake broke the crust over the mines literally precipitating two cities into the hollow cavern beneath. The shocks lasted only five minutes. Much destitution prevails and all nations are called upon to give relief to the sufferers, many of whom are stripped of every thing. The tidal wave reached the Sandwich Islands where it was twelve feet high. The water did not assume its usual level for several days.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. *Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.*

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. *Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.*

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. *Number of members, 40. Land, 226 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.
P. O. address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. NOYES. Price, 35 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 250 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have on HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.