

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. V.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, APRIL 13, 1868.

NO. 4.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

GO HOME.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., March 30, 1868.

WE have talked a great deal this winter about *concentration*. Concentration is, in one sense, a coming together at this central Community of the members scattered abroad; but in another and more important sense, it is a gathering together of hearts, so that our spirits shall be present to one another in the unity of Christ. This is concentration on a corporate scale. We all need this kind of concentration far more than we do to meet face to face in the flesh. We need to gather our spirits, thoughts and affections, into communion with God.

It is a good rule, on the corporate and on the individual scale—when we have finished our work abroad and have nothing else to do—to go home and take a fresh start from there. Home is our goal. We are sure to find nourishment and rest there, and so get ready to launch out again.

There is a strong feeling of unrest in the world, and the Community shares it to a certain extent. How can we have real peace, quietness and a contented home-feeling in this great Community? Many people, I suppose, think there must of course be a feverish atmosphere where such a large number of persons live together. But I believe if we reach the genuine source of harmony, our peace and serenity will be in proportion to our numbers, and that there is a way for us to make the O. C. one of the quietest places in the world. It is my ambition to show that numbers, when rightly disposed, instead of generating confusion and feverish excitement, will produce the peace of God, serenity and everything that makes home beautiful and delightful. I expect to realize this faith and I will tell you how.

Let every individual go home into his heart many times a day and seek to know God for himself, talk with him and pray to him. Let every one have a place where he can retire from the confusion of external business, and reflect and watch in his heart. We shall never have a concentration that will be worth any thing until each one knows the value of going to God and learning how to make a quiet, heavenly home in his own heart. I am sure if this practice becomes a fashion among us,

we shall, each one of us, contribute to the quietness and serenity which flow from fellowship with God; and when we put our contributions together, our peace will be like a mighty river.

I wish all would give this principle a fair trial and see if it does not insure them purer, even lives. When you find yourselves with nothing in particular to do for a little while, go to your rooms and turn into your hearts. Go home and talk with God. He will give us faith and peace. Let us turn to, every one of us, and help on this work.

We shall soon commence the business of the year, and we are likely to have a great deal more going on than ever before. The political world is full of excitement, and the newspapers will doubtless report strange things. So if we allow ourselves to be at the mercy of external events, there is every reason to believe that great confusion and distress are before us. Let us be wise in time, and establish a purpose in our midst that we will go home to God and stay there. I wish we might carry this purpose steadily through the season, so that, if every thing around us is going with the rush and roar of chaos, the Community may abide with God in peace and quietness. It is a great attainment to abide serenely with God, let outside distractions be what they may. When we have learned to do that, we can pass unscathed through the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Dwell deep. Live in your hearts, where the world can not come; for then the Lord who is our shepherd will lead us into the purity and harmony of heaven.

BAPTISM.

(Concluded.)

EIGHT souls were saved by water [i. e. in Noah's ark]; the like whereunto even baptism, doth also save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh but the answer of a good conscience towards God) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." 1 Peter 3: 20, 21. It is evident from this passage, that Peter's views of baptism were rectified at the time he wrote his epistles. The baptism of which he here speaks, is expressly declared to be, not that which washes away "the filth of the flesh," i. e., water-baptism; but that which purifies the conscience, i. e., the baptism of the Holy Ghost. By giving heed to this explanation, we shall have no difficulty in discerning the connection which he suggests, between baptism and the resurrection of Christ. Water-baptism can scarcely be strained by any latitude of fancy, into a type of the resurrection of Christ. John the Baptist, with whom it originated, evi-

dently designed no such allusion. He administered it according to the character uniformly ascribed to it in the New Testament, and in the traditions of the Jews, as an ordinance of *initiation*—a rite by which its subjects were introduced into a new dispensation. As such, it was properly a type of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, by which believers are introduced into the Christian dispensation. Water-baptism stood in the same relation to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as that in which John the Baptist stood to Christ.

That we may understand how the baptism of the Holy Ghost is connected with the resurrection of Christ, it is only necessary that we bear in mind that believers are thereby baptized into Christ, become members of his body, and of course partakers of his resurrection. This is plainly the meaning of Paul in the following passages:—"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism, unto death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so, we also shall walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." Rom. 6: 3-5. "Ye are complete in him, &c., buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." Col. 2: 10-12. Paul plainly defines the baptism, of which he thus speaks, in the following passages: "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." 1 Cor. 12: 12, 13. "For as many of us as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Gal. 3: 27. Believers becoming one with Christ by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, while they remain in the flesh, have fellowship with his death; inasmuch as his incarnation was in the largest sense his death; and at the same time they have fellowship with his resurrection, inasmuch as their head, whose spirit is theirs, has overcome death. "He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." 1 Pet. 3: 18. The connection of baptism with the resurrection of Christ, may be imperfectly illustrated by the following case: In working subterranean mines, it is often necessary to remove water that flows into them, by means of an engine which alternately raises and lowers large buckets through the shaft which constitutes the entrance of the miner. Such excavations are also oftentimes liable to explosions, by reason of the inflammable gases which infest them. Suppose that a workman in such a mine, is informed by the appearance of his lamp that an explosion is at hand. • At the same moment

the water-bucket is just about to ascend. Rushing from a fiery and dreadful death, he plunges into the ascending bucket, and is safely raised to the upper world. He is baptized into a resurrection. The Primitive Church was awaiting the explosion of the fiery vengeance of God, in the judgment of the prince of this world. Christ came in the flesh, "descending into the lower parts of the earth, and ascending above all heavens." He thus became the shaft of communication between the caverns of sin and the heavenly world. "I am the way." John 14: 6. His resurrection also became the power by which believers were exalted into heavenly places. "I am the resurrection." John 11: 25. His descent into the darkness of this world, was his death. Hence believers, plunging into his blood, were baptized into his death; and having fellowship with him in his victory over death, were baptized into his resurrection; and when the wrath of God burst upon the man of sin, were found safely reposing with him in the bosom of the Father.

Peter, in the passage which has suggested these remarks, represents the salvation of Noah and his family in the ark, as a type of the salvation of the Primitive Church, by baptism into the resurrection of Christ. The flood of water in the type, is a storm of judgment-fire in the anti-type. The ark is Christ. The entrance of the ark is "baptism into Christ." As the flood came upon the ark, and it rose above the waters, safely bearing its inmates, till the dry land reappeared, so Christ became a refuge for believers in the midst of the fiery vengeance of God, and by the power of his resurrection, bearing them above the burning billows that rolled over those who, in the day of judgment, were not found in him, gave them a resting-place in the kingdom of his glory. With these views, we perceive that Peter very properly represented baptism as a saving ordinance. "The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth now save us." Without baptism into Christ, by the Holy Ghost, none can be saved.

Eph. 4: 4, 5. "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord, one faith, *one baptism*." If water-baptism was in Paul's view a Christian ordinance, he has not spoken in this passage according to the form of sound doctrine: for he says, in 1 Cor. 12: 13, "*By one spirit* are we all baptized into one body;" showing that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was regarded by him as *one baptism*, of universal necessity; and if water-baptism was in his view equally necessary, he should have said—"one Lord, one faith, *two baptisms*." Observe further, in the two passages we have quoted, he was manifestly treating of the same subject, viz., the unity of the church. In one he speaks expressly of the baptism of the Holy Ghost as pertaining universally to the church; in the other he declares that but one baptism pertains to the church. By thus comparing the two passages, we can not avoid the inference that he regarded the baptism of the Holy Ghost as the only baptism pertaining to the church. This view alone accords with his own declaration and practice, and those of Christ, as we have before seen. As he states, that only one baptism belongs to Christianity, in determining his meaning, we have only to choose between John's

baptism and Christ's. One must be rejected. We know which Christ rejected: Jesus "baptized not" [with water]. John 4: 2. We know which Paul himself rejected: "Christ sent me not to baptize" [with water]. 1 Cor. 1: 17. The conclusion is unavoidable, that Paul's "doctrine of baptism," a doctrine which he regarded as one of the elementary instructions of the gospel, rejected water-baptism, and retained only the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as a necessary appurtenance to Christianity.

Thus we have noted or alluded to all the passages of the New Testament which have seemed to us to have any bearing on the "doctrine of baptisms." In conclusion, we may balance the evidence we have before us, thus:

Evidence in favor of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as alone belonging to Christianity:—1, the testimony of John as recorded by all the evangelists; 2, the testimony of Christ (Acts 1: 5); 3, the commission which Christ gave his disciples; 4, Christ's example; 5, the testimony of Paul; 6, the example of Paul; 7, the testimony of Peter in his epistle.

Evidence in favor of water-baptism:—The example of Peter and his associate apostles in the beginning of their ministry—subtracting the evidence that they were at that time partially the disciples of John the Baptist.

With such a balance before us, we can not but be astonished that any should be found in this day, clinging to the baptism of John; and our astonishment is increased by the fact, that the multitudes who do thus cling to the baptism of John, are generally more earnestly at war with each other respecting the mode of "putting away the filth of the flesh," than with the devil in behalf of that gospel baptism, which gives "the answer of a good conscience toward God." We doubt not that immersion was the primitive mode of water-baptism. But we still say, that a single immersion in water is no more Christian baptism, than a single sprinkling of water. Even as shadows of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, one is no better than the other; for the baptism of the Holy Ghost is called "the blood of sprinkling" (Heb. 12: 24), and was typified by the sprinkling of the blood of the sacrifices under the law. It is also most frequently represented as an effusion. Acts 2: 17, &c. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper shadows forth the reception of the Holy Ghost, by the figure of "drinking." (See also John 7: 37—39.) The truth is, the operation by which believers receive the Holy Ghost is properly represented by any or all of these modes combined. It makes little difference whether a sponge is dipped or sprinkled—whether water is poured on it or overflows it. If it is filled with water, we care little whether it was filled by an operation which is called "immersion," or "effusion," or "sprinkling," or "drinking." He that receives Christ by faith, is baptized with the Holy Ghost, is sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, the spirit is "poured out" upon him, and he is "made to drink into that one Spirit." We confess however, the first figure suits our taste better than any other. We love to think of Christian baptism, as AN EVERLASTING IMMERSION IN THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

The spirit of unity is the solvent in which all our ambitions must be dissolved before we can become little children and enter the kingdom of heaven.

CULTIVATION OF FRUITS.—NO. 9.

BY HENRY THACKER.

THE CHERRY.

THE cherry is a luxuriant-growing tree, and the fruit is highly esteemed by all for the dessert. Its comparatively easy cultivation and ability to withstand hardship and neglect, render it a universal favorite. Farmers delight in planting it by the roadside and in their door-yards; especially the Mazzards, or Heart varieties, which make symmetrical and beautiful shade-trees, being covered in spring with a profusion of bloom, and in early summer loaded with a delightful fruit.

The cherry was first brought from Asia, and its seeds were introduced into this country from England. Hence the name, "English cherries."

Although the tree is hardy, especially the Duke and Morello varieties, yet its fruit-buds will stand only a certain amount of freezing; say about sixteen degrees below zero for the Hearts, and from twenty to twenty-five for the Dukes and Morellos. There are consequently many districts in the more northern states where the cherry is an uncertain crop. Although this fruit is cultivated somewhat extensively in various sections, still there is a scarcity of the finer sorts in market. Nine-tenths of the farmers who undertake to plant trees, are content to dig up and set out the sprouts which come from the commonest Mazzards and pie-cherries of the country. These are nearly worthless sorts, and the practice is to be deprecated, as it tends to keep the market poorly supplied with good fruit, and it is also very unprofitable to the cultivator. The practice is also productive of another evil; that of filling the country with a stock of sickly trees, as may be seen in the prevalence of the black-knot, which is fast ruining the trees in some places, especially those of the Morello class.

There is a growing demand for the cherry as a dessert-fruit; and for canning purposes the supply is by no means equal to the call, and farmers should be encouraged to plant many trees of the better sorts, by the roadside, and along the line of fences, as no other fruit-tree will thrive and bear good crops with so little care, as the cherry. Indeed, the practice of canning the cherry has of late very much increased the demand for it. It is also highly esteemed for pies and tarts, especially the Morellos or acid kinds. When stoned and dried it is also valuable, and sells readily from forty to fifty cents a pound. The light-colored varieties, such as the Yellow Spanish, Elton and Napoleon Bigarreau usually bring the highest prices in market. But the liability of these sorts to rot on the tree and on their way to market, renders a paying crop rather uncertain. I would, therefore, recommend that the red and black varieties should be planted more extensively and the white ones less. The Black Tartarian is valuable, as it will bear carriage to distant markets better than any others we have tried.

SOIL AND SITUATION.

The cherry-tree should never be set in moist or wet soils. The dryer the land the better; and the situation if possible should be elevated. A sandy loam is the best soil for the cherry, but a clayey one will answer if dry.

CULTIVATION AND PRUNING.

As a standard, the cherry requires little or no cultivation. But when young trees stand in grass, some measures should be taken to guard them against being gnawed by mice, and old trees should receive an occasional top-dressing of ashes, or rotten manure to keep up their vigor. Little or no stimulating manures should be used about the tree. Our rich and highly manured land, causing an overgrowth of our trees, is the thing which is ruining the cherry. The wood, fruit, and buds of these petted trees, are in no condition to withstand severe freezing. Hence the frequent destruction of fruit-buds, and damage of trees. Pruning is scarcely required beyond the cutting out of dead limbs. No live branches should be removed except late in summer or autumn, as the tree is liable to gum badly when fresh wounds are made in spring.

DISEASES AND INSECTS.

The Mazzards or Heart cherries are remarkably free from disease. But the Morellos or sour cherries are in some districts badly afflicted with the black-knot; this, however, is, so far as my observation goes, mainly confined to those sorts that are propagated by suckers. The best remedy for this disease is to cut down the trees and burn them, and begin anew with varieties propagated on healthy seedling stocks. The tree is sometimes attacked by the borer, and the foliage is liable to be eaten by the caterpillar. But the most serious drawback is the liability of the fruit being injured by that great enemy of all the stoned fruits, the curculio. For some cause this insect prefers the Morellos or sour varieties, while the Bigarreaus and hard-fleshed sorts, almost entirely escape its ravages.

GATHERING THE FRUIT.

The cherry is much better for the dessert when allowed to mature on the tree. If, however, it is intended for distant markets, it should not be too ripe, and should always be picked with the stem attached. When pulled from the stem, the juice escapes at the point where the stem separates from the fruit, rendering the whole an unattractive mass, and also very much injuring the flavor. When the fruit arrives in market or is intended for the dessert, its freshness will be much increased by placing it in a cellar or refrigerator to cool before it is eaten.

VARIETIES.

The following is a list comprising the most valuable of the old varieties, and it also includes some of those more recently recommended :

White-Fleshed.

Gov. Wood,	Yellow Spanish,
Burr's Seedling,	Elton,
Coe's Transparent,	Napoleon Bigarreau.

Red or Black.

Black Tartarian,	Reine Hortense,
Knight's Early Black,	May Duke,
Black Eagle,	Arch Duke,
Rockport,	Belle Magnifique,
Pontiac,	Early Richmond.

A VALUABLE FOSSIL.—Professor O. M. Marsh has secured and presented to the Yale College Cabinet, probably the largest fossil elk in existence. Some sixteen years ago there were imported from Ireland the fossil remains of four of these gigantic post-tertiary animals. On their arrival in this country these fossils were stored in a commission-house in Philadelphia until a few weeks since, when they were sold at auction. The one secured for the Yale collection

measures in the span of its antlers, thirteen feet, two inches. The others were of smaller size, and were sold, one to the Smithsonian Institute, one to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, and the remaining one to Prof. Marsh.—*Scientific American.*

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE'LATRE.

NO. XV.

THE reaction in my spirits the day we traveled from Cheltenham to Weymouth threw me into a state of feeling which, compared to the pressure of the preceding day, was as heaven is to hell. The powers of darkness had no doubt taken advantage of my depression of heart to suggest thoughts of discouragement, so that my sorrow seemed at length too great to bear. My brain began to be dizzy and I feared lest I should be observed. But the joy that succeeded, made a glad day of the following, and I went on my way rejoicing.

The mail-steamer at Weymouth leaves me safe at Jersey. I am destined, it seems, to hover about these islands. But our old friend De Touches is on hand to snatch me off again. To Granville he goes this time, only thirty miles distant; it is a sort of fishing-place, but in the same bay of St. Malo. Here we meet with a surprise. They had got an inkling of this plague at Sunderland, and a plaguy thing it turned out to be; for there we were, in for a week's quarantine, a week on board of a mere fishing-smack—we who had been used to roaming about in so lordly a style! Tramp, tramp, I go; pacing like a sentinel, hour after hour, day after day, with oft a wistful eye to the shore. At length our term is over, and the diligence again lumbers us along to romantic Dinant. All is French once more; but there is no cholera about these parts yet. It has taken a more northerly route to begin with.

Now the talk is all about the projected move to the New World. A few preparations, and April is at our door. With bag and baggage we take leave of mother and sisters. Three of us start on our great western expedition, purposing to embark at Havre. We pass through Normandy, touching at Caen and Honfleur. Thence crossing the mouth of the river Seine, we find ourselves at the great entrepot. Caen, by the way, is a town you must be sure to visit. Its history is quite interesting, dating from the old Norman dukes. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants are engaged in lace-making. The women there are foremost in all France for their good looks, high bonnets, etc. The buildings are handsome, for the stone there is in such repute that it is exported even to America. This town is a favorite resort of the English, who have their own church services supplied them. I was very much impressed with the people of Normandy. They have a noble countenance and a fine bearing; their manners are courtly, and you can not doubt that they are hearty. It must be a real treat to be surrounded by such a population. I have had the impression that the French are superficially more harmonious than some other nations. They must have society, and rather than go without it, they readily sacrifice what may be called *personal whims*, which are so frequently a source of discord. I certainly admire them for their manliness in this respect. Havre is of more recent origin and is also more commercial in its character. It is the Frenchman's Liverpool, though by no means so populous. The trade is mainly with the United States.

Steam had not then fairly bridged the Atlantic, so we gladly put up with one of those admirably equipped vessels, known as "New York Packets." The "Eric," a compact sea-boat of 600 tons, was to transport us. It was commanded by Capt. Funk. We found him uniformly pleasant to the passengers and at the same time very attentive to his duties as a sailor. So after waiting a day or two, we committed ourselves once more (about the 20th of April, 1832) to the bosom of the ocean, a welcome refuge from the embrace of that dread monster which was now on our trail; for we had not been in Havre two days, before the cholera was reported present. We shall see how that pestilence pursued us.

It was nearly night when we set sail. I awoke in the morning to a very undesirable consciousness. I need only say that we had got clear of the Cherbourg foreland, and were running at all rates under a north-wester, cradled most tenderly in the trough of the sea. The cabin was my allotment for several days. However, by the help of restoratives and plucking up courage I was soon on deck again; but I never got quite over this ill turn the whole six weeks of our voyage. There is much I should like in a sea voyage, were it not for this nuisance. But since the discovery of ice as a cure, the case must be different.

Those packets are worthy of all praise. I have crossed the Atlantic three times in them, and twice by steam. I prefer the sailing-vessel to the steamer in all respects but one; take the latter when you are in a hurry—that's all. Give me the feeling of enterprise there is in the uncertainty attending a voyage in the former—uncertainty as to the winds and the length of the voyage. Give me the endless play of the sails, the easy gliding of the vessel, unjarred by the stroke of the paddle-wheel; her graceful dally with the waves. Give me, above all, an atmosphere uncontaminated by the fumes that are the invariable accompaniments of a steamer. A well-rigged vessel in full sail, I have always thought a beautiful object. The sailing-vessel is to the steamer, in some respects, as the stage is to the railroad. It takes things easily.

When we are well out at sea, the stormy petrel appears; a character who is responsible for so much poetical expression that the field is already occupied almost to my utter exclusion. I had no recollection of having seen this Will-o'-the-wisp before, so his evolutions were entirely new to me. Born to a "life on the ocean wave," he is never on shore except when nesting among the rocks. Oblivious of all earthly affairs and far out on the ocean, he flits about from morning to night, coquetting with the deep. The more boisterous the elements, the more blithely he skims the billow—this little despiser of halcyon days. He is never still; he is bound to solve the problem of perpetual motion.

A joyous hymn breaks forth from the hearts of two hundred Lutherans! The land of their forefathers is fast receding; but they have brought with them their hearths, and they sorrow not. These people are in the steerage. They have but few of your comforts, cabin passengers, and yet they make merry, you see. Your venerated lodgings, they know not; your cushioned lounge, your dainty table and the ever-ready service, are unthought of. Take a lesson.

Our weather is very fitful. Several storms jerk us out of our monotony, and we think how decidedly preferable is sure footing. But what a long six weeks, despite the ample provision for our comfort and entertainment! The fact is, unless you are perfectly free from all qualmish feeling, life becomes a burden. What wonder, this intense longing for the land?

From the amount of traffic there is between Europe and America, one would look for more shipping on this route. But the deficiency is accounted for by the fact that there are several routes, some people preferring one and some another. You have plenty of company though, notwithstanding; and it is a sort of consolation when you are in a storm. There has been much talk on board about the banks of Newfoundland—that great fishing-ground and bone of contention; how the French got the start there more than three hundred years ago, and then came the English; how they squabbled, adjusted and re-adjusted; and how a third party came in after the Declaration of Independence and made the matter still worse. These captains pick up a great deal of information in their line of business. They get the nack of *pumping*, as it is vulgarly called, so that after a long term of service they become a kind of walking Cyclopædia. We reach the banks at last; but there is no sport, so we push on for the next point of interest. The western skies begin to assume a warmth of coloring unknown as yet, giving a foretaste of those splendid sunsets that have feasted my imagination for so many years since—sunsets that are

rare in latitudes to which I had been accustomed. What a field for a Claude Lorraine!

A few days more bring us within reach of the delicious aroma of the Columbian forests. There is no land to be seen as yet, but there's no mistaking where that sweet breeze comes from. We are still thirty miles from Long Island, whence that gale of perfume brings us a balmy welcome. Did you ever experience the like? The aroma itself is ambrosial, coming from the evergreens of the forest. But when you consider the associations of that instant—the hungering for that rest which the wave denies you; for that gastric condition which masters the stomach and makes a man of you once more; and above all, for a first view of the New World (now an object of such interest, as your future home with one who has consented to share your fortunes); you will see that the moment is truly emphatic. We could almost wish it prolonged. But it is no time to be loitering. Those very breezes are ominous. The wind is veering and we must run into harbor ere it chops round to the north-west, and heads us off. Now we ply the noble ship with every stitch of canvas. As the wind shifts, so it rises. The vessel is under a heavy strain plowing the sea. Away go the spars! nothing unexpected, however; it is only a hint to shorten sail. But the distance shortens too. Hurrah! land in sight. Land after six weeks of the water desert! Now for Sandy Hook and the Pilot. Another hour, and in smooth water, we laugh at the coming storm. Every soul of us on deck, we scud away to the anchorage at Staten Island. Night comes on with wind and rain; but what of that, we are securely moored to mother earth; so in we turn once more with thankful hearts, to take our last nap on board.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1868.

REMOVAL.

OFFICE OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

385 Broadway.

On May 1st, the business of this Office will be removed to ONEIDA, N. Y., to which place all orders and correspondence should then be addressed.

New York, April 1, 1868.

THE APRIL SNOW-STORM.

THE unusually severe winter gave way to beautiful March weather. The heavy body of snow that had lain on the ground, melted quietly away. The bright sunny days that followed, together with the balmy atmosphere, soon dissipated the frost in the ground. The roads became dry and dusty as in summer. The birds came in flocks; even the pheasant, the sure harbinger of spring, was heard in the bush. The grass on the lawn put on a greener hue, and wild flowers were plucked from the sunny slopes in the grove. Work commenced in the garden, and among the flower-beds; and we were settled in the conviction that spring had indeed come. But the scene is now changed. The sunny days of March have given way to an April snow-storm, the severity of which has seldom been witnessed in this country. The last three days it has snowed almost continuously, and the weather has been cold and tedious. The snow is lying on the ground to the depth of six or eight inches, and still it snows. The birds, poor things, flit from tree to tree, seeking shelter from the storm and where they may glean a morsel to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Should the storm continue a day or two longer, we fear that many of the little songsters will have to succumb to cold and hunger. We consider that this weather is in no way seriously detrimental. The snow is a blanket, covering the earth, shielding the grain and plants from the injurious effects of the spring frosts, putting a check upon the swelling buds, and is also favorable for the coming fruit-crop, especially those trees which blossom in early spring. On the whole we are thankful for just such a storm, believing it is the very thing needed.

H. T.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 11.—O April! wherefore art thou April? We knew you were capricious, but never have we seen you show such coolness. Why you haven't been so good to us this year as your stern-browed sister, March! We laughed at you when at first your clouds kept dropping snow which the warm earth melted or the sun drank up; we thought you were ridiculous to "make believe" winter. But your persistence was too much for us, and we bundled up again and went sleighing with as good a grace as though an arctic summer were a fine thing to have. But you promise this morning to give us two springs.

An English lady of rank, who sent, through her steward, for an assortment of our productions, in renewing her order says she "has received the box from the Community, and although unfortunately two bottles were broken, she is much satisfied with the contents. The fruit and jellies were quite excellent, but English palates did not approve of the Indian corn. She would like preserved fruits and jellies to the same amount as she had last time—merely preserved fruit and jellies, and tomatoes; but no peas or green corn, and she would much like if the Community would put in a box of silk, as they did last time."

Our cooks, on hearing this, exclaimed: "Why, is it possible they don't understand how to cook corn!"

"Very possible," said we; "you must call to mind that this excellent vegetable does not flourish in the damp climate of Great Britain. But how could they do wrong? Our vegetables are cooked thoroughly in the preserving process, are they not?"

"Oh yes! and there is just where the difficulty lies. You can go wrong in two directions. In the first place, you may turn the corn out of the can and eat it just as it is, without proper seasoning; and it is possible that those English people ate it cold. Then you may get the impression that it needs more cooking and evaporate all the fresh flavor, and have a dry unpalatable result. The truth is, the corn has been cooked enough in the preserving process, and only needs to be brought to the boiling point and properly seasoned to be served immediately."

"Well, you write out a receipt, and we will print it for the benefit of those who do not live in these latitudes."

RECIPT FOR COOKING GREEN CORN AND PEAS PRESERVED BY THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Bring the corn to a boiling heat. To one quart of corn, add one gill of water, and one half-pint of thin cream. Stir in a little butter and season to your taste. Serve hot.

Peas are prepared in the same way, only butter is generally preferable to cream.

The suspicion steals upon us that the unfortunate adjective "Indian" which attaches to our corn in foreign parts, may help to prejudice the English palate. The opinion is prevalent in England (we gather from reviews of the "Trapper's Guide"), that the Oneida Community is situated on the edge of a vast forest, through which the red man roams untamed, and from whom we obtain many of our articles by barter.

A young man who has lived at Watervliet called the other day to look about the grounds, and see our people. He gave us some information concerning the present prospects of the sect to which he belongs. The Shakers in Sweden have been deprived of all civil rights and so severely persecuted that they have determined to emigrate to the United States; so the brethren here sent them funds to defray their traveling expenses. As there are about twenty-one hundred Swedes coming, they will be distributed among the different Shaker societies in this country. We think our friends the Shakers must feel pretty well propped up. It is a good commentary on the principle of unity if a society of people can receive in their midst two thousand new members who are total strangers in birth, customs and every thing except religious belief; but it is evident that they have no idea of digesting them and that the connection between the two parties will be only a lateral one. If the society fails to increase by births or additions from the original stock we can't help wondering if

its final condition will not be like that of the boy's jack-knife.

Among O. C.'s numerous improvements the forcing-pit constructed last fall is one of the most interesting. We visited it a few mornings since for the first time, and on entering it experienced a thrill of pleasure as we contrasted the summer atmosphere of the pit and the delicate green of the tender plants with the chill wind and snowy atmosphere without. In it are growing a great quantity of tomato-plants (enough it is calculated to set five acres of ground) beside celery, peppers, egg-plants, here and there a few cucumbers, and occasionally a hill of corn. The pit is lighted from above like any hot-bed, and is heated by large flues on each side extending the whole length of the building (60 feet), which are warmed by two brick ovens just outside of the main compartment, and which terminate in the chimney at the other end. The soil is confined in shallow wooden bins directly above the heating pipes, and a space two or three feet wide between these bins gives ample room for persons to move about. This method of starting vegetation possesses many advantages over the old hot-bed system. There is no stooping over to work among your plants since they are elevated within easy range of your arm, and instead of every now and then lifting heavy frames for ventilating purposes, you have only to give a gentle slide to the window-sash as you would the folding-doors in your parlor. Our gardener tells us the amount of wood used for heating purposes during the entire season will probably not exceed the value of eight dollars. Moreover in the use of hot-beds, the plants owing to the unregulated warmth and the richness of the soil, are stimulated to a rapid and delicate growth and a severe check is experienced in transplanting, while the forcing-pit affords facilities for graduating the temperature and thus produces short and hardy plants.

ITEMS.

The item-gatherer from Willow Place sends the following: "Last week when a party of sportive girls took a bath in the pond, and when we saw the row-boat up-turned in the yard undergoing the operation of calking, we really thought summer was coming. But the pond is ice-bound again and snow is drifted about the door-ways.—Our evening meetings present of late a somewhat novel feature. Half-a-dozen young men are engaged in knitting stockings. They violate all rules of house-wifely decorum in disposing of their balls, and their manner of holding their needles would be the despair of Mrs. Partington; but their zeal is refreshing to witness, and we suppress all inclination to smile."

...At Willow Place the machine-shop is finishing a lot of silk machinery for a firm in Boston. Think of that! Central New York making spinning frames for Massachusetts!

...Part of the evening hour at Willow Place is occupied by lectures on astronomy, by J. F. Sears.

...The farmers employ their time during the cold snap in sawing wood. The buzz-saw is attached to the Tontine engine.

...Preparations are being made for the removal of the fruit-preserving to the old mill where it takes the place of the bag-business. The latter is gradually closing up.

...Our store-keepers have been taking their inventory, preparatory to their semi-annual trip to New York.

...We are having the last of the bag-bees, which have continued through so many years of the Community history.

OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Judge M——, of Colorado, accompanied by two friends, called this afternoon. He is a self-made man; well educated, intelligent and prosperous. When a young man he worked for Mr. Allen during haying to earn money to pay for his schooling in the winter. He also worked his way through Yale College, with but little help from his friends, graduated and went out West. He lives forty miles south of Denver city, near Pike's Peak, and within sight of the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Colorado would make twenty-one States as large as Connecti-

cut. It is the finest land in the world, he says; it has immense riches in gold and silver mines. Diamonds, amethysts, and all kinds of precious stones are found in the Rockies. It is a remarkable geological region. There is scarcely any rain, and the land is irrigated by the beautiful limpid streams that come, full of speckled trout, from the mountains. "You can go and get a wagon-load of trout any time," said he, "and many of them weigh thirty or forty pounds apiece." Besides these streams, wonderful hot springs are found. Speaking of the trouble and expense the Indians cause the Government, he said it would be money in the Government's pocket to take them all to New York and board them in first-class hotels! In going from Pike's Peak a hundred and fifty miles north to Cheyenne to take the Pacific R. R., he was all day traveling with a good span of horses, across a herd of buffaloes which extended north and south as far as the eye could reach. He gave us considerable information concerning the buffaloes, and seemed to think they would rapidly disappear at the completion of the P. R. R., as it cuts right across their feeding-ground. Rosa Bonheur is expected to come to this country in order to make sketches of these animals preparatory to some painting. If immortalized by her brush, they will not be lost in the forgotten past, as now seems quite probable.

CHEMISTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

III.

LABORATORY NO. I.

ONE evening on returning from my work in the trap-shop I found the following notice lying on the table:

"**FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT!**—Between twelve and one o'clock last night, the whole neighborhood was thrown into the utmost alarm, by a terrible explosion in the vicinity of Prof. C.'s Laboratory. On entering that establishment a scene of devastation met the eye which plainly indicated that an explosion of terrific violence had occurred. After a thorough search no traces of the Professor could be found—except a cloth cap which he was accustomed to wear while engaged in his occult investigations. The Professor was known to be engaged in analyzing a new compound of an exceedingly dangerous character, but exactly how the accident happened will forever remain a profound mystery. LOCAL."

The facetious perpetrator of this little squib, I easily identified as a certain member of the corps of typos in the adjoining room; and the circumstance proved to be a precursor of the storm that was about to burst over my devoted head. I was obliged to pass through the printing-office to reach the Laboratory, and was usually saluted with such exclamations and protestations as, "What a horrid odor comes through the crack of your door!" or, "Isn't there some danger of your blowing up this whole building?" To guard against sudden incursions while at work, I attached a pair of gigantic buttons to the door, securing them by large bolts through the door-posts.

Soon after I began experimenting, I found that I should need a pair of scales for weighing my chemicals. After studying the subject for some time, I abandoned the idea of buying them, and determined to make a pair myself, although I was but little acquainted with the tools to be used, and knew nothing of brass-work. With some help from the blacksmith I forged out a rough steel scale-beam, and then with a motley assortment of files and other tools, I began the work. One thing which stimulated me to the undertaking was the remark of one of our leading men that "George isn't much of a mechanic." A very true observation, I thought, at the time; but it aroused me to see what perseverance could do without native ability or even much assistance in the way of instruction from others. After working three months on the scale-beam—spending every spare moment in filing and gauging—I accidentally broke it and had to begin again. But I had now acquired some knowledge of the use of tools, could work faster, and do better work. This time I finished the beam without accident, and even succeeded in putting on what one of the machinists kindly informed me was a "Birmingham finish," viz., "a deep scratch and a high gloss." The brass-work gave me some trouble; but with considerable

assistance from my sympathetic friend, J. F. S., I overcame one difficulty after another. Having completed the brass-work, I went into the wood-shop and made a black-walnut stand for supporting the standard and beam. There I was initiated into the mysteries of "blind dovetailing" and "miter joints." It was at this time more than at any other, that I learned the importance of keeping my tools in order if I expected to do nice work. Finally, after thirteen months of patient industry, the scales were completed and ready for trial.

One bright leisure morning, I went down to the Laboratory, fastened the door and proceeded to put the scales together. The beam itself worked very well when placed upon the knife-edges; but when I attached the "pans," an unforeseen difficulty arose. It would balance very well while the beam remained level; but if one end was tipped down it immediately fell as far as it could go, and remained in that position. Depressing the other end, produced a like result. Here then was a balance that would not balance! What to do I did not know. I tried everything I could think of without in the least mending the matter. At last, toward night, completely tired out with disappointment and mental worry, I threw myself on the bed hoping that I might dream out a solution of the difficulty. I lay there some time, and finally passed into a state that seemed to be a delicate poise between sleeping and waking, when suddenly this thought flashed through my mind: *The center of motion is too far below the center of gravity.* I arose at once, and proceeded to test the truth of the idea. By attaching a bullet directly under the middle of the beam, I lowered the center of gravity to the center of motion on the knife-edges. The experiment was a perfect success. The beam with the "pans" attached, worked admirably, and was so nicely balanced that I could easily weigh one-tenth of a grain. By raising the knife-edge center, I avoided the necessity of using the bullet. And thus I found myself the happy possessor of a pair of scales.

G. E. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

New York, March 31, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Business called me a short time ago to visit the domain once occupied by the North American Phalanx. The gentleman whom I wanted to see resided in a part of the old mansion, once warm and lively with the daily activities of persons full of bright anticipations of a good time coming of unity and coöperation. The closed windows and silent halls told of failure and disappointment. When individuals, or a Community, push out of the common channel, and with great self-sacrifice seek after a better life, their failure is as disheartening as their success would have been cheering. *Why did they fail?*

The following story from an old member and eyewitness whom I chanced to meet in the neighboring village, impressed me and was so suggestive that I entered it in my note-book. After inquiring about the Oneida Community, he told his tale almost word for word, as follows:

C.—My interest in Association turns entirely on its relations to industry. In our attempt a number of persons came together possessed of small means and limited ideas. After such a company has struggled on a few years as we did, resolutely contending with difficulties, a vista will open; light will break in upon them and they will see a pathway opening. So it was with us. We prospered in finances. Our main business grew better; but the mill with which it was connected grew poorer, till the need of a new building was fairly before us. One of our members offered to advance the money to erect a new mill. A stream was surveyed, a site selected. One of our neighbors, whose land we wanted to flow, held off for a *bonus*. This provoked us and we dropped the project for the time. At this juncture it occurred to some of us to put up a steam-mill at Red Bank. *This was the vista that opened to us.* Here we would be in water-

communication with N. Y. City. Some \$2,000 a year would be saved in teaming. This steam-mill would furnish power for other industries. Our mechanics would follow, and the mansion at Red Bank become the center of the Association, and finally, the center of the town. Our secretary was absent during this discussion. I was fearful he would not approve of the project, and told some of our members so. On his return we laid the plan before him, and he said *no. This killed the Phalanx.* A number of us were dissatisfied with this decision and thirty left in a body to start another movement, which broke the back of the Association. The secretary was one of our most enthusiastic members and a man of good judgment; but he let his fears govern him in this matter. I believe he sees his mistake now. The organization lingered along two years when the old mill took fire and burned down; and it became necessary to close up affairs.

Myself.—Would it not have been better if your company of thirty had been patient, and continued quietly till the others were converted to your views? If truth were on your side, it would in time have prevailed over their objections.

C.—I would not give a cent for a person's conversion. When a truth is submitted to a body of persons a few only will accept it. The great body can not because their minds are unprepared.

Myself.—How did your company succeed in their new movement?

C.—We failed because we made a mistake. The great mistake Associationists every where made, all through those movements, was to locate in obscure places which were unsuitable for becoming business centers. Fourier's system is based on a township. An Association to be successful must embrace a township.

Myself.—Well, suppose you get together a number sufficient to form a township, and become satisfactorily organized, will there not still remain this liability to be broken up by diversity of judgments arising, as in the instance you have just related to me?

C.—No. Let the movement be organized aright, and it might break up every day and not fail.

Here ended the conversation. His story interested me especially because it taught so clearly that the success of communism depends upon something else than money-making. When Dixon visited this country, and inquired about the Oneida Community, Horace Greeley told him he would "find the O. C. a trade-success." Well, according to this story, the North American entered the stage of "trade-success" and then failed, because it lacked the *faculty of agreement*. It is patent to every person of good sense, that a "house divided against itself can not stand." Divisions in a household, in an army, in a nation, are disastrous, and unless healed, are finally fatal. The great lesson that the O. C. has been learning for itself, and I trust for the world, is that *agreement—unity—is possible*: In cases where diversity of judgment has arisen, we have always—by being patient with each other, waiting, and submitting all minds to the Spirit of truth—secured unanimity. We have experienced this result over and over again, until it has become a settled conviction all through the Community, that when a project is brought forward for discussion, the best thing will be done, and we shall all be of one mind about it. How many times questions have arisen that would have destroyed us like the North American Phalanx, were it not for this ability to come to an agreement! Prosperity puts this power of harmony to a greater test than adversity. When we built our new house, how many were the different minds about material, location, plan! How were our feelings wrought up! Party-spirit ran high. There was the stone party, the brick party, and the concrete-wall party. Yet by patience, forbearing one with another and submitting one to another, the final result satisfied every one. Unity is the essential thing. Secure that, and financial success and all other good things will follow.

The faculty of agreement is undoubtedly a more radical quality of character than it is considered by most people. It is a thing of the heart rather than of the mind. A man who is proud, conceited, self-

willed, unscrupulous, selfish, can not agree with others; can not even be consistent with himself. We say of such an one, he is *hard-hearted*. Opposed to this state, is what we call the *soft heart*, which will make a man humble, gentle, easily-entreated, truthful and loving. Persons with these characteristics can form Communities, and succeed; and none other.

"Had all your members these characteristics when they came together?" may be asked.

I can not say that they had. It is true that those had who composed the center of the Community, and they leavened the rest; that is, all who believed in the blessed, old-fashioned orthodox doctrine of *conversion—change of heart, through the gospel of Jesus Christ*. We never meant to receive any but that class of people, and all who joined us without a belief in that doctrine, failed in the faculty of agreement, and have invariably gone out from among us.

E. H. H.

HALE'S EARLY PEACH.

Cleveland, Tenn., April 4, 1868.

MR. HENRY THACKER:—I am highly pleased with your articles on the "Cultivation of Fruits," and would ask a favor.

Will you be so kind as to give me a description of Hale's Early Peach? Tell me, in particular, whether it has a large or small flower. Two years ago I bought of a nursery-man in this county some trees which he said were Hale's Early. They have just bloomed with a large flower. But Mr. Elliott, in the Agricultural Report for 1864, says they have a small one. If I have not the true article, I shall try my luck with some other nursery-man.

Yours truly,

G. C. R.

ANSWER.

O. C., April 9, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—In answer to your inquiry in regard to Hale's Early peach, I will say that we fruited it last year, but I shall be obliged to depend on memory, for I made no particular notes at the time. Furthermore, we can only raise peaches in this locality by thoroughly protecting the trees in winter. This circumstance may have a modifying influence on the blossom and fruit. Our trees were obtained from a reliable source, and I think the flowers were quite large—larger than those of two or three other varieties growing in the same row; they were also of a light pink color. The specimens of fruit that perfected themselves (the curculio destroyed the greater part of the crop) were of medium size, fair, with a beautiful red cheek; the flesh was delicate and delicious. It is one of the best peaches.

Yours respectfully, H. THACKER.

THE BULLOCK PRINTING-PRESS.

New York, April 4, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—One of the most unpleasant things connected with our daily newspapers is the fact that they are nearly all printed in the night. I had heard of the new Bullock printing-press and wished to see one in operation. I called at the *Sun* office, hoping that the presses might be running in the day-time. But the hope was vain; their presses are only worked between one and five o'clock A. M. So one night I arose, between the "small hours," and sallied forth. I expected thus early to find the streets deserted and only a few sleepy passengers in the city cars; but in this I was mistaken. Many of the streets were busy, and the cars were over full. Where were all the people going so early? I have since learned that New York has its *ovols*—people who are seldom seen by daylight, but do all their work by gas-light and in the night-time.

On arriving at the *Sun* buildings I found their presses in operation, and was politely shown into the press-rooms. The first thing that strikes you about the press is its compactness. Compared with the old Hoe presses, these machines are really diminutive. One of them occupies about six feet by ten, on the floor, and is less than five feet in height. This is but little more space than is occupied by the Campbell press you use.

The distinguishing features of the Bullock press

are these: It feeds its sheets from a roll, cuts them off, prints both sides, and delivers them in an even pile at one end of the press. There are also pointers, arranged something as in a gas-meter, and so connected with the machinery of the press as to indicate exactly the number of printed sheets delivered.

The press is mainly a series of cylinders and grippers. The cylinders on which the stereotype plates are placed are twelve inches in diameter. The stereotype plates are in sections of a cylinder, about half an inch in thickness, and of the right curve to fit on the cylinders, to which they are securely fastened. Another cylinder, covered with blanket and tympan, is made to revolve with the type cylinder, and is so adjusted as to give the requisite impression on the paper as it passes between them. The paper is placed over one end of the machine, in a large roll, sufficient to make 1,500 or 2,000 sheets. The end of the roll is caught by grippers and drawn over a cylinder the necessary distance for the length of a sheet. It is then cut off, by a very simple device, and carried between the impression and type cylinders, where one side of the paper is printed. As the sheet leaves the impression cylinder, it is caught by grippers on another cylinder, revolving in an opposite direction, which turns the sheet blank side out. It is then carried between another pair of type and impression cylinders, arranged like the first, and the other side of the sheet is printed. The sheet is then caught up by grippers and delivered at the end of the press opposite to where it was taken in. Two men and one boy are required to manage a press.

As might be supposed, the operation of such a machine must be rapid. While I was looking on, it worked one hundred impressions per minute, and the press-man said it could be run at more than twice that rate. As every revolution of the press prints both sides of a sheet, and two sheets of the *Sun* are printed at once (the sheets being cut apart as well as cut off by the press), the machine is capable of printing four hundred papers per minute, or twenty-four thousand per hour. Only imagine two thousand copies of the CIRCULAR printed in five minutes!

The great objection urged against the operation of these presses has been their supposed liability to "offset," as the first side of the sheet has no time to dry before the second impression is given. This objection has little practical value. All liability to "offset" seems to be overcome by using paper that is "soft calender" (that is, is similar in character to blotting-paper); by wetting the paper properly, and by changing the tympan when required.

I was much pleased with the working of these machines. They are simple in construction, easily managed, and—for fast presses—do their work remarkably well. I can not but think that the Powers Above are interested in every increased facility given to the daily press, and I indulge the hope that the time is not far distant when the CIRCULAR will be printed, by daylight, on a Bullock press. L. F. D.

A TRAVELER'S GOSSIP.

Oneida, N. Y., March 30, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—About two weeks ago I made a journey from Wallingford, Conn., to this place. Having determined to come by the way of Springfield, Mass.—a route with which I was somewhat familiar—I said to myself, "I shall glean little from this trip." Events proved me a bad prophet. I gleaned much. I therefore stop to make notes.

At Springfield there was the usual time of waiting for a train going west. For women who have to wait in that city, there is a saloon something larger than the cabin of a fore and aft schooner. But for a man, negro or gentleman, there is no provision whatever. The railroad managers are, however, putting up a fine granite building near the depot. It shows great solidity and thoroughness, and may be intended for gentlemen travelers, but I have not a particle of evidence in support of that notion.

A stranger in that depot, after leaving his wife at the ladies' saloon and then failing to find a place for himself, may, perhaps, say, "I have it now; this is Massachusetts; the men and women are refined and can be allowed to occupy the same waiting-rooms." But let him attempt to get a seat with the mother of

his children, as I did once, and he will be put out by an energetic woman; he will feel that all the ladies think him a meaching fellow; and he will say, "Women are everything in Massachusetts—the men are nothing."

If you do not want to go into that small eating-room near the ladies' saloon and buy a doughnut; if you have no need of the barber's-shop or news-room; if you will not go to a hotel on compulsion; if you won't buy a seat in a beer-shop or tobacco-store, then you must pace up and down that great windy depot for an hour and three-quarters. You can watch the trains which come down the river from Vermont and New Hampshire to see if their passengers have any points which distinguish them from the men who come out from Boston or up from Connecticut. You may see one or two pallid Shakers in the crowd; you may watch the smoke of the engines losing itself in the darkness of that great sooty roof. And finally, if you have read that the birth-rate of real Massachusetts people, has fallen off strangely of late, and that their native women are suspected of being red-handed with abortion, then you may go down the busy street and steal such looks at the women as are consistent with politeness. But these employments do not pay; they exhaust you badly.

Fortified with a home-made sandwich on the day of my passage through Springfield, I paced up and down cheerfully, and defied the conspiracy to make me buy a seat either in an eating-house, or beer-shop, or in the Indian tavern.

On taking the cars I was offered a seat by a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-hatted, kindly man who had gone over the road twelve years before when on his way from Maine to California. Since then he had lived in the Territories. A careful man and without a hint of exaggeration—one who gave ripe answers. To my questions he replied:

"The valleys of California are about the only available land there; they are very narrow. The mountains are many and high. Grain and fruits are brought forth in profusion. California is not a grass- and stock-region. It never can be; for the annual drouth which lasts from June to December, will always prevent that. Parts of the coast, however, are moistened by the sea; they are grassy."

Thinking of the tide of Anglo-Saxons which has set westward, I inquired about that tide of Mongolians which is setting eastward; I was answered:

"The Chinese are small men—almost effeminate; two of them are hardly equal to an American; yet they fill places requiring light work, and get something more than half-pay. They are industrious, frugal, chiefly preferring to take contracts rather than work by the day; they live by themselves, eat their own food, consume their own fabrics. They are for the most part vegetable eaters, do not use much butchers' meat, yet they make great account of pigs and chickens. They are good people to sell out to; they are doing all the 'surface mining,' for that does not require much capital; they have been swindled and abused; but once knowing their rights, no one is more plucky to defend his own. They burn fire-crackers to drive off the Evil; they are Pagans, and therefore cannot vote. They are in all the Pacific territories; have reached the Rocky Mountains; they make California unattractive, and the Anglo-Saxon is asking, 'What shall we do to stop their coming?'"

"I suppose you saw something when among the Mormons?"

"Yes."

"The Mormons are a sect of gardeners, hand-workers—men who plow with a spade. They live in a small way—a very small way; none but the more wealthy can afford to keep a team to work their land. Dependent on irrigation their agriculture has some limitations. A man joining them is given a piece of land and a rill of water. When he has led his stream here and there until the desert has drank the whole of it, his prosperity has reached its limit; neither energy, nor perseverance, nor science can help him now. What his land gives him, is his to keep until the church calls on him to help some one who is more needy. Water being the first

element of success, the Mormons naturally have a world of difficulty about its distribution. Not much grass in Utah; not many herds; not much beef for every body; but a plenty of vegetables. It is the boast of the Mormons that they have no loose women; every female is cared for; is tied up and sealed. Mormon preaching is very strange; it tells little about Moses and the Prophets; little about salvation; it dwells chiefly on the treatment of land, the training of vines, the sowing of seeds. The preacher tells his hearers that Mr. Smith does things so and so—*he is a smart man; Mr. Brown does not do so and so—he is of no account, he is a nobody.* Mormonism makes its converts among the poor of Europe; it gains them by offering them a heaven in this life; it is very practical. There is an iron hand among the Mormons; evil-speakers are put out of the way. But the leaders will not always have things just as they wish; the people are not unanimous even in respect to polygamy. The Pacific Railroad will bring them into the light and refashion them."

This man told me that his uncle was an apostle among the Mormons when they lived at Nauvoo. His statements also agreed with those of Mr. Dixon in "New America;" so I trusted him.

On arriving at Albany, I was delighted; I saw so little of it. The only man I perceived was Mr. Vanderbilt. His sitting-room for men in the new depot is vast; so is the one for women; so is the restaurant. A little boy in our party, hearing the clack of the telegraphers, wished to look into their office. When I held him up to see, a lady invited us to go in and examine closely. The influence of that station really seemed quite paternal; I had a sense of being cared for.

Yours truly, A. B.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE AT W. C.

IT is only now and then that the best way of doing even simple things is hit upon, and when that way is found it is perhaps worth while to talk about it a little. This we may do, not for self-glorification, but to make good luck the seed of future success. This must be my excuse for detailing some of our experience in the strawberry business.

To find the best way of raising strawberries, has been our constant study for the last fourteen or fifteen years. It is interesting to look back at the exceeding greenness of our youth in the business. The first patch of about fifteen square rods was reputed to be Hovey's Seedling. At least the neighbor who gave us the plants said so. We took much pains with them. When the flowering time came, the profusion of blossoms was a sight to behold; but alas! where was the fruit? Only two or three plants proved to be true Hovey's, and bore a half-dozen or so monstrous berries. All the rest were spurious.

We tried again, and this time obtained Burr's Pine and Early Scarlet, from Oneida, and set them on land that we had used for a milking-yard. When the time of harvest came round, our head farmer thought we might possibly get fifteen or twenty dollars' worth from our forty or fifty square rods of ground, and was utterly astonished at receiving one hundred and thirty dollars for the crop. Why! they were more profitable than potatoes at a dollar a bushel! Twelve-and-a-half cents a quart was the utmost we ventured to ask for them, though they went off like "hot cakes," at that price. We raised them altogether in beds those days, and great was the amount of back-bending and aching in the work of weeding and placing the runners, that the plants might not be too thick. We passed through tribulation deep, in consequence

of the intrusion of spurious kinds—seedlings that would spring up, and, mingling with the rest, pass themselves off for the true Burr's. Many plants failed because of setting too deeply in the ground; many were set too late in the season; and often, also, old plants were set instead of new. In spite of all these drawbacks the business prospered. The demand for berries increased, the price rose higher and higher, and we, learning by the things we suffered, succeeded better with our crops. Raising the plants in hills was a great step in the right direction. It has simplified the business. Hoeing them and taking off the runners is infinitely easier than weeding beds and thinning the plants. Setting them early in the spring is another great step toward securing a good growth. Having regular nurseries of plants, of known varieties, from which we can take them directly without allowing the roots any time to dry, is an important point. Dispensing with the putter of cutting off dried leaves and runners, I consider another improvement. Clipping the blossoms the first year is also very essential to success. Using a circular chopping-knife with a long handle, for cutting the runners has saved many days of back-aching labor.

But the right preparation of the soil, is the point that seems the most essential. A noted market-gardener declares, that no amount of manuring and preparing of a poor soil, will enable it to produce as much the first year, as it is capable of producing after a few years of the right treatment. According to him, we can scarcely yet boast that we have reached the perfection of strawberry-growing, for our policy has been to devote about four acres of old farmland each year, to this crop; giving it forty ox-cart loads of manure per acre, from the barn cellar. We have in this way been over nearly all our land that is suitable for strawberries. This is certainly a matter for rejoicing on my part. Last fall we plowed two or more acres, that yielded a second crop of strawberries only the year before, and that had on it a most luxuriant second growth of clover, which was neatly turned in a foot deep, with the double Michigan plow, followed by the sub-soiler. After it was frozen, we drew on to the greater part of it all the manure we had, at the rate of fifty-three loads to the acre. Before the first of April, this year, I have been enabled to cross-plow it about three inches deep, so as not to disturb the clover below, and yet just bury the manure. The weather is extremely favorable. The frosty nights slack all the lumps and leave them mellow as ash-heaps; and it requires but a single passage of the harrow, bottom upwards to make the ground smooth. I declare! it was a real luxury to feel the soft, clean dirt, as my men and I set the plants. It is what I call the æsthetics of strawberry-setting. We had set over half an acre by the 4th of April, and the stocky plants are as yet fast asleep. When they awake, won't they be astonished at their new and favorable surroundings? But they are beginning to work, and that much earlier than usual. This waking is indicated by the white and fresh appearance of the ends of the rootlets. This early arousing of their life, I think is due to the warm blanket of snow that has covered them all winter, and that has caused the frost to leave their roots. If you will allow

me to prophesy, I will venture to predict that in consequence of this early start, strawberries will be ripe early in June this season.

H. J. S.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAILROADS.

[The following clear account of the origin of the financial struggle in New York we find in the *Nation*:]

For weeks past, column after column of all the daily papers has been filled with the details of the "Great Erie War;" half the judges of half the courts of the city, county, and even of the State have been busy issuing attachments, certiorari writs, mandamuses, orders to show cause, and all sorts of other frightful weapons of offense and defense drawn from the musty arsenals of law; the Legislatures and Senates of two States have hurried with railroad speed and railroad recklessness into passing laws suited to the occasion or to the wants and wishes of whichever party had their sympathy; quiet rural towns of New Jersey have been startled by the din of war; millions of money have been carried out of the city and State to "places of safety;" a large part of the business of the city has been brought to a stand-still; hundreds of millions of property have been depreciated five and ten per cent. in one week; the government of the United States, represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, has had to interfere to prevent a bank panic—and all about what?

The most important and most profitable railroad traffic in the United States is that between New York City and the great West. The advantages of water transportation by way of the great Lakes, although available only in summer, have given a preponderating share of this traffic to the lines of road connecting with the outlets of the great water basins at, or near, Buffalo in the State of New York; and this preponderance they manage by means of other railroad connections to retain at all seasons of the year, in spite of the competition of other lines, whose insufficient wealth, power, influence, and organization do not enable them to reap the fruits of their better location. The great freight business of the West with New York, the East and even parts of the South is thus done over the lines that connect the eastern end of Lake Erie with New York City. Of these there are two; one running in a south-easterly line through New York State and New Jersey to Jersey City, called the Erie Railroad, and the other called the New York Central Railroad, running from the lake almost due east to Albany, where it divides, as it were into two branches to connect with New York City, the latter respectively called the Hudson River and the New York and Harlem. Of all the many outrageously mismanaged roads of the United States, the worst managed of all until a few years ago was probably the New York and Harlem, running from Albany to New York a few miles to the east of the Hudson River line. Fraud had conspired with mismanagement to bring the road into disrepute. Complicated lawsuits, an unusual number of severe accidents, unsuccessful competition, and a variety of other ailments, brought it very low and to the point of bankruptcy. Up to this time there is nothing uncommon in the history of the Harlem road or different from that of fifty other roads. But now an event occurs which marks an era in the history of railroads generally, and forms the starting-point of the great Erie warfare.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a gentleman who had acquired a great fortune by the skill and economy with which he had for many years managed large steam-ship lines, conceived the idea of applying the same rules of conduct to the Harlem Railroad. He purchased at a comparatively nominal figure a large portion of the Harlem shares, induced his friends to do the same, and at the next shareholders' meeting caused himself and his friends to be elected

directors of the company, assuming himself the entire personal management of the road. The result was soon apparent: regularity and order took the place of delays and confusion, economy the place of waste; residents along the line and senders of freight soon perceived the difference, the business of the road rapidly increased and became more profitable, the stock began to pay a regular dividend, has done so ever since, and is now scarcely ever seen in the market.

The continued success and prosperity of the Harlem road depended, however, in a large measure upon the share of the so-called through freight which it might be able to secure. A large part of the great Western trade is brought East to Albany, and taken West from Albany by the New York Central road. The relations of the latter with the Hudson River line were so intimate, and the determination of the Hudson River line to retain this important traffic so great, that only a ruinous reduction of freights on the part of the Harlem road could have caused a portion of the through freight to be secured to it. The policy of ordinary railroad managers would probably have induced Mr. Vanderbilt to attempt the competition by a reduction of freights, and thus to ruin his road in the hope of increasing its income. But his policy was a different one. He adopted the bold measure of himself buying the Hudson River road and settling all disputes about dividing the freight by securing the whole. His own great wealth, further increased by the great addition to the value of the Harlem road, and the wealth of many friends encouraged by former success to join him in any enterprise, made the purchase of the Hudson River road comparatively easy. Its shares were quietly bought in the market until Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends owned the majority of the stock; and at the next subsequent shareholders' meeting these gentlemen elected themselves directors of the road, which henceforth was submitted to the same system of management which had brought success out of the wrecks of Harlem. Not only was the line worked with the same energy, order, and economy, but an end was put to the injurious competition between the two lines for the freight going to and from Albany over the New York Central; and the Hudson River road, although reasonably well managed before, improved greatly in value and prosperity. This junction of interest, however beneficial to the shareholders of Harlem and Hudson River, was not much relished by the New York Central road, which saw the control of its two principal connections with New York City pass into the hands of one owner, powerful, wealthy, able and not accustomed to see the interest that he represents sacrificed to any consideration. Whereas formerly the two roads running from Albany to New York submitted to every exaction which the overwhelmingly influential Central chose to demand, now the Central had to submit to dictation, or lose its connection with New York. The struggle was severe and protracted. But finding that nothing was gained by the fight, Mr. Vanderbilt once more adopted the same policy as before, and proceeded to gain possession of the entire line of the New York Central by gradually buying up between himself and his friends the majority of the stock of this important and extensive road, voting himself into the presidency, and assuming the entire and direct control of all its affairs. Many of the old stockholders of the road, seeing the success of Mr. Vanderbilt's management of the other two lines, and dissatisfied with the former direction, which was openly charged with corruption and extravagance, became his warmest supporters, while his former successes had created a host of devoted adherents who saw a certainty of profit in whatever enterprise he might choose to inaugurate. Nor have they so far been disappointed in their expectations, for the Central, like the Hudson and the Harlem has prospered greatly. So far the undivided control of this large and

immensely important railroad property confided to one able man had proved extremely advantageous to all parties interested, but there is no food like power "to make the appetite grow with what it feeds on." Neither the habits of Mr. Vanderbilt, nor the supposed interests of the roads under his control, make competition bearable. Yet we have seen that for the valuable traffic from the Lakes to New York there are two competitors—the roads controlled by Mr. Vanderbilt on one side and the Erie railroad on the other. Not only does the Erie compete with the Central by means of its immense capital and organization, but it has the advantage of being, like the Central, almost entirely controlled by one man, whose influence over some of the important Western lines connecting with both the Erie and the Central enables him to divert from the latter to the former a large part of the trade from the West. This state of affairs could produce but one result: a fierce competition, which led to nothing but loss for all parties; and next a determined attempt on the part of Mr. Vanderbilt to end competition in the same way as he had done before, by gaining entire possession of the Erie road, purchasing its shares in the open market. It is this attempt to secure possession of the requisite number of Erie shares that has brought about the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary railroad fights ever witnessed in Wall Street, now familiarly known and likely to pass down into history as the "Great Erie Railroad War."

Said Mr. W. of Mrs. C.'s lofty manner, "I think she has rather high heels on." "Why," said Mrs. C., "What does he mean? I never wear high heels!"

Chemist.—"What did he die of?"

Student.—"Don't know."

Chemist.—"Iodide of potassium!"

NEWS ITEMS.

THE French are to evacuate Rome at once.

PEACH-TREES are in blossom in Southern Illinois.

JAS. E. ENGLISH was re-elected Governor of Connecticut, on Monday, the 6th inst.

THE public debt of the United States was reduced about \$620,000 during March.

WESTON walked 103 miles within twenty-four hours one day last week.

HON. D'ARCY Mc'GEE, a member of the Canadian Parliament, was shot on the morning of April 7th. The assassin was a Fenian.

A BILL known as the Central Underground Railroad Bill, providing for a railroad under Broadway, New York City, has passed both branches of the Legislature of this State.

THE Irish Church question is again before the English House of Commons. An attempt by the ministry to postpone its consideration was defeated. The vote was a very large one, and the result is considered by some of the English papers to be the "death-warrant of the Irish Church."

INTEREST in the Impeachment trial seems to be disappearing. Only a small portion of the members of the House of Representatives attend the sittings of the High Court. The case for the prosecution closed Saturday, the 4th inst. Thursday, the 9th, Mr. Curtiss opened the case for the defense. Mr. Butler's conduct of the case on part of the prosecution is considered to be quite successful.

THE war between Brazil and Paraguay, seems according to recent accounts to approach consummation. The strongest post held by Paraguay is besieged and expected soon to fall. Resolutions offering the mediation of the United States between the belligerents have been before the U. S. House of Representatives.

ERRATUM.—The tax retained on manufactures is \$2 on every \$1,000 above \$5,000 sales, and not \$2 on every \$5,000 sales, as reported last week.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 280. 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, 38. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

NEW YORK AGENCY.

Branch of O. C., at 335 Broadway, N. Y. Room 9. Number of members, 10. Business, Commerce.

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, or of the Community Agency, 335 Broadway, New York. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Pine-Apples, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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 O. C. N. Y. Branch, 335 Broadway, New York.

O. C. PURCHASING AGENCY.

NO. 335 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. P. O. Box, 6796.

This Agency buys goods of all kinds for those who cannot afford to come to the city, or those to whom shopping is a bore. For commission we charge five per cent, or less, according to the kind and quantity of goods ordered. The commission will be charged on the actual outlay of money, including all expenses involved for packing, expressage, &c. In some cases, where the expenditure is small and the trouble of filling the order considerable, a reasonable charge for time will be made.

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, 25 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. 260 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 our 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.